

LOVE HAS TORMENTS.

ON THE RELIABLE AUTHORITY OF
MRS. FRANK LESLIE.Yet She Holds That the One Who Is Love's
Master and Not Love's Slave Lives in
Perfect Bliss—Attached, Detached and
Unattached.

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THEY are very much attached to each other, are they not?" asked I of a friend as we drove past a newly married couple strolling leisurely up the avenue the other day.

"Well, I don't know," replied he reflectively. "I think I should say semi-attached. See there!"

I looked just in time to see the husband run up the steps of his club, while the wife, with rather a forlorn smile, signalled a passing omnibus.

"Semi-attached sounds too much like semi-detached," replied I pensively, and my friend, who is charmingly cynical, finished the thought with:

"Sure to become so, and a good job when it results in unattached. Saves a world of worry and bother."

Now, was my friend right or wrong? I do not know that I could decide, or rather I have decided so many times, first on one side of the question and then upon the other, that I will not reveal my present conviction if I can help it, but simply put the question before you, to be decided by each man or woman according to his or her individual experience, observation or inner light.

Is it better to be thoroughly attached to some person of the opposite sex, or to be thoroughly unattached, or having been attached to become semi-attached and finally altogether detached, which is, of course, a very different thing from being unattached?

Evidently Tennyson considered detachment better than unattachment, for he sang:

"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

But as he was not laureate of America I don't know that we are bound by his ipsi dixit, and I for one question it.

To be attached—that is, to be thoroughly and avowedly in love with some one who is also in love with you and bound to you by some outward and visible tie, so that other people leave you quietly in possession of your own property, is certainly a most blissful and soothing condition.

I will even go so far as to admit that his condition in its perfection is the most satisfactory condition of which mortality is capable.

But then! You have no doubt occasionally blown soap bubbles and watched them float away in the sunshine. Was ever anything more glorious, more perfect in form, in color, in airy grace of motion, than a soap bubble floating in the sunshine of a summer day?

But should you like to invest your entire fortune in pipes and soap and water? Should you like to give up your friends and your home and arrange all the details of your life solely with reference to the manufacture of soap bubbles?

Of course not. But why? Is not the first reason, and the prominent reason, their evanescence? Is not their delicate brilliancy a very byword for glittering insecurity? Do we not talk of bubble schemes and bubble hopes and bubble promises?

Well, the condition I have specified, the condition we will call the attached, the full fruition of such a life, is even more glittering, more glorious, more ethereal, in its charm and more evanescent in its duration than the soap bubble. You have only time to say, "Ah, this is the perfection of happiness!" before some flaw, some cloud, some discord, comes to mar that perfection which alone is happiness.

The moment you lose absolute perfection you lose content, and there is no happiness without content. To be attached, then, is to have now and again the conviction that you are perfectly happy, and a good many more thousands of times the conviction that you are wretched. Somebody said, "Fear has torment," but he made a great mistake. Fear has excitement and interest and the necessity for action, which is always a blessing, but love, if you please, has torment, and plenty of it.

The woman who loves has, as it were, given a general invitation to all the aches and pains and anxieties and worries and doubts and suspicions and jealousies and heartburnings of which the human soul is capable, and they are like poor relations—they accept the slightest invitation to come and are inquisitive to all hints to go. If dislodged from one room, they promptly take up their quarters in another. You may neglect or slight them all you choose, you may even forget their existence for a time, but when you least expect or wish for them they are there, and there they stay, or if by some rare good fortune they have to go "the scent of the roses will hang round them still." You never can forget how long they were inmates; you never can cease referring to them.

