

Health Alphabet. The Ladies' Sanitary Association, of London, gives the following simple rules for keeping health: A—As soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet; B—Enter bed without shoes than sit with wet feet; C—Lift up, if healthy, are active, not still; D—Any bed and damp clothes will both make you ill; E—Eat slowly and always chew your food well; F—Reshine the air in the house where you dwell; G—Arments must never be made too tight; H—Corns should be healthy, aye and light; I—If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt; J—Do not open the windows before you go out; K—Keep the rooms always tidy and clean; L—Keep dust on the furniture never be seen; M—Much illness is caused by the want of pure air; N—Do not open the windows be they ever so clean; O—M—Rags and old rubbish should never be kept; P—Opple should see that their floors are well swept; Q—Quick movements in children are healthy and right; R—Remember the young cannot thrive without light; S—See that the cistern is clean to the brim; T—Take care that your dress is all tidy and neat; U—Use your nose to find if there be a bad drain; V—Very sad are the fevers that come in its train; W—Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue; X—Exercises could walk full many a league; Y—Your wealth is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep; Z—Zal will keep a good cause, and the good you will reap.

WOMAN AND HOME. Work Which Women Have Accomplished.

Irish Ladies--Woman's Influence--Winter Underwear--Tailors as Dressmakers--Appreciation of the Wife.

Every man seems to realize the constant drudgery and the incessant vexations under which a wife must labor. A woman who performs her daily household duties, not perhaps from lack of kind feeling, but from an unpayable want of sympathy and consideration. Some men never dream of the hourly irritations and annoyances to which their wives are subjected; they are so engrossed in the mad struggle for wealth, so absorbed in the vain pleasures that they have no time to spare for their wives. In some measure to relieve a wife's loving sacrifices and unselfish devotion, in my opinion, no man should be more gentle, more loving, more scrupulously polite to his wife, more tenderly considerate of her, as such, than when she is only his sweetheart, for a sweetheart is still her own mistress and holds the right to refuse his attentions, whilst a wife, in this regard, wholly in his power, and true manhood will recognize that fact and act accordingly.

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Railroads as Dressmakers. The introduction of regular tailors into the great dressmaking establishments promises well for the future, even if these severely plain suits should go out of style. Their business methods, their precision, accuracy and careful finish of every detail, in contrast to the slipshod, haphazard ways of the ordinary dressmaker. These tailors might even be said to have a conscience in the matter, so exact and painstaking are they about their work. At the largest houses the tailors will not promise a suit in less than thirty days, and after four fittings they turn out a suit which is a trifle or a flaw in any part. Any clear, dry, unobscured roadway is alive with these cloth suits, and nine out of every ten tailor suits are of the darkest brown broadcloth or trowel, gray following next in favor, and blue or green being a last choice. The fashionable woman is as compactly buttoned and braided as one of Henry James' heroines, and the wearer of a cloth suit looks like a plump, well-to-do woman who has just stepped out of a carriage. In the way of hats the most trying and unbecoming things are offered that womankind ever wore. The Laugny turbans and bonnets and the little toques still reign, but the new hat is a high-crowned, stiff-brimmed affair, covered with stiff feathers and stuffed birds. Every poor fluttering thing, from pigeons to humming-birds, is used on these hats, and one gets a hat, with an English sparrow on a side, is characteristic of the season, and only surpassed by the kittens, mice and downy little chicks that are actually paraded on fashionable headgear.

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Margaret Fuller's Life. (Jennie June.) Every biographer of Margaret Fuller, including her own, has written of her as a woman who makes strenuous efforts to justify her literary reputation by enlarging the sum, not of her attainments but her actual achievements. The truth is that Margaret Fuller left little in the way of literary work, and that little survives principally in corners of unused bookshelves. Few women of this generation have read her, or have any distinct knowledge of her personality or her scholarship upon which her reputation was based. The true lesson to women of Margaret Fuller's life lies not in what she did but in what she did not accomplish. She was not a ready writer. She was not in any sense a journalist. She was a scholar and an alker. Had she been a college or one of its most brilliant students, a brilliant woman, she had no vocation, and she was always trying to find one or have one found for her. Wherever she went she occupied a false position—a position which did her injustice, which was unsuited to her genius and her aptitudes. The difficulty of her whole life was that she was a woman instead of a man—or rather that being a woman, there was then no place for her in the world as she was. If Margaret Fuller could have been what Margaret Fuller ought to have been, would she have been content to merely pose as the central figure in Roman-American society and end her life by sinking her own identity in that of an Italian count young enough to be her son, and as weak in purse as in capacity. It was a merciful Providence, after all, that took her in the fullness of her life, and that, in the final affection, and closed the book upon a life that had held within itself and its own heart-throbbings a tragedy deeper and more pitiful than that which found her tempest-tossed, and took her within sight of her old home to her death.

