# Worth a Woman's While.

**We Have All Read of That Young Queen Who "Wept to Wear Her Crown," Visible Sign Though it Was of Her Absolute Sway Over the Greatest of the Kingdoms of Earth, and We Have Often Heard the Incident Quoted as Expressive of Most Exquisite Unworldliness; But of This Kingdom to Which I Refer What Gentlest Woman Would Drop One Lightest Tear to Wear the Crown, Woven as it is of Unspotted Innocence, Gracious Deeds and Ennobling Influence, an Intangible Type as it is of Rule Over Hearts That Can Feel and Minds That Can Think. This Empire and This Crown Entail No Wearying Conspicuousness, No Gaudy Environment. This Crown Rests as Easily and as Naturally as the Light. The Kingdom is of Hearts, the Sceptre Goodness, the Crown Love.**

SUMMERY COSTUMES.

*MY SPENDTHRIFT.*

What maiden shall inspire the Muse?
  She who, in Britain's bounds,
Has learned right royally to use
  Her shillings and her pounds?

Or she who, in La Belle Paris,
  Spreads woe among the banks
Because she dissipates with glee
  Her centimes and her francs?

Gretchen perchance might be the one,
  If, in her modest larks,
She kept upon a lively run
  Her thalers and her marks.

In far Japan could Wing Tee Wing
  Admirers win by tens,
If right and left she learned to fling
  Her pocketful of yens?

Sweet maid of Spain, you cannot play
  The sweetest of your tunes,
Unless you jingle, by the way,
  Your pesos and doubloons.

Pass, pass them all! 'Tis not for these
  The Muse would lift her strain:
She worships here, upon her knees,
  La Belle Americaine!

Dear spendthrift of the laughing eyes,
  Would I were rich, that I
Might stand and see in what rash wise
  You'd make my money fly.

And yet, I still have faith to think
  You have a business touch,
And if you make the money clink,
  Your bargains net you much.

Take, then, the fortune Fate may send,
  And never mind expense;
It must be you were born to spend
  Our dollars and our cents!

## READING FOR WOMEN.

*THINGS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX.*

**A Story of a Summer Season—Enid's Letter. Women Earning a Living by the Pen. Care of the Hands—A Craze.**

### A PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

"But give me still a friend in my retreat,
To whom to whisper: 'Solitude is sweet!'"

"Well, I should think so! Balzac had sense, if he was a Frenchman! That remark voices my sentiments exactly."

The speaker tossed the paper-bound novel she had been perusing across the veranda, and sat up in the hammock with a very discontented expression on her pretty, blonde face.

"Here I've been for three long weeks hearing nothing discussed but the crops and the genealogy of the Vincent family. The girls of the neighborhood are guys and there isn't a flirtable man in the country. Marion must get married soon, for I won't endure another summer like this. I'll run away first!"

Suzette Vincent—the family Bible reeded the name as Susan, but three years at a fashionable boarding-school will introduce variations into the best of names—was a very pretty maid of seventeen, but she possessed all the little affectations of the average boarding-school girl and had an exaggerated opinion of her own importance. She considered herself fitted to shine in society and was just now bored to the verge of desperation by the humdrum routine of her life on a farm.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed as, glancing over the garden fence, she saw her uncle drive into the barnyard with an unmistakably young man at his side. "Who can that be? A man of some sort, evidently. What a boon!"

She proceeded to arrange the frills and ribbons of her dainty challie frock and fell into a pose which for carelessness was really a study. Her eyes were cast down, the long lashes rested on her rounded cheek, the slim white hands were clasped above the curly head, and an expression of profound thought pervaded her face even after Mr. Vincent and his companion had stepped on the porch.

A loud voice saying: "Here's your letters, Susy!" brought her back to this mundane sphere, and she acknowledged the informal introduction of Mr. Henry Williams with a sweet graciousness calculated to make that individual her abject slave.

He was decidedly handsome, though he carried himself awkwardly, and his fine brown eyes and tawny mustache excited Suzette's admiration.

Mr. Vincent's hired man had inconsiderately rolled off the barn roof and broken his leg the day previous, so the farmer had driven over to the Williams farm and secured Henry's services for the remainder of the season.

Suzette, on the principle of "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," cultivated young Williams' acquaintance in an energetic manner really astonishing to her aunt, who knew little of city ways. The young man responded in the most flattering manner to her many attentions, teaching her to row and fish, and listening with gratifying attention when she played on the guitar and sang in the evenings. It is true he had very little to say and that little was not said in the best English. Suzette furnished enough conversation for two, so a trifle like that really did not matter.

