Oh, heart of me, let us be young,
Another merry year;
For there are songs that must be sung,
And maidens yet are dear.

If old age hobbles down the way,
All wrinkled, bent and hoar,
Let's scoff at him, and cry him nay,
And flout him from the door.

For sure he is no genial wight,
Whose presence pleasure wrings;
He frowns on love and laughter light,
And talks of sober things.

Oh, heart of me, let us be young,
Another year so fleet;
For there are songs that must be sung,
And dreaming still is sweet.
—George Horton.

This life is but a game of cards, which mortals have to learn,
Each shuffles, cuts, and deals the pack, and each a trump must turn;
Some bring a high card to the top, and others bring a low,
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps, while others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practised hand, and pack their cards with care,
That they may know, when they are dealt, where all the leaders are;
Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues, while rogues each other cheat,
And he is very wise, indeed, who never meets defeat.

When playing, some throw out the ace, the counting cards to save,
Some play the deuce, and some the ten, but many play the knave;
Some play for money, some for fun, and some for worldly fame,
But not until the hand's played out, can they count up their game.

When hearts are trumps, we play for love, and pleasure rules the hour,
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy in beauty's rosy bower;
We sing, we dance, sweet verses make, our cards at random play,
And while our trump remains on top, our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack, the players stake their gold,
And heavy sums are won and lost by gamblers young and old;
Intent on winning, each his game doth watch with eager eye,
How he may see his neighbor's cards, and beat him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps look out for war, on ocean and on land,
For direful horrors always come when clubs are held in hand;
Then lives are staked instead of gold, the dogs of war are freed—
In our dear country every time the clubs obtain the lead.

Last game of all is when the spade is turned by hand of Time;
He always deals the closing hand in every age and clime.
No matter how much each man wins, or how much each man saves,
The spade will finish up the game, and dig the players' graves.
—Young Ladies' Journal.

Christmas has always had a perceptible effect on literature; the books that adorn and delight our homes are full of it. Poets are ever telling about it; and all the rhymes that it is possible to press into service—and many that do duty under protest—have been drawn upon, for the celebration of the most poetic of days. Ever since the investigations of Pope Julius in the fourth century ascertained that the 25th of December was the magic day, literature has done its best to celebrate the coming of the sacred child of Nazareth. The carols and canticles of the middle ages were ancestors of the more refined but perhaps weaker Christmas literature of this century.

Christmas dominates, to a great extent, all the ephemeral literature of the month of December. Stories are written of something that happened, or might have happened, or should have happened, upon or somewhere near the interesting date, and the divine love awakened by the occasion is very often alternated by the description of intensely human affection. Old material is often rehashed and made over nearly as good as new; and hapless authors, who would like to be original, are obliged to bite their pencils very short—and their articles, too, for that matter—if they would not seem to have borrowed ideas. Few Christendom inhabiting poets of any pretensions have not written concerning Christmas, and been affected by it—each in his own characteristic way.

Thus, Scott, lover of congeniality and good living, laments in "Marmion" the loss of the old-time Christmas:

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought her sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart for half a year."

Tennyson, with that proneness, visible in so many of his writings, to describe the delicate physical outdoor effects of sentiments and events, says:

"The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

Longfellow, with his usual love for humanity, says:

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Mrs. Browning—poetical stateswoman, and reformer of the heart—finds Christmas full of things to be remedied, in the sweet, sunny Italy, which so influenced her life and writings; and commences a poem with:

"The pope on Christmas day
Sits in St. Peter's chair;
But the peoples murmur, and say,
'Our souls are sick and forlorn,
And who will show us where
Is the stable where Christ was born?'"

Frances Ridley Havergal, the radiant woman hymn-writer of the silent heart—says:

"Christmas gifts for thee,
Fair and free!
Precious things from the heavenly store,
Filling the casket more and more;
* * * *
Pearls of peace that were sought for thee
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea;
Surely, thy heart of heart uplifts
Carols of praise, for such Christmas gifts!"

Alice Cary—now poetical princess of Greenwood—has written some of her most beautiful rhythmical stories with a Christmas setting.

