

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

MY LOVE.

My love, she is no longer young;
Her hair is ringed with gray;
The grace that to her figure clung
Does not remain to-day.

Her step is not so light as erst;
Her cheek is paler grown;
Her hand is thinner than when first
It lay within my own.

One slender finger holds in ward
Our union's token fair;
Then close it clung, but now a guard
Confines the circlet there.

Her eyes with tender love are lit;
They gaze upon me now;
The signature of care is writ
In wrinkles on her brow.

Four times has Heaven enriched our
Garden with her presence;
With treasure from the skies;
And thrice has grief unlocked its floods
And drowned her gentle eyes.

Her heart is an unfathomable spring
Whose depths all tears receive;
She loves me best when'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

Her peaceful brow contains no trace
Of passion's conflict striven;
A surer flame has lit her face—
The effluence of heaven.

For there her fancies often roam,
And there she fain would be
What time her thoughts are of the home
Of those she loves to see.

I hear them in her voice, in truth;
I see them in her eyes;
My love, who wears with fadeless youth,
The grace of Paradise.

EDWARD N. POMEROY.

Health of Women.

A great deal is said nowadays about the improved health of women. The interest in athletic and outdoor sports is given credit for the abounding health and strength of the new woman. This is only partially true. Of equal importance is the development that has given to women fresh interests intellectually. The alert mind, pleasantly engrossed in new and stimulating thoughts, is a powerful factor in a woman's well-being, in mind and body. The business and professional woman, the society woman, who is, perhaps, the hardest-worked woman in the world, keep their health and youth long after their placid sisters in the country have sunk into invalidism or premature old age. If one hears less than formerly of cranky women, it is due to this cause also. The country-woman who rocked in one spot until she wore grooves in the floor unconsciously acquired mental grooves at the same time. The busy woman with a new interest every hour of the day has no chance to get into ruts.—Exchange.

THE GRADUATE'S RETURN.

Our Molly's home, an' fixin' up fer her
commencement week;
She pets the cat in Latin an' axes grace
in Greek;
An' she's wearin' gold-rim spectacles to
hide her eyes so bright;
But she's all we've got—God bless her—
an' I reckon that she's right!

When she left us it was springtime, an'
not a rose that stirs
Wuz redder than the roses on them
chubby cheeks o' her's;
An' she used to run round barefoot when
the dew wuz on the grass;
An' the river took her pictur' an' wuz
all her lookin' glass.

An' Jimmy wuz her sweetheart, an'
down that in the dell,
Where the sweet birds wuz a-singin' an'
the cattle shook their bells,
He pulled the prettiest wild flowers that
grewed in all the land,
An' Molly'd kiss him fer 'em as they
went long hand in hand.

But now she don't know Jimmy, an'
the poor boy hangs about
An' sorter takes a peep at her when no
one's lookin' out;
An' seem' of them spectacles, the
trouble in his mind
Just made him go me—on the sly—"Is
Molly done gone blind?"

These colleges is curious, an' I'm sorry
too, fer Jim,
But mighty glad the rest of us ain't in
the fix of him;
Fer when she fast come steppin' in, as
she used to be,
She kissed her mother—on the cheeks—
an' sorter bowed to me!

An' so we're goin' to fix her up fer her
commencement week;
She kin pet the cat in Latin an' say the
grace in Greek;
An' wear all sorts o' spectacles to hide
her eyes so bright—
She's all we've got—God bless her—
an' I reckon that she's right!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Beauty in Maturity.

The physical beauty of women
should last, growing more and more

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Very serviceable and stylish sum-
mer-outing suits are made of un-
bleached linen crash, as coarse, al-
most, as bagging. There was an at-
tempt made last summer to make
popular this material, but it fell far
short of obtaining the favor that the
fashion promoters hoped for. It was
a novelty to be sure, and had more
than some novelties to recom-
mend it, but it did not "take." I am
quite sure now that it was because it
was not properly presented. Now
we find it in the most fetching of
little box coats and well-shaped
skirts, and we fairly bow down and
worship it.

If the summer girl is in quest of
an outing suit that will stand alike
sunshine and shower, she cannot do
better than buy enough yards of
linen crash to make her a jacket and
skirt, and put it in a tub of hot
water. After soaking an hour or so
it should be hung up in a shady
place, and before thoroughly dry it
should be pressed with very hot
irons. If this is done before the suit
is made up, she may then be sure
that though her skirt may get a
thorough wetting when she is boating,
it will not shrink up in the least,
nor the coat be too narrow across
the shoulders, after one trip to the
laundry, to permit of her getting
into it. Yes, the crash outing suit is
to be thoroughly recommended. If
the precaution I have mentioned is
taken.