Uncle George at first secretly objected to her monopolizing so much of his "hand's" time, but as she no longer complained of home-sickness, he concluded that perhaps 'twas well enough, after all, to have some one to amuse Susy.

About this time Suzette wrote a letter to her dearest friend:

"Do not think by my long silence that I have forgotten you, my heart's own. You will forgive your Suzette when she explains. An oasis has appeared in this desert—yes, he is undeniably verdant, but then you should see his eyes!

"It is your want to chide your Suzette for her too fatal fascinations; many were the tears you shed over the hapless confectioner's clerk who choked with emotion when I bought from him my last pound of candied fruit, and whose sad, reproachful eyes as he fastened the pink string into a true lover's knot I can never forget. But in this case I am not to blame. Henry Williams fell madly in love with me as I sat deep in revery under the trees, unconscious of his presence, and ever since he has been my shadow. I try to discourage him, but he persists in his attentions. I shrink from causing any one unhappiness, but I fear the painful duty of refusing him is inevitable; I cannot avoid a declaration of his love much longer. Oh, why will men be so impetuous?"

The summer days glided on very pleasantly, but somehow that inevitable declaration hung fire. The evening before Suzette's return to the city she came out on the porch, resplendent in Marion's picturesque last season's opera wrap, and after a rhapsody over the harvest moon, proposed to Henry that they should go for a row on the river.

"It is for the last time," she murmured, looking pensively into his handsome, stolid face.

Henry, always on the alert to do her bidding, good-humoredly assented, and they strolled to the boat, Suzette preserving her sad expression, and sighing pathetically as they drifted slowly down the moonlight stream.

"So you're a-goin' back home to-morrer, Miss Suzette?" Henry presently asked.

"Alas, yes!" Susy responded in her best sentimental manner. "Stern duty recalls me. I must return to the artificial life I loathe and take up the burden of society, trying to forget in the giddy whirl what might have been!"

With a sigh surpassing all its predecessors, she averted her head and idly trailed her hand through the water. In the moonlight it looked very white and shapely, she proudly thought.

"So, now!" said Henry, "I'm sorry you feel so about it. Mebbe your folks'd let you stay if Mr. Vincent asked 'em to."

Suzette with difficulty suppressed a shudder at this practical suggestion.

"Alas, no!" she returned, maintaining her sad air and tone admirably, considering her youth. "For fashion's votaries there is no escape; we are slaves—the slaves of a system."

Suzette thought this sounded rather fine, so she said it twice. She had ample time. Henry was slower of speech than ever.

"I wish you could stay a little longer," he said, at last, a dull red suffusing his face. "I've particular reasons—"

"It's coming!" thought Susy, exultantly. She waited in modest silence for her companion's next words, but as he remained dumb, she gently prompted—

"What are they, Henry? How can my absence or presence affect you in any way?"

"It doesn't, except that I shall have more time to work when you are gone; Mr. Vincent told me to do all I could to amuse you, and I hope I've done it," he said, laughing in a way that grated on every nerve Susy owned. "But, you see, I'm to be married soon, and Mattie thought you might give her some hints about her weddin' bonnet."

"Married!" echoed Susy, blankly.

"Yes; I've been engaged these five years to Mattie Jenkins, the smartest girl in the country. Better stay to the weddin'—goin' to have a big time."

Susy felt as though she had received a cold douche; but she managed to express the customary wishes for Mr. Williams' future happiness, and then suddenly discovered that as she had to finish packing her trunk, it was time to go back.

She departed the next morning with a new opinion of rustic simplicity, and a somewhat flattened bump of self-esteem.

Two weeks later, while she was combing out her rippling tresses before the mirror in her room, her friend and guest inquired with deep interest about her rustic Apollo.

"My dear Marie," Suzette replied with heightening color, "I entreat you never to speak of him again. It was a most harrowing experience! When the unhappy man found that his love was not reciprocated, in very desperation he became engaged to a gawky country girl. Of course, it is too bad, but no one can blame me. It was not my fault."

And, really, I don't think it was.