Milton, who was nothing if not grand, and who always brings the celestial machinery into play if possible, says:

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony."
—Will Carelton's Everywhere.

SHE WOULD REST.

And So Sally Was a "Comfortable Sort of Woman."

There is food for thought in the reminiscence of the old man who spoke of his dead wife's habit of taking a rest every day. "It comforts me," he said, "to know that Sally would allus lie down every afternoon and sleep a bit. Some folks thought it was a drefful lazy habit and 'twas no wonder we didn't get rich faster, but she suited me just as she was. Sally was a comfortable sort of a woman to have around, never frettin' at a feller, or faultin' him when things didn't go right. Waen feelin' troubled she'd often say: 'Father, I believe I'll lie down for a few minutes;' and then back she'd come, spry an' chipper as a canary bird. Sally didn't drive an' scold, but she wasn't lazy, an' she brought up the youngsters to do their part. I don't see that drivin' women get on one mite better than she did. It does comfort me to know that Sally would take her rest."

GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN.

The dowager queen of Portugal is reputed to be one of the best shots in Europe.

Empress Frederick is devoted to gardening and is especially fond of growing roses.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, likes to climb mountains. She has been known to devote eighteen hours a day to the fascinating but arduous pastime.

There are six women living whose combined wealth amounts to over $200,000,000. They are: Senora Isidora Cousino, who heads the list, at $200,000,000; Hetty Green, $50,000,000; Baroness Burdett-Coutts, $30,000,000; Mme. Barrios, $15,000,000; Mary Garrett, $10,000,000.

The empress of Germany makes a handsome display on pleasant days when she drives in state. Her carriage is drawn by six handsome black horses with outriders in a uniform of green and white, and the guards in white uniforms. The empress' favorite carriage gown is of empire green with passamenteria of gold.

Princess Victoria, of Capua, neice of the king of Naples, who recently died, had a singular hobby. Her favorite pastime was breaking wild horses. She lived alone in her chateau near Lucca, and would drive a four-in-hand of fiery, untamed steeds through the rugged mountain passes at terrific speed. The peasants in the neighborhood called her Diana.

Miss Lydia E. Smith, of Fort Mudeo, Ga., is proud to be catalogued among the new women. Miss Smith is six feet six inches tall and thin in proportion, and presumably 35 years old, although on this point the lady is non-committal. She lives on a farm by herself, and harvests her own crops. One of her agricultural triumphs this year was the manufacture of 450 gallons of cane syrup.

It is related that a young lady from Colorado, who was taking the waters at Kissingen, when Bismarck was there last summer, one day met the iron chancellor and walking up to him, said: "I am going home to-day; may I shake hands with you?" She took his offered hand and attempted to kiss it, whereupon the gallant old statesman withdrew it, remarking, "In Kissingen we do not kiss hands," and gave the damsel a courtly salute on her lips.

In a recent magazine article, Mary C. France gives an elaborate and interesting account of the woman's club movement. The general federation now numbers nearly 600 individual clubs, Missouri contributing five and Kansas four. The total membership runs up to nearly 1,000,000 members. The motto of the federation is "Unity in Diversity," and its basic principles are equality, freedom, largeness of thought, development of individuality and the dissemination of useful thoughts and ideas.

President Thwing, of Western Reserve university, has made some investigations in regard to the employments of American college women. The most popular employment among the "sweet girl graduates" who do not marry and become home-makers, is teaching. In other professions, however, she is not conspicuous by her number. According to the last census, there were 1,235 women preachers, 208 lawyers and 4,555 physicians and surgeons, but of these very few indeed were educated in college. In the field of literature, the collegiate woman has been absent for twenty years. While the college has given us great women scholars, philanthropists and teachers, it has produced no great novelist among them and only one or two great essayists.

PASTIMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Some Amusing Penalties for Use in the Game of Forfeits.

The penalties for forfeits may be as original as the judge is able to devise. I will suggest a few. An apple may be placed in a dish of water and the delinquent be told to pick it therefrom with his teeth. This will cause considerable merriment, as it is not an easy task, for the apple will bobble about with every effort, says a writer in the London Ladies' World.

