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WOMAN IS THE HIGHEST.

Somewhere I have heard this adage,
And I think it is a true one:
"It takes much to make a lady,
It takes more to make a woman."
Ladies with their studied graces,
Ladies with their snow white hands,
Delicate and clear cut faces,
Ladies high and ladies grand,
Clothed in velvet, robed in laces,
Much too fine for common touch,
Crowned and decked with pearls and rubies,
Not true woman, overmuch
Shallow, vain and superficial;
There are thousands simply human
Worthy of the name of lady,
Scarcely worth the name of woman.

Not for them the grand creations
Of a glorious womanhood;
Not for them the high ideals
Only soul hath understood;
Not for them the lofty mountains
Rising o'er life's desert waste;
They have eaten Dead Sea apples,
Let them pall upon their taste.
Woman mounting slowly upward,
Pure and steadfast, modest, sweet
As the violets, which are blooming
In some shaded, cool retreat;
Woman reaching out strong tendrils,
Earnest in the walks of life,
Treading in the path of duty
Through temptation, care and strife;
Women in the garb of patience
Standing where the tried have stood;
Breaking bread for questioning spirits,
Wearing crown of motherhood;
Woman delving, sculpturing, carving,
Making still this adage true one:
"It takes much to make a lady,
It takes more to make a woman."

Let the fires of fate burn higher,
Well, who cares? On downy bed
Sleeps the lady, but the woman
Walks the earth with stronger tread.
Vital are the latent forces
Which are tried, the pearls lie deep,
And they win who stem the courses
And who climb the mountain steep,
Write upon the heart this adage,
For we know it is a true one:
"It takes much to make a lady,
It takes more to make a woman."
—Emma P. Brown in Woman's Journal.

TEACHING CHILDREN.

There Is Need of Care in Training the Memory of the Little Men and Women.

We cannot be too careful in teaching children to discriminate between real memory, imagination and guessing. Attach no penalty to excusable ignorance, but frown upon the putting forth of guesses for truth.

The memory sometimes acts spontaneously, and sometimes it is influenced by the will. Memory should act spontaneously in the case of recalling common words as the signs of ideas, in the case of the tables in arithmetic, the orthography of common words, the musical tones in the scale and other necessary facts of common life. The memory should be taxed in this way only to a limited extent. In many cases we should furnish the mind with only the means of recall and recognition. That the sum of seven and eight and five is twenty, is a case in point.

The will has only an indirect control over the memory. It can detain an idea known to be related to what we wish to remember; and in this way secure the recall and recognition of what is desired.

The qualities of a good memory are facility of impression, great retentive power, and readiness in the recovery of whatever has been sufficiently impressed. The latter quality may often be improved by making earnest demands upon the memory to act quickly; as in addition, by requiring the pupil to state results as soon as obtained.

There are two types of memory, the circumstantial and the philosophic. The former recalls ideas in the relation of contiguity. It pictures objects as they exist in space and events as they occur in time. The latter recalls ideas in the relations of similarity, contrast and causation. It recalls classes and systems and causes and effects. This kind of memory presupposes a knowledge of the remembered relations.

The circumstantial memory is developed first; and the philosophic memory has stages of its development corresponding to the relations in which ideas are recalled. Objects are first remembered as they exist in time and space, then as similar, next as contrasted, and finally as casually related. This order cannot be reversed or changed. All teaching should correspond to this law.

The conditions favorable to good memory are learning with attention and interest, a repetition of the process under favoring conditions of body and mind, a systematic arrangement of ideas and the habit of stating the truth with exactness.—Journal of Education.

Children That Tease.