*NEWSPAPER WOMEN.*

**Less Than Three Hundred of Them as a Fact.**

It has been loosely estimated that there are several thousand newspaper women in this country. In reality there are less than 250. There is a distinction between newspaper writing and writing for the newspapers, and the young lady who "does a little space work" in the intervals of her social or business engagements was not considered in the compilation of these statistics. The 250 writers who have been considered are newspaper women in the best sense of the word. Their qualifications as enumerated by Lippincott's are that they hold staff positions on journals of good standing or they have had experience which fits them for such positions; they have learned to recognize news when they hear it, and they know how to present it to the public in the most attractive form; they can judge of its comparative value and the amount of space it should be given in a newspaper; they can edit their own copy if necessary; they know something about a composing-room and can distinguish between a form and a piece of type; they have learned why it is not a sheer waste of material to write on but one side of their paper; they know that a newspaper office is not a drawing-room and that they cannot expect drawing-room manners in it; they have learned that the highest compliment an editor can pay a woman associate is to treat her as if she were a man, promptly reprimanding her for a blunder and giving her a word of praise for good work—if he happens to think of it. Last and most important point of all, these women earn their living with their pens. This is the crucial test.

**Care of the Hands.**

Here is a sure cure for rough, red, hard hands. It comes from a woman who spent last summer at Warrenpoint, a famous watering place thirty miles from Belfast:

"During the season Irish girls leave their chickens and cows and come to Warrenpoint to mind children for the guests. They are big, strong, merry-hearted creatures, green as the country grows, with pink and cream complexions, and the most beautiful hands imaginable. I couldn't account for them, because they were frequently misshapened and disfigured by ugly, often clawlike nails. The texture was superb, and I made up my mind to get at the secret.

"Here it is: In every farmyard there are two bins—one containing bran for the cattle and the other oatmeal for the chickens. When the girls go to milk, they wash their hands at the pump and dry them in the chicken feed. The result is superb hands—smooth, soft and white. When I left the village, I took away as much Irish meal as I could carry. Now I buy the stuff in the feed store, and I use it. I keep it in a bowl in the bath-room. I wash my bony hands with castile soap and a pinch of meal, mop them with a towel and dry them in the bowl. My hands are not soft—bones never are—but look at them!"

They were beautiful—smooth, warm, fine skinned and as white as bread.

*HELP FOR COLD FEET.*

**A Common Ailing and a Method of Prevention.**

A great many women are habitual sufferers from cold feet. This is very often due to an imperfect circulation of the blood or to some such trouble calling for medical advice. A little care of the feet will often remedy this matter, however, if it is not due to the state of the general health. The New York Tribune declares that the feet, to be in a perfectly healthy condition, should be bathed every day, and they should be rubbed briskly with a friction towel if there is any tendency to chilliness. The shoes should fit neatly, but they should not be tight. If the feet are wet the shoes should be removed at the earliest opportunity and the stockings changed.

If they are cold it is best to rub them with a little alcohol and water and dry them with a soft friction towel, rubbing them briskly to restore the circulation. It is strange that so many people neglect to care for their feet who devote considerable time to their hands. It is quite certain that corns, bunions and other afflictions of the feet are more often due to such neglect than improperly shaped shoes or any other cause. Probably one of the most injurious habits of the time is the wearing of close shoes of India rubber. When a rubber is needed a slip rubber, which covers only the ball of the foot, is much more wholesome than a higher shoe and gives almost as much protection. A heavy calfskin shoe with a stout heel, however, is the most wholesome foot covering for walking and will be found impervious to water if frequently oiled. These shoes should be kept for damp weather. In the country, when the snow is thick upon the ground, arctics seem to be a necessity, as the snow water is more penetrating than any ordinary dampness, but they should not be worn a moment longer than necessary.

**Perdita.**

You cry your posies o'er again
  Whene'er the master's page we scan;
Your lips wreath with that light refrain
  Still shyly sweet to man.

For you the honeyed summer pours
  Her warmth into the variant March;
Yet all the dainty spring is yours—
  Shy, debonair, and arch.

How lie you safe from every harm,
  Perdita, though earth's blossoms fade,
And centuries of youth and charm
  Time's sickle low hath laid.

To smile and cry your garden hoard,
  Rathe violets and daffy's gold?
Ah, how? but that the master's word
  Forbids you to grow old.

—Charlotte M. Packard, in the Literary World.

**Dont's for Typewriters.**

Don't grumble when the head of the firm hands, at 5:55 P. M., every day, the great pile of letters you turned over to him at 11 in the morning. Pressure of business prevents his signing them earlier.

Don't be fastidious about your typewriter. If your employer's young son has a taste for mechanics and takes it all to pieces every evening "to see how the thing works," it is no affair of yours. You don't own the machine. Besides, the next day you discover how the thing works.