Another idea is to carve a face upon a potato; this is easily done, and the carving will produce some merriment, as the corners of the mouth may be made to express a great deal. They may be turned up with pleasure, or drawn down with misery; the carver has his will in the matter, unless the judge stipulates otherwise.

Putting an egg in such a manner that a half bushel cannot be placed over it is very simple when one knows how. But it may take a little thinking before it will be seen that an egg placed in the corner of a room cannot be covered by a half bushel measure. The same might be done more safely with a potato, or an apple, if preferred.

Take you and double you and put you through a finger ring is an old trick. It is simple enough. The letter U and the letter W are written upon paper, and this is then passed through the ring.

Push a chair through a bracelet. This is not at all difficult. A bracelet is taken, the fingers are pushed through it, and a chair is then pushed.

Putting one hand where the other cannot touch it will create much merriment, as the victim places the hands in every conceivable position before putting one below the elbow of the other arm, where the hands cannot touch each other.

Mark upon the wall the height of a man's silk hat. This is not so easy as it seems, as distances are deceptive. If the one being paired fail in marking the correct height by more or less than an inch, he is told to leave the room and come back with an imaginary silk hat on. This is easy enough. He may come back with another person, with an armchair, or with firearms, etc.

Marking a certain person's height upon the wall may also be used as a forfeit. This is also a little difficult, as if the person who is sitting it may not be so readily determined.

Giving the dimensions of the room in feet and inches is another ludicrous judgment, as there are very few who are accurate in their judgment in regard to distances.

Leaving the room on two legs and coming back with six is simple, as you may readily see that a chair or four-legged stool will enable the victim to meet the requirements.

Writing your own name in one letter will seem a little difficult until you bethink yourself of making a large letter and then inscribing the name therein.

Blowing out a lighted candle with the eyes blindfolded is very funny, as the person who is to accomplish this feat is placed in front of the candle, then blindfolded, turned about twice and then the proceedings begin. It will be some time before the candle is extinguished, for the person will in all probability blow in every direction but the right one.

Another judgment of a similar nature is for two persons to be blindfolded, turned about twice and then told to shake hands with each other.

There will be some groping about before the object is accomplished. The fun will be increased if the two persons are placed in opposite corners of the room. Another idea is to walk straight across the room when blindfolded. It seems almost impossible to take a few linear even when the aid of the eyes is allowed. This may be demonstrated by the footpaths we see, for footpaths are invariably crooked.

His Harvesting.

Man of to-day! Of every age the heir!
The centuries pour their riches at his feet.
Through history all nations come to meet
This happy man, who may the laurels wear
That others won; may fill his life with joy
That legions dead have toiled in vain to
Poor worms that wore their lives away to spin
The wisdom-silk we trifle as a toy.
Then take your heritage—unmortgaged, free—
With grateful hearts, to those who blindly wrought
Amid the mazes of chaotic thought,
That men unborn might know what life should be.

RUBY ARCHER.

A Stuffed Baby.

"My dear woman," exclaimed the settlement worker in Rivington street, with horror in her tones, "how can you give your poor baby such things to eat? Here the wretched little thing is only is months old and you are feeding him as if he were 25 years, and had the stomach of an ostrich."

In justice to the mother, it should be said right here that the settlement worker was a young woman of limited experience, and spoke somewhat in hyperbole. As a matter of fact, the mother had just given the little one, weaned some weeks before, his morning meal. It consisted of a cup of coffee, a plate of cucumbers, four cold pancakes and a slice of watermelon. It was the few remaining bits of this feast that the settlement worker eyed in such horror, and then turned to the mother with an entreaty not to give the baby such food or she would kill it.

"Oh, them victuals is all right," returned the mother, picking up the puny and ailing child. "No," she sighed, "he ain't very well, that's a fact, but it ain't his food. I ain't never had no luck raisin' boys, anyway."—Everywhere.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

RETURN OF THE BUSTLE.

This Is the Latest Statement in the World of Fashion.

