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WOMAN and HER WORK.

"What do you think of jealousy, being in love?"
"Don't you think a girl could love without feeling jealous of another girl?"

These are two questions asked me last week by one of my girls, and as I have often thought of expending some eloquence on the subject of jealousy, this seems a good opportunity and these questions shall be my text.

What do I think of jealousy, "Dolly Varden?" Well, I think a good many many things about it, and I can sympathize with anyone who has cause to suffer from it, because I am quite sure that I have a very jealous nature myself, and would be fiercely jealous if I had any reason for being so. I have the truly animal weakness for being first, with a capital F, which animates the pup when he growls and snaps at his dearest canine friend, just because I happen to pat the friend, and tell him he is "a nice old dog" and I respect the pup's feelings sufficiently to abstain from all further demonstrations towards the other dog while he is near; I know just how it feels and I can assure you it is far from being a pleasant sensation! We all like to be loved, and the idea of losing one iota of what was once all our own is bad enough without the added torture of seeing it bestowed on someone else. I think the great sting lies in the dreary sense of loss, of loneliness, the feeling that we are outside and like the tramp who sees the blazing fire of some happy home through a window, we can see the glow but feel none of the warmth, and the night only makes the chill of the outer air more bitter.

But remember, the loss must really exist before the suffer is entitled to sympathy! I can feel sorry for the jealous dog or the petted horse who tries to kick a comrade lest he receive some of the attention which the kicker considers his own especial right, because neither of these animals is gifted with reason and with them jealousy is a proof of affection, so they are only acting according to the dictates of their hearts. For the girl with a lover to whom she has given her heart, though as yet he has scarcely declared himself definitely, and who suffers jealous tortures every time she sees him smiling down into the eyes of another girl, prettier and better dressed than herself; or for the lover who is not certain of the girl he loves, and who stands in a corner and watches her whirl past him, waltzing with some other man, while he suffers the torments of a lost soul, and cherishes thoughts that are absolutely murderous towards his rival—for these, I say, I have the deepest sympathy, because neither is quite sure of the love of the other, and where there is doubt there is every excuse for jealousy. Indeed, Owen Meredith thought that love itself was inseparable from jealousy, because in his most famous poem, "Lucille," he says:

"No true love there can be without its dread penalty—jealousy."

But I think another writer spoke more truly when he said, "jealousy is said to be the offspring of love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent." For just as surely as anyone of us gives way to senseless jealousy, so surely will that meanest of all passions kill, or wear out love, and not only our own, but that other love, which we are so anxious to retain, that we defeat our own object, by the very means we adopt.

But where love has once been declared, and had the seal of either betrothal or marriage placed upon it, suspicion or jealousy cease to be excusable, unless there is very strong provocation, because where there is not absolute trust, there cannot be true love. As Tennyson's heroine said,—

"Unfaith in aught, is want of faith in all,
Then trust me not at all, or all in all."