Don't expect too many holidays. Then you will not be disappointed if you have to work on Memorial day and some one else decorates your soldier-father's grave. The country is safe. These men settled their dispute more than twenty-five years ago, and business interests must not be interfered with.

Don't be annoyed that the spirit of dictation always moves just at lunch time. The brain is clearer under those circumstances, we have often heard.

Don't get nervous when called for the sixty-ninth time to take a single letter. He has just dug up the correspondence from some pigeonhole and wants to get it off his mind. Stenographers rarely succumb to insanity.

Don't be self-willed in a small matter of syntax. If the dictator uses a singular noun as subject of a plural verb, and you correct the error, that is sufficient. If he blots out your word and replaces his own, don't try to smuggle in your little "is" once more. Remember what has been said about women having the last word.

Don't ask favors of your employers; it distresses them to refuse.

Don't fume if you have to jump up and answer the telephone every ten minutes while getting out your transcript. Exercise is very beneficial for a person of sedentary habits.

Don't let a bit of a headache or heartache interefere with your perennial cheerfulness, or fail to respond to all calls upon you with a ready smile. But do not try to overdo the thing. Don't be a Cheshire cat.

Don't attempt to justify yourself when called to account for not having carried out instructions that your stenographers are well up in the science of mind-reading.

*WHITE SILK HOSIERY.*

**Some Facts Regarding This Fashion.**

The very best grade of stockings is that made of pure or long silk. Such a stocking will wear well, if it is not purchased in the cobweb-like texture chosen by fastidious women of fashion. The most durable black silk stockings are those made by the English, which sell at $4 a pair, but these are not often imported, as American manufacturers make a stocking that sells at $3.50 which is almost as good. A very excellent black silk stocking that will wear well may be bought for $2, but at a lower price than this durability is apt to be sacrificed to appearance, and it is better to buy a spun silk or a fine cotton stocking. While American manufacturers excel in black silk stockings, they are especially successful in making colored silk or embroidered or open-work hose. All these fancy styles of hosiery are imported from France, and sometimes from England. The French, however, make the daintiest silk stockings, dyeing them carefully to match every tint and shade of satin and silk dress goods.

A colored silk stocking is little worn except in evening dress, when it matches the gown of satin or gauze and the satin slippers, which are generally made of a piece of the gown and are often resplendent with a tiny jeweled buckle. Sometimes a pair of gray or Suede colored stockings daintily embroidered over the instep and ankle with a gray or Suede kid slipper is worn in the house with an afternoon dress in these colors or in black, but gayer hosiery is strictly for evening wear. Some young women like a bright crimson stocking with red morocco tie shoes for negligé, but such hosiery is only for house wear, or for the summer piazza at home.

*A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT.*

**"Enid" on a Variety of Subjects—Matrimony.**

Society used to open her eyes wide and stare in blank amazement when a pretty young girl married an ugly, toothless old bachelor, but now society either winks her eye at such proceedings or closes it altogether. Of course it really does not make much difference what view the world takes of the affair if the juvenile bridegroom is rich, as he is very apt to be. As soon as they return from their honeymoon, which is generally spent visiting a grandson, who is graduating at Harvard, society receives them with open arms and says, "Bless you, my children," and the old man titters inwardly. Marriage in a man's life is merely an episode, but in a woman's life it is an epoch, so don't make the mistake if you have mercenary views on the subject by marrying a middle-aged man with a long life before him.

I knew a little girl pretty to look upon and almost sweet enough to eat that married an elderly cherub several years her father's senior. She was very good to him, and at his death she sailed for Europe, utterly heart-broken, and traveled for three years trying to assuage her sorrow. At the end of that time she returned home, and, finding mourning

GOING TO CHICAGO.

wasn't becoming, took it off, but would always wipe away a tear apologetically saying, "Dear Mr. O'dman said he hated the thought of her wearing black, and, although he was gone, she still regarded his wishes."

* * *

There are some people in company that are very literary, in fact they are painfully so. They are very much like the people who put on their best manners with their best clothes, and all the time while in their presence you are conscious of what bad grammar you are using, stammering more than necessary and knocking over all the marble things in the room, yet all the same you are powerless to help yourself. Miss Straightlace was very much on this order, and if she could make anybody feel uncomfortable she generally managed to do so. One evening she came walking in, and seeing Helen Innocent, her eyes lit up with an unmistakable gleam of pleasure as she felt here was another victim. Helen was in the midst of her description of the cotillion when Miss Straightlace interrupted her, "Do you like Keats." "I never tasted any," Helen said, "I don't eat salad generally." Miss Straightlace fainted, but there was a funny little twinkle in Helen's eyes as she looked at me and smiled. ENID.