Announcement has been made that the bustle is to be revived. In its incipient stages it has already appeared. The obnoxious little accessory of woman's toilette which for the past five years has been in disuse is no longer to be ignored. A premonition of the renewed interest in the formidable little pads, which supplied nature's deficiencies, was given when padded hips came in. A tiny roll measuring about eight inches across and four deep is to be inserted in the dress skirt. Since the abolition of hair cloth it has become necessary to substitute something which will fill the requirements and hold out the ripple skirt of a Louis Seize coat. The bustle seems to fulfill the mission admirably.

If hair cloth linings or bustles are to be the alternative for modish gowns, women, it is thought, will choose the lesser of the two evils, which is the bustle.

The bustle is light in weight, it absorbs no moisture and it does not attract the dust and dirt of the sidewalk.

In Europe the bustle has already assumed generous proportions. Hair cloth modeled into a triple box plait, or three-fold plaits, are the newest examples from the manufacturing concerns. It is predicted that the evolution of the short bustle into the old-fashioned tilter, which corresponds to a hoopskirt relieved of wires across the front, will be very rapid. Then there is but a step further to impose the restoration of the hoopskirt in all its circular glory.

Wire bustles, capable of being increased or decreased in size, are among the winter's novelties in this line. There is, however, some timidity evidenced by the costumers here in thrusting the bustle upon the public.

A cautious movement is on foot among modistes to pave the way for its acceptance by the public. With this object in view whalebone is being inserted in the seams of dresses at the back. This makes a graceful curve, and imparts a much desired basis for the fullness which is the distinctive feature of all up-to-date costumes.

Maidens who affect the esthetic in dress will deplore the revival of the bustle. Less obnoxious styles carry disfavor with these esthetes, and their objection to its adoption may not count. Small reeds in the back of dresses, a few inches below the waist line, rather impart a stylish air and are already being used.

KITCHEN HINTS.

Taken From the Notebook of an Experienced Housewife.

The question of having sufficient ice in the refrigerator and yet keeping the ice bill small is often a puzzling one. It is well to remember that the only sure way of having plenty of ice is to see that the supply is sufficient to keep the refrigerator cool. When Monday morning finds the icebox empty a double measure must be insisted upon. Tuesday's piece will then find a cool box and everything within the refrigerator will be kept in good condition.

An odd salad to serve with a dinner of many courses is made of celery and chopped English walnuts. Have the celery very cold and crisp, cut it into small pieces and mix with one-third the quantity of English walnuts, the meats broken in two. Moisten with a good mayonnaise dressing and garnish with young lettuce leaves.

A bottle of muriatic acid is useful to keep in the kitchen closet, but it should be plainly marked poisonous. A touch of it will be found most effective in removing iron rust. Fill a large bowl with boiling water. Have ready the bowl full of hot water. A bottle of household ammonia is also necessary. Place the spotted part of the garment over the bowl of hot water. Wet a cork in the muriatic acid and touch the iron rust with it. Immediately the spot will turn a bright yellow. Dip it once in the hot water and the stain will disappear. Rinse the article thoroughly in clear water, then in ammonia water, a tablespoonful of household ammonia to a quart of water, and finally again in clear water. The acid is very powerful and will destroy the fabric if allowed to remain upon it.

When fruit is liked for dessert, here is a very nice way of serving it. Mix together lightly an equal proportion of orange pulp, bananas cut into half inch disc and grapes cut in two and the skins removed. Add sugar if necessary and a little sherry or cognac if desired. Serve in half orange skins. Grape fruit is also delicious served in the same way. There should be a good quantity of juice with the mixture.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

The Little Country Town.

You may talk about your cities,
And your lofty brick buildings tall,
And your elevated railroads
And your facilities great and small;
But the "rural rooster" lines up
When it comes to counting joys,
And the city chap's not in it
With the homespun country boys.

Although we have no railroads
Our quick transit can't be beat,
And when we want to travel
Why—we get there with both feet;
Our girls don't dress in bloomers,
Nor the boys smoke coffin nails,
And we do all our drinking
From a spring that never fails.

