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## In Woman's Interest

### The Etiquette of Handshaking.

While everyone shakes hands, not everyone knows the etiquette of the ceremony, which changes from season to season, according to fashion's latest caprice. Friends, of course, may shake hands as often and in whatever manner it pleases them best to do so. They may grasp each other's hands heartily, hold them for a bit if they will, then release them with a cordial pressure. They may give the real old-fashioned "pump-handle" shake or the high lateral movement, that means nothing but that a simoleon is at one end or the other of the shake, or they may give the shake rotary, it is in the meeting of strangers or mere acquaintances that the difficulty of knowing just what is expected arises. This, however, is what the latest dictates of etiquette decree:

A hostess, if a true one, should shake hands with any and every guest brought to her house by friends. She should do so on their arrival and on their departure, and then she meets them again if she desires to keep up the acquaintance. When a girl is introduced to a married woman the older woman must always take the initiative, and if she be good-natured and cordial, a handshake will follow. When a man is introduced to a woman he must await her pleasure, unless he is a much older man or one particularly distinguished. If one woman introduces her husband or brother to another woman, it would be natural, indeed, almost imperative for the latter to shake hands with him, but where he is a mere acquaintance it would be bad form to shake hands with him on first introduction.

Regarding dinner guests: If a man be introduced to a woman for the purpose of taking her to dinner she does not shake hands with him, but merely bows. Even at a second meeting bows only are interchanged, and it depends entirely on circumstances whether the acquaintance ever ripens into a shaking-hands one.

### Suggestions About Matrimony.

A girl thinking seriously of her future husband does not lay any great stress on good temper. A soldierly form, a pair of fine eyes, a noble profile—any of these might easily outweigh good temper. Yet Mr. Stables assures us that "after the first year, married people rarely think of each other's features, whether they be classically beautiful or otherwise, but they never fail to be cognizant of each other's temper." As to a husband's fortune, it is not so important as the qualities which lead to fortune—ambition, determination, industry, thrift, and position such a man may attain for himself. In education a man should be at least his wife's equal. Undoubtedly there is some subtle affinity between opposites. Yet there must be likeness as well as unlikeness. The latter will lend piquancy which is pleasant, but the former will give peace, which is essential. At first love itself will be all-sufficing, but a little later the individual characteristics reassert themselves, and then in the absence of comprehension and sympathy in one's pet tastes and theories a barrier springs up, slight, unconfessed, perhaps, but still impassable, and in one sense at least man and wife are not "one," but distinctly "two."

### Squatty Lamps and High Goblets.

It is noticeable that tall lamps, even in the banquet and table lamps that are now seen to the exclusion of the high piano lights in former use, are no longer the fashion. The new designs are all low, the bowls being wide and shallow. The light effects in decoration, too, seem to have passed, a decided preference being shown for dark, rich colors.

### Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

The blood is made pure and the system free of impurities by the daily use of

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market. Perhaps, too, it was a failing pocket-book which made her meditate ruefully on the price she had paid for the first, but it was not that which made her meditate with an increasing hopefulness. At any rate, Miss Selden conceived the idea of raising frogs' legs herself, and when she began to look for a suitable place for the experiment she came upon Friendship, New Jersey. Friendship is surrounded with marshes, bogs and ponds, and is ideally adapted for frog culture. The people of that section, however, had never thought of it in that light; so, when Miss Selden offered to buy their land—which was principally water—at \$2 an acre, they sold it gleefully, turning meanwhile a deaf ear to the reproachful voice of conscience. Then they waited to see what was going to happen. The first thing that happened was the fencing in with wire strands, of Miss Selden's newly-acquired property. This caused her neighbors to shake their heads, while they meaningfully tapped their own intellectual brows. It was said that Miss Selden spent the winter learning to hit a target the size of a frog, and succeeded so well that when spring came she took her rifle and picked off the frogs as easily as she had once called the roll in her school-room. She is stated that she made from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year out of her frog crop, and that her neighbors have ceased tapping their brows, and, instead, respectfully take off their hats to her.