It is a misfortune to a child to suppose that teasing is essential to gaining a point that he ought to gain. A result of such a view in his mind is that he looks not to his parents' wisdom and judgment, but to his own positiveness and persistency as the guide of his action in any mooted case of personal conduct; not to principles which are disclosed to him by one who is in authority, but to impulses which are wholly in his own bosom. Such a view is inimical to all wise methods of thinking and doing on a child's part. And it is even more of a misfortune to the parent than to the child for a child to have the idea that the parent's decision is the result of the child's teasing, rather than that of the parent's understanding of what is right and best in a given case. No parent can have the truest respect of a child while the child knows that he can tease that parent into compliance with the child's request contrary to the parent's real or supposed conviction. For the child's sake, therefore, and also for the parent's, every child ought to be trained not to tease, and not to expect any possible advantage from teasing.—Sunday School Times.

Mothers the Best Doctors.

Drs. Abernethy, Rush, Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw was a Christian mother. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could so touch a sore without hurting it? And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead, so she could look closer at the wound, it was three-fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, although you may have been man and women, thirty, forty or fifty years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were five or ten years old. It is fortunate that God does not ask us when to let the old folks go for we would keep them too long from their needed rest.—Talmage.

The Divan Fad.

The latest fad in furniture is the divan, "M. E. W." declares in The Providence Journal. No drawing room of any pretensions in New York is without one, and usually they cost from $75 up. They are nothing more or less than an especially luxurious couch, with no head or arms, generally set in a corner and heaped high with soft cushions filled with down and covered with silk of all colors, the daintier and more delicately blended the better. On one of these oriental innovations, among cushions of pale pink-and-green and blue and fawn color, in a luxurious tea gown of faint tinted silk and lace and embroideries, madam reclines at the hour of afternoon tea in her dimly lighted drawing room.

WOMAN AND HOME.

TRAITS OF THE REMARKABLE WOMAN WHO RULES GREAT BRITAIN.

Julia Ward Howe on Woman's Indifference—The Beauties of Andalusia — The Political Women Will Win—Dressing the Baby—Pin Money for Farmers' Wives.

Among the many hard-working women in England there is none more industrious than Queen Victoria, and, like the majority of those who have achieved any distinguished success in the state of life to which they have been called, she is a great believer in early rising. In Prince Albert's time the royal couple had always breakfasted, attended prayers with their household in the private chapel and taken a walk together round the grounds of their palace before 9:30 o'clock, when the real business of the day began. Although not so young and hearty nowadays as formerly, the queen still rings for her cup of cocoa at 7 o'clock and rises an hour later. Breakfast is laid out in the apartments of Princess Beatrice, with whom her majesty also lunches alone.

At Windsor the morning is spent in signing state documents and generally studying state affairs, and if the weather be propitious the work is carried on out of doors under a tent. Like every good Englishwoman the queen dearly loves her tea and partakes of the cozy meal in company with Prince Henry of Battenberg and their little ones. The afternoon is entirely occupied with driving, or sometimes riding, an exercise her majesty is very loth to relinquish notwithstanding years. The royal dinner hour is 9 o'clock, sometimes even later—just about the time when the sovereign's eldest grandchild, the emperor of Germany, thinks of going off to roost after having discussed a very simple supper with his family and friends. Fortunately no meal at the royal castles is of long duration, and dinner is dispatched in a mercifully expeditious manner. If guests have been invited the queen enters her drawing room five minutes before the hour strikes, and on the sound of the gong leads the way to the dining hall. Soon after 10 the party retire to the "corridor de conversation," and the august lady addresses all her friends in succession, but does not remain with them much longer than half an hour, when she returns to her own apartments to write letters or play duets on the piano with any of her daughters who happen to be staying with her.

At Balmoral, "the dullest house on this earth," according to the late Lord Beaconsfield, the monotony of existence is almost oppressive. State business is, of course, conducted as at Buckingham palace and at Windsor, in the early morning, after which, more often than not, the whole party is forced to proceed on a country expedition in open landaus however cold the weather may be, not returning home until late in the afternoon or evening. Luncheons and tea baskets are of course taken in the carriages, and the repasts spread out in picnic like fashion in some sheltered nook. The queen is particularly fond of sketching, and to the despair of her shivering and blue faced ladies in waiting, will order her camp stool to be produced, and remain plante la, transferring the landscape to paper, while these unfortunate mortals stand around, awaiting her good pleasure. One of her majesty's most pronounced peculiarities is an inordinate love of cold weather. Fires are her abomination, and she will enter the room where her people are assembled, suffering severely from the effects of those open windows, which are de rigueur wherever she is expected, exclaiming with provoking hilarity: "What a lovely day!" "What a comfort to see Jack Frost again!"

