

## FOR WOMEN AND HOME.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

**The Sunlight of Love.**  
The world has been weary and lost to love's art:  
There was rain in the hills, but the sun's  
out, sweetheart!  
And all the birds singing,  
And all the bells ringing,  
And roses in desolate pathways are  
springing.

The world has been weary; but let the  
clouds part!  
There was rain in life's skies, but the  
sun's out, sweetheart!  
And rainbows are bending  
And messages sending  
Of God's love and your love, unending—  
unending!

The world has been weary, but sorrow  
now seems,  
In the sunlight of love, like an echo of  
dreams!  
Real, real the clouds part!  
All has leaped to love's art.  
And the sunlight of love is where you  
are, sweetheart!  
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

**A New Undergarment.**  
Our grandmothers who did not so  
well appreciate the importance of wear-  
ing well-fitted clothes, used to wear a  
chemise that gradually increased  
width from the neck down. As a woman  
became wiser this garment was



discarded and in its place was worn  
the tight-fitting gauze vest.

A longing for the dainty founces of  
the chemise led to its revival last year,  
however. Yet it was much changed;  
material used was finer and the  
garment was made semi-fitting at the  
waist.

But even this garment did not suit  
the up-to-date woman, and her discon-  
tent resulted in a garment which will  
prove very popular this year. It is a  
chemise and short skirt combined. The  
waist portion is made much like an  
evening blouse—somewhat more ac-  
centuated, but otherwise the same. The  
low neck is adorned with a short yoke of  
embroidery, which extends over the  
arms in narrow straps, holding the  
garment in place.

The skirt is fitted equally well with  
the waist and has a broad band of em-  
broidery about the bottom, matching  
that at the neck. The tiny waistband,  
which joins chemise and skirt, is the  
daintiest thing imaginable. Of white  
embroidery, it has narrow blue rib-  
bon run through it, and this finishes  
in a long-ended bow at the side.—The  
Latest.

### Preservation of Meat.

The general opinion on the preserva-  
tion of meat is that the decomposition  
of the blood is the cause of much of  
the trouble experienced in keeping  
meats in a fresh and wholesome state.  
A Danish scientist gives some points  
on the preservation of this important  
article of food. The methods of killing  
the animal, according to his theory  
are greatly at fault. The animal must  
be stunned, not killed, and instantly  
the ready assistant with a sharp knife  
cuts to the heart and opens the ven-  
tricle. This allows the blood to rush  
out, completely clearing the veins.  
Then a solution of salt, depending in  
strength upon the length of time the  
meat is to be kept, is thrown by a pow-  
erful pump through the uninjured ven-  
tricle and thence in the veins of the  
entire carcass. The operation is an  
extremely simple and short one, and  
immediately upon its completion the  
animal can be dressed and cut up.  
Meat has been kept three months with  
perfect satisfaction under this form of  
treatment. This discovery opens new  
possibilities in the way of preserving  
meats and is without the objections  
usually urged to other ways of remov-  
ing the blood.

### A Beautiful Throat.

The throat should be round, full and  
pillar-like, and nothing will give those  
qualities so quickly as the daily exer-  
cise of rolling the head completely  
around, several times in one direction,  
and an equal number in the opposite  
way. This exercise fills out the hol-  
lows like magic and strengthens the  
muscles as well. The arms are seldom  
sufficiently developed for beauty. We  
not use our arms sufficiently to  
give them the muscular growth they  
need and to do away with the sharp-  
ness of the elbows. Thin arms are  
ugly, except when they are gracefully  
handed, and that is seldom. Keeping  
the elbows away from the side in a  
sharp angle may be stylish, but it is  
not graceful, and crossing the arms  
over the chest is unlovely to a degree.  
Watch closely the next woman whom  
you see in that attitude and note the  
ugly curve of the back and the forward  
droop of the shoulders. A few women  
may look jaunty and attractive when  
they carry their hands in their jacket  
pockets, but where you find one who  
does satisfy the eye you will see scores  
who offend.

### Nervous Prostration.

Dr. Thomas F. Rumbold, in a paper  
on this subject, attributes the nervous  
prostration commonly attributed to  
"overwork" to chronic nasal inflammation,  
the most potent and frequent fac-  
tor in the production of which he as-  
serts to be the result of excesses of  
alcohol, tobacco, and "colds" induced  
thereby. These practices, he says, in-  
crease the congestion of the nasal mu-  
cous membrane, producing a tendency  
to "colds," causing vascular paresis,  
which, commencing at the periphery,  
gradually travels to the brain vascular  
system, and the author holds that this  
disturbance of the cerebral circulation  
is the real reason of the irritability of  
temper, inability to hold the mind con-  
tinuously on a definite subject, sleep-  
lessness, forgetfulness, desire for  
change and excitement, accompanied  
by physical exhaustion and loss of am-  
bition, which are commonly attributed  
by the physician to the continuous ap-  
plication of the mind to business and  
professional duties.