The man who tortures the girl who has promised to be his wife with ceaseless suspicion and makes her life a burden to her by putting on all the airs of a deceived husband every time he chances to meet her down town walking with a man who may be some old friend and merely overtaken her at the last street corner, who sulks all the evening if another visitor of the male persuasion should drop in when he is visiting her, and who ruins her pleasure when she goes to a dance by openly objecting to her dancing with anyone but himself; this man is making just as great a mistake as the girl who thinks that once a man has paid her the high honor of asking her to share his heart and home, he has sold himself into bondage to her for life. I have seen girls who made themselves so obnoxious the moment they were engaged that I have wondered how their lovers could endure them! Girls who put on airs of authority and forbade their lover speaking to this or that man, or walking with a certain girl and who even went so far as to object to his kissing his own sisters or walking home from church with his mother. And I really knew one girl whose lover was a big hearted fellow awfully fond of "mother and the girls" whom he placed next to her in his heart, but instead of being proud of him for his loyalty to his own family and loving him all the more because he was a good son and brother, this little simpleton was so insanely jealous of the mother and sisters, who never tried to interfere with her in any way, that she spent all her energies in trying to wean him from them. "It is well enough for a man to think of his own people before he is engaged" she used to say "Jim was always too fond of them, and now I don't mean to let them come before me. I intend always to be first, and I am going to cure him of making such a fuss over them: If I don't succeed, he can choose between us! She did succeed for a time, but Jim was a very manly fellow though he was so terribly in love, and by and by his jealous lady love drew the reins so tightly, and used the curb bit so mercilessly that things came to a crisis one night when she went to the theatre with a party, of which Jim did not form one; and then had the nerve to make things very unpleasant for him because he had presumed to take his own sister, and walk home with her after the play, instead of humbly hanging around the door, on the chance of seeing his divinity, and obtaining her permission to attach himself to her party. Jim simply took that misapplied bit between his teeth, kicked over the traces, and went triumphantly back to the restful love of "mother, and the girls" I have seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and so I say to you "Dolly Varden" and to the rest of my girls. Don't be jealous unless you have good cause, be very certain before you take any action at all, but once you are sure that your lover is faithless break off the engagement at once, and try to forget him.

But whatever the jealous sweetheart may be, it is the jealous husband, or the jealous wife who possesses the power to make the lives of those who are compelled to live with them arid deserts. The woman who lowers her parasol and deliberately cuts one of her oldest friends, lest he should join her and walk as far as her own gate with her, may seem rude, at the first glance, but when one knows that she only does it because she well knows that even so simple an act of courtesy would call down a storm about her ears, which it would take much to quell; she only becomes an object of sincere sympathy. A woman with a jealous husband has need of sympathy, for her path is thorny and her steps beset with pitfalls, but yet her lot is to be envied beside that of the man who is cursed with a jealous wife. I do not think there is one being in this world so utterly lost to all reason and common sense, as a jealous woman! There is no one so mean, no one so suspicious, and alas, there is no one so unloveable.

I believe that if I caught my husband kissing another woman who was no relation of his and whom he had no right to kiss, or if I discovered that he deceived me in order to spend his evenings with some one else. I would first make sure that I was not mistaken, and then I would quietly leave him, because I am unincumbered and thank goodness I can earn my own living. But before I would make any man hate me, as the husband of a senselessly jealous wife must learn to hate her in time, I would go away and bury my woes in a convent.

A jealous woman sees confirmation of her suspicions in the simplest actions; if her unhappy partner is detained in the office half an hour later than usual she considers it her duty to put on her bonnet and go down in the faint hope that she may catch him in the act, what act, she scarcely knows herself, but she has a vague idea that there is a woman in the case, and he may have made an appointment to walk out to the suburbs, with some designing female. If she hears that he so much as spoke to a lady coming out of church, or was seen walking half a block with some friend of her own, she treats the wretched man to such a scene when he comes home, that he is tempted to wish there was not a woman in the world, or that he could join some monastic order, and at last find peace in this world. If she can help it she never lets him out of her sight, except when he is hard at work in the office, and if he ever does escape from her side long enough to get into mischief, she makes him give her a succinct account of every moment he spent away from her. If he chances to remark that Mrs. Jones it a fine looking woman, she sulks for half a day and spends the other other half in letting herself be reluctantly mollified by the repentant sinner who has done nothing to repent of.

In short a jealous wife is such a curse to a man, that I only wonder why he stays with her, why he does not break the bonds at once and seek freedom in flight.