It must be whispered that the chief lady of the realm is not on all occasions the most considerate of companions. Besides her disregard for the feelings of others in respect to icy apartments, she is apparently unaware that her ladies in waiting are like ordinary mortals, capable of bodily fatigue. They must always be within earshot, always ready to produce the daily papers (from which every paragraph which might prove distasteful to their sovereign has previously been carefully removed) and to read aloud standing for any length of time. French and German, as well as English books, are discussed in the presence of the royal circle after dinner, when the queen is not feeling inclined for music, and woe betide the maid who shows any sign of failing strength! Many ladies have, indeed, proved physically unequal to the tasks thus imposed upon them and have been dismissed without further ado.

The queen is, as may be imagined, a stern mentor in small matters as in great. Her dislike to the ways and manners of the modern Englishwoman is very evident, and only recently has she allowed her ladies to indulge in such vanities as "fringes," or to disport themselves in ulsters or other outdoor gear displaying a masculine cut. To drive a dog cart was also, in her opinion, an essentially manly privilege, and the Princess Beatrice, who now revels in the pastime, had, I believe, a hard fight to obtain her mother's permission to be seen thus demeaning herself anywhere outside the castle grounds at Balmoral.

The Lady Victoria's own costumes are of the simplest, and her bonnets of antiquated fashion, while, must I admit it?—her indoor boots retain the broad, almost forgotten shape of bygone times, and are made of paramatta, with elastic sides.

Not long ago, to my knowledge, a pretty little maid of 3 summers, the child of one of her favorite young friends, was summoned to Windsor to take tea with her majesty's grandchildren. The proud mother had dressed her tiny daughter in a sashless but picturesque Kate Greenaway frock—a new fangled attire which did not seem to find pleasure with her majesty, for she remarked to the nurse on parting with her: "Maggie is a nice little girl, but the next time she comes to see me she must wear a sash."—London Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.

Woman's Indifference.

There is a class of noble workers who labor unceasingly for the uplifting of their unfortunate sister women; but there is a still larger class who do nothing of the kind. It is true these may live so far removed, "on the high table land of circumstance and opportunity," that the cries which hourly go up to God from the oppressed never reach their ears; but we doubt it. In all the world there is no blindness or deafness like the blindness and deafness of indifference. It is to this class which never sees the pitiful sights, though pitiful sights are everywhere, and that never hears the plaintive moans, though moanings fill the air, that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe addresses herself in the following masterful appeal:

"I will not say how far women attain or come short of the divine grace, charity; but I will say that without it they must always lack the crown and glory of womanhood. I will say, too, that in the present day the especial and providential subject of this charity is their own sex. How does our record stand in this particular? We are held to be the depository of personal purity; but we give up a frightful proportion of our sex to recognized pollution and degradation. Some of us live and move on a high table land of circumstance and opportunity. All about us are the deep vales of misery and privation. The wail of women who cannot feed their children, who break their health with overwork, or waste it in ignorant idleness, comes up to us. We shrug our shoulders, fling an alms, fill up a subscription, are sorry—that is all. But if we had charity, Paul's charity, we should go down into these low places, and inquire into the causes of all this misery and degradation. And then the superfluity of our health would all be directed to the true alchemy, the turning of society dross into human gold.