The old story of "Scissors" has a deep foundation. The man and his wife quarrelled bitterly as to whether something was cut with scissors or a knife. The quarrel was made up, "they kissed again

with tears," and all was well, when the wife remarked:

"But, darling, you are convinced now that it was scissors, aren't you?" "Why, I supposed you'd given in that it was a knife!" exclaimed he, and at it they went again, until he pushed her into the well, and she sank with her hand thrust above her head and the first two fingers working like a pair of scissors. What I mean by quoting the story here is that the suspicions and jealousies and resentments of love are never forgotten, although they may be hidden, or even driven outside the door, or drowned in the well. On the very next occasion they thrust themselves above the surface, crying, "Scissors!" and the old battle is to be fought over again.

If any man or woman were perfect, the case would be different, but love, although a magician to make common things appear like glorious things, is not a deity to make them actually so. The fairy gold is far more radiant than earthly gold, but someday you perceive that it is only leaves and twigs, not worth even the silver dollar of everyday commerce for which you bitterly wish you could exchange it. So no sooner does the trusting and loving neophyte become absolutely sure that here at last she has discovered the one perfect man upon God's earth than the bubble bursts, a little tinkling explosion like a fairy's laugh, a little spatter of cold water in a startled face, and the poor child discovers that this man is very like other men, that he is capable of being cross, that he is more or less selfish, that he does not care to spend every hour of his day in her society, that he has other interests, other friends, other correspondents whom he does not choose to abandon; that he cannot say he never in his life looked at any other woman with satisfaction, or if he does say so is probably lying; that he is somewhat dull of apprehension, or is foolishly sentimental, or is an inveterate smoker, or likes cards, or takes a glass too much at times, or has some other or half dozen other of the imperfections flesh—that is to say, masculine flesh—is heir to.

Then comes the time when she gives that general invitation to the Errand of which I spoke just now—then comes the time when she learns the lesson that love has torment and never again forgets it.

Nor must we be so unjust as to forget that the pronouns in the above statement may be reversed, and instead of she you may read he and readily imagine the discoveries he may make to prove that the goddess of his love, the "one fair, impossible she," whom he, incredulous of such wonderful fortune, has made his own, turns out just a woman, no better, no worse, than the average and no greater prize than several hundred others of her contemporaries.

Then, if the man and woman are married—that is to say, if they are attached in the sense in which a yoke of oxen are attached to each other—the process of semi-detachment begins, and, according to the nature and the circumstances of the yoke mates, becomes an interminable, interminable warfare with alternations of such happiness as is possible where content has fled.

If this state of things goes from bad to worse, as it sometimes does, it becomes the life of two galley slaves, manacled together and hating each other with a hatred impossible to those who are at liberty.

When things have arrived at this point, just one hope of salvation from utter shipwreck remains—those who once were attached and then semi-attached and then semi-detached must call upon the law to break the chain it has riveted upon their only too willing wrists, and to pronounce them detached absolutely and without peradventure, each to carry a scarred and wounded member through life, never again to be as they were before they submitted to the bonds they now have broken, and yet both of them thankful to have escaped even "by the skin of the teeth."

To be perfectly attached, then, is to be perfectly happy, but with a happiness transitory and mocking as the beauty of a soap bubble. To be semi-attached is to be tossed and torn with perplexities and annoyances innumerable. To be semi-detached is to live a life of wrangling, recrimination, suspicion, jealousy and heartburning—in its ultimate stage a life of such misery and hatred that death or the law's harsh cleaver must be summoned to break the chain. To be detached is to drag around the scars of the chain, to live a life of bitter memories and yet more bitter regrets, to be forever murmuring, "It might have been! It might have been!" And so finally we come to the only position left possible for poor, foolish, credulous, loving humanity—the condition of the unattached.

To be unattached is, as I said before, entirely different from being detached, which is the same thing as being detached. But the unattached is one upon whom the glamour and the thrill of love have never passed. The unattached person is one who has never blown a soap bubble, and, what is more, does not want to blow one—a person so cold by nature or so sensible by conviction that he sees through the soap bubble business, so to speak, and declines taking any stock in it.

