These oppressive days are very hard on those housemothers who, from choice or necessity, do their own work, and there are some useful hints that have been given in this department before; or at least some of the suggestions have been made. There are, however, a great many women who read the GLOBE this summer who did not read it last summer; and these will be glad of these kindly words of advice, I am sure. Old Mother Goose was a wise old woman, and she says:

"For every evil under the sun.
There is a remedy or there's none;
If there be one, try and find it,
If there be none, do not mind it,"

Which, being interpreted, means that it is useless to fret. The vexations and unpleasantnesses of the day are only exaggerated by worrying over them.

These depressing mornings will usher in more unendurable days if you let yourself get up cross. Perhaps you think, my dears, that getting up cross is a thing you cannot control, but you are much mistaken. Just you try, when you feel the waves of vexation mounting, the effect of a bold front. Shut your teeth hard and speak pleasantly if it kills you.

Do you remember the story of the little boy who held back the waters of the Atlantic all night long by the pressure of his tiny hand on the small rill that he found forcing its way through those mighty dykes that protect Holland from her hungry old-time enemy, the sea? Now, that story always makes me think of how it feels when

The Waves of Ill-Temper

assail a tired woman. Then, if you really cannot keep control of yourself, you may be sure that in some way you are overdoing. You think that you are only doing the things that must be done, and are fretting because you cannot do more. I am sure that you are doing more than you should already, and more than is absolutely necessary for the comfort of your family.

You will not be vexed with me, I am sure, if I tell you that long ago I discovered that women do more work from the fear of what the neighbors will say, than they do for the absolute comfort of their families. I am not a missionary, and have never felt the least call to be one, but I look upon myself as a benefactor of my kind, whenever I look back on one event in my Dakota experience. My neighbor, next door, was a fragile little woman who interpreted the old text "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" as meaning "next before," and had built a real Moloch of housekeeping, and almost killed herself trying to live up to its rigorous behests. We had a board walk in common, and our kitchen doors were just opposite across it. That walk had been scrubbed turn and turn about by my little neighbor and my predecessor in the pretty cottage in which I had set up my household gods for the time being.

Now I am a clean person, I do insist, but when it came to scrubbing a board walk in a muddy North Dakota town, where the mud is almost bottomless, and black at that, I rebelled. My dear little neighbor said that she did not know what the neighbors would say if we left it dirty. I told her that I did not know either, but was willing to try it and see, and at any rate I would bear the blame, so we contented ourselves with sweeping the walk, and no one objected, to us at least, and that seemed to set my neighbor to thinking, and after a little she told me that she did not find her work nearly so hard since she only ironed her towels on one side and scrubbed her kitchen once a week.

Now, my dears, I want to do the same for you—set you to thinking. Don't do so many unnecessary things. Live simply. Eat cold victuals and fruit. Take a nap in the middle of the day. Possess your soul in patience and you will find the summer a joy instead of a horror. AUNT POLLY.

CORSET NOVELTIES.

Only Expensive Ones Shape the Figure Correctly.

Novelties in corsets will never cease. The daintiest innovation comes as usual from Paris in the shape of black silk coutil, boned as closely as the white split whalebones can be placed, lined with black silk and trimmed at the top with black lace and baby ribbons to match the pink, blue, crimson, violet or yellow lining.

These sweet things are glove-fitting, quite short and exceptionally light. Unfortunately, they are a source of discontent, for who but a Helen Gould can afford to pay $20 for a pair of summer corsets?

There are other designs of silk coutil and superior make, with pliable bones and lace frills, for $12 and less, but they are not silk-lined nor as light as fifty feathers. The gossamer corset, made of gummed net or fine linen, are cool and pretty and cost only $5, but they soil easily and when the stiffening comes out they are useless. A woman can't do with less than two, and the cleaners charge a fourth of their value to do them up. Evening corsets are made of white silk, and there are as many styles as there are full-dress bodices. All are low-cut, but the empires are very, very low and cost $8 a pair.

The same make in ordinary lengths sells at $6. Then there are black coutil of the finest weave for the same price, and there are $2 goods that a woman can trim up at an outlay of a dollar or so that serve every purpose. Corsets that shape the figure, as the modistes say, cannot be bought for much under $5.