Tailors as Dressmakers. The introduction of regular tailors into the great dressmaking establishments promises well for the future, even if these severely plain suits should go out of style. Their business methods, their precision, accuracy and careful finish of every detail, in contrast to the slipshod, haphazard ways of the ordinary dressmaker. These tailors might even be said to have a conscience in the matter, so exact and painstaking are they about their work. At the largest houses the tailors will not promise a suit in less than thirty days, and after four fittings they turn out a suit which is a trifle or a flaw in any part. Any clear, dry, unobscured roadway is alive with these cloth suits, and nine out of every ten tailor suits are of the darkest brown broadcloth or trowel, gray following next in favor, and blue or green being a last choice. The fashionable woman is as compactly buttoned and braided as one of Henry James' heroines, and the wearer of a cloth suit looks like a plump, well-to-do woman who has just stepped out of a carriage. In the way of hats the most trying and unbecoming things are offered that womankind ever wore. The Laugny turbans and bonnets and the little toques still reign, but the new hat is a high-crowned, stiff-brimmed affair, covered with stiff feathers and stuffed birds. Every poor fluttering thing, from pigeons to humming-birds, is used on these hats, and one gets a hat, with an English sparrow on a side, is characteristic of the season, and only surpassed by the kittens, mice and downy little chicks that are actually paraded on fashionable headgear.

Women's Winter Underwear. Women do not pay enough attention to the warmth of their underwear, or the protection afforded by good winter stockings and shoes. The most important item in the winter wardrobe is soft knitted underwear and hosiery, and for women who are exposed to changes of temperature, the latter should always be of wool, not coarse and harsh, but soft and light, and in former years made of wool and made in one whole garment, "combinations," so-called, of vest and drawers. Women are usually poor and find it difficult to make ends meet and secure nice winter outside clothing of even the most modest pretensions; and woolen, that is, merino underwear of good quality, seems more beyond them; yet soft and light, and in former years made of wool and made in one whole garment, "combinations," so-called, of vest and drawers. Women are usually poor and find it difficult to make ends meet and secure nice winter outside clothing of even the most modest pretensions; and woolen, that is, merino underwear of good quality, seems more beyond them; yet soft and light, and in former years made of wool and made in one whole garment, "combinations," so-called, of vest and drawers.

Fashions for Children. For little children, irrespective of sex, there is a new walking coat, the "Trixie," which might also serve as a dress. It is laid in three plaits, back and front, mounted on a square yoke, made of embroidered cashmere; those imported, embroidered on the selvage, are appropriate. The "Nanon" and "Gisela" cloaks are extremely coquetish for older little girls, of plaided dark material, the hoods and sleeves lined with bright silk. The "Greenway" models still combine worthy of patronage by reason of their comfort and pretty quaintness. The "Cora" is a shirred blouse with a "Mother Hubbard" yoke. The "Greenway" wrapper is a charming little conceit of rose or blue cashmere and lace for an invalid or after the bath. Black stockings are imperative, but plaid may be worn to correspond with the dress. Little boys wear the regulation kilt and jacket until the dignity of six years is attained, with jacket and knee breeches of men's ordinary materials; for dress occasions, dark velvet or black and wide rich lace neck and sleeve ruffles.

Perforated Paper. In any small stationary store or grocery the eye is attracted by an edge of colored paper hanging from each shelf. The shelf paper, as it is called, has scalloped edges, and is perforated in prettily arranged designs, making a lace-like appearance. The perforated paper is only about ten years old, a manufacturer says. "Then its edges were cut by a cutting machine, and the cost came to about \$1.50 per gross. By and by better machinery was used, and the price fell to 40 cents per gross, and then I came in with labor-saving machinery and further reduced it to 30 cents. The paper used when the industry began to spread out was of good quality, and was called perforated paper; now they use a peculiar kind made of wood pulp, and unless they can get some cheaper material that kind of paper will never be less in price. We take that paper and run it through a stamping machine, which stamps out the design. The dies used in stamping are very costly, and the press also. Here is one worth about \$3,000 including the dies. The quantity of paper sold is amazing. We sell by the ton. I think that \$150,000 worth is sold in a year. Another branch of this business is stamping out stars, squares, etc., in pretty designs. Perhaps you think that these stars, which are so complicated and delicate, are stamped out by a die with a full design on it. That would be too expensive. We have a number of girls to fold for me, and according to how it is folded so is the design. It is run through the press and stamped, and when it is taken out we unfold it, and there is your pattern perfect. We make designs to place dishes, vases, lamps, anything upon. And just now I have started making lambrquins and lace curtains of perforated paper. In time we will have fine curtains as you would care to see, and when they are done they will be worth more than a dollar, and will be cheaper by and by. "We make perforated board also. Here is the finest we make. It has about five hundred holes to a square inch. From these we go up to large holes, only a dozen to an inch. We also stamp oil-cloth for shelves, and wood, too."

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