### The Two Tone Wax Seal.

The two tone seal in wax on an en-  
velope made to match the two tone  
monogram on the paper is a mystery to  
any one not in the secret. For instance  
a silver monogram and raised ornamen-  
tation on a blue background is easily  
duplicated in the seal. The back-  
ground is of wax to match the back-  
ground of the monogram. When  
ready to seal the envelope dip the seal  
in the oil and wipe it quite dry, except  
the engraving, where the oil remains.  
Then dip the oily seal into the silver  
powder and brush across the seal, leav-  
ing no silver except in those same in-  
dentations of the engraved monogram.  
Melt the wax and drop it on to the  
proper place and seal as usual. The oil  
will have taken up the silver powder  
into the monogram and the wax was  
taken it out of the monogram, so that  
all the raised ornamentation is coated  
over with the silver powder.

### The Car at Home.

A pretty picture of the home life of  
the car is the following: Alexander  
III was said to be an autocrat even in  
the bosom of his family. Nicholas II,  
however, is the very reverse. He re-  
gards his consort as a good comrade,  
and when, in urgent cases, ministers  
seek an audience late in the evening  
he is invariably to be found in her com-  
pany, chatting and laughing without  
restraint. The car is generally oc-  
cupied at his desk, while the czarina  
busies herself with embroidery work.  
Immediately a minister enters she rises  
as if to retire, but more often than  
otherwise the czar informs her that  
she is not one too many.

### The New Modes.

A feature of the new materials is the  
lightness of their weight, which man-  
ufacturers have succeeded in procur-  
ing without loss of body. It is im-  
possible to give the proper cut to a  
tailor made costume unless the stuff  
of which it is made has considerable  
body. The skirts of the introductory  
tailor made gowns are unlined. Au-

thorities say that it is impossible to  
give them the proper set with even the  
thinness of silk lining, as they must  
cling skin tight to the hips and end in  
a fan-like flare at the bottom. So far  
most of them are merely faced up a few  
inches with silk, and all are worn with  
a fluffy silk petticoat.

### A Delicious Dish.

Prepare sweetbreads, cut into equal  
slices and remove the skins and little  
pipes. Take about three dozen oys-  
ters, strain off the liquor. Put the  
sweetbreads into a stew pan and cover  
with the oyster liquor. Add three  
large spoonfuls of roast veal gravy and  
a quarter of a pound of fresh butter,  
cut into bits and rolled in flour. When  
the sweetbreads are done, put in the  
oysters and let them cook five min-  
utes. Add two winglasses of sweet  
cream, stir up well and serve in a hot  
dish.

### In Brown and Lavender.

One of the new gowns of autumn  
is of lavender poplin, a material which  
promises to be very popular. The  
skirt is tight fitting to the knees and  
has there a full circular flounce added,  
under brown silk braid. The blouse  
has a yoke showing bands of brown  
braid running up and down. It is par-  
tially concealed by an over-front of the  
blouse, which crosses it in surplus  
fashion and is caught below the left



arm with a bow of golden-brown rib-  
bon. Deep overhanging cuffs, lined  
with golden-brown silk and edged  
with brown braid, partly conceal the  
hands, while a ruche of lavender silk  
muslin encircles the neck.—The Latest.

### Sauce for Plum Pudding.

Break two eggs, yolks and whites to-  
gether, in a saucepan. Stir in just as  
much brown sugar as they will take up.  
Add half a pint of cream or rich  
milk, a pinch of salt and one nutmeg,  
grated. Boil until thick. Just before  
serving add one tablespoonful fine but-  
ter, one wingglass of brandy and as  
much good cooking wine as will make  
it about the thickness of boiled custard.



THE SWALLOW TAIL JACKET.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

**Six for One—The Story of the Poisoned Cat—A Very Busy Man—Doing and Not Doing—Dare to Do Right, Dare to Be True.**

#### Children's Chorus.

(Tune, Italian Hymn.)  
Now we our voices raise  
And join in loving praise  
In chorus free;  
We love our native land;  
Her hills and valleys grand.  
For truth and justice stand,  
And liberty.