"Yes, pretty enough!" he growls, looking out of the corners of his eyes at the floating, glittering glory, dancing on the summer breeze. "But look there!"

And he points to the empty spot where it has been and walks away into the shade and the loneliness of his own little nook.

Or, if it is not he, but she, perhaps she remains unattached in quite another fashion. She sees the bubbles, that they are fair and desirable for a moment's amusement, and she is shrewd enough to see that they are frail as fair, and fit only for the moment's amusement.

She by no means declines to share in the sport, but in fact eagerly tries to excel in it. She blows the biggest bubble of all, and she tosses it most gayly into the sunshine, and she watches it with all her eyes so long as it lasts, and

when it bursts she is neither disappointed nor grieved, but blithely turns and blows another as big, as bright, as airy and as transitory. She neither deceives herself nor does she wish to deceive any one else. If some playmate will amuse himself with her at the pretty sport, she welcomes him and takes it for granted that he understands the nature of soap bubbles as well as she does. If not, it is his own fault—he should have learned the rules of the game.

Do you ask if I mean that it is a good thing to be a coquette and play at love, with no serious meaning in the play? No; no, indeed. But a coquette is widely different from my ideal unattached lassie. The coquette finds her amusement in pretending that the soap bubbles she wafts before the eyes of her victims are solid and true and permanent—round globes whose surface is all mapped off in realms of paradise, and fortunate isles and fountains of perpetual youth and gardens of golden apples. She knows better herself of course, but she is a sorceress and has the power of making those who come under her spell believe what she will have them, and the more fully they believe the more amusement she finds in the sport. After awhile the bubble bursts and the spell is lifted. Then comes the bitter end for the victim, and for the victimizer the very cream of the joke—that is, if she is a real and absolutely heartless coquette, but if she is not there is perhaps a little remorse, a little virtuous resolution and a little quietude. Then more soap bubbles, and the same thing all over again.

But the peaceful and happy "unattached" is one who is so wise, so well balanced, so self-sufficing, that love has never gained the mastery of his will or his reason—one who is able to care for his friends, and even to dabble and dally with the affections and yet never give way to them—one who is love's master and not love's slave.

Such men there are, and when once in awhile I meet one I look upon him with awe and admiration. I walk around and around him as one does around that tilting stone in Ireland, which may be gently rocked this way and that by the hand of a child and resists the strongest man's efforts to move it from its base. For my part, I would not for worlds move it even if I could, nor would I move the man who resembles it.

The absolutely unattached woman who does not coquet and who does not even play at love and never has is rarer, but I have now and again seen her also. She is generally literary or artistic or philanthropic, for a woman must devote herself to something. She is generally plain of visage and of dress. She is a little self-assertive and a little opinionated, for she has never learned love's sweet humility. She is rather careless of the opinions of others and thoroughly contented with her own theories of life. She is, as a rule, very sure that love is a folly or at least, would be for her, and what is more, it is a thing she does not care to study or consider. She is perhaps the most satisfied and contented of women, but is she the happiest?

That is the question to which I have never yet found a satisfactory reply. What do you think?

(M) Frank Leslie

IN NEW LINES.

A Writer Who Draws Inspiration From the Charming of Ancient Egypt.

Among the newer writers in New York who are fast making a name and endearing themselves to cultivated readers is Miss Lucy Cleveland, the author of "Lotus Life." Miss Cleveland, who writes delightful prose as well as poetry, was born in Philadelphia, but the early years of her life were spent in England. She was educated in Germany and France, becoming familiar with the languages of both countries and finding inspiration in the quaint environment of the ancient German town—Münster—in northern Westphalia. Not until her return from Europe did cir-

cumstances develop a realization of a vocation to literature, an inherited gift from her father, Professor Charles D. Cleveland of Philadelphia, the well known author of the "Compendium of English Literature," of "Grecian Antiquities" and other volumes on the classics. In his association and under his influence Miss Cleveland's studies were directed.