## Boys and Girls.

### The Romance of the Bear Cave.

Jerry Ruben was busily working away at his cave all his evenings and Saturdays. He was making it for a home for his bear. He had no bear as yet, but he thought of one he intended to purchase as his. It was a very small bear he had seen at the circus and he believed it could be bought for a dollar as there were two others with it besides the mother. He had seventeen cents, and his intention was, as soon as he had the other eighty-three cents, to enter into negotiations with Mr. Forepaugh concerning its purchase. If he should have any money left he would invest it in feed for the bear.

Nor had Jerry taken thought of the bodily wants only of his prospective bear, but with the foresight which is said to be characteristic of his race—he was a Jew—he had formed plans for its training, when once it should be his, so that he might reap gain from the exhibition of its tricks.

Jerry lived in a house that had been built many years before it became the style to dig up the ground and haul it from one part of the town to another. It then stood on a knoll, but now a new street had been cut through, both before and behind the house, so that it sat perched above steep bare banks on a narrow ridge. The front door was reached by four flights of rickety steps. It was in the front bank where he could reach from the top of the second flight of steps a hollow where the dirt had fallen away, had suggested the idea to him, and he now had it so he could climb inside and work. The cave was hidden by the steps, from the casual observer. The Rubens had very lately moved into the neighborhood and Jerry had not yet had the right hand of fellowship extended him by the other boys. The house had been for a long time empty and got into a bad way, and it seemed to them an unjust anachronism that its owner should mend it up and rent it to Jews.

"Jews, and the meanest kind of Jews; and a mean Jew is pretty mean," said the Prodigy, in a careless way, to other boys, quoting the remark made by his father at breakfast that morning. Besides Jerry was not, to strangers, a very prepossessing boy, being very small and slim, and very dark, and with a big black mournful orb—the lid of the other one refused to rise—and answered "Jeremiah Ruben" when the teacher asked him his name the first day he went to school, the Prodigy, after she had finished the "weeping prophet," and called by that depressing name Jerry was called when he was not called "the little sheeny."

That evening the Prodigy passed by Jerry's home on his way to the yeast for his mother. This was his regular task twice a week, and he was said to have discovered some method by which he introduced a part of its ingredient into his own hair on the way home, but he hardly thinks that can be true. Jerry was trying to fasten to the mouth of his cave a frame on which to hang, with small pieces of strap, a wonderfully constructed door, barred with strips of cloth.

"Hello, weeping prophet!" said the Prodigy, "what are you making?" "A cave," said Jerry, turning round. "What for?"

Jerry looked embarrassed. How could he tell his mother of his life's hopes and plans to a stranger? So he did not answer, and pretended not to hear and turned his back on the Sanballah and began to work again. The Prodigy stared at him a moment, gave a long whistle, and then he went on his way. He said to the other boys he wondered what the little sheeny was up to digging a cave, and so mysterious about it, and making it behind the steps.

Now, just the mention of a cave stirs up all the latent superstitions in a boy's mind; and that its owner acted as if he was about to dig a cave, and was generally regarded as an extravagant. And still the wonder grew, and the boys took to prowling round and watching for the young conspirator to come out and work at his nefarious task when they would happen past and stare at him. The Prodigy had so much company on his trips for yeast that he had no opportunity for the practice of sorcery. Once he and another boy got up the steps almost to the cave when Jerry's father came to the door and asked what they wanted, and they were too polite to investigate any further.

All the boys thought the cave ought to be investigated in the name of the public welfare. Some thought they had a legal right to do it as they held that the bank where it was, belonged to the street and not to the property, but none thought it prudent to brave the sheeny's strength in the strongest high tower. A raid at night when they should be asleep was proposed, but

was abandoned because the fathers of all the bravest boys made them stay at home after dark.

