

Ladies' Department.

The Name for a Girl.

If we granted the following request, which comes to us from Kentucky, we should do the baby referred to a poor service:

"Please send us some pretty name for a girl baby—something novel and uncommon—and you will much oblige a reader of the Sun."

Novel and uncommon, or merely pretty and fanciful names, are the ones of all others for you to avoid. You may make your girl an object of ridicule, and cause her mortification which will do serious injury to her disposition, if you give her some old and romantic name.

The old and simple and homely names are the best for girls—the names which have been borne by women for thousands of years, and which are both beautiful in themselves and sweet in their associations. There is a dignity about them which befits womanhood, while a great part of the fanciful names which have of late come into fashion, are inappropriate, except in the nursery, as pet appellations of babies.

There are a score of common names which are far better than any of those manufactured by romancers. They are all good, and all suitable, and because thousands and millions of women have been known by them, they are none the less attractive. Those which are most commonly used, are indeed, the most agreeable to the ear—like Mary and Margie, Catherine and Harriet, Jane and Lucy, and Elizabeth. They are dignified, and their homeliness makes them all the more charming. Affection will never get tired of them. They will be as common a thousand years from now, as they were a thousand years ago, and as they are to-day.

We therefore advise our friend to give up his plan for distinguishing his girl by burdening her with some "novel and uncommon" name, and if she grows to be a sensible woman she will thank us for our refusal to assist him in finding such an appellation. —N. Y. Sun.

Women who Go to Sea.

The duty which the seaman is called upon to perform are of such an arduous nature, that woman has, by common consent, been debarred from undertaking them. Even the most advanced advocates of the rights of woman do not urge her to enter into competition with the stronger sex in this field of usefulness. There are, however, a large number of women who habitually go to sea, and who feel as out of place on land as does the most hardened old salt who ever spliced a rope. Seagoing women, as a rule, are either the stewardesses, or the wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, cousins or aunts of captains or officers. The stewardess is the only one who may be strictly classed as a female member of a ship's crew. She goes to sea in the way of business, and she fills the only position on board ship for which Nature has fitted her. She signs articles before sailing, like the officers and sailors, while the female relatives of the captain and officers are classed as passengers.

The life which women lead on board ship is a monotonous one. Their quarters are clear, and their social opportunities are quite limited. The captain's wife may tire of the society of her husband, or of the constant care of the children. If she wishes to go out to walk, she is confined to the quarter-deck. A flirtation, during her airing, with one of the mates, or the carpenter, would be beneath her. If she happens to be good-looking, the vessel will constantly swing a few points out of its course, for the man at the wheel will keep his eye on her as long as she continues her promenade. She may make an occasional excursion to the forward part of the ship, but even in that novelty she finds little to attract

her. A passing vessel arouses her interest, and a hurricane relieves, to a certain extent, the monotony of her existence; but these blessings do not come along very day. She has no one to gossip with but the stewardess, and they find few matters of recent date which are worth discussing at any great length.

The captain's wife may be as gay as she chooses without causing any scandal; but, unfortunately, she has very little to stimulate whatever desire for gaiety she may possess. She has some advantages, however, for she is able to keep an eye on her husband. How, or where he spends his evenings, is no mystery to her.

A woman who is fond of society does not enjoy herself on shipboard, and, consequently, captain's wives who go to sea, are, as a rule, staid matrons who care little for excitement, and are only comfortable with quiet surroundings. After having been at sea a few years, the master's wife regards herself as an old sailor. She picks up the technical terms, and acquires the art of preserving her equilibrium in rough weather. If her husband is a part owner of the ship, she keeps an eye on the stores, and sees that neither the cook nor the stewardess is guilty of the sin of wasting. If by any chance she has, while on shore, become religious, she undertakes the conversion of some of the hardened sinners among the crew. She sometimes establishes a Sunday school, and distributes tracts among the sailors. The latter take an interest in the institution as long as it continues to be a novelty. —*American Aquatic Magazine.*

A New Profession for Women.

"I'm a duster," said a young woman whom a reporter met in a private house up-town, "a professional duster. It's a regular profession, dusting is, nowadays. The parlors of the rich have grown to be so many museums of delicate and costly ornaments. To dust and arrange these collections every day would too severely tax the strength of the wealthy ladies. To set the servants at the work was found to be bad management, not because they were bungling and liable to smash the delicate fabrics but because the servants have no time to spare from their other duties. Therefore the mistresses employ competent women to keep their parlors in order. The dusting business is an established industry, but it is confined to the metropolis, and almost entirely to the region of brown-stone fronts. All the dusters I know of are women who have seen better days; but of course it isn't every educated and refined woman who can make a good duster."

"What are the requirements?"