"Society women, apply yourselves to lifting up the women of the poorer classes. Young ladies, let each one of you help some young girl who stands on the threshold of life, unprovided with the skill and knowledge which are requisite to make a woman's life pure, honorable and self supporting. Mothers, who lay your infants in a silken bed, or gather around you your well grown children, have a care for the mothers whose infants pine in unwholesome dens, whose children, if left to themselves, will learn only the road to the gallows. Rise to the entertainment of this true thought: 'The evil which we could prevent, and do not, is in that degree our fault.'"—Good Health.

The Beauties of Andalusia.

As regards her stature and mold, the Andalusian girl is almost invariably a petite brunette, and, although not all are plump and many are too stout, the majority have exquisitely symmetrical tapering limbs, well developed busts (flat chested women are almost unknown in Spain), and the most dainty and refined hands and feet. Regarding these feet Gautier makes the most astounding assertion, that "without any poetic exaggeration it would be easy here in Seville to find women whose feet an infant might hold in its hands. A French girl of 7 or 8 could not wear the shoes of an Andalusian of 20."

I am glad to attest that, if the feet of Sevillian women really were so monstrously small fifty years ago, they are so no longer. It is discouraging to see a man like Gautier fall into the vulgar error of fancying that, because a small foot is a thing of beauty, therefore the smaller the foot the more beautiful it must be.

If Andalusian women really had feet so small that a baby might hold them in its hands, they would not be able to walk at all, or, at least, not gracefully. But it is precisely their graceful gait and carriage for which they are most famed and admired. All Spanish women are graceful as compared with the women of other nations, but among them all the Andalusians are pre-eminent in the poetry of motion, and this is probably the reason that, although regular facial beauty is perhaps commoner in Madrid than in Seville, I find that you cannot pay a greater compliment to a girl in northern Spain than by asking her if she is an Andalusian.

It would be useless to seek among land animals for a gait comparable to that of the women of Seville, Cadiz, Malaga and Granada; and when you compare it to the motion of a swan on the water, a fish in the water, a bird in the air, it is the birds and the fishes that must feel complimented.—Henry T. Finck in Scribner.

Dressing the Baby.

A word in regard to the manner in which Anglo-Saxons dress our babies. It is atrocious, and why we have so long adhered to it is only to be accounted for upon the principle of the old Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, who balanced the grist in one end of his sack by a bag stone in the other, because "what was good enough for his father was good enough for him."

To put a poor little doughy scrap of incipient humanity into a series of petticoats a yard and a half long, with great wide bands, which must be pinned around the little body, while the helpless little head rolls about, and the weak little neck is twisted and stretched, is simply barbarous; and, "because our grandmothers did it," is no excuse for us.

All that is wanted is a bit of soft wool or silk vest, then, while the baby is very young, an abdominal band fastened with three or four bits of tape, and finally a slip reaching a quarter of a yard below the tiny toes, made of flannel, muslin, anything—single, double or treble, at your pleasure, but which can be taken off in a jiffy and replaced by a clean, dry one whenever necessary. What an economy of mother patience and infant happiness! It is a good half hour's work to get a howling, kicking infant out of one of its present rigs and into another, and so the poor little amphibian gets on as best he can, and takes it out in making things lively generally.

The mother, full of a beautiful but mistaken sentiment, has probably spent weeks in stitching at dainty fabrics in the close atmosphere of her room (which are altogether unfit for a drooling baby), when by giving herself fresh air, sunshine, active exercise and intellectual pastime, she would have been heaping up untold benefits for herself and her unborn child.—Lucy M. Hall, M. D.

The Political Women Will Win.

Comte de Franguevielle recently read an admirable paper before the meeting of the five academies which form the Institute of France, in which he made this declaration: "I wager that the political woman eventually wins the day." Women working for equal rights have long felt the truth of this Frenchman's guess. Politics is not a synonym for office holding, as too many shallow thinkers assume, but the science of government.

Now every woman who is interested in the methods and aims of the government under which she lives, is a political woman. They who do the thinking will as certainly eventually do the governing, as two and two make four. Advanced thinkers in Woman's World are turning their attention to political studies. In London and Boston classes have been organized for this purpose which are destined to grow more and more popular.