We love our banner bright  
So welcome to the sight  
Of land or sea.  
May God our country bless,  
With peace and happiness,  
And give our cause success  
And victory.

#### Six for One.

"I should admire," sighed Aunt Cam,  
"I should admire to have another cat  
like Tom! He was just the smartest  
cat and the best cat and the handsom-  
est cat I ever set eyes on—clear Mal-  
tese without a white hair on him, the  
best hunter you ever saw and the  
knowin'-est cat—it did beat all!"  
"Too bad he should be pizen!"  
said Mrs. Smith, sympathizingly.  
"Aunt Nabby Green has a cat that's  
the perfect moral of him, as far as  
looks go, and she says he's good  
as gold, but she sets such store by him  
I don't s'pose she'd part with him,  
anyhow."

Benny Prince and Nan Holloway,  
who sat on Aunt Cam's doorstep play-  
ing checkers and eating peach-applis,  
heard the conversation, and both  
wished they could find a cat to com-  
fort Aunt Cam. All the children loved  
the dear old lady who was so sweet  
to them, always had a plate of apples  
on the light stand from which they  
were to help yourself, and apparently  
never failed to have sugar plums in  
her pocket. The next morning Nan  
came in hugging a bag that quivered  
and sometimes mewed a bit softly.

"Oh, Aunt Cam!" she cried, "here's  
two little Maltese kittens. I told our  
hired man last night about your losing  
Tom, and he went home and got these  
for you. Ain't they beauties! and two  
kittens do play so cute together!"

"You dear child!" said Aunt Cam,  
fondling the kittens. "Just like Tom,  
for all the world—not a white hair  
on 'em. Thank you, a thousand  
times!"

And with a kiss and a handful of  
goodies, Nan hurried off to school.

Before five minutes Benny came  
along with a gentle old Maltese cat  
purring in his arms.

"Granma says she'd jest as soon  
spare you old Tab as not, for she has  
three other cats. Run in, Tab, I am  
late to school!"

And Benny ran off without waiting  
to hear Aunt Cam's "Thank you, Ben-  
ny, dear!"

That afternoon Aunt Cam put the  
kittens down in the cellar, shut old  
Tab in the woodshed, put on her  
thimble and went to the sewing circle.

When she came home at dusk, she  
found a squirming bag on her front  
porch, and a note from Mrs. Smith  
tucked under the door. It read:  
"Aunt Nabby says she wouldn't spare  
Timothy to anybody but you, but she  
has two kittens most as big, so you  
may have him."

She carried in the bag and emptied  
out Timothy. He was, indeed, the  
very moral of Tom, and her heart  
warmed to him at once, in spite of the  
two kittens down in the cellar and the  
old cat in the woodshed.

Going on the back porch later, she  
found there a box with slats nailed  
over the top, and peering in, saw two  
half-grown Maltese cats. A roughly  
scrawled paper lay on the box.

"I'm proper sorry your cat got killed  
by my rat pizen, so I have brought you  
two Maltese. I hope this will make it  
all right. John Wilson."—Our Youth.

#### My Corn-Husk Dolly.

"Come hold me, honey, an' I'll mak'  
yer a corn-husk dolly lak my ole mam-  
my useter mak' fo' me."

I followed mammy across the garden  
and down the sunny path between the  
hollyhocks to the kitchen porch. I had  
been stung by a honey bee out in the  
corn patch, and mammy, hearing my  
cries as she was gathering corn for  
dinner, had plastered my little wrist  
with mud until the sharp pain had  
turned into merely a dull ache.

The kitchen porch was only a large  
arbor, its feet planted in the ground  
and its top braced against the kitchen  
wall. Underneath it was a bricked  
floor, which the large, cool grape-  
leaves kept shaded, and between the  
red bricks, in the shaded places, was  
a soft green moss I have never seen  
anywhere else. There was a bench  
against the wall, and here mammy  
used to sit to shell her peas or to  
husk her corn. She brought two pans  
filled with water, and into one she put  
the ears of corn as fast as she took  
off their husks; into the other she put  
the softest of the husks.

"Now, din," she said, when the last  
ear, white and shining, had joined its  
brothers in the water, "we'll see what  
kinder baby we can mak' out o' dis,"  
and she selected some of the husked  
husks, making a small bundle of them,  
she tied a knot in one end.