I never was jealous myself, and so perhaps, I cannot make so much allowance for those who are, as I should, but then in the first place I never had cause to be, and in the second, I am afraid I have too good an opinion of myself to cherish any such sentiment. I believe that when two people love each other there should be perfect trust between them, and I should be very sorry indeed, to earn my husband's contempt by suspecting him of being less true to me than I am to him. Besides that, if he thought enough of me to choose me alone, out of the millions of girls in the world, I really don't see why he should change his mind now, and I hope I have too much sense to put any such idea into my head, or insult him by groundless suspicions, because I know that is the very best way to bring about their fulfilment. All men are human, and a man who is perpetually in hot water for crimes he never committed, makes up his mind that he might as well have a little fun anyway. He gets the name of being deceitful and he might just as well have the game, seeing he has long enjoyed the name—and then comes chaos because the last state of that jealous wife will be much worse than the first. For my own part nothing pleases me more than to have my good-looking spouse admired by my own sex. I consider it a twofold compliment to myself; first, to my own excellent taste in selecting so attractive a husband, and second, to my own powers of attraction in having carried him off from all competitors. You see I can afford to be philosophical, because in spite of all this laziness, and abstract admiration for the fair sex, Geoffrey's heart is all my own still, at least if it isn't I have not found out about it yet, and till I do I am satisfied to trust him. But if he ever gets too lazy or too indifferent to be just as attentive and polite to other ladies as he was before he was married, I shall certainly trade him off at the first opportunity.

So girls! Take my advice and don't indulge in the ugly vice, for it is a vice—of jealousy until you have good cause, for it is such a terrible mistake to meet trouble three quarters of the way, especially when perhaps the trouble was not on its way to you after all,

ASTRA.

She Had Her Cap Set.

Pretty teacher—Now, Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?

Johnny—Yes, 'm. Mother says of yew don't ketch the new parson it will be a miracle.

HANDS AND FINGER NAILS.

Useful Suggestions as to the Proper Care of Them.

"How can I keep my hands white?" laments the busy wife and mother. "I have dishes to wash, sweeping to do, and a certain amount of cookery falls to my lot. I must resign myself to being satisfied with keeping my hands clean, and try not to care if they are ugly."

Here she makes a mistake. She may have her hands pretty, as well as clean, but like everything else worth having in this world, it will be at the cost of a little time and trouble.

In the first place, she should wear gloves as much as possible. Not tight ones that will impede the freedom of her movements and hinder her about her work, but a loose old pair. Let her put in a claim for those that have been cast aside by the men of the house, and, cutting off the tips of the fingers, wear them when she is sweeping, dusting, cooking, and washing dishes. There is no reason why she should plunge her whole hand into a dish-pan in search of a stray spoon when she can recover it by the aid of a mop and soap-shaker. The gloves will save her hands from burns, from dust, from grime.

When she washes them she should use only the best soap, and have a little almond meal or bran in the water. She should dry them carefully, and anoint them lightly with such a mixture as glycerine and rose-water, or glycerine and bay rum, in equal parts. If her skin will not bear glycerine, she may use frostilla or some similar preparations, or she may apply cold cream in very small quantities, rubbing it well into the skin. After this, the hands should be rinsed in soft water and dried gently and thoroughly. Should the water be hard, a little borax will soften it.

Lemon juice, or lemon juice and salt, will be found excellent for removing stains from the fingers, and should always be at hand, to be resorted to when soap and water fails.

A little care bestowed upon the hands at night will increase their softness and whiteness. They should be washed clean with bran and warm water, all stains removed, and the nails trimmed and clean. Some good unguent, like cold cream or one of the others suggested above, should then be applied, and if the hands are very red and rough, a pair of loose gloves may be slipped on and worn all night.—Harper's Bazar.

A.T.S.

WOMEN DRUMMERS.

Mrs. Graef Tells Why She and Others Have Been Successful.

About a year ago there was printed a story about a woman who was a commercial traveller. She was a success in her work. Her name was Adele M. Graef, and she was "in drugs" as they say on the road.

The other day Mrs. Graef called at The N. Y. Sun office and asked to see the reporter who had interviewed her last year. What she had to say is of interest because it shows the alacrity with which some women take advantage of every opportunity to go into new branches of work, and also the readiness of business men to employ women in competition with men.

"Since that article appeared in the Sun," said Mrs. Graef, "I have travelled all over this country, and everywhere I have found evidence that the story of my work had been read. I couldn't tell you how many women have applied to my own firm. They all said they never thought of that way of earning money until they read the article in the Sun. The firms themselves took up the idea. One that I know right here in New York engaged five women on trial, and some of them are still at work. Another firm in this city has sent out a woman who has proved very successful. On the road I meet two women travelling for St. Louis firms. Both secured their places as a direct result of the influence of that article.