By the force of sudden circumstances the attention of the author of "Lotus Life" was drawn to the novel charm of ancient Egypt, and to its infinite resource of life and romance. She has only entered on the threshold of this stupendous theme, but her work gives promise of much to be accomplished on the same interesting lines in the future.

THO. HOLLAND.

Women and men of retiring timidity are cowardly in dangers which affect themselves, but the first to rescue when others are endangered.—Jean Paul.

Women's hearts are made of stout leather; there's a plaguey sight of wear in them.—Judge Haliburton.

Good Health

HYGIENIC VALUE OF PERFUMES.

Source of Ozone in the Atmosphere—The Odor of Spices and Flowers.

Dr. Anders of Philadelphia a few years ago made the interesting discovery that the ozone in the atmosphere, the element which is the great purifier, was mainly supplied from blooming flowers, and for this reason blooming plants were healthful in dwelling houses as well as attractive. Some interesting experiments with the odors of flowers have been made in the laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania. The odors of flowers are destroyed by various odors.

The odor of cloves has been known to destroy these minute creatures in 25 minutes; cinnamon will kill some species in 12 minutes; thyme in 35. In 45 minutes the common wild verberna is found effective, while the odor of some geranium flowers has destroyed various forms of microbes in 50 minutes. The essence of cinnamon is said to destroy the typhoid fever microbe in 10 minutes and is recorded as the most effective of all odors as an antiseptic. It is now believed, says Meehan's Monthly, that flowers which are found in Egyptian mummies were placed there more for their antiseptic properties than as mere ornaments or elements in sentimental work.

How to Avoid Colds.

A writer in the Providence Journal advocates a practice for avoiding colds which has at least the merit of being very easy to try. He says: For many years my occupation took me to crowded political and labor meetings, generally held in rooms destitute of any means of ventilation. The heat was intense, the air fetid and poisonous. I have had such meetings both in perspiration and plunged into the chill of a winter's night, thereby running the risk of catching the severest cold. Yet, strange to say, I enjoyed a singular immunity from such aggravating ailments. At the first touch of cold air I took a deep inspiration and then held my breath for half a minute, in the meantime walking as fast as I could. During that half minute the pores of the skin were closed against the chilling atmosphere, and by the time the lungs called for reinvigoration the body had considerably cooled and the risk of a chill was over.

I recommend this practice to public speakers, vocalists, entertainers and those who are obliged to frequent unduly heated rooms. In my own case the practice never failed, and although I fully believe in its value I never understood the reason of it until a learned scientist came forward with the remarkable theory that while holding the breath the skin could be maintained impervious to the sting of the breeze.

Two Practical Points.

Beds when occupied should not be placed with one side close to the wall. In this position the sleeper's breath is thrown back and inhaled again, a most pernicious practice. Another objection is possible dampness from the walls. Let there be a free circulation of air all around the bed, especially if there are two occupants.

The temperature of a room should not be above 70 degrees F., and 68 is even better. An eminent physician says that furnace heat has as much to do as anything with killing our people.

Remedy For Bleeding at the Nose.

Some one affirms that a perfectly sure remedy for bleeding at the nose is to move the jaw rapidly. If a person who is suffering from severe hemorrhage of this character will chew gum vigorously for a minute or two, the bleeding will entirely cease, and it is important for him to keep some gum in his pocket, so that when the feeling of fullness which precedes the renewal of attack comes on he can avert the danger.

Resting the Eyes.

It is said that in the continued use of the eyes, in such work as sewing, typesetting, bookkeeping, reading and studying, the saving point is looking up from the work at short intervals and looking around the room. This may be practiced every 10 or 15 minutes. This relieves the muscular tension, rests the eyes and makes the blood supply much better.

ART FOR AMATEURS.

PASTEL PAINTING.

It Fascinates by Its Rapidity, Convenience and Fresh and Vivid Effects.

