

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

[Written for the HERALD'S Woman's Department.]
O child with your eyes of the violet
Will you never come back any more?
The blue bells peep out from their cradles
And over the hill comes the laugh of the wind
And the roses croon down by the door;
And the lily leaves a lullaby echo behind
And the lilies bend loving and low;
But the laugh of all laughers is hush'd to the world
And the lily of lilies has never unfurled
And the eyes—oh, the eyes of the violet
Will never come back any more!
And tell me, O mother star, up where
You hover far,
Why you kind'd her to sleep on your shore?
Does she know the soul-yearning, does she know the heart burning
Because she comes not any more?
That home has lost all of its sweetness and glory
And life has been robbed of its poor little story
And faith has been fettered with woe?
O mother star, mother star! (up where my others are)
Kiss them and sing them to sleep—
Sing that you'll send again, mother will bend again
Over their cradles and weep.
JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

To Secure Harmony.

"Between language and clothes," she says, "there exists a legitimate and perfect relation, as well as, on the other hand, a repugnant and distasteful discord. Fine language, fine manners and fine clothes are a beautiful harmony, but cannot be separated without producing disastrous effects and a sorry spectacle."
Refined talk should certainly go hand in hand with refined and elegant dress. What can be uglier than to hear strident tones and harsh sounds from the lips of a sylph in white silk or muslin. The low, sweet voice that is such an excellent thing in a woman is worthless, if she is wearing a woman's dress and thereby viola every canon of that best of good breeding which consists of doing as she would be done by? Does she like other people to accost and answer her roughly, or to jostle her aside, to block up her views of what she wishes, and perhaps has paid to see? Of course she does not, and why, then, should she practice these methods on her neighbors? If "manner maketh man," it "maketh woman" in a much more pronounced degree. Every woman can be a lady in gentleness of speech and manner. If she were a queen, she could be no more, and though she be a beggar maid she need be no less.
Take the gentlewoman who has come down in the world. She may never allude to her changed fortunes nor make any difficulty about doing the work that comes nearest to her, congenial or otherwise. "It is seldom one sees a gently bred man or woman, be they ever so cruelly pinched for means to dress, but that they manage never to lose that outward sign of birth and education which bespeaks itself in subtle ways and habits even if the garb be threadbare."
Such distinction of character is beyond mere neatness, beyond the thrift of care and mending, but nevertheless unmistakable—Exchange.

LOUISE AND I.

Little Louise, with your calico gown
And your stubby, well-worn shoes,
Gazing at me with your eyes as brown
I can read your thought if I choose.
Your little half-wad, reverent way
Of touching these silks of mine,
And your glances at my jewels, plainly say
You think them wondrous fine.
And you think how happy you would be,
Little Louise, if you were me.
And I, Louise, would batten these things,
The silks and the jewels, too,
The sparkling pin, and the diamond rings,
If I could just be you,
And look at the world with your clear eyes
Unshadowed by wrong or pain,
And a heart wherein no dead hope lies,
But child-faith still has reign.
Your shoes and the calico gown would do
For me, Louise—could I be you.
Little Louise, we pay for it all.
There is nothing free on earth.
Our bargains with fate we cannot recall
Though we've promised beyond their worth.
I bought it dear—this wealth of mine—
And you cannot pay the cost
Of the silks and jewels you think so fine.
Nor I of my heart's ease lost.
We cannot exchange—so, whatever we do,
You'll still envy me, and I'll envy you.
—Sara Schmucker in Boston Transcript.

Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—aye, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for his sake that you would not have done for your own sake, or for any one's sake.
—Prof. Drummond.

Neckwear is Very Brilliant.