"What's that for, mammy?" I asked.  
"It's bad, child; so' dis yer's de  
hair." And she put some of the silk  
by the knot, and tied it about the neck  
with a strip of the tougher husk. Next  
she chose a fine, smooth, broad piece  
of a beautiful light green, and folded  
it across. She put a cord in the fold,  
and drew it up like a running-string.  
This she tied about the knot, doing

careful that the "hair" should come  
up through the middle, and when she  
had tied another string about the neck  
it made a fine covering for the head,  
almost as good as a rag-baby's. The  
arms came next, and these were made  
by dividing the husks below the head  
into three parts; one on each side for  
the arms, and one in the middle for  
the body.

The arms were wrapped with strips  
of coarse, strong husk, tied at the  
wrist, and mammy's strong knife cut  
them off just beyond. Some of the  
softer husks were used for the shoul-  
ders, and were put on sash-fashion,  
first over one shoulder and then the  
other, until they were built out to the  
required breadth, when they were tied  
about the waist with more of the  
"finn" came well below the waist-line,  
and added much to the thickness of the  
lower part. This was now divided  
evenly in two, and each division was  
wound like the arms, and cut off  
evenly.

"Is he a boy-doll, mammy?" I asked.  
"He's a soder, child, and now go git  
me some rose-thorns and I'll give him  
his eyes and mouf."

The rose-thorns were stuck into the  
smooth, green face, and my doll was  
complete; and by that time the bee-  
sting was forgotten.—E. B. Barry, in  
Youth's Companion.

#### A Very Busy Man.

It is said that a friend once asked  
an aged man what caused him so often  
to complain of pain and weariness in  
the evening.

"Alas!" said he, "I have every day  
so much to do; for I have two falcons  
to tame, two hares to keep from run-  
ning away, two hawks to manage, a  
serpent to confine, a lion to chain,  
and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"Why, you must be joking," said  
his friend; "surely, no man can have  
all these things to do at once."

"Indeed, I am not joking," said the  
old man; "but what I have told you is  
the sad and sober truth; for the two  
falcons are my two eyes, which I must  
diligently guard, lest something should  
please them which may be hurtful to  
my salvation; the two hares are my  
feet, which I must hold back lest they  
should run after evil objects, and  
walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks  
are my two hands, which I must train  
and keep to work in order that I may  
be able to provide for myself and for  
my brethren who are in need; the ser-  
pent is my tongue, which I must al-  
ways keep in with a bridle, lest it  
should speak anything unseemly; the  
lion is my heart, with which I have  
to maintain a continual fight in order  
that vanity and pride may not fill it,  
but that the grace of God may dwell  
and work there; the sick man is my  
whole body, which is always needing  
my watchfulness and care. All this  
daily wears out my strength."—British  
Christian Endeavor.

#### "Dare to Do Right, Dare to Be True."

Dear Boys and Girls: I want to talk  
to you about the pleasure of giving.  
It is a text from which endless ser-  
mons might be preached, but they  
would not appeal to me as strongly as  
did the letter we had last week from a  
little girl in Kansas who picks toma-  
toes to earn money and always gives  
the tenth.

What a story of self-denial may be  
back of that simple statement, for  
when one earns only a small sum it is  
not easy to always be willing to give  
a tenth of it away; but what a pleasure  
it is, after the gift is made! The hab-  
it of giving needs careful cultivation,  
and its fruits are thoughtful, unselfish  
character. All children do not have  
opportunity to earn and give money,  
but there are many other ways of be-  
ing generous. Give father and mother  
cheerful obedience, and help in every  
way; give courtesy to the brothers and  
sisters, as well as to the occasional  
guest, and give patience and love to the  
little ones who demand attention when  
you want to go out to play. Write and  
tell me some of the ways in which you  
are "giving" of your very best. Lov-  
ingly yours, Aunt Mary.

#### Doing and Not Doing.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to  
one of the wharfs in Boston, and ad-  
dressing a well known merchant,  
"have you any berth on your ship?"  
"I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gen-  
tleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I  
am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's  
wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked  
the gentleman, who was a queer sort of  
questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after  
a moment's pause, "I have not whis-  
pered in school once for a whole year."  
"That's enough," said the gentleman.  
"You may ship aboard this vessel, and  
I hope to see you master of it some  
day. A boy who can master a wood-  
pile and bridle his tongue must be  
made of good stuff."—Christian Lead-

#### Richest Woman in America.

Mrs. Richard King of Texas is prob-  
ably the richest woman in the United  
States, not excepting Mrs. Betty Green.  
Her wealth is partly inherited from  
her father, a pioneer Presbyterian  
clergyman, the first who ever went  
west and Bible in hand, to preach the  
gospel to the Indians and mixed races  
that peopled the vast domain over  
which his own little daughter was des-  
tined to hold sway as a landed prop-  
rietor. Mrs. King is a widow, and  
her landed estates in southern Texas  
amount to 1,250,000 acres, or about  
2,000 square miles.