What One Woman Thinks.

I think women might take a lesso from men about their friendship.

If you will notice you will see that men either like each other very much or else are rather indifferent.

They have very few of the petty quarrels with each other that women do.

I think they are more tolerant of each other's little peculiarities, and don't expect too much of each other.

They don't take offense as quick as we do.

I saw an illustration of this the other evening on Broadway.

Two young men, who might have been stock brokers, came out of a hotel, and as they stood on the steps one of the twain took two cigars from his pocket, and after a slight inspection lit one himself and gave the other to his companion.

They stood there and puffed and chatted cheerfully for a moment, when suddenly the cigar of the recipient began to hiss vigorously and to emit a stream of red and blue fire.

The shock and surprise of the whole affair seemed to stun the smoker for a moment, and then he dropped the pyrotechnic cigar to the sidewalk and fell upon his friend, who was bent double with laughter, and had happy tears in his eyes.

There was a sort of mock "set-to" for a moment and then the sufferer said: "Well, that's one on me," and they reentered the hotel arm in arm.

Now, I wonder if any woman who had been so publicly held up to ridicule by a friend of her own sex, not, of course, in the smoking way, but by some other equally trying method, could have dismissed the affair as lightly as that?

I have my doubts.

I am quite sure that I couldn't.

Right Sort of a Dog.

Russia possesses at least one luxury in a breed of dogs which are said to be naturally quite unable to bark.

It Has Reached the Plaisance.

Chicago Record.

Interested Spectator (to his wife)—See those curious south sea folks! Buried in their far-away homes they see nothing of civilization, no nought of our customs and our tongue is but a mystery to their—"

Chief Maleiuloo (absently)—
A-a fter the ba-li was o-ver,
A-a-fter the break of da-awn.

An Unpopular Improvement.

Puck.

Clerk—Now, these shoes have the improved shoe lace—warranted not to come untied.

Fair customer (in haste)—O, put the old kind in them, please!

TOOK OFF HER STOCKINGS.

But It Was No Wonder She Didn't Understand Why She Had To.

The chiropodist had just moved into his new Broadway parlors, says the New York World. Before his arrival they had been occupied by a dentist.

Though as yet no white marble foot upon the pavement informed the uninitiated that within dwelt an operator upon corns and bunions at a reasonable rate, yet such was the case.

A rushing business had been in progress all the morning. At noon the chiropodist, a rather timid, and youthful-appearing man, started to go out to his lunch, when the door opened and a young girl inquired if the doctor was in. She was about ten years old, and with her was a young woman about twenty, evidently her maid.

"Doctor," said the child, "you helped me so much six months ago that mamma suggested that I bring Nora down here. She is in very great pain."

The doctor did not quite recall what work he had done for the child, but politely requested Nora to walk into the operating room and get ready. This, in the language of the chiropodist, means to remove the shoe and stocking.

The child seated herself in the outer parlor, and the chiropodist, after waiting the usual time, walked into the little room where Nora was awaiting him.

There she sat leaning back in the big chair with a nervous expression upon her face, but without any change in her attire. The doctor was a trifle surprised, but he supposed this was a new experience to his patient.

"Just remove your shoe and stocking, please," he said as he walked over to the window.

Nora absolutely grew pale with fright, but complied with his request, taking off both shoes and stockings.

She was a very unhappy-looking young woman as she sat there in the high operating chair with both bare feet dangling just above the floor.

"Now, where do you feel the greatest pain?" asked the doctor.

Nora threw her head back, opened her expansive mouth very wide and pointing with one of her fat, red fingers, to a wisdom tooth on the upper jaw, exclaimed:

"There, doctor. Oh! it's something awful."

THEOSOPHY A FAD.

Rather a Strange Use for a Trifling Little Word.