Yes, we know that life in the cities
Is said to be all joy,
And to mingle with the busy world
The hope of every country boy.
But as years fly swiftly onward
And the sands of life run down,
The lad who stays in the country
To that little country town,

And again you'll see the cottage
Nestling there among the trees,
And the tinkling of the cow bells
Will come floating on the breeze;
And the sweet voice of childhood
Long been gathered home to God—
And lies sleepin' 'neath the greensward
Where the ox-eyed daisies nod—

Will come to you in memory,
As you saw her years ago,
And again you'll hear the music
Of the sweet voice, soft and low;
And as page and page you are scanning,
Marked, "Some Loving Recollections
Of a Dear Old Country Town."
—Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

STOCKINGS WITH POCKETS.

Where the Modern Woman Now Secretes Her Valuables.

The old lady who insisted that she wanted no safer bank for her money than her own stocking is apparently vindicated by the latest novelty in hosiery. A pocket is really made in new hosiery just put upon the market. A pair of black ones have on the outside of each stocking fee near the top the cutest little pocket woven on. Now, very few women have pockets in their dresses; at least, none in their Paris dresses. Only women with tailor made gowns and black silk stripes down the outside seams of their skirts, like Ada Lewis, ever have enough pockets. But the minute the woman laid eyes on those stockings with pockets, she knew the reason why and all about it.

It didn't take a diagram to explain to her that those pockets were made for valuables. One woman promptly explained that they were intended for women to keep stray diamonds in. She asked:

"What highwayman would ever think of looking there for money, or what pickpocket, even the most experienced, would expect to have to pick a pocket in a stocking?"

The colors in which the stockings with pockets are made lend weight to the idea that hereafter women dressed for the evening will not go down to dinner and leave their stray rings and jewels lying around upstairs for second story burglars, but will sit down to dinner calm in the consciousness that their jewels are safe in their stocking pockets.

Mater Dolorosa.

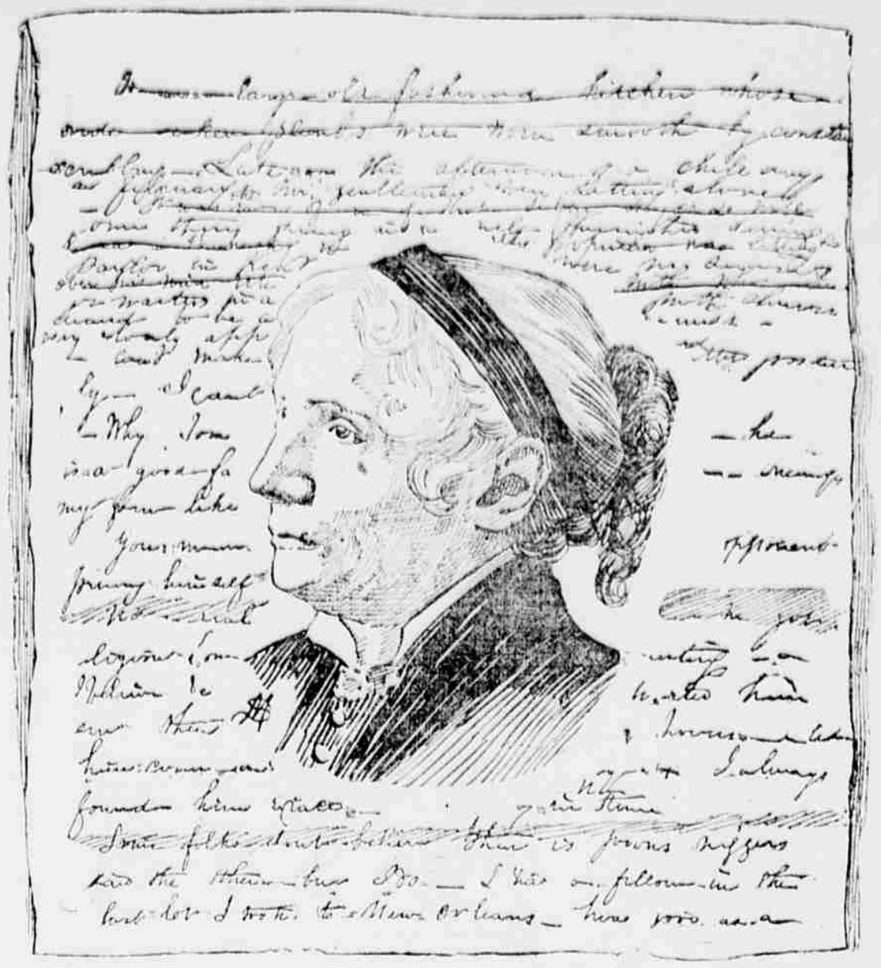
Because of one small low-laid head all crowned
With golden hair,
Forevermore the fair young brows to me
A halo wear;
I kiss them reverently. Alas! I know
The pain I bear.