"She must be light-footed, quick, and strong in her wrists and arms. To visit a dozen houses in the forenoon before callers arrive, and dust and arrange things, is no child's play. A woman must fairly jump at her work. The remuneration? Well, a dollar, or seventy-five cents a visit, sometimes more. At some houses, where the hostess entertains a good many guests the rooms are arranged every day. Orders are given to the dusters to change the arrangement of the appointments every time they come. Then, again, a duster must know how to take hold of every sort of knick-knack, and how to move it safely. She must know just what sort of brush to use for every sort of dusting. The brush that will not break a filmy tureen of glass, is useless on a piece of furniture, and would not reach the ceiling corners. She must have several brushes, and she must not be careless or slapdash for an instant. There are a few bits of bric-a-brac in those parlors that I could not replace with six months earnings." —*Philadelphia Press.*

A Lady in Japan.

An English lady traveling in Japan writes as follows about her experience in

address: "In the country house of a daimo, where we obtained lodging and en-

tainment, I was the cause of much amusement. A number of ladies were invited to meet me at afternoon nice (the name for dinner.) They sat on their heels around the little table which I used as a chair. My feet were stretched out before me. The hostess with, as I took it; many apologies, began to inspect my boots. As her curiosity was keen, I drew them off. All the ladies pronounced upon them, and some then asked me leave to fit them on. Before doing this, they caused bowls of hot water to be brought, washed their feet carefully and dried them by fanning them which made the wet evaporate quickly. As they all had children's feet, my boots were awkwardly big and more ridiculous than I can say. The ladies next handled my skirt and corsage, and, to oblige them I took them off. The petticoats had their turn, then my stockings, which they did not laugh at, after them my buckled elastic garters, and last my stays. Japanese politeness here broke down. Everyone shook and cried with laughter in looking at the stays. One of the ladies had picked some French at Osaka (a treaty port), and explained to me that the others wished to know whether the stays had been invented to serve as a cuirass to protect fair Europeans from rude men, or, was it worn as a penitential garment to expiate sins? I said: "No, but to beautify the figure." This answer convulsed them. A stayed-up woman affected their impressive and well-educated eyes as something monstrously ugly and absurd. Japanese dress is beautiful and so easy. There was yet another question to be answered. There are, so far as I know, neither cows nor goats in Japan. Children are not, therefore, weaned until they are big enough to go to school. I had noticed that poor Miss Mito was an object of general commiseration. I did not know why. The reason came out when my stays were being examined. They were a barrier between the mother and the child, which was cut off by them from its lactical rights. I told them that we delegated the nursing duties to poor women and cows. I am afraid I was imperfectly translated, for I saw that I was for a moment an object of horror."

How Cotton is Made.

Here lie heaps of the snowy cotton wool as it has been opened out of the bales in which it was carried across the Atlantic. Take up a tuft of wool and examine it. The fibres lie in all directions, and are apparently in a state of hopeless entanglement. It is evident that before they can be formed into a thread they must be brought to something like parallel order. Accordingly we find that the first business to which the cotton spinner applies himself is to give the fibres the needful parallel arrangement. This he does by means of a machine known as a carding engine. This consists of a series of drums or cylinders, covered with fine wire spikes. As the wool is passed through between the cylinders, the spikes catch the fibres and draw them straight. After this operation has been repeated a sufficient number of times, the wool is drawn off in the form of a soft rope about the thickness of one's finger. As yet it has received no twist, and consequently has to be dealt with tenderly. The rope of fibres, having been wound upon large bobbins, is taken to the first of the series of spinning machines, by which it is drawn out and slightly twisted into a cord of about the thickness of a quill. This cord is then passed to another machine which draws it still farther, and gives it some more twist. After it has been brought to the desired degree of fineness by operations such as these, it receives its final drawing and twisting on the spinning mule, a most complicated piece of mechanism. * * * So far we have got only a single yarn towards the formation of a thread, and we must follow that yarn to the doubling machine. Before being placed on the machine, however, the yarn

has to be passed rapidly through a gas flame in order to burn off the loose ends of fibre. Were this not done, the finished thread would have a rough exterior, and would not be so easy to sew with. Two lengths of yarn are now twisted together, and then three of these double filaments are formed into a thread. The thread is reeled off into hanks, and in that form is either bleached or dyed as may be desired. All that is now necessary to do is to polish the thread by passing it between rollers having a peculiar motion, and to wind it upon the bobbins on which it is sent to market.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of strong coffee, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, three eggs, four cups of flour, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, and one-half-teaspoonful of saleratus. This makes two loaves.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of cream, one half-teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make it the thickness of cream. Butter white paper, put in a long pan bake quickly. Remove from the tin as soon as done, lay upon a towel bottom side up, spread with jelly and roll quickly as possible. Leave the towel closely wrapped about the cake until ready to cut.

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C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own cases I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

Passenger (in a hurry)—"Is the train punctual?" Porter—"Yes, sir, generally a quarter of an hour late to a minute."

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blisters, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc. it has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia: I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done any good."

It was the late Bishop of Litchfield who, when he was abruptly asked the way to heaven, replied, "Turn to the right, and go straight forward."



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