We hear a great deal about fads, and all can recall a good many things that are called fads; but to call such a thing as theosophy a fad seems rather out of place. Fads, we have been accustomed to think, were light trifles that only very giddy people gave themselves up to, but theosophy is no such thing. Many of us have theories of life, both as to physical and spiritual, that have come to us as the result of our own personal experiences, that, as we hear those who believe in theosophy talk, we find to be very like some of the conclusions they claim to have reached by painful thought and labor. However the truth may be reached, it is truth. Can we come nearer to this desired goal by listening to the teachings of theosophy? A bright woman in the New York Recorder writes this way of theosophy.

Theosophy will have a boom now that persecution has begun. I believe that nearly all people who accept the vicissitudes of life with patient submission are theosophists in a rough state. It is not difficult to receive many of the theosophical theories, which are as comfortable and as inexplicable as homeopathic pills. They partake of the ideal in a way that cheers after the effort of scrambling around on the solid earth after the pennies needed to promote the existence of our material natures.

Theosophy is a fad as it at present dwells among us. In the early days of our country our ancestors were less tolerant of fads than now. Witchcraft was a fad, and that it was promptly extinguished goes without saying. Spiritualism followed it a century later, and was adopted or expunged according to the mental constitution of those who came in contact with it. Many who rejected spiritualism now accept theosophy.

Every year brings its fad. It wasn't such a great while ago that invalids sat about in sun baths through blue glass; before that cold water treatment was the thing, and since then we have drunk hot water for our stomach's sake. Christian science cures sore eyes and rheumatism when licensed physician fail, and through it all the power of thought has been more potent than any one of us dared confess. Bread pills have healed the same disorders for which Christian science now sets up a dispensary.

To every one who realizes peace of mind—the kind that passeth all understanding—through theosophy the modern science has proved a boon. Christians who enjoy their religion experience the same spiritual composure. The strength that is born of it is apparent, and needs no papers patent to testify to its existence.

However, all theosophists, I am told, do not experience the peace of mind which up to date is life's greatest boon. An active imagination dances a hornpipe to the tune of the occult science. One of the disciples of the priestess who was gathered to her fathers several months ago tells me that the air is peopled with strange, unfriendly creations since she became an apostle to theosophy. Large green turtles regard her curiously, and grotesque beings not down in the catalogue of the museum of natural history make faces at her. I am told, on the other hand, that this condition is one frequently experienced, and that the pre-historic visitors in the air are but the creations of a diseased fancy; the same condition is recognized by the child who is afraid of the dark.

However, this seems to be an age of free thinking, and the fact that the Wilson mission should discharge a faithful teacher because she chose to be a theosophist seems to point to the fact that all of us are not reading ahead in the book of the world's progress. The gospel of sympathy and charity and right-doing seems to be forgotten in the tiresome tirades against heresy. Theosophy teaches that heresy consists chiefly in the forgetting of the golden rule. If persecution of it booms the neat little couplet beginning "Do unto others," then theosophy is for a deeper purpose than any of us know.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

DIED.

BLACK—In St. Paul, Minn., July 30, 1893, Estella, wife of R. P. Black. Funeral service and interment at Anoka, Minn.

QUINN—In St. Paul, at 1 p. m. Sunday, July 30, at family residence, 147 Pleasant avenue, James Quinn, aged twenty-four years. Funeral from above residence at 8 a. m. Tuesday, Aug. 1. Services at cathedral at 8:30 o'clock. Interment at Inver Grove.

WALSH—In St. Paul, Sunday, July 30, 1893, at the residence of grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Towle, 420 East Tenth street, Helen May, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Walsh, of Chicago, aged ten months. Remains will be taken to Chicago for interment.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

MELLEN—The remains of Mr. William S. Mellen, late General Manager of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, will be interred at Rosehill Cemetery, Chicago. The funeral services will be held at the residence of Mr. D. B. Dewey, 424 Maple avenue, Evanston, Ill., at 2:30 p. m., on Tuesday, August 1. A special funeral train will leave St. Paul at 1:25 p. m., Monday, July 31, via Wisconsin Central, arriving at Chicago Tuesday morning. The train will be taken from Chicago to Evanston in ample time for the ceremonies. The friends of the deceased are invited to attend, and are requested to apply to W. G. Pearce, at Northern Pacific Railroad general office, as soon as possible, so that necessary arrangements may be made for transportation.

AMUSEMENTS.