Because of dear but close-shut holy eyes
Of heaven's own blue,
All little eyes do fill my own with tears—
Whate'er their hue;
And motherly I gaze their innocent
Clear depths into.

Because of little pallid lips, which once
My name did call,
No childish voice in vain appeal upon
My ears doth fall;
I count it all my joy their joys to share
And sorrows small.

Because of little dimpled hands
Which folded lie,
All little hands henceforth to me do have
A pleading cry;
I clasp them as they were small wandering birds
Lured home to fly.

Because of little death-cold feet, for earth's
Rough roads unmeet,
I'd journey leagues to save from sin or harm
Such little feet,
And count the lowliest service done for them
So sacred—sweet!
—M. E. Paull in Altruist Interchange.



The First Page of the Original Manuscript of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Now in the Possession of Mrs. Stowe.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Eleonora Duse is writing a romance dealing with the Italian stage, which will be ready during the winter.

The needlework in the negro building at Atlanta shows that the Afro-American woman has just reached the crazy quilt period of evolution.

English papers are speculating upon the possibility of the youthful Duchess of Marlborough becoming a political force in England through her influence over her husband. One natural remark:

"Her grace possesses balls from the same land of energy and progress as the deservedly popular Lady Randolph Churchill, and is understood to be ambitious on her husband's behalf, the omens could not be more favorable if the duke intended to despite fate and to take up a career upon which he would enter with every possible condition of advantage."

The queen of Italy is now studying the Hebrew language and literature with diligence, and is making great progress. Lately, when in Venice, she received in audience Rabbi Cesa Porto, with whom she conversed in the ancient language of the Jews.

The recent debate in London over the admission of women to the study of medicine called forth this expression of opinion from Dr. West. He moved that the petition be refused, urging as reasons that the duchess, that the fitness to practice medicine was not demonstrated by their ability to pass examinations; that they had done nothing for obstetric medicine; nor had the medical women of America, with their fifty years of opportunity, done anything to advance science.

Georgia boasts a "new woman." She is Miss Lydie E. Smith, of Fort Mudeo, and she is a farmer. With the belle of a hired man, she cultivates, harvests and markets the crop of a twenty acre domain. She is six feet six inches high, an expert horsewoman and rifle shot, and a thoroughly conservative as regards feminine attire. She calls the wearing of bloomers "a disgrace on the name of woman."

Queen Amalie, of Portugal, is showing that "true womanliness" may be the cause of advanced movements. She has for some time been studying medicine, and her reason for doing so is the ill health of King Carlos. The king is suffering from a formation of fat round the heart, and as the complaint increased although the king took plenty of exercise and lived a regular life, two years ago upon the treatment, the queen made up her mind to study the case herself. She has now passed a regular sort of examination before a medical board, and thus duly qualified. She has taken over the treatment of the king, who has the fullest confidence in her ability, and who is already deriving benefit by following her orders.

Ex-Governor Shepherd says that 80 per cent of the persons he saw filling the fields in Germany this summer were women. The men were for the most part in the army, and splendid soldiers they make, according to Mr. Shepherd, who saw 1,000 of them marching through the streets of Berlin.