Old-fashioned brown linen, figured
over with red, blue, brown, green,
yellow or black silk dots, is to be
found in any of the leading shops,
and is a material for summer every-
day frocks that can hardly be
equalled. This year the favorite
style for its making is the skirt and
jacket model.

I saw a little brown linen suit the
other day that has just had the
finishing touches put to it—the
property of a very stylish young
woman who will summer out of
town—and it was pretty enough to
satisfy the most fastidious.

The figuring was a small red polka
dot. The skirt was made perfectly
plain, as was the jacket, the finish
being machine stitching in red silk.
The jacket was lined with a lovely
shade of red wash silk. Four large
white pearl buttons were on the
front of the jacket. With this suit
only snowy-white linen shirt waists
will be worn and ties of black satin.

The Popularity of Tucks.

Tucks are seen on everything, and
the work in some of the new blouses
and bodices is enormous. Not only
are quarter-inch tucks closely set
in groups all over the bodice and up
the sleeves, but these are frequently
supplemented by a tucked bolero,
and by groups of tucks on the skirt.
Even low-cut evening bodices are
arranged with tucked draperies of
lisse, in some instances the tucks
being horizontal, but more frequently
running round the figure. Low
bodices are laced at the back, and
the small point at the back and front
is again popular.

Character in Children.

Parents sometimes congratulate
themselves upon the fact that one
child is never self-willed, never
passionate or angry, always amiable,
contented and calm, seeming to need
no discipline and no restraint. And
the mother says, "The fact that
another child is eager, impetuous,
willful, troublesome. Yet not in-
frequently the moaning and the re-
joicing ought to change places, if
the future life and character be
taken into account. The tranquility
of the one may be only the outcome
of a feeble character, which leans
against the nearest prop because it
cannot stand alone, while the other,
who is so difficult to manage, may
contain the elements of a powerful
nature, which needs only to be
guided aright to become a valuable
and a noble man.—New York
Ledger.

Spring Tactics.

"George is out there beating the
carpet like a madman."
"How did you get him to do it?"
"I told him he could take care of
the baby while I beat the carpet."
—Ex.

Diseases of Children.

The average parent is too apt to
consider the milder contagious dis-
eases of childhood simply as incon-
veniences—of only temporary detri-
ments to their vitality. But we must
recognize the scientific fact that no
disease ever leaves the physical
system absolutely unimpaired. To
this we must add the fact that with
healthy children growth is constant,
and that the arresting of that growth
by any disease really diminishes to
just such a degree as it extends the
ultimate size and vigor of the child
who suffers from the disease. Con-
tagious diseases, however harmless
they may seem, should never be
knowingly incurred, for even their
least injurious results are unknown
quantities, militating against the
development of the child, while
there is always risk of more serious
manifestations, whose evil conse-
quences may extend through the
whole life of the child and seriously
impair both its usefulness and hap-
piness. Therefore it is only our
plain duty to guard against con-
tagious diseases as long and as far
as may be. This is now possible to
an extent never before conceived of.
We at present understand, to a
degree at least, the nature of con-
tagious diseases and out of this
knowledge we gain power to avoid
or to avert the disease.—Harper's
Bazaar.

Recipes From Columbia Cook Book.

STRAWBERRY ICE.—Mash and
strain two quarts of berries, sweeten
to taste, add one quart cream or
milk, and freeze.—Mrs. J. W. Sher-
ton.

WHITE CAKE.—Cream together
one cup butter and three cups sugar,
add a half cup sweet milk. Sift two
heaping teaspoonsful baking powder
into four cups sifted flour. Mix in
a little of the flour at a time, then add
whites of eggs beaten to a froth.—
Mrs. A. Barr.

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AN EXPERIENCE MEETING.

The Story of Life, as Told by Three
Women.

Mrs. Homer was tired, body and soul;
which was not strange, as she was near-
ing the end of the spring ordeal of the
house-cleaning. Every muscle ached,
every nerve was stretched to that atter-
tion that it quivered with the slight-
est irritant, and as she dropped into a
chair one afternoon to quiet little Fred-
dy, who had taken upon himself to be
unusually fretful, she felt that the bur-
den of life was greater than she could
bear.