The suffrage societies in Great Britain and its colonial dependencies and in the United States are working in the same direction. Women of the aristocratic classes in England, who are not suffragists, are very active politicians, and elect or defeat official candidates. They would scorn the epithet, "political women," and yet, in the methods commonly recognized in the term political, they are eminently so.

As we recall the genius for politics displayed by Deborah, Semiramis, Thomyris, Zenobia, Boadicea, Isabella of Castile, Catharine II, Maria Theresa, Elizabeth of England, Madame de Stael, Abigal Adams and hundreds of names less known to fame in times of peace, we must admit that the political woman won the day.—Toronto Globe.

Pin Money for Farmers' Wives.

Jersey farmers' wives don't get many opportunities to turn into dollars the long hours of midwinter, when the household cares of the summer and fall have lightened. Some New York employers, who know that time is literally money in the city, regularly take advantage of this idleness in the country from October to April. One big clothing manufacturer regularly employs scores of women every winter in Hunterdon and Warren counties. He sends an agent once a week with a wagon load of cut and basted coats, waistcoats and trousers up among the farmers' wives in the sparsely settled districts.

Every farm house has its sewing machine, and every farmer's wife is enough of a scamstress to know how to make up a good suit of clothes skillfully. If she lives on the main road the agent brings to her door as much work as she is willing to undertake to do in a week. If she lives away from the thoroughfare she goes to the nearest corner store and meets the agent there. The completed work is delivered and fresh work is received at a regular hour each week.

The pay is small, pitifully so, but the farmer's wife is mighty glad to get it. A dime looks as big as a dollar at that distance from the metropolis in that particular direction. Twenty-five or thirty cents is all she gets for finishing a coat. It would cost the clothing man eighty or ninety cents to get the same work done in his New York shop, and that is where his profit comes in. These women are industrious. Even at the beggarly rates paid, some of them earn $25 a month, which means a great many comforts in a New Jersey farmer's household. The earnings range from $2 to the $25 maximum, and pay day comes once a month.—New York Sun.

Are Beautiful Women Happiest?

In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life, as well as human nature. Now, are those women, blessed as many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, no. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer by, they have acquired through the force, the sweetness, or originality of their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and, consequently, their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good will which is as far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful, as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame.—Anna Katharine Green in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Cairo Women.

Some one turns his head and looks. A hundred heads follow suit. It is a couple of Egyptian women in baggy trousers and veiled to the eyes that hurry by, their multitudinous bangles, bracelets and necklaces glistening and jingling.

In a cool corner, under a gayly striped awning, you halt a few minutes and drink a tiny glass of fiery raki or a dainty eggshell cup of Turkish cafe noir. A bench invites you to rest a moment. The busy world buzzes about you. A fat old lady from the provinces has just brought a bar of candy from that old bearded Moslem in the scarlet fez and green striped robe.

Once between her teeth, it will neither bite nor break off, but glues her mouth and hands together. Her bucolic son, in a big felt hat and high water pantaloons, is so busy laughing at her that he stumbles into a Parisian beauty who approaches, and receives in return a withering scowl from her escort.

On the right stretches a vista of cool arcades, and through the horseshoe pointed arches the shops are seen. Their tempting arrays of all manner of eastern merchandise are surrounded by crowds of onlookers and purchasers.—Cor. Boston Globe.

They Always Win in the End.

Said gentle Lucy Stone at the Edwards breakfast, looking about over the array of notable men and women who were grouped about the tables, gathered to do honor to a woman famed in literature and science:

"It would be hard to believe, when one sees the homage done to the woman of attainment, that fifty years ago women were barred out from taking an active part in the world's affairs, and that press and pulpit united in the dictum which forbade her raising her voice in public. I shall never forget one day in midwinter when I was to speak in a New England town; it was bitterly cold. In the evening, as I was speaking, the windows of the hall were opened from the outside, and I was deluged with water from head to foot."