"These women, you must remember, are all travelling for the same line of goods that I carry—druggists' specialities. There are others in other lines. There is no reason why women should not find commercial travelling a source of good income, but very few of them understand that it is extremely hard work and that a women who would succeed at it must have a good constitution, a stout heart and a clear head. Given those requirements, there is no reason why women should not compete with men in this profession, as they have in others, and come off with a good share of the profits and the honors."

Worth Coaching Coats.

Some silk coats recently imported from Worth's atelier may well be called cloaks, as they cover the wearer from throat to foot, and protect the costume beneath from dust when worn on a coach over dusty roads, or on a long journey by rail. Though full and long, these coats are so light of weight, and pleasant to wear in warm weather, as they are made of crisp, cool-looking taffeta silk that sheds dust, and they are entirely without lining. Tan, marron brown, and poussiere or dust colored taffeta are chosen for coaching coats, and their usual trimming is a lacelike passementerie of silk cords on net of the same color, with straight edges giving the effect of insertions. The blouse and girdled waist is made of ample size to go on over dress waists, and the skirt of five straight breadths is sewed to the round waist, and left open in front. One pretty model tan taffeta, with ecru cord galloon on an ecru net ground, has the round gathered waist widely girdled by fifteen bias pipings narrowly folded, the topmost fold reaching almost up to the armholes." Above this girdle two wide bands of passementerie start upward in the back, cross over the shoulders, and meet in a point above the bust; and other rows form a second point below on the front. The sleeves have large puffs to the elbow, with rows of piping folds there, and are close below. A high collar is covered with the passementerie. The full straight skirt is simply hemmed, and is sewed to the waist in French gathers made by alternate long and short stitches. In some cloaks the passementerie is set on the front of the skirt in three rows, on each side pointing upward in inverted V shape.

Shot silks corded like faille, yet with crisp and repellent surface, are also used for dust cloaks in quiet colors well blended as one of gray and dark violet, and another of brown and blue. The latter is made with fitted back forms in continuous princesse shape held in place by a ribbon belt underneath, yet is given an appearance of fulness by three box pleats that fall in Watteau fashion from the top. This full look is further enhanced by a large cape collar made up of three small frills, the lowest reaching to the elbow. The front of the cloak hangs loose and straight from neck to foot. Sleeves of great size go on easily over the largest dress sleeves.

Sense and Taste in Dress.

Instead of deriding clothes and their cut as a matter of no moment, the apostle of reform should try to induce women to make a more exhaustive study of dress and not become abject slaves to one fashion. Because a narrow-chested, slim woman looks well in a ruffled skirt, broad sleeves and shoulder curtains, is no reason why a stout woman should adopt those styles. But if she must be in the fashion to that extent, then let her select the mode that will be becoming to her, and not blindly appear in a garb that makes her a foot wider and half a foot shorter. Let her insist upon an adaptation of the prevailing fashion to her figure. Her thin sister looks well in three shoulder ruffles, but if she has a grain of sense, she will satisfy herself with one, and it will be put on so near the neck that just the edge will protrude over the shoulder, thereby not adding an iota to her breadth.

The same with combinations. We all know with what a chill of dismay we have met a sallow-faced friend in a pale blue gown, thinking she was seriously ill, when it was only the color of her dress that made her appear so. There are women who should never wear two colors at once, unless they want to look like a flag of distress. There are women who should never wear a costume of just one color, because it looks like a livery. But how beautiful Mrs Carte Blanche looked in her biscuit-yellow hop-sacking! Yes, but her hair is red and her eyes hazel, and they furnish the light that is lacking in your entourage. But you can wear grey-blue with oriental trimming and look as well in your dress as Mrs. Carte Blanche does in hers. It is all the costuming.—[Ex.

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