And Mrs. Homer had held high ideals
of life. She had hoped and dreamed of
service for the world and the Master;
life had looked so full of activities and
avenues of usefulness, she had surely
thought to enter in and possess some of
them. It came over her like a great
wave as she sat rocking the fretful
child; all the unfulfilled hopes and
longings, and aspirations of her life.
How poor the reality looked beside
the humdrum round of household
labor, absorbed in a succession of pre-
tly, never ceasing cares and duties, hav-
ing no share in the grand work of the
world, spending the best part of her life
in the drudgery necessitated by narrow
means, and making a woman know noth-
ing of practicing petty economic
mending dingy old carpets, and she
gave a scornful push with her foot to
the one she had been working on that
afternoon; obliged to deny herself on
every side her love of the beautiful.
Next door they were having the house
freshly painted; across the street
new carpets had gone that day. How
unequally the good things of this ma-
terial world were divided, and hers here
was all denial.

And the worst of all was that George
never seemed to realize it. He did not
seem to think it anything for her to be
confined at home with the children. He
thought the old thing looked well
enough, and that morning he had even
joked about housecleaning, as though
he were simply doing it for her own
amusement. Mrs. Homer told herself
that if any one worked and slaved for
her as she did for George and the chil-
dren, she knew she would appreciate it
more than they did; she would wish
she could do it, and then perhaps they
would find out when too late, what they
had lost.

Thus the poor, overtaxed, nervous
woman, in a morbid fancy went over her
kitchen and death. She had fringed
and carried out the details of the fun-
eral, and was erecting a tombstone to
herself in the midst of her sorrowing
husband and children, when the gate
clicked and she saw two of her ac-
quaintances—one Miss Spence, a teach-
er, and the other a Miss Ferrand, a
seamstress, who often sewed for her—
coming up the walk.

"Well, here I am, or what's left of
me," was the salutation, "and the end is
not yet. But you don't know what
spring cleaning is, or this everlasting
grind of housekeeping. I wish I were a
teacher too, Heien Spence, then I might
keep myself looking nice, and when
school was out I could have the rest of
the time to myself."

"Why, Mary Homer!" exclaimed her
friend.
"I don't care, I do," was the reply.
"What does my life amount to? It is
one round of sewing and cooking and
cleaning, and when I come to die, the
clothes will be worn out, and the din-
ners ate up, and the house all full of
dust, and what will there be to show
that I have lived?"

"You forget your family," was the re-
ply. "You know the hand that rocks
the cradle, rules the world."
"That answers for a sentiment, but I
can't even rule my own spirit; besides,
half my time is in doing things that
anybody else could do as well for them,
and that keeps me so tired and cross
that I often question whether I don't
do them more harm than good. I had
hoped to accomplish something in this
world, and I am doing nothing and for-
getting what little I ever did know.
Shut up here I often think I am in the
world, yet not of the world, if I am not
by any means in the sense that those
words were first spoken."

"Oh! you are having a discouraged
spell," said her friend. "I know all about
what those are, when I get so tired of
the routine of the school-room; nor does
my work end when I leave it. There
are almost always exercises to look over
or work to plan, and its perplexities
hold over from one day till the next,
and I am so anxious to make an im-
pression on my pupils for good, but
they are with me so few hours at a
time, and so soon pass out from under
my care entirely, and forget all I have
tried to do for them, that I often feel
I am accomplishing nothing. When I
come to die I can say that I have heard
so many lessons, and set so many
copies, and what have I to show for it?"
"But you teachers do have a great
influence over your pupils," urged Mrs.
Homer. "My children are always quot-
ing their teachers, and I often think
they listen more to what they say than
to what I do."

"That isn't often the case, I can tell
you, and too frequently the home in-
fluence spoils the little good seed we
can sow. I tell you, you need not think
a teacher's life is without its trials and
crosses, for it is full of them."

Mrs. Homer smiled; the cloud was
lifting a little. "Well, I guess it is
something as you say, but Miss Fer-
rand has neither children nor house-
hold cares to vex her. When her sew-
ing is done she may go home and read
or go to the prayer-meeting, and people
give her so much credit for it. Her day's
work ends at six; mine anywhere from
nine to midnight. Miss Ferrand
I believe you are the one I envy."

Miss Ferrand was a quiet little woman
who said little and that with a
firm air, but at Mrs. Homer's word a
faint color mounted to her cheek and
she answered gently:

"It is true that I have no household
cares; but you must remember that is
because I have no home, no fireside of
my own, such as you have. I go to every
woman's heart; that I go from my
work often among indifferent strangers,
to a lonely room. To have had little
children of my own, to have known the



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