But even that vigorous and brutal manner of expressing disapproval did not close the mouth of the devoted woman who had a message to bring, and she insisted upon speaking until for very shame's sake they stopped and listened, and were glad of the message that brought it. Bravery and real courage always win in the end. It commands respect and attention.—Boston Herald.

Breathe Properly.

If mothers and all the dear girls who may become mothers would breathe, dress and exercise properly the dawn of a healthier, happier era would be at hand. Consumption, rightly called "lung starvation," would be well nigh impossible if right breathing were always practiced.

Thousands of people who seek health in Florida and elsewhere might get well at home if they were willing and persevering enough to make right use of their lungs. If pure air could be sold by the bottle or pound it might, perhaps, be more properly regarded; but it is so cheap and so abundant—to be had, like salvation, simply for the taking—that its curative powers are greatly underestimated.

Take needed rest and recreation, take rides and walks and frequent baths—but whatever else you do or fail to do, whatever you are or however you feel, be sure that you breathe, breathe, breathe.—Rural New Yorker.

Patti's Hair.

In a letter to a friend in Chicago, Mme. Patti inclosed a small carte-de-visite photograph, showing the new style of coiffure she has adopted, and makes some playful allusions to her new, bright red hair. "It isn't blonde," she writes, "nor even golden brown, but red—bright red of the most quarrelsome shade. You know, I dare say, that I am in mourning for my sister. Black was never becoming to me. I look positively wicked in a black wrap, and with a whole toilet and my black eyes and hair I was a most dismal creature to look upon. I not only found that the sombre tone in which I was cast had a depressing effect upon my own feelings, but was also unpleasant to my friends, and for their sake, as well as my own, I had my dark locks brightened."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Shopping on Business Principles.

Women who know the ropes spare themselves trouble when making several purchases at the larger stores of New York city by asking for a shipping card at the first counter they buy at. Their name, residence, the article purchased, and its cost are recorded on this, and the process is repeated at each counter they visit. When all their purchases are made, they take the card to the cashier and pay for everything at once. All the articles are sent home in one package.—Exchange.

The fair ladies of Paris are much given to Gallicising English verbs. Some time ago they seized upon "5 o'clock tea" and made all manner of comical phrases from it. Now they have annexed the verb "to shop."

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WARNING!—We are the sole and exclusive owners of the Brand or Trade Mark for cigars known by the title or designation of "Cat." Said ownership has been acquired by proper registration by virtue of the Department of Agriculture, dated Ottawa, the 22nd day of December, 1888. The great popularity attained by the "Cat" brand of cigars having induced some unscrupulous persons to imitate the same by the paper wrapping to deceive the buyers of Cat Cigars, which we are determined to put a stop to henceforth; we therefore hereby give notice that all persons or firms imitating our brand, trade mark, label, paper wrapper, and the words Cat, Kitten, Tom Cat on label, or imitate the paper wrapping alone, or in connection with other words for cigars in any shape, or selling cigars not made by us under above titles, or having imitation labels on cigars packed in boxes bearing such labels or paper wrapping, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
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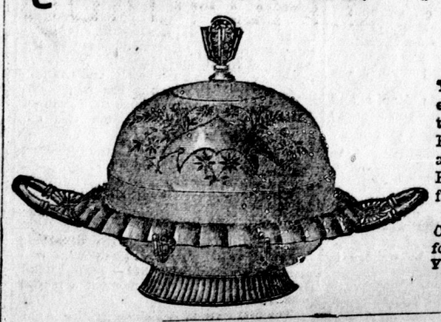
QUADRUPLE PLATE.

Large assortment of Tea Sets, Water Coolers, Waiters, Table Castors, Cake Baskets, Pickle Castors, Biscuit and Marmalade Jars, Butter Dishes, Breakfast Castors, etc.
Large variety Plush Case Goods, suitable for Xmas and New Year's presents.
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