



IDEAL MARRIAGE.—Marriage is a failure just as life and hope are failures, no more so. The good man grows old, marveling at the unfolding of his nature. He notices that marriage consulted needs of which he was not forewarned. He therefore believes the institution divine. The good wife usually goes forward in the same direction, but she leaves her husband—poor soul, whom she loves for his burdens of thought—to do all the philosophizing, while she lets down last winter's school coat and darns a half bushel of stockings.

WOMAN.

Our guardian angel she has always been,
Our guardian angel she will always be.
We'd have her fair as Helen, Sparta's queen,
We'd have her virtuous as Penelope.

And she's so often all that we desire,
So fair, so virtuous, she must not mix
With evil, so we keep her from the mire,
The dirty slough of modern politics.

'Tis very strange how long some chestnuts live!
The foregoing is a chestnut, wormy, old—
But 'tis the reason legislators give
Why they the right to vote from her withhold.

AN ARCTIC BELLE'S ATTIRE.—In a lecture in Brooklyn, in relation to the Polar seas, William Bradford gave the following description of an Arctic belle. A red silk handkerchief was tied around her forehead and ribbons fluttered from the knot of hair which stood up on the crown of her head. Her boots were as red as her handkerchief and quite as spotless. Her trousers were of the choicest and most shining sealskin, neatly ornamented with needlework and beads. Her jacket was also of sealskin, met with trousers at the hips, where it was fringed with a broad band of eiderdown.

WOMANLY WOMEN.—There is a liberty that makes us free and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girls who take liberties with modesty of speech and manner, and who cross over the boundary into masculine territory, are not more free, but more slavish than before. And the approbation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the means taken to gain it. Whatever men may be themselves, they like gentleness, modesty and purity in act and thought in women. They want their wives to be better than themselves. They think that women should be the conservators of all that is restrained, chivalrous and gentle.

NO HEART.—What a thing it is for a man to have said to him that he has no heart! No heart. Then he is hardly a human being. He is like an oyster, a potato, a stick, a stone, like a lump of ice, only he is never in the melting mood. Such a man does not love his own race, nor even his best friends. His love for his own immediate family is a sort of selfish feeling of possession. In reality he loves no one but himself, and that isn't love. And a woman without heart—can there be anything more abhorrent? She seems only like a walking milliner's stand, vitalized to hang dresses upon. We have no fancy for human icicles; we like men of heart.

MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.—No woman has figured in Washington society better able to fill the position of mistress of the White House than Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. Well born, well bred and well educated, she has the easy charm of a woman of the world, yet without one tinge of cynicism or hardness. Given the dangerous gift of wit, she has never used it to sting or wound—one great reason for her personal success. There is no one society respects more than a clever woman who can hold her tongue under temptation. For her *bon mots* and her claret punch, made after the "Tippecanoe" receipt, the wife of the Republican nominee is famous, and, be it said, she serves both with discretion.

MADE OVER.

"Hannah," said Farmer Hull, as he hustled into the farmhouse kitchen, "be you expectin' a letter?"

"No," answered his wife, promptly. "Who'se writ?"

"I dunno, unless it's thet high flyin' sister of yours, Julyett What's-her-uaame? Like enuff she is tired of livin' starched up in the city—'taint enny place for real human folks, enny way—an' so she's comin' here to make us a visit."

"Do she say so?"

"Law sakes, no. Et warn't put in the law an' commanments when we was married that you was to open my letters, nor me yourn. Take an' open it yourself."

So Mrs. Hull opened the letter and began to read it.

"Jest as I remayrkee," said the old man, "ain't it, Hannah?"

"No," said Mrs. Hull, handing him the letter, "'es I make it out it's just the other way. Juliette wants us to go an' visit her. She says she'll stan' the expense, an' is jest sufferin' for somebody to make over. Now, what does she mean?"

The old farmer read the letter with much care and painstaking.

"Gol! Me go a-visitin' whar they eat breakfus' in the middle of the day, an' wear their Sunday close the hull week. I rayther guess not. But, mother, if you want to go, thet's anuther thing. You kin hev the money the old mare fetched—ye nigh about raised Bet, anyway. I'll gin ye thet."

"There's my new alpaccy," said Mrs. Hull, thoughtfully. "I'm right glad I got a good piece. It's as shiny as silk. But, laws, it won't be much in the city! I've heered thet the shop girls there wear real silk and satin ev'ry day."

"Poor things," said her husband; "it must be dredful to hev to dress to death all the time. Where's the ink horn? I'm goin' to write to the children thet their ma's goin' a-visitin'."

After manifold preparations, Mrs. Hull was ready to go and visit her stylish sister, the rich city widow.

The first thing her sister said to her was: "Hannah Hull, you're a fright. I must make you over."