There is very little to say that is new of the shirtwaist collar. The high band of linen with points turned down under the chin is still the regulation collar, though many of the expensive waists have collars to match. But these I notice are adjustable, so it is an easy matter to replace them with one of white linen. The collar that is to be worn with string ties comes up high and turns down until it is really a double band of linen. The string tie is run in underneath so that it does not show, and is tied in front, of course. Black satin is the favorite string tie, though very cool little ties are made of delicately colored lawns. But these are just for real warm weather wear. The ties to be worn at present are decidedly brilliant.
"Never," says Harper's Bazar, in commenting upon the latest in neckwear, "in the history of man and woman, have there been so many and such fascinating things for the neck displayed in the shops as at the present time. The woman who cannot find something becoming amongst the varieties must be exceedingly plain."

Styles for the Children.

Like the spring gowns of the mamma, the new frocks of the small maids will show many an elaborate touch, while the small boys will appear in very manly little rigs, both as to trousers and jackets and top coats. There are now only a few little Lord Fauntleroy to be seen, thanks to Dame Fashion's sensible conclusion. Just a word about the small boy's new clothes:
The everyday suit of the well dressed young American will be of the sailor style, made of stout blue cloth, but seldom having the long sailor trousers. His best suit will be of smooth, dark cloth, with the smartest sort of little jacket turning back square to show a full blouse of snowy if not free from any frills, but finely tucked and closed with small studs. His overcoat is of dark blue diagonal cloth.

The smallest boy—or, at least, the smallest boy in trousers—would scorn to wear a big frilled collar. Very cunning, indeed, he looks with points turned down under the chin and a small plaid bow tie.

In the small girl's woolen frocks I notice that blouse effects and yokes are much in vogue.
Various shades of blue will be vastly popular in children's frocks. In the wain days, white will be most in vogue for the tiny misses. Many bright ribbons will adorn the smartest frocks. Roman sashes will be much worn by young girls, as well as by their older sisters.
No little maid's wardrobe will be complete without half a dozen bright gingham. These will be made with many narrow ruffles on both skirt and waist. It is an excellent time just at this season to purchase and make up the children's wash dresses and aprons.

Very trim little sailors will serve for strictly out-of-door, and everyday wear for small girls. The new little sailors have flat crowns and rather broad brims. Their trappings consist of a band of ribbon and flat bow at the side. For summer time wear, hats after this style will appear in plain, dark blue and pearl white straw. The Easter hats of children will be exceedingly flowery, a silver gray straw will be in the lead in millinery for children. This forms an excellent foundation and background for all varieties of flowers.

As the season advances, tan shoes and stockings will be worn almost exclusively for everyday, with wash frocks. Plaid stockings with smart little black boots are the vogue at present. For dancing, slippers and stockings match, and are the same color as the frock. Striped stockings, with the stripes running up and down will be worn next summer with low black shoes.

Spring wraps for children include in their range the longest and the shortest. For girls from 6 to 10, there are coats of soft, heavy silk, pleated to velvet or embroidered yokes, and reaching to the bottom of the little skirts. For older girls—say from 10 to 15—there are short, little box front jackets, lined smartly with silk and closing with big pearl buttons. These jackets have narrow collars and small revers, and present an exquisitely neat appearance. They come in all colors and shades.

The Agnostic.

In McClure's Magazine for December there is a very readable article by W. T. Stead on "Hymns That Have Helped." Of course Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," claims attention, and the writer tells us that of all the modern hymns praying for guidance, Newman's famous three verses seem to be most popular, especially with people who have not accepted the leading of any church or theological authority, and further ad is the significant statement that "At Chicago the representatives of every creed known to man found two things, on which they agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and they could all sing 'Lead, Kindly Light.'" Greater praise than this could not be bestowed. Its pathos and its beauty, its childlike trust and faith in God, appeal to the believer and fills his heart with a sense of security that naught else can do.
How many, though, are they who cannot—strive as they may—have that sublime faith; only the searcher of all hearts knows. They who cannot, who cannot walk blindly, are not, we think, less sincere and earnest in their desire to believe than those who do. Mr. Stead gives us in his interesting article lines from one of that class, an agnostic, which in beauty and sublimity of expression are second only to "Lead, Kindly Light," which inspired

them. They are worthy of reproduction, and are as follows:

The way is dark; I cry amid the gloom
For guiding light;
A wanderer, none knows whence or
what his doom,
I brave the night,
Fair scenes afar, as in a dream, I see
Then seem to wake and faith deserteth me.

In wondering awe I bend the knee before
The viewless Might;
And all my heart in mute appeal I pour,
While straining sight
Peers o'er the waste, yet Him I cannot find
Whom seeks my soul; I grope as grope the blind.

But 'mid confusing phantom lights I strive
To go aright;
A still small voice leads on, and love doth give.
An inward might;
And spite of sense, there lives a silent trust
That day will dawn, that man is more than dust.

The most fervent believer cannot, we think, question the sincerity of the doubter, who thus earnestly seeks the light, nor can we believe but what his celestial rays will yet guide him through the gloom of today into the great to-morrow.

A PILGRIM.

Let Good English Begin at Home.

It is just as easy to teach a child how to speak well as it is to teach him how to walk well or eat well; but "how is this to be done?" some parent asks. I answer: By doing so yourself; by being as careful of your own talk as you would have your children be. Many mothers look forward to seeing their children become educated and refined, and they are sadly disappointed, when, in after years, their children are handicapped in their struggle for success. The fault is that in the very beginning the child was not taught to be careful of his speech. When a mere babe on its mother's knee, it was talked to in language like this:

"Bess is little heartie; ain't 'a s'ee?" "Ook up at 'o' mudder, an' dib 'er a kiss."

Now this illustrates the point well. After the child gets older he is talked to in a similar manner in proportion to his age; and so on. When he makes a big grammatical blunder, instead of correcting him for it, "his mistake is laughed at and the child thinks he is saying something smart, and consequently he takes pride in saying it again; until, finally, it becomes such a fixed habit that he cannot drop it if he tries. The boy is sent from home to learn Latin and French, and he discovers that he has his own language to learn first, and that when he mingles with the world and gets out of the little sphere where he has been confined, it is like going to a foreign country, where the manners and customs and language are all different from his own.—Youth's Advocate.

Where Flour Should be Kept.

Flour is one of the cooking materials that often receives no thought as to where they shall be kept. Many houses are not provided with a store closet and a barrel of flour is put in a corner of the kitchen behind an outside door "to have it out of the way and not fill up the pantry." Dampness effects flour, making it close and heavy; besides, flour will absorb the odor of many things as quickly as butter, so it is one wishes to be sure of good light bread and cakes one of the first things to do is to "fill up the pantry." Make feet of four small pieces of wood for the barrel to stand upon, thus allowing the air to circulate around all parts of the barrel.

YELLOW JAUNDICE CURED.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from yellow jaundice for over six months, and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters; and after taking two bottles, I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering from this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky." Sold at Woldridge & Irvine's drug store, 500 per bottle. June 4 ly [4]

THE NEW EASTER BONNET.

Ain't no Easter bonnets now like what they use to be—
The ones they looked so sweet in ter the ol' time boys an' me—
They fix 'em up in finer style—with millinery strut;
Ain't no 'ol' time sweethearts wore when you an' me wuz young.

Ain't nothin' like the bonnets of the ol' days in the deils.
When we eard the halliculus of the welcome Easter bell;
Thar wuzn't no much color then, in v'itin' of the view,
But yer sweetheart wore the lilacs an' the violets fer you!

An' jest a plain, bright bonnet, that wuz stylisher ter me
Than all the millinery I shall ever live ter see!
Yer sweetheart smiled beneath it—a picture framed in white,
In fields "arrayed in livin' green"—by "rivers of delight."
It's right enough ter wear 'em, fixed up with this an' that—
With a poor, stuffed bird a-starin' from the middle of the hat;
But fer me they're n' attractin' in the flamin' winders hunc—
I sigh for them ol' sweethearts wore when you an' me wuz young.
—Atlanta Constitution.

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MELANGE.

Nonsense and News, Olds and Ends, Wise and Otherwise.

The Cashier—Hang it! I've just given change for a counterfeit silver dollar.
The Clerk (consoling)—Never mind. You have only returned good for evil.

"What do you think of that bill I have prepared to introduce?" inquired one member of the Legislature. "It is a sheer waste of time," replied the other. "It isn't practical enough to become a law, nor foolish enough to get your name into the newspapers."—Washington Star.

"Remember, my son," said the thoroughbred mare to her prize colt, "when you get the stringhalt, get it with all four legs." "Why, mamma?" asked the little colt. "Because you will then run a chance of winning a prize as a high stepper."—Harper's Bazar.

"Mrs. Struckett effects the antique in her house decorations." "Yes," she told me the other day she was heart-broken because she couldn't get the shades of her ancestors for her parlor windows."—Truth.

"I can trace my ancestors back to a hundred years before William the Conqueror."

"Well, I can't trace mine that far, but I haven't the slightest doubt that some of them were living even earlier than that."

Mike: "O'll lave it to m' children."

Pat: "But supposin' yez niver hev any?"

Mike: "Thin it'll go to me grand children."

Mr. Younghusband (going on a journey)—"Yes, dear; absence makes the heart grow fonder. When away, darling, I am constantly thinking of you."

Mrs. Younghusband—"And I of you, love. Not a day passes but I'm wondering what little present you will bring me home."

The Parson—"An'to t'ink ob de New Jerusalem wif de streets paved wif gold?"

The Deacon—"An' yit dere ain't de same rush dere as dey is to de Klondike."—Pack.

Bachelor—A traveler on life's railway who has missed his connections.

Some funny requests reach congressmen, out Representative Lacey of Iowa thinks that a letter which he received from a constituent takes the cake. "Please send me," said the writer, "all the obituaries about congressmen that are published. I do so like to read about dead congressmen."—Washington Post.

James Miller, of Arcola, Ill., was fined \$3 and costs for throwing his mother-in-law into a pond.

"Ede average young man," said Uncle Eben, "ud be willin' ter go troo as much hardship ter git useful knowledge as he did learnin' ter smoke his fust cigar, der wouldn't be nigher many regrets in dis here life."—Washington Star.

"I suppose you've heard about the editor who wildly declared that the stars and stripes were trailed in the dust of the ocean at Havana, haven't you?"

"Yes; I guess he must be the same fellow who, in referring to the New York Sun, said he was a bright young man, but 'would probably not have been enough to fill his father's shoes.'"—Chicago News.

Thousands of sufferers from gripe have been restored to health by One Minute Cough Cure. It quickly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, gripe, asthma, and all throat and lung diseases. A. B. Rains.

A Curious Plant.

A farmer stopped in front of a Michigan City's electric light plant, and asked a bystander: "What is that air buildin' a factory?"

"No, a plant," came the answer.

"What do they raise there?"

"Currents," replied the quick-witted bystander.

"What are they worth a bushel?"

"We sell them by the shock."

The farmer pulled his beard, scratched his head and drove downtown to market his vegetables.

It is a great leap from the old-fashioned doses of blue-mass and nauseous physics to the pleasant little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They cure constipation, sick headache and biliousness. A. B. Rains.

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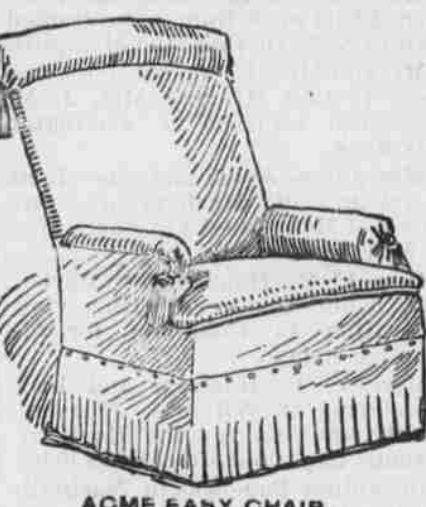
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