## Soldiers

### From the War

Bring the germs of malaria, fever and  
other diseases, which may prove contagious  
in their own families. Hood's Sarsaparilla  
is a special boon to soldiers, because it  
eradicates all disease germs, builds up the  
debilitated system and brings back health.  
Every returned soldier and every friend  
and relative of soldiers should take

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, 25 cents.

#### The New Ten.

Matrimony has ten commandments.  
These were studied out by Theodora  
Parker shortly before the day of his  
wedding. They took the form of ten  
beautiful resolutions, which he in-  
scribed in his journal. They are as  
follows:

1. Never, except for the best reasons,  
to oppose my wife's will.
2. To discharge all duties for her  
sake freely.
3. Never to scold.
4. Never to look cross at her.
5. Never to worry her with com-  
mands.
6. To promote her piety.
7. To bear her burdens.
8. To overlook her foibles.
9. To save, cherish and forever de-  
fend her.
10. To remember her always in my  
prayers. Thus, God willing, we shall  
be blessed.

#### Weather and Suicide.

According to an eastern journal, the  
record of metropolitan suicides for  
four years does not support the popu-  
lar belief that heated spells drive peo-  
ple to destruction. The fact of the  
matter is, however, weather extremes  
do kill off young and old whose vitality  
is below par, as the mortality lists dur-  
ing the prevalence of hot and cold  
waves show. Whether or not these  
weather extremes increase suicides can  
only be determined, not by counting  
the causes assigned, but by noting the  
waves of suicide and their relation to  
weather changes. As a primary cause  
the weather will, perhaps, rarely be  
put on record, but as a secondary  
cause, it is quite possible hot and cold  
waves may lead more despondents  
and afflicted to take their lives than  
when weather conditions are normal  
and agreeable.

#### Would Hold up Trains.

She—So you don't think women will  
ever succeed as railway engineers?  
He—Of course not.  
She—And why, pray?  
He—They would lose too much time  
holding up their trains at crossings.

#### Tell It by Telephone.

He—Oh, Miss Ethel how can I ever  
tell you my love?  
She—(wearily)—You might try the  
long distance telephone.

Only in a smashup will one admit that  
he is wrecked.

A good bread and cake maker is al-  
ways popular.

## Oh, the Pain of Rheumatism!

Rheumatism often causes the most in-  
tense suffering. Many have for years  
vainly sought relief from this disabling  
disease, and are to-day worse off than  
ever. Rheumatism is a blood disease,  
and Swift's Specific is the only cure, be-  
cause it is the only remedy which can  
reach such deep-seated diseases.

A few years ago I was taken with inflama-  
tory Rheumatism, which became so intense  
that I was for weeks unable to walk. I tried  
several prominent phys-  
icians and took their treat-  
ment faithfully, but was  
unable to get the slight-  
est relief. In fact, my con-  
dition seemed to grow  
worse, the disease spread  
over my entire body, and  
from November to March  
I suffered agony. I tried  
many patent medicines,  
but none relieved me.  
Upon the advice of a  
friend I decided to try  
A. J. Swift's Specific. I  
bought a bottle, and after  
taking the remedy, and  
proceeding in free of  
pain and misery. I felt so much better after  
taking two bottles, that I continued the rem-  
edy, and in two months I was cured completely.  
The cure was permanent, for I have never since  
had a touch of Rheumatism, though many  
times exposed to damp and cold weather.  
ELEANOR J. TITCHELL,  
3721 Powelson Avenue, Philadelphia.

Don't suffer longer with Rheumatism.  
Throw aside your oils and liniments, as  
they can not reach your trouble. Don't  
experiment with doctors—their potash  
and mercury will add to your disability  
and completely destroy your diges-  
tion.

**S.S.S. The Blood**  
will cure perfectly and permanently.  
It is guaranteed purely vegetable, and  
contains no potash, mercury, or other  
mineral. Books mailed free by Swift  
Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**TOWER'S**  
**FISH BRAND**

SLICKER

WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a makeshift  
or rubber coat. If you wear a coat  
that will keep you dry in the hard-  
est storm, buy the Fish Brand  
Slicker. It is for sale in your  
town, write for catalogue to  
A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.