Walter Besant: George Eliot was ill-bred, extremely plain, awkward, ill-dressed. This makes her career all the more wonderful. For, consider, first, she conquered the respect of the philosophic world by her papers in the Westminster. Then she conquered the sympathetic world by her novels. Then—with no physical charms—she gained the love and devotion of one unknown man, not a mean or common man, but a man of considerable understanding; then she gathered round her a crowd of admirers, to whom she became a friend and a prophetess; she lived without love and a protector, luxury, dignity and honor—though she defied the laws of society, she was spared all unpleasantness; and she died before her novels ceased to be read.

That very clever, very successful and admirable woman, Mrs. Rorer, studied and conquered many things before she learned to cook. To begin with she had a college training at Aurora, and, having inherited a taste for chemistry from her father, who was both physician and chemist, she wished to become a pharmacist. That was before the day was smoothed for women who wished to do unusual things, and she abandoned the plan because the way was made so disagreeable by fellow students. After that she learned wood carving, and took a course in carpentering, which may account for the grace with which she uses her hands and arms. She studied cooking for the good of her family, and it was with the same thought and to build up one of her own children, who was delicate, that she gained that scientific knowledge that since has made her a benefactor to so many other mothers.

An English periodical has taken some pains to collect proof that money marriages existed in Albion even before the advent of American millionairesses. In the middle of the eighteenth century it was the practice in matrimonial notices to state the bride's fortune. Here is an example: "On February 21, 1731, the Hon. Francis Godolphin, of Scotland yard, Esq., to the third daughter of the Countess of Portland, a beautiful lady of £6,000 fortune!" In a paper of 1775 the following notice appears: "A gentleman of honor and property, having in his disposal a young lady of good family, with a fortune of £6,000 on her marriage with his approbation, would be very happy to treat with a man of fashion and family who may think it worth his while to give the advertiser a gratuity of £5,000 on the day of marriage."

The much prized medal of the Royal Humane Society of England has this year been given to five women for saving life under circumstances of great personal danger. They are: Miss Violet Ponsonby, Miss Katherine S. Gelling, Mrs. George Anderson, Miss Lizzie Jones and Mrs. Rainer.

One of the most daring of women is Miss Kingsley, niece of the famous canon and novelist of that name. She set out to explore Africa, and on reaching the Cameroons, applied to the German authorities for carriers to take her over the mountains, which have never yet been thoroughly explored. The governor was compelled to refuse her request, as he could not get carriers to ascend the mountains; and, moreover, he warned her that the natives were in an excited state and would probably, if not kill, at least prevent entering their territory. Miss Kingsley then proceeded on the Niger to Victoria, where she was needed in nursing the sick and dying. She is unattended by any white companions, and although she has undergone some exciting adventures, she is in good health and hopes to be successful in her explorations of the Cameroons.

A class of women that are very little heard of but whose praise ought to be down through all generations are the Boers of South Africa. The Boer woman is unlovable in appearance; she has no grace or modern accomplishments; neither is she handsome nor altogether angelic in disposition, but she is brave. Terrible sufferings have been endured by these women who accompanied husbands, fathers and sons in Kaffir warfare, and it was they who compelled the Boer men to take up arms against England. Thousands of the men were in doubt as to the wisdom of such a course, but the women had no doubt whatever, and at their wish the men marched to battle. The South African republic is the result, and greatly does the Boer woman glory therein.

The new woman, as she really is, dresses well. She does not forget that her best weapon is good looks, and when she does her best she does it well. Her gown, from head to sole, and allows her opinions to be fashioned in her hair, she realizes that she is sun fulfilling her proper mission, and has reached the stage known as "enjoying herself."

It is a singular thing about the new woman, as she really is, that she does not know she is a new woman. The born article always bears the latest stamp. The real often comes unannounced. The really new woman is not heard about with trumpets; she never sounds her own note; she lives as a very modest digit in the sum of the world. We know it is that when she is entitled to the name of "The New Woman," is She Really I?

Autumn's Clothes.

Autumn lost her slippers off,
"She is a careless thing"
They were pretty yellow ones,
Tied with purple string.

Oh, she's so extravagant,
In her style of dressing!
Likes to vouch the country folks
With haughtiness, I guess.