**Two Letters "M" and "D."**

I seal the letter, write her name—
  It's very dear to me—
And then I add, beneath the same,
  Two letters—M and D.

I see you smile in quick disdain,
  You think of glasses, too,
And little curls. It's very plain
  What "M. D." means to you.

But she is neither stern nor cold,
  As you perhaps may think.
She's young and fair, not grim and old,
  Nor does she scatter ink

On notes of lessons that are said
  Before a learned class;
And from her dainty lips of red
  No long orations pass.

The only studies that she reads
  Are letters that I write;
The only lectures that she heeds
  Are those that I indite.

You wonder how it all may be,
  And do not understand;
She lives in Baltimore, "Md."
  Means, simply, "Maryland."

—James G. Burnett, in Century.

**Mrs. Gardner's Jewels.**

Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, of Boston, the well-known social leader, has a wonderful store of jewels. Her marvelous string of pearls is famous, and this season she has a string of diamonds still more superb and unique. It is said to be nearly a yard long, and she usually wears it twisted around her throat once or twice, the ends hanging in her lap. So says an exchange, but the woman who reads will wonder how a string of diamonds "nearly a yard long" would twist about her throat and still leave ends to reach her lap. Would that a yard of beauty of far less value might have such elastic qualities.—Exchange.

## THE WOMEN OF FASHION

*THE SUBJECT OF CHICAGO GOWNS CONSIDERED.*

**Three Suggestions for an All Round Costume—Sleeves "de Ceremonie." Spring Costumes in Gray.**

"What shall I wear to Chicago?" asked I of the dressmaker. "I shall not carry a single thing besides one small bag; but you must guarantee to produce a gown that will be neat and suitable on the train; that will look fresh and spotless when I arrive at the Fair gates; that will be perfectly proper in which to call upon my friends—in short, a gown that will never be out of keeping, no matter where I may wish to go, short of a dress affair."

"Well," said the dressmaker, thoughtfully sucking her pencil stub, "what you need is a black serge of a very fine quality. Your skirt will need to be plain except for a few rows of stitching, which you may have across the bottom. It must be made up with a short Eton jacket, and must be accompanied with a dozen or so fancy silk waists. Have one or two black, or black speckled with white, three or four pretty plaids, and three or four light, dainty-colored ones. These, with full belts, and with gloves to match the several waists, will make for you as complete an outfit as you could desire. The waists will occupy scarcely any room in your bag, and will be so different in color and material that a change from one to another will be quite satisfactory as an entire change of costume." I thanked the lady and departed.

Half an hour later found me propounding the self-same question to another maker of gowns. Her reply was quick and decisive, given without a moment's hesitation. Some one had evidently been there before me seeking similar information.

"Hop sacking, gray—exactly dust-color—three diagonal bands of satin on the skirt, a tight-fitting jacket bodice, turning back in large revers over sleeve puffs of satin, to give a dressy appearance; small linen shirt fronts at the neck, which can be changed twice a day, if the dust of Chicago renders it necessary. For nice occasions you may have a few daintier fronts."

The third and last dressmaker that I tried was in favor of an entire dark-blue costume, gloves, hat, veil, bodice, et al. She said I would never grow tired of it, and that it would stand all sorts of roughing.

I am now trying to decide on one of the suggestions, and am wishing that I had been satisfied with the advice of but one dressmaker friend. You, my fair reader, may possess the faculty of immediate decision and ability to make up your mind. If so, I cheerfully place the suggestion at your disposal.

Although skirt trimmings promise to become simpler, and already display more simplicity than of yore, the sleeve grows in eccentricity. A new sleeve "de ceremonie" has an under-sleeve of gathered mousseline de soie or thin silk, banded plainly by narrow ribbon that ties in a small bow. The over-sleeve is made of wide lace, caught in just above the elbow by a ribbon band, tied. At the shoulder, other and narrower lace, falling each side of the puff in graceful jabot, is caught in a puff.

Another, for the same ceremonious purpose, has an undersleeve trimmed with four diagonal rows of lace insertion; above, a small, full puff of beautiful point d'Irlande is gathered just over the elbow, and surmounting this is a soft drapery of peau de soie, confined with a pearl buckle.

One of black lace is gathered in at the elbow, forming a slight upper puff; another puff is made below by three rows of shirring which go around the cuff. Narrow ribbon is run up and down the meshes of the lace, and four ribbon choux are added, two at the shoulder, one at elbow, and the other above the shirring at the waist.