Pastel painting is an art that has come greatly to the fore of late years. For brilliancy and purity of color it cannot be equaled, and many a famous artist of the day turns from his oil colors to his crayon box for relaxation, taking great delight in the vivid and fresh effects which can be produced by comparatively rapid work. It would doubtless quite supersede water colors as a convenient and satisfactory medium for sketching were it not for the danger of rubbing, for no "fixatif" has yet been found that does not detract from the soft yet brilliant effect which is its chief characteristic. Even with this disadvantage, however, it is becoming more and more popular, according to the New York Tribune, which recommends those who are fond of sketching or painting to try this delightful art and gives the following information about it:

Graduated colors, assorted, either for landscape or portrait use can be bought at any of the places where artists' materials are sold, as well as paper prepared for the purpose. Many artists prefer velvet and prepare it themselves by rubbing it with glass paper, No. 1, until it is uniformly roughened. Another paper that produces excellent effects is ordinary pumice paper, with a coat of starch put on with a large, soft brush. When this is dry, brush off the surface powder, and it is ready for use. What is generally used is sandal oil paper manufactured especially for crayon work.

For portraits it is best to put one or two thicknesses of cloth on the board before tacking on the paper, as the rubbing is apt to tear it. Sketch the outline of your subject very slightly with a hard brown crayon. A lead pencil should never be used. A stump is a very good thing to put in the first tints with. Begin with the lights. Keep the various tints perfectly pure, and when they are all in blend them together with the finger. Afterward they may be worked over with the crayon point to give additional depth and color. There are so many surprises in crayon painting, and in operations, as it were, of which the artist may avail himself, that experiments with it after a certain proficiency has been obtained are very fascinating.

MISS LUCY CLEVELAND.

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WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Women and Fruit—John Brown's Daughter a Successful Fruit Raiser.

A 20 acre prune orchard in the young state of Washington produced this year 40 tons of fruit. The owner of the orchard sold the prunes for \$6,000. The owner in this case happened to be a man, but there is no reason why it should not have been a woman. Fruit culture is as well adapted to women as to men, and the independent income to be made at it should be shared alike by our sex. In the culture of small fruits, berries, currants, etc., women can do easily all the work without assistance. In the matter of fruit that grows on trees, too, they can succeed. I well remember the good fun we girls had when I was a child climbing trees and picking cherries. That women can conduct orange groves, vineyards and orchards as well as men can is proved by the scores of our sex that have established themselves as fruitgrowers in California and are now, many of them, wealthy, their incomes being secured altogether through their own exertions. Miss Sarah Brown, daughter of "John Brown of Ossawatimie," has a fine fruit orchard at Saratoga, not far from San Jose, Cal. The orchard is planted in peaches, olives and French prunes, and while it was growing Miss Brown supported herself by giving drawing and art lessons in San Jose and Saratoga. The lesson she teaches womanhood in pecuniary independence and practical common sense is as valuable as her art lessons.

Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb exhibited at the World's fair a picture called the "Advent Angel," which has been greatly praised, and an illustration of it appears this month in The Century. It is indeed a glorious picture, and I am proud that a woman made it. There has been much discussion about the sex of angels, and some disgruntled old hunkers have declared that all angels were masculine. Evidently Mrs. Lamb does not believe this, for her beautiful angel is more woman than man. Olive Schreiner, in "Dreams," makes her highest, most powerful spirits sexless. But, however that may be, it is certain to my mind that no real angel ever had wings. Think of an angel with goose-quills! The ancient Greeks knew better. Their gods and goddesses moved with a gliding motion, neither flying nor walking. Wings are a special emblem of inward uplifting power, but our materialistic age takes the word literally. I am sorry to see that Mrs. Lamb has put feathers upon her splendid angel.

One gets mortally tired of clinging sweetness. It is like eating candy all the time.

There are good husbands, but they are not the kind of men girls read about in novels.

At the New York horse show an exhibitor told me an interesting