And she's such a reckless girl!
Everywhere she goes
She keeps dropping little bits
Of trimmings off her clothes.

When I lift my eyes and see
Bright and vivid things
Pieces of a crimson gown,
Yellow banner strings,

Gay rosettes and fancy veils
Little ribbons fair,
Purple streamers and the like,
Scattered everywhere,

I don't wonder any more,
Just laughs and says,
"Ah, what happened to poor Miss Fall,
Autumn's been this way."

Human Life Statistics.

The average length of life is about 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 7, one-half before reaching 17. Only one of every 100 persons reaches 100 years; only six of every 100 reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 30 lives to be 80 years of age. Of the whole population of the globe it is estimated that 30,000 die every day, about 1,250 every hour, and 20 every minute, or one every second. There are more than counterbalanced by the number of births. The married live longer than the single. The average duration of life in all civilized countries is greater now than ever before in history. Mulhall, the distinguished statistician, states that in the year 1895 not an unhealthy year, the deaths in England were as 1 to 45; but in 1850, 1 to 40. Dupin, a well known French writer, states that the average duration of life in France, from 1774 to 1842, increased 32 days annually. The rate of mortality in 1781 was 1 in 32, but in 1831 1 in 40. The rich live on an average 42 years, but the poor only 20 years.

The Sitting Room.

The sitting room should be one of the most enjoyable rooms in the house. It should always have a bright and cheerful appearance, and anything approaching stiffness or formality should be banished. It is essentially the living room of the home, and for this reason every article of furniture should be selected with a view to utility and durability. Luxurious divans, costly draperies and bric-a-brac would be quite out of place in such a room, indeed; in it there should not be one really expensive or pretentious article. It being a most restful and inviting place at very little expense.

The carpet should not cover the entire floor. A large rug, of some warm, cosy shades should be placed upon the floor, the edges of which are stained or painted. This rugs in the sitting room should be frequently and easily removed, and shaken in order to insure cleanliness. The walls should be tinted or covered with a cheerful looking paper, harmonizing with the carpet and other furnishings, a few pictures and a rack or two being appropriate additions. The window curtains and portieres should also be in harmony, being composed of scrim, felt or the ever useful denim. A center table is a necessary adjunct in order to give an attractive and homelike appearance to the room, and this should be covered by means of a felt or denim cloth, upon which may be placed a pretty mat, with baskets and a lamp, with partially shaded evening light, inviting workers and readers.

Soft crimson shades are perhaps the most suitable for decorating such a room, but old blue is also very lovely and serviceable, the former being striking in the dull, dreary weather of the winter months, while the latter is most attractive in the summer time. If the crimson shades are employed throughout, they should be relieved by touches of gold; but if old blue is used, it should be relieved by lighter shades of blue. For instance, the table might be made of yellow felt, and this could be decorated in a bold, conventional design worked in two or three shades of yellow, Roman blue, or the coarser and more effective zephyr silk; or it could be made of dark blue denim, embroidered in the deep shades of the silk floss. The table cloth could also be made of felt in the same manner, the upper edge of which being allowed to fall over about half a yard, a frieze of the floss being knotted in, and above the fringe some simple design could be embroidered in Roman floss.

In the hall, or lounge, several substantial and comfortable easy chairs, with the addition of a few footstools or hassocks, should complete the furnishings of this most delightful nest.

An open fireplace should always, if possible, form part of the family sitting room, for there is something that no other fire should be lighted at the approach of autumn.—Eva Marie Kennedy in Womankind.

Incompleteness.

No joy is in itself complete,
Else from the past or future borrowed;
Neither alone can satisfy
The heart, in half of joys and sorrows.
No human happiness for self alone;
No man's joy has another's heart in it.
And so, in the complete joy of one
Other joys, joining, may bear it,
Like a river in its ripples and waves.
The limits of our lives are rounded
By the heartbeats of those we love—
Our happiness on others is founded,
Without them's alone naught has the soul—
Who made it knows its incompleteness,
Yet love makes us all the perfect whole.
And life is full of strength and sweetness.
—Virginia McSherry, in the Angelus.

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