

Woman and Her Work

"The Internal Bath"—That is positively what the latest device for beautifying lovely woman is called! I confess that when I first heard of it I thought it must be some new application of that terrible remedy for dyspepsia, the stomach washing tube, and I wondered if it could be possible that even the pursuit of beauty could lead to such lengths. It seemed to me about the only way one could take an internal bath, and the shuddering speculation arose in my mind as to whether soap would be considered an essential part of the inward ablution. I was immensely relieved however, on going a little more deeply into the study of the matter, to find that the internal bath merely consisted of a certain number of glasses of water drunk daily, and that, if persisted in, the result would be beauty in a most unexpected, and astonishing degree, and with a suddenness perfectly bewildering even to the beautiful one herself. The skin becomes soft and clear, the eyes bright, and the cheeks take on a color that would put a June rosebud to shame. Of course something depends on the quality as well as the quantity of water used, it must be pure soft spring water free from all mineral properties, and not too hot, and the patient must consume not less than half a gallon a day at first, the quantity to be increased as the water drinker feels inclined. The drinker begins the day by sipping a pint of cold water slowly while she is dressing; during the day she gets through with a full quart, beginning about an hour after meals and the last pint is consumed after the manner of the first, while the patient is preparing for bed. Such a regimen is warranted to wash away not only nerves, lack of appetite and that tired feeling, but also circles under the eyes, depression of spirits, sallowness of complexion.

I believe physicians have come to the conclusion that half the children of Adam are literally dying for want of water, though they don't know it, perishing of thirst in a land of many rivulets, as it were; that the system requires far more liquid than it gets, and that the rational remedy for many of the ills that flesh is heir to, is in the water pitcher. Acquire the habit of drinking plenty of pure spring water, and you will speedily find yourself better off physically, mentally and even morally, since the water drinking habit is said to have a directly beneficial effect upon the temper, and general disposition, as well as upon the personal appearance. The water must never be taken at meal times, as the habit of drinking water while eating, is most injurious. Certain it is that few of us drink as much water as we should, and the habit of doing without water altogether is one very easily cultivated. I used to be quite a water drinker myself, but somehow nature having provided me with very abbreviated accommodations for fuel, I never could eat as much as I would like, without feeling uncomfortable, and I found that a whole tumbler of water used up all the space I had for legitimate vitals, so I had to give up one or the other. I could not live on water so the vittles won the day, and now I scarcely ever think of taking a glass of water. Perhaps I shall grow young and vigorous as an eagle if I take it to again, besides having my natural charms largely increased; so I must give the matter earnest consideration, and make a choice once more.

By the way—I wonder how the internal bath will blend with the hot milk recipe for beauty, which I was advocating only a few weeks ago? Will they agree with each other and go on their way rejoicing or will they, like two negatives, destroy one another utterly and leave the patient in worse plight than ever? That is the worst of these infallible remedies, you have no sooner accustomed your system to one, begun to see some good results from it, than something newer crops up,

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and all your time seems wasted. However, water is both cheap and plentiful, and one can drink it cold, while milk is expensive in the winter season, and the heating process involves considerable trouble, especially after the fires are all out at night, so if plain cold spring water is going to have the same effect, by all means let us give it the preference, and let the internal bath have the advantage of a thorough, and impartial trial.

A little while ago there was a well defined rumor of the return of earrings to fashionable favor, and as the fashions of 1830 seemed to be gaining so firm a foothold, of course we expected nothing else than "ear drops" which would reach from the lobe of the ear to the shoulder, and were preparing to think them lovely. But somehow good sense and good taste have held their own, and the woman of fashion still wears her little ears undecorated; and unmarred by scars which show where the flesh has been pierced, in order to insert an ornament. But if the ears are not decorated the same cannot be said of the wrists, for bracelets of every description were never more fashionable than now. In fact so eagerly are they sought after that the jewellers say they are being kept busy converting handsome earrings into handsome bracelets. Almost every variety of bracelet that has ever been worn is fashionable now, but there seems to be a preference for the slender bangle style which admits of a great number being worn. Therefore the woman who owns a pair of diamond earrings which are of no use to her and feels the need of something new and beautiful in the bracelet line, merely takes the earrings to a jeweler, and has the two stones set diagonally across a plain gold wire which fastens around the arm. Sometimes she has two bangles each set with a single stone. The more elaborate bracelets are set with a garnet, sapphire, beryl, topaz or turquoise surrounded by diamonds. Of course we are not all so fortunate as to have handsome earrings lying around, waiting to be utilized, but even if we have none, that is no reason why we need go braceletless, since the simplest, as well as the most expensive bangles, are fashionable. They are silver and gold bangles, locked bracelets, chain and padlock bracelets, extension bracelets set with semi-precious stones at close intervals, bracelets made of the rarest jewels, and the most elaborately wrought gold, and lastly every imaginable pretty fancy and quaint conceit developed in silver, and so inexpensive, that almost everyone may gratify her taste for pretty things at a very small outlay. There is the slender wire hung with coins, the pretty twist of rather thick silver from which depends a single locket-like charm of glass set in a slender rim of silver, and framing a real four leaved clover, which must have been found, and pressed by the wearer, in order to be really "lucky". This is the lucky clover bangle, and the fad of the hour. Another favorite is the witch bangle, in which the witch of our childhood's days, is a prominent figure, arrayed in cloak and high crowned hat, and accompanied by her chosen familiar the black cat with arched back, stiffened tail, and glