

## Some Home Pictures.

"Tommy, you have disobeyed me, and I am going to punish you, so walk right into this dark closet!"

The voice was cold and stern, and the manner was equally unyielding. Tommy, crying and struggling with all his might, was pushed and dragged into the closet, which was certainly dark enough for practical purposes, and the key was turned in the lock.

"Mamma, it's so dark! I'm afraid. Please let me out!" pleaded the abject Tommy. But he was not yet subdued. The mother, stealing noiselessly up to the door, groaned in a most horrible manner, and attled a piece of chain.

"Oh, mamma," shrieked the frightened child, "please let me out! I'll never be bad any more!"

Then the door was opened and the little prisoner came out, white-faced and wild-eyed.

This was Tommy's first lesson.

"Here, Tommy, dear; take this nice medicine the doctor left for you. Come, now, open your mouth, pet, and take your good medicine."

"I thought you said it was good!" shrieked Tommy, when he had gulped down the nauseous mixture.

"So it is, dear—good for a sick boy," was the calm reply, as the mother put away the spoon and bottle.

That was Tommy's second lesson.

Tommy had been standing at the gate for more than an hour, watching for his mother. The day was cold and the wind blew upon him mercilessly, but still he waited, his eager little face pressed against the bars of the gate. At last he saw her coming, away down the street, and then how he went rushing out to meet her, his cheeks glowing and his eyes shining.

"Give it to me, mamma! Oh, give it to me," he cried, holding up both hands.

"Give you what, Tommy?" asked the mother, pushing past him.

"Why, my candy, mamma! The candy you promised to give me."

"I forgot it, Tommy. You'll have to do without this evening."

"But, mamma, you promised it," cried Tommy, in the midst of copious tears, as though that was reason enough.

"But didn't you hear me say I forgot it?" asked the mother, as though that, also, were reason enough. And then Tommy was sent to bed supperless because he cried.

There were several lessons for Tommy in this—I really can not tell how many.

"Mary," said Tommy's father one day in a grievous voice, "how does it come that Tommy is growing to be such a coward? I wanted to send him up-stairs after my slippers last night, and nothing could induce him to go because it was dark. The idea of a boy being afraid of the dark! He's going to be a perfect milk-sop—and I was so anxious for him to be a fearless, manly boy."

And then the mother said she couldn't account for it any way in the world. She was sure there had never been any cowardice in her family. She had never dreamed of such a thing as being afraid in the dark when she was a child, and it was a mystery to her how Tommy got such notions into his head.

"Mary," said Tommy's father again, a few days later, "twice lately I have caught Tommy in a deliberate lie, and I have suspected him of lying half a dozen times in as many days. Now, lying is one thing I positively can't stand. I have tried so hard to teach the boy to be perfectly frank and honest and to tell the truth at whatever risk."

And Tommy's mother said that she really couldn't understand it, that Tommy's training had been of the most careful kind; but she thought Tommy must have learned to tell falsehoods from that lost servant-girl. As for herself, she had never told a lie in her life.

Whereupon Tommy was called up and was lectured and talked to and talked to until his brain was in a whirl. He did not say anything in his own defense. He might have said a great deal, but he was no orator, and besides he did not understand the whole situation himself. Even if he did understand it all it would not have been very polite, would it, for Tommy to say that his first lessons in cowardice, and meanness, and selfishness, and falsehood, and deceit, were taught him by his mother?

The above is merely a little series of pictures. They were not taken with a kodak, but the camera was a very good one and has taken a vast number of such pictures. Have you ever seen anything like them?

The Italian customs receipts for March show a reduction of \$9,000,000 compared with the same month in 1890.

## The Refined Woman.

The quality of refinement, who can depict or analyze it? That it is a subtle essence, a charming characteristic, every one admits, but of just what it consists it is hard to tell, and nowhere does it show itself more clearly than in the adornment of the person. The woman next you on the ferryboat may be even more richly dressed than the one opposite, and yet—well, there is a something—hard to define, which, however, reveals it, self at once in the ends of the fingers of the gloves, in the way the bonnet strings are pinned, in the jewelry displayed, in the white gleam of the pocket handkerchief and the perfume wafted from it. It is one of woman's most delightful charms, as powerful in the case of the poor working woman striving to live on a mere pittance, as in case of the one surrounded by luxury. It is a quality of force and power that often in the world's history has enabled its possessor to influence kings and potentates, and to-day the influence of refinement is just as marked as in the past.

The refined woman never allows herself to become a "dowdy" at home, knowing that her reign over her subjects would thus be greatly weakened. Her house dress is of much importance, if not more, than any other. Neither does she appear at her place at the table with her hair done up in curl papers.

The refined woman, when on a shopping expedition, does not go bareheaded and carrying her gloves wrinkled and twisted in her sweaty hands, as many will be seen doing every day on the horse cars. For shopping it is best to wear the loose gloves, which can be bought for the purpose, large enough to pull off and on easily in order to test the quality of the materials looked at with the bare fingers.

In spite of the fact that it is very fashionable to loan three fingers of each hand with many rings, the refined woman cannot bring herself to do this, but will wear, perhaps, three or four elegant ones.

The refined woman, while she wishes to look as young as is consistent with her personal appearance, does not exaggerate the same by too youthful colors or too gay garments. She is neither slack nor careless in the arrangement of details, does not use pins where pins are out of place. She dresses herself before she leaves the house and does not need to inquire every few minutes of her companion if her bonnet is on straight, or how her back hair looks, or if her torn drapery shows. She has taken time to make her toilet and has seen to all these little things before starting out. She looks neat, but not so "set" as to be called old maidish. She is dressed perhaps elegantly, but not extravagantly. (Brooklyn Eagle.)

## A Word of Warning to Pretty Women.

The woman who is pretty is far too liable to think that that is enough; she will conquer her kingdom by means of it, and when the day of reckoning, the day of fading comes the kingdom will already be hers by right of possession. Indeed, she does not consider the day of fading; it is something as difficult for her to realize as death itself is to the young; it is far off, vague, all but impossible. How is she ever going to look other than she does now and still be herself?

The pretty woman makes no preparation for the impending fate which is sure to come to her if she lives long enough; she relies on her fair face, her blushes, her dimples, her radiance, her smiles, her glances, her sweetness. To please, to attract, to marry, to marry well, is the mark she has set before her.

Nor is great intellectual cultivation in the scheme of our pretty woman's life; according to her plan of action it is entirely unnecessary. Who cares for syllogisms, lectures, instructions? she unconsciously argues from rosy lips. Who will stop to ask if the bright eyes have dulled themselves over dry pages of scholastic lore?

What, then, has our pretty creature left for the dim passages of middle age, when beauty has fallen away, albeit there still is left the desire to hold captive what once beauty gained?

Let the pretty girl remember that in the darkness of that middle passage the beauty that she had before she entered it will not signify; all faces are in the dark together then, the girl that was plain with the girl that was beautiful; the wreck of beauty signifies then no more than the wreck of what never was beauty. It is the sweet voice, the kindly manner, the burden of what is said, the tender-heartedness of what is done, that tells with any effect then.

It will not be long before she arrives at this time, which, in comparison to the

blaze of youth, neighbors close on the dark; and she will need them all with which she can have filled her intellect and fed her soul, all that wit and virtue and breeding can have given her, in order to retain anything of that kingdom to which in the early days she felt herself born by right divine. —[Harper's Bazar.]

## Wives Show This to Husbands.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and mending basket, counts the hours till he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak or childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet, and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under the tonic and the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion. In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, or division of interest. The husband and the wife are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door as it is hers to sweep and garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with something like heavenly benediction.

## Guidance for our Daughters.

There is no prayer more needed than "Guide me, oh Thou Great Jehovah!" How little, I fear, do our girls think and pray to be directed in regard to the future companions of their lives.

I can look back to a time in my girlhood when I came so near marrying a very worldly man, and I have often thought what would have been my life—to say nothing of my eternal destiny—had I gone that way. But I prayed, "Guide me,"—though I was a thoughtless Christian girl. Yet I did, in a very simple way, ask God to keep me from marrying the wrong person. And God heard my prayer. And I want to tell you, dear Daughters, for I think I shall tell you secrets as we are all by ourselves, the one prayer of my life has been "Guide me."

I always led in song at our family altar—and many a time as I have taken my accustomed seat at the instrument, and have said, "Boys, what shall we sing?" (I have four boys; they have all grown into men) the answer so often was: "Well, mother I suppose you want to sing, 'Guide me'" And I did need the song in the morning, oh! so often.

## A Peculiar Marriage Mix.

I got acquainted with a young widow, observes a recent writer, who lived with her step-daughter in the same house. I married the widow. Shortly afterward, my father fell in love with the step-daughter of my wife and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife. My father's wife has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my father and of my step-mother; but because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife also has a boy; my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his step-sister for a wife. I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather.

Investigation into the records of the eleven victims of the New Orleans massacre has brought to light the fact that all but four of them were registered voters and citizens either by birth or naturalization. Of the four one was once a Sicilian robber, and found to have been a voter in the parish of St. Charles; one was a fugitive murderer from Palermo, and a former member of a band of highwaymen; another fled from Palermo charged with murdering a female, and of the fourth no one seems to know anything.

## Girls and the Stage.

I have had a great many letters from among my girls, asking me my opinion of their going on the stage. It becomes one of the most difficult to answer. There are good, honest, noble, God-fearing people on the stage; the theatre may be the mass of people a great school for morals; but to the one girl standing in the ranks waiting to work her way forward, it is a working-ground where temptation is on every side. If she is strong enough to resist this, then let her go ahead. If she be one of the weaker sisters, then let her think many times before she puts herself in a position that will certainly entail a great deal of watchfulness and hard work.

The life of the actress is as full of hard work as is that of the girl who stands behind the counter or the one who is mistress of the telegraph key. Do not imagine that the gold glittering on the gown of the beautiful adventuress is a symbol of the golden life she leads, and do not believe that the smirking *ingenue* who wenders with a smile "how anybody ever does any work," is not just as full of study and absolute physical work as is that of most other women. She works till late at night, consequently she must sleep a little in the morning. She gets up then and goes to a long and tiresome rehearsal, then only has time to get a bite, and half-an-hour's sleep or reading before she starts again for the theatre. But you think there are others who do not work in this way. Yes, yes! But they are the ones that you do not want to imitate. Mrs. Kendal has said that for the woman who has some talent, and who is willing to work and wait, there is success on the stage, and it pays better than almost any other profession; but during the waiting years there must be a constant watch kept, so that scandal does not touch with its tarting tongue the woman who is working for success.

So think it out well for yourself; conclude whether you not only have a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute, but whether you really have the talent that must belong to the actress. The world is all a stage and the men and women merely players, but you may be cast for the happy wife and mother. So don't make the mistake, if you are a round peg, of getting into a square hole. —RUTH ASHMORE, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

## Her Farewell to France.

From the French of Beranger.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,  
The mist of tears bedims my eye;  
Cradle of my joyous infancy,  
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

Thou land to my sad heart so dear,  
Haste thy shore, an exile tone,  
Let heart wring sigh, and falling tear  
For all my faults to thee atone.  
The winds arise, I quit thy shore.  
Nor sobs, nor tears avail for me.  
The waves assenting, bear me o'er,  
To Scotland and away from thee.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,  
The mist of tears bedims my eye;  
Cradle of my joyous infancy,  
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

Thy people's chivalrous acclaim,  
When, crowned, I wore thy *Flour-de-lis*,  
Appraised less my royal name.  
Than charms that youth had lent to me,  
Dunedin's halls in courtly shen.  
In regal splendor decked shall be  
In vain; my hope in life had been  
To reign, dear France, a queen in thee.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,  
The mist of tears bedims my eye;  
Cradle of my joyous infancy,  
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

The light of genius, love and fame,  
Upon my youth too brightly shone,  
The spell that 'ate wore round my name  
Shall soon, alas, too soon be gone.  
A presage of impending doom  
That fills my heart with boding fear,  
Comes on the wings of gathering gloom,—  
A scaffold rises dark and drear.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,  
The mist of tears bedims my eye;  
Cradle of my joyous infancy,  
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

Farewell, when 'mid alarms and fears,  
The daughter of Lorraine shall be,  
As in this day, that sees her tears,  
Her eyes, her heart shall turn to thee.  
Oh, God, already waited far,  
The vessel floats 'neath other skies,  
And darkness hides the sinking star,  
Of hope, no more for me to rise.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,  
The mist of tears bedims my eye;  
Cradle of my joyous infancy,  
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

COLUMBA.

When the carpet has been soiled by ink, instantly apply blotting-paper, then milk, then blotting-paper, and so on until the spot is out, as it will be. Don't rub.