"Why, Juliette, I think you're real mean," said Hannah, with some spirit. "I paid fifty cents a yard far this alapaccy, and my bunnit cost nearly five dollars."

"Don't say bunnit, for goodness sake! You have no style. You've lived down on that old farm till you look one hundred."

"I be over fifty, Juliette; but then I'm only two years older'n—"

"Hush! Never say anything about your age. It isn't polite. Hannah, I must make you over. You won't be the same woman."

Mrs. Hull made such a long visit that her husband became uneasy. The doughnuts and pies were giving out, and beside, he was lonesome. He wanted his Hannah home again. He didn't hanker after the city, but he made up his mind one day that he would go and bring his wife home.

"The old gal will be glad to see me," he said to himself; "it's almost killed her, I expect, by this time, sittin' up so straight an' eatin' all her vittels with a fork, an' bein' away from me. I'll be boun' it'll give her a turn to see me."

It did. The sister had tried the glass of fashion and the mould of form, with wonderful effect on Hannah. She had also introduced Mrs. Hull into "sassiety."

When Mr. Hull arrived he was shown into a darkened parlour by a smirking maid.

"Have you a card, sir?"

"I don't play keerds," said the old man, re-provingly. "You jest tell Hannah there's a gentleman here to see her."

"Beg pardon, sir."

"You needn't. You hain't don nothin'. Jest go and tell Mrs. Hull there's a gentleman kem to see her."

The girl went, and the old man chuckled to himself. He wore his store clothes, and had a

baggy carpet satchel in his hand. His gray locks hung about his rugged face and made it picturesque.

The door opened, and a strange lady entered with a very pink and white complexion. She wore a voluminous blue silk dress, and walked in shoes that were mounted on French heels. Her hair was a wicked yellow.

"Hannah didn't say anythin' about enny other woman a-visitin' here. Who kin she be?" he said to himself.

As the strange lady advanced, at a queer hip-pity-hoppity gait, something in her presence grew familiar.

"Good mornin', ma'am," he said, hesitatingly. "I was expectin' to see my wife—Hannah. I kinder thought you might be her sister. I ain't seen her in a good many years, but she ain't ez young ez you be."

A shrill, affected laugh, that died in a falsetto shriek, greeted him.

"He don't know me! Juliette, come here. Dan'l don't know his own wife."

The old man looked at her attentively.

"Yaller hair on a woman of fifty? Red roses in her cheeks, like a gal of sixteen? Where's the old woman that was my wife—Hannah? I don't want no ballet dancer in her place."

"I've tried to be fashun'ble," moaned Hannah, sinking into a heap on the floor.

"I've spent hundreds of dollars on her," exclaimed her sister, as she looked on, "and this is your gratitude."

"You've made a chromo of her," persisted Dan'l. "Look at that ha'ar."

"It's a pompadour," sobbed Hannah.

"It looks wuss than a barn door; an' look at her cheeks."

"Bloom of youth—\$1 a bottle," grumbled Juliette; "she's made over."

"Hannah," exclaimed her husband, severely, "I'm ashamed of you."

"So be I," sobbed his wife; "but if you live in the city you must do as city folks do."

"Whar's your new alpaccy that you thought good enough for the presydent's wife?"

"In the cluset, upstairs."

"Get inter it, and wash the yaller outer yer gray ha'ar, and the red offen your cheeks, an' kim home!"

"Dan'l's a crank," said Juliette to her weeping sister upstairs, as she tried to soothe her.

"No, he ain't! an' I was a fool to think I could be made over. Sakes alive! how glad I am to get inter my own shoes again."

When Hannah entered the parlour again she was clothed and in her right mind. Her husband beamed upon her.

"Gol!" he exclaimed, "I've got her back! It's the old gal herself this time, as nat'ral as life, an' es purty es a pictur! It's the children's mother. Hurry up, now, an' doan git left. I shan't take a spec of comfort till I git you safe down hum agin on the old farm."

ALMOND MEAL.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox declares there is nothing to compare with almond meal. It is her practice to wash her face once in the morning, and after drying it she goes to an open jar, in which a quantity of the powdered almond is kept, and gives her face a good scouring with the oily meal. After a dozen handfuls have been rubbed in and the skin has a smooth, moist feeling, the fair poetess is as fragrant as an almond blossom and proof to chaps or roughness.

REAL BLONDES VERY SCARCE.—Says a St. Louis gentleman: There are not so many blondes as you would think, not one in twenty, I should say. In explanation of this I would say that few people understand what constitutes a blonde. Every lady with light hair is not a blonde. The word we get from the French. The adverb blonde, on the authority of Clark, the philologist, is defined as meaning fair, light, or flaxen, referring to any object, whereas Simmonds describes a blonde as being "a woman of fair complexion."