So the matter stood from Monday till Saturday afternoon, when a fast running courier announced to a group of boys on the ball ground, arguing as to whether Tom Sands was out or not, that the whole Jew family had gone away. Leaving a boy stationed at the foot of the stairs where he could see the return of the family while they were yet a long way off, they went to explore the cave, scrambling up the steps and scraping for a place on the little landing from which Jerry had begun the cave. But they looked in cautiously before they tore away the door that had been adjusted with such pains. Then peering in one at a time, they could see nothing but darkness, and one boy thought he could smell dynamite. It was some time before even the most reckless would go in, and then it was with the agreement that those outside should hold him firmly by the leg, but when he had gotten fairly inside, striking matches all the while to make sure that he was not going against some lurking enemy, and had dared to draw in the leg he had left anchored outside, and had turned himself round in his humpy quarters and explored all its walls and found nothing but dirt and a broken shovel, the fear of the boys turned to indignation and they went to work with energy and broke up the door and the side of the cave until it would not shelter even the smallest bear that ever was born.

Monday morning Jerry came to school with a hatred in his heart. He had seen certain boys hanging around his home with suspicious notions, and often to need any one to tell him who had destroyed his cave and blasted his life. Where now could he keep a bear should he get one? For there was no back yard, but a small patch over the bank by a chain did not seem practicable. So when he came into the school yard and the Prodigy called to him contemptuously, "Hi, there, sheeny," he was so much for his customary forbearance.

"Gentle!" said he, in scorn. Now Jerry had no idea what a Gentle might be, but he had heard his grandfather use it as a term of contempt. It is incredible that Prodigy did not know either, for he knew everything, almost. It must have been that he was so astonished to hear Jerry talk back that it acted on him as violently as if he had been called a sacred baboon.

"Don't you dare call me that again," he said, in a mighty wrath.

"Gentle, Gentle!" shouted Jerry, delighted that he had found a vulnerable spot in the armor of the foe. "Weeping prophet, weeping prophet, you've wept one eye clean away, haven't you?" said the Prodigy. Jerry Ruben stared at him one instant, then he turned and walked into the house and sat down in his seat and laid his arms on the desk and his face on them. There was a bitterness in his heart that he had never felt before, for it was the first time in his life that anyone had ever used his bodily defect as a weapon against him. In the "weeping prophet," weeping prophet, he had absorbed the interests of childhood he had never thought of. But the sting of that remark never left him entirely all the rest of his life. After that there was always a consciousness of his blemish and a sensitivity about it.

The teacher came over to his desk and asked him what was the matter. He did not answer, and after several fruitless attempts to get him to speak she went out to where the boys were. The boys were playing.

"Boys," she said, "what is the matter with Jerry Ruben?"

No one spoke for a moment, then little Fuzzy Trot piped up, "John Hall told me to tell you about his eye." Now it happened that the teacher had once been a cross-eyed little girl. The doctor had fixed her eyes many years ago, and they were now as straight as anybody's, and that they were in the morning in a class and penetration any scholar in her room could testify. But she still remembered some things; and what she said to the Prodigy was, the boys said, "a plenty." As she spoke the memory of a sensitive little girl's was mingling with the thought of the forlorn outcast at his desk in the school-room, she became for the little Jew a very "Daniel come to judgment," indeed, and gave all the other fellows their turn at the desk after she had finished the Prodigy. She expressed her views on their manners so forcibly that every one wondered who had told her that they had razed Jerry's cave even to the foundation.

To tell the truth there was not a boy there except the Prodigy but had blushed when he made the remark that had broken the heart of the weeping prophet, and the teacher's words fell on soil fertilized by shame. And when they took their seats they gazed contemptibly on the small type of fallen Israel.

But all these things counted as nothing against fate; for at noon everybody was talking about the riot.

No joy or pleasure on this earth quite equals that which comes into the home when baby arrives. Who can describe the happiness of man and woman, joined in wedlock, as they look upon the fragile, delicate mite that is blood of their blood



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