

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

This Woman Wants an Angel, Less Wings and Harp.

TALK WITH A JEALOUS GIRL.

Woman and the Virtue of Cleanliness—Carpet and Sanitation—The Snappish Man and His Ways—Women Detect Him.

WELL, to my mind marriage is, at best, an "uncertainty." And yet, while it is true that experience is the only true test as to whether a woman has made a "wise choice" or not, there are signs by which one may reasonably expect to have found one who will prove to be a congenial companion.

I am of the opinion that these attachments which emanate from excitement, which appeal to the emotions and the imagination, and take complete possession of the female heart to the exclusion of all else, and to the extent that love becomes idolatry—consummated without a father's blessing, despite a mother's entreaties—such attachments can but prove a curse to those indulging in them. It is a mental suicide, love gone mad! and those persons possessed of such an attachment are beyond the admonitions of any power on earth, and time alone will cure them of their folly, when they have found the bitter end, which is

DISAPPOINTMENT, REPENTANCE AND TEARS. It is seldom otherwise, for such affection is not of lasting nature. Daily experience proves that regulated feeling can alone be lasting feeling. How could it be otherwise? It is not to the one in whom "moral dignity and strength of mind are wanting."

Not to such an one, but to the earnest, well-meaning, sensible young lady who is kind enough to read this article, and who will accept, as kindly as intended, the advice here given, I would say: First, my dear, in choosing a husband be sure that you choose a man. Not a "dud" or a "Pookinif," or a "Bombastus Furioso," or an impertinent malapert, but a kind, unassuming, never lachrymose, "every day the same" sort of man. One that is engaged in business of some kind, or at least has a profession, or

AN OBJECT IN VIEW by which he will be enabled to lead a life of honest endeavor. No matter if he be the "hair to milions," if he leads the "grass-hopper" life of existence, he is not to be despised as a husband. Remember the adage, "The devil finds work for idle hands to do."

Before the momentous question of a proposal has been tolerated in your mind for a moment you must have proved him to be truthful. If you find in him a lack of this principle, what avails it to search further for virtues in him? An untruthful person is invariably a deceitful person. A deceitful person is, more or less, envious and selfish, and is thus undrying the lack of this great principle to the foundation of the untruthful man's character rotten to the core. Shun such a man as a friend even, let alone as a possible husband.

Choose one that has due respect for religion; never marry a man who scoffs at sacred things. One that bars disappointment cheerfully—a sure sign of a good disposition. One that is

INDUSTRIOUS AND SAVING; one that is congenial in tastes, sympathetic and affectionate; one that is strictly temperate, with all that the word "strictly" implies. One that is devoted to his mother and sisters—an infallible test of a kind and considerate heart. One who is not more than five years older than yourself; never marry a very old bachelor, a widower is preferable, but neither if they are as much as ten years older than yourself. One that is not aggressive, but always courteous enough to stand up for principle. One that is patriotic; one that is healthy in body and mind, and pure in thought and action; one who looks upon marriage as a duty as well as a privilege, and upon a wife as the best gift. "God can bestow," to be received reverently and cherished tenderly "till death do us part." I have

SET THE STANDARD HIGH, very high; because, after having done your best to reach it, you will find that you have fallen short—far short of it. If, after having obtained discriminating knowledge of his character, learned of his faults as well as virtues (remember that perfection in human nature is not found this side of "shining Heaven," and, if it was found in man, there is not a woman fitted to be his companion), if, after all this, your judgment still approves of him, you have still more reason to believe that you have chosen for worse, "be assured that you have reached that point where

"Marriage, rightly understood, Gives to the tender and the good A paradise below."

Believing that you are not lacking in these qualities which make the "paradise below" I have nothing more to offer, save sincere congratulations, resting assured that your wedded life will reduce to a demonstration the fact that marriage is not a failure.

A Jealous Girl's Talk.

"I think that if someone were to offer a prize to the silliest girl in the world, I should be the winner. I am always afraid that some other girl is going to capture the affections of my best young man."

So said the social philosopher whose words of wisdom are reported in the esteemed Chicago Record. "She is not only silly," said that sapient individual, "but she makes many other people unhappy and uncomfortable. Spoiled girls, who are aware of her little weakness, take huge delight in teasing her by flirting with what she considers her own property."

"Now," said the thoughtful philosopher,

"If she would only sit down and argue the question with herself it wouldn't take very long to see the errors in her method. In the first place, if a man thinks that one girl doesn't want him to like another girl he'll begin to notice how sweet and lovely that other girl is and will eventually lose sight of the first one entirely. It's always that way. A man

ENJOYS BEING CONTRARY at times, just as much as a woman does, and after awhile when he sees that a girl is jealous of him he won't confide in her at all, but will dance attendance on all the other girls that she cares to without her knowledge.

"If there is one thing that a man can't endure it's a jealous woman. Her questions bore him, and when he tells her the honest truth she doesn't believe it, so he sneaks out of answering queries just on general principles, and in the best way he can. Sensible women hate the girl who is jealous, because they say all women don't see through her eyes. Therefore, they don't look upon the man as the handsomest and cleverest in creation. They also say that there is positively no excuse for her, and that a jealous man is an angel compared with her."

THE JEALOUS ONE.

"That all sounds very well," came from a grumpy bit of femininity who sat doubled up on a little footstool, and who looked far all the world as if she didn't care whether school kept or not, as the saying is. "That sounds pretty—very pretty. It's just the way a philosopher ought to talk. Just give it to the girl right and left, but at least let her have an opportunity to defend herself. You folks who aren't naturally jealous don't know anything about it at all, and the girl who is jealous does. Do you suppose she's jealous because she enjoys being jealous? Do you ever think how miserable and wretched and unhappy she is? You might just as well say to her: 'Now stop bawling.' It would be quite as easy for her to do that as to keep from entertaining jealous thoughts. And the worst part of it is she knows that she's a goose and she makes the biggest and stoutest resolutions that she simply won't be so silly, but you see it's something she hasn't anything to say about."

"IT MAKES ME WILD to hear everybody abusing the jealous girl, and it would do me good to have some people whom I know develop a good case of jealousy themselves so they could understand what the jealous girl has to endure."

"And you needn't tell me that it bores a man to have a girl fret about him," she said as a parting shot. "It tickles his vanity to think she cares enough for him to be jealous, and all the time the girl feels so small and mean and contemptible that she'd like to hate herself to death."

"Both of you have been talking nonsense," declared the third person, who is always supposed to be sensible and level-headed. "In the first place, one has to be in love to be jealous, and

WHAT IS STUPIDITY than being in love I'd like to know? You can't tell me anything about it, because I had a little experience. And I've come to the conclusion—after considerable thought and mental arguments with myself—that if you want to be happy and contented and at peace with the world in general you don't want to be in love. It's a bother. You can't eat, and when you do eat you don't know whether you are chewing a soft-shelled crab or a tongue sand which. You do all sorts of foolish things, like walking along the street with an idiotic grin on your face or riding three blocks past your getting-off place. If the man forgets to say just so many sweet things to you your heart is filled with fear and you wonder if he's found a handsomer girl. There is always something to worry you—something to explain or some silly quarrel to untangle."

"It's all right, I suppose, for girls who have nothing to think about besides gowns and society's delings, but I haven't time to fool away in that extravagant fashion." And the sensible third person gave a j-rky nod and followed it up with an emphatic "That's so."

Cleanliness a Virtue.

Exquisite cleanliness in sleeping apartments and living rooms is certainly conducive if not essential to health.

A place of residence may be filthy where there is no visible pile of dirt. Carpets loaded with dust and saturated with grease, neglected draperies that harbor microscopic germs of disease, unpolished furniture, greasy outside and dirty inside; old wall papers, smoky and grimy, if not worse, are sources of danger as much to be suspected and feared as garbage cans or refuse heaps. They defile the atmosphere quite as much, and if they do not menace health they certainly develop disease.

The room occupied by a family as sitting room and library, cupboards for books or other persons, says the New York World, should really be without a carpet, or if there is one it should be so laid that it could be taken up every week and

CLEANED AND AIRED.

People with a tendency to throat troubles and all growing children are better for living in rooms with bare floors, undraped windows and doors, and uncovered furniture.

Sweeping a carpeted room with a broom certainly removes much dirt from the floor, but what is not swept up is scattered through the air, making every breath inhaled unwholesome. After the dust settles the room is usually "dusted," which means practically whipping the deposit from one piece of furniture to another with a feather duster. It would be better to leave the dust alone once it settles, unless it can be removed. The only way to do this is to wipe everything with a wet cloth and wash out the rag afterward, just as a clean woman cleans a hardwood floor or oil-cloth.

Few people have any idea of the exquisite neatness that

CHILDREN AND DELICATE WOMEN require. What robust, active people in health put up with for a night or a day at a time is very deleterious to the weaker persons who occupy the house with the dusty furniture, the smoky lamp or chimney, the steaming kettles and pots, or the toilet stencils, sinks, etc., cleaned but once a day even in the best of houses. It is the exception where the water jug, soap-dish and brush-holders about the wash-stand are cleaned every day, and yet

the bad odors from them poison pure air and so disease the organs of respiration and poison the blood. It is to give the lungs a chance to throw off these loads of poisonous material that every body who can move or be moved should get out into the open air daily, or, properly wrapped up, get an airing in an open door or window.

The Snappish Man.

"I can tolerate a girl who occasionally says snappish things, and I can get along pretty well with a conceited woman; but when it comes to one of these men who 'knows it all' and shows his superior wisdom by petty sarcasm I just gather up my skirts and get out of his way as fast as I can," declared a spirited little maiden in the hearing of a Chicago Record writer a few days ago.

"His very presence makes me boil, and I want to scream and kick and grind my teeth," she proclaimed with frantic gestures. "A sight of him has the same effect on me that a red handkerchief has on a bull. Thank goodness, I don't find one of him very often. If I did I'd promptly send in my orders for a quiet little funeral."

"You mention a new book or a popular opera, and this smart man will immediately correct you with 'Ah, yes; but that's not the way to pronounce the name.' He will hum some old air that you've heard since your babyhood and stop suddenly to ask you what it is all any way, and when you have told him all you know about it and more that you've guessed at, he'll say: 'That man didn't write it at all. Most everyone thinks he did, but he really didn't. It was that other chap called —' And then he lights up your ignorance most beautifully. He is always ready to jump at a chance to

MAKE YOU FEEL SMALL, and, although he wouldn't own it, he knows in his own heart that he is rude to the last degree. You can never get the best of him—he must stay awake nights to conjure up mean things to say—and should you greet his remarks with contemptuous silence he would immediately sit down and begin a lecture on good manners, with: 'A lady is a lady always. She is ever courteous and gracious.' That's the moment when you grip your fists together until the nails pierce your palms, and you feel your heart thump like a sledge-hammer. And that's also the time when you wish you were a man, so that you could take something big and hard and heavy and argue with that sarcastic person until he would be glad to crawl away to the Cannibal Islands and be eaten up by the savages."

A BIG CHIMNEY.

It Discharges Its Fumes Into the Lower Clouds of Glasgow.

Apocryphal to the discussion of the smelt in the east end, a citizen sends the TIMES this description of an immense chimney built for Townsend's, Glasgow, Scotland:

Townsend's Chimney, Glasgow.—Height above ground, 454 feet, besides 14 feet foundation under ground, standing without piles on blue clay, which was there found to be as solid as rock. The foundation consists of 30 courses of brick set on edge, the lower course 47 feet and the upper one 32 feet in diameter. During the first season, 1857, this foundation and part of the shaft (say, shaft) was continued to 228 feet, and in 1859 it was finished; but during that time work was suspended, as the chimney had settled during a gale 7 feet 9 inches sideways, which was connected by twelve cuttings on the opposite side of the inclination. Holes were punched in the sides so as to admit the saws. If this had not been connected at once it is the opinion of experts that the chimney would have fallen. The inside is lined with 158,000 fire bricks, and the rest consists, with flues, 1,400,000 common bricks, which were all laid in 170 days of ten hours. The whole weight is 14,000,000 pounds. Iron hoops surround it at distances of 25 feet, while the thickness of the walls decrease from 5 feet below to 1 foot 2 inches at the top. Its total cost was about £10,000 sterling. Since then a crown measuring 20 feet has been placed on top of the stack.

PAINT THE BATHTUB.

Dull Tin Linings May be Easily Renovated and Freshened.

When the metal bath tub resolutely declines to be polished into brilliancy and assumes a dingy, uncleaned aspect it is time to apply the paint brush. Of course not even the most skilled household artist can succeed in producing a rival to the porcelain tubs in which fortune's favorites take their daily dip, but a very attractive substitute may be obtained.

The tub must first be secured and thoroughly dried. Then a coat of ordinary white paint should be applied and allowed to grow quite dry. After that three or four coats of white enamel should be applied, each one becoming quite dry before the next is added. The tub will be both daintier in appearance and more easily kept clean than the tin or zinc one.

A Quaint Epitaph.

The following is the inscription on a tombstone in a wood-graveyard in Massachusetts, copied line for line:

Hannah Reed is My name, New England is My nation; Boston is my dwelling place, And Christ is My salvation. When I am dead And all my bones Are rotten, This, you see, Remember me, And never let Me be forgotten. In the fifteenth year of my age, 1735.

Made Noise Enough.

"That hen is knocking up a great cackle." "She has just laid an egg." "That all? I thought perhaps she had laid a Delmonico omelette soufflé."

A good invention clothes itself with power.—Emerson.

"You look tired, my dear," said Mr. Newlwyd to his wife, who is a Vassar graduate. "I am tired, I heard you say you liked broiled rabbit, so I went to the market and got one. I intended to surprise you with broiled rabbit for dinner, but I have been trying to pick it all the morning, and I haven't got it more than half picked yet."

PAINTLESS DENTISTRY.

A Brake to Control the Jaw Hangers' Engines of Torture.

Roswell O. Stebbins, D. D. S., in a recent number of the "Medical Record," says: "For fourteen years I have endeavored to devise and adopt methods in operating upon teeth, for very sensitive and nervous patients, with as little pain and shock to the nervous system as possible. Sharp, well-tempered instruments, of proper shape, in the hands of a careful operator, will cause less pain in excavating the cavity of a tooth than the best local anesthetic or abundant applied to the tooth, if dull, ill-shaped instruments are used with force enough to crush down the tooth structure, which is generally the case, as the majority of dentists are not mechanics, or do not care to sell their hands and take the time to make, or obtain, the proper instrument to be used."

The dental engine, so often looked upon as an invention of torture, has gained this unenviable reputation by the improper use to which it has been put; the motive power, over which the operator oftentimes has no control, propels the instrument with such rapidity that the friction causes intense pain, more especially when the drill or burr is dull. When the regulating of the speed of the wheel is under absolute control of the operator, the excavation of a cavity by the use of a sharp drill or burr, of proper size, causes so little pain or discomfort that the most sensitive patient does not object to its use.

Yet in many cases it is the fear and dread that the instrument will cut a little too near the nerve and that the operator will not stop when asked, as he has promised, that upsets the patient's nerves, leaving them in an excited condition that increases the possibility of causing pain tenfold. To gain the confidence of patients and assure them that you are aware that a very sensitive organ is about to be operated upon, and that you will use every means to avoid hurting them, will greatly lessen the possibility of causing pain. For patients to know that it would be in their power to stop the engine instantly, without the knowledge of the operator, would so lessen the dread of the use of the engine, thereby facilitating the excavating of a cavity, that the most sensitive patient would not object to its use.

I have devised a brake by which the patients, with a cord held in their hand, can stop the engine instantly, and, with the assistance of an attendant, can truthfully say that more than the majority of operations in dentistry can be made painless.

The brake consists of a pair of pillars, one handle of which is made fast to the upright of the dental engine; the other handle is closed by pulling the string which the patient holds, thereby clamping the belt and stopping the engine instantly.

Home Millinery.

The season's millinery possesses a dash of originality in its very refreshing to the eye. While the shop windows are brimming over with beautiful hats and bonnets, and the theatres alive with gay bits of headgear, one seldom sees two hats alike. Every woman nowadays originates the style of bonnet she thinks most becoming, and it is the work of her milliner to produce the headgear from selected materials and given directions. Many women have the milliner come to their homes, paying them so much a day, and the result is a half-dozen hats are trimmed for the price that would have been paid for one in the shop. This is an economic plan, and can be recommended. Frequently ladies wish a hat to match each costume. By purchasing the material for trimming or trusting the milliner to do it considerable expense can be saved. More, too, your old hat can be brushed and retouched, so that you can have changes and always appear fresh.—Exchange.

Bear and Tiger Skins.

For bed-rooms and the popular white drawing-rooms of the day, large squares and oblong rugs of glistening white bear and very much in vogue; they form a most dainty and luxurious finish to millinery's beautifully draped bed. Skins are often used for soft coverings, and have a particularly fine effect on a divan, with the head forming a pillow, or an arm-chair where the stuffed head forms the footstool. For rugs are becoming more and more fashionable every year, and happy is the aesthetic woman who can afford to have a huge Bengal tiger skin with stuffed head and rampant jaws to adorn the hall of her country house. A hide of any pretensions costs \$200 to \$400. The fur is not very durable, and when the long, soft hair is worn off, the beauty of the rug is gone. Large white polar bear skins are quite as fashionable and even more costly, as the very large specimens are rare and difficult to obtain.

Difference in System.

It appears that the law in regard to murder in the State of Illinois is different from what obtains in Canada and British governed countries. Here a convict of whatever degree of crime is free from any further trial for that offense, but he may be pardoned in whole or in part as the Governor-General-in-Council may determine. But in Illinois it appears to be different. In that State a convict has the right to appeal or to ask for a new trial, as the case may require, and the State has the same privilege, and in the case of the Orenia murderers both parties have exercised this right. Whether the law as it stands in Canada or as it stands in Illinois is the more equitable Dan Coughlin may be in a position to say.

One for Bridget.

An Irish girl, who was a servant to a lady, was complimented by her mistress on the elaborate ornamentation of a large pile at dinner.

"Why, Bridget, you are quite an artist. How did you manage to do this so beautifully?" she enquired, thinking to rally her for the company's sake.

"Indeed it was myself that did it, mmm," said Bridget, with a malicious grin. "Isn't it pretty, mum? I did it with your false tairth, mum."

A man is less likely to get credit for what he does than blame for what he doesn't.

The superstitious peasants of Great Britain believe that a white pigeon alighting on a chimney or flying against a window betokens a speedy death in the house.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

It Was the Happy Culmination of a Country Love Affair.

MISS TEENIE MEDOWGRASS may have been a very unsophisticated little country maiden, but she knew what was proper in such cases, and she had given Mr. Jake Philpott to understand very distinctly that he could not take her from her ancestral home until he had "asked papa" for her in due form.

Jake had tried to "terment" Teenie into wedding him without subjecting him to the agonizing detail of "asking pa" for her, but Teenie was cooly obdurate.

"No, sir; Jake Philpott, you got to go an' ask pa for me, or you don't git me," she said. "I guess I know my duty to my pa an' my ma. If I ain't wuth askin' for I ain't wuth havin'."

Jake and Teenie had been to singing school and were new at the Meadowgrass gate. A light burned in the "settlin' room" of the old farm house, indicating that pa was still up. Teenie had suggested to Jake that he would never have a better opportunity to "ask pa" for his little girl (Teenie weighed but 179).

"I don't see why in creation you should be as skeered as I!" Teenie said. "He ain't going to eat you up, now."