Now that almost all of the big foreign ships have left our shores, we think, with a little sigh, of how much hubbub and pleasant excitement they created, even in this great metropolis. The Blake received more than her share of attention, from femininity, at least. What pretty toilets turned out on the last Sunday of her stay here. Riverside was full of them, and as they stood on a little mound opposite the great Blake, I noticed how many gray toilets there were among them. The gray was all of the delicate shade, with the delicacy enhanced by the trimming. One maiden, sitting languidly on a bench, had a deep white lace ruffle on her spreading skirt, and white lace puffs over her sleeves. Then she wore a lace collarette, stiffened beneath, so that it stood out over her shoulders. Running down to meet this was an old-fashioned white lace veil, hanging loosely about her chin.

Another gray had big puffed sleeves of gray gauffered satin, which is so much finer and lighter than the satin of old, and very much in vogue now for sleeve puffs.

Another had fine rows of lavender velvet all the way down the skirt, and a beautiful yellow hat to surmount the gown.

One more had broad bands of bright velvet bordering the skirt.

There were many bright and startling combinations; but, on the whole, the combinations were artistic, and displayed far more taste than one could discover in the Easter parade. Already we are seeing the error of our ways, and are robing ourselves more harmoniously.

The Loie Fuller skirt—the complete circle—is now somewhat modified, particularly for soft, fine materials of summer. There is no circle in the new skirt; the seven or eight breadths of the silk are retained broad at the top, as at the bottom.

In place of gathering them all around, however, as we did a few summers ago, the fullness over the hips is disposed of in broad folds that turn inside, and toward the back. They take up scarcely any room, and leave all the full effect below. This style of skirt gives a very charming and youthful effect to its wearer, which is accentuated by the short jacket effects and full fronts that everybody is wearing.

EVA. A. SCHUBERT.

**Over the Sea to Spain.**

Perhaps they may count me a beggar
  here,
With never a roof for the wind and
  the rain;
But there is the sea with its wave-lashed
  pier,
And over the sea lies Spain.

And there am I held by title high;
  As benefitteth the lord of a broad demesne;
For there is my kingdom and here am I,
  With only the sea between.

And what if the sea be deep, be deep,
  And what if the sea be wide?
Some day I shall float in my own fair
  boat,
And sail to the other side.

A certain man in the city I meet,
  As he steps to his coach at the curbstone there
From a solemn house in a stately street—
  You would know him rich by his air.

He gives me a finger or two to hold,
  Or only a passing nod may deign;
He does not know of my title and gold,
  My castles and lands in Spain.

But what care I for his bonds and stocks?
  No solemn house in the city for me!
His are the ships that lie at the docks,
  But I have a ship at sea.

And what if the land be far, be far,
  And what if the sea be wide?
Some day I shall sail with a favoring
  gale
To a port on the other side.

And now while I lie on the sea beach
  here,
With the fisherman yonder mending his
  seine,
I know that only the sea sweeps clear
  'Twixt me and my castle in Spain.

I can see the sun on its airy towers,
  And a white hand beckon from over the
  sea;
I can smell the breath of the rosy bowers,
  Where somebody waits for me.

So content do I walk in this world of
  men,
  To which by an alien name I am known;
But how it will gape in wonder when
  Don Carlos comes to his own!

Be never the land so far, so far,
  Be never so broad the main,
There's a ship on the sea that belongs
  to me,
And over the sea lies Spain.

—Charles Washington Coleman.

**Be Miserable By—**

Wearing thin shoes and stockings on damp nights in cool, rainy weather; wearing insufficient clothing, especially upon the limbs and extremities.

Leading a life of unfeeling, stupid laziness and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to the theatres, parties and balls in all sorts of weather, in thin dresses, dancing until in a complete perspiration and then going home without sufficient overgarments through the cool, damp night air.

Sleeping in feather beds in seven by nine bed-rooms without ventilation at the top of the window, and especially with two or more persons in the same small bed-room.

Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners, eating in a hurry without half masticating the food and eating heartily before going to bed, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction, cultivating jealousies and domestic broils and always being in a mental ferment.

Contriving to keep up a continual worry about something or nothing; giving way to fits of anger.

Being irregular in all habits of sleeping and eating too much, too many kinds of food and that which is too highly seasoned.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves and not applying early for medicinal advice when disease first appears, but by taking quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

TWO PRETTY GINGHAMS.