"I know that, Teen, but hanged if I wouldn't rather break in the worst yoke of steers I ever handled, or flap a red rag in the face of our old bull in the middle of a 40-acre lot, without a tree in it than face your pa on such an errand."

"Shucks! I wouldn't be such a cowardly calf."

"You reckon your pa will say 'yes,' Teenie?"

"Let's how do I know? I s'pose you think he ought to jump at the chance of getting shot of me."

"New, Teen, you know better than that. Lord, I wouldn't blame 'im if he filled me full of buckshot fer wantin' to carry you off. He feels friendly toward me, don't he?"

"I ain't never heard 'im express no wish to kill you, nor threaten to eat you up alive if you didn't stop comin' to our house."

"Oh, ye little torment! Say, Teen, why cayn't you ask 'im?"

"Now, smarty, I think I see myself askin' my own pa to give me away to a feller that ain't got grit enough to ask fer me! Don't you want me to go an' ask your pa if I kin have you?"

"Well, we're both of lawful age, an' what's the use of any askin' about it?"

"I know my duty to my pa, Jake Philpott. Ed Bagg has been hangin' round our house a lot of late an' he'd ask fer me quicker'n wink if I say so."

"He wouldn't get you."

"How'd you know he wouldn't?"

"Cause I'd kill him first!"

"Pooh! Here you are, skeered to death 'cause you've merely got to speak to my pa, and yet makin' your brag how you'd kill a man!"

"What shall I say to your pa?"

"Say, you big boob! There ain't but one thing to say. Ask 'im out-and-out for me."

"Will you go with me?"

"I've a notion not to. I've a mind to just stand outside an' peek through the keyhole an' smicker. Then I'd be there handy to open the door when pa pitched ye out clean over the fence."

"Teenie!"

"Like enough he will. He's awful when he gets started. But, come on; it'd be politer if I went too."

Hand in hand, with Jake's hand trembling perceptibly, they walked up to the door and entered the lair of the lion Jake so dreaded. It was a relief to Jake to hear pa say: "Hello, Jake! You and Teenie been to singin' school?"

"Yes, sir; an'—an'—"

"Hey?"

"That is—er—we—I—Teenie, see."

"I never, neither, now, Jake Philpott," said the giggling Teenie.

"What you drivin' at, Jake?"

"Well, maybe you noticed how stiddy me an' Teen has kep' comin' of late, an' an' Teenie she wanted me to ask—"

"Aw, Jake Philpott, I never no stich thing!"

"Well, you said I had to ask your pa 'fore I'd git you, an'—well, Mr. Meadowgrass, I think the world an' all of Teen, an' she does o'me, don't you, Teen?"

"I'd be smart to say so if I did."

"Pshaw! Stop your quarrelling. You'll do enough of that after you're s'pliced," said pa, jovially.

"I ain't anything agin' you, Jake, an' I guess Teen's old enough an' big enough to know her own mind, an' if she kin stand you I kin. You kin have 'er. Good night; I'm goin' to put off to bed."

The critical moment was passed, and there are not enough words in the new "Century" dictionary to describe the happiness of Jake and Teenie during the next five hours.

She Raises Queer Bees.

Mrs. Jennie Atchley, of Beeville, Bee county, Tex., has 800 colonies of bees, devoted entirely to queen rearing. She is the most extensive breeder of queen bees in the world. She is a woman of 38 and has eight children, with whose help she does all the work in her apiary. She has sold over 4,000 queens this year, and expects to sell 5,000. Some single queens are valued at \$100 each.

Lord Armstrong on Armor.

"Do what we will," said Lord Armstrong in a recent speech on the question of shell firing and armored and unarmored vessels, "I believe that the means of attack will always overtake the means of defence, and that sooner or later armor will be abandoned."

This Weather of Gars.

The kind of weather is here when it is a great luxury to stand in front of a fire until your clothes are good and warm and then sit in them.

When a dressmaker's prices and styles are no longer modest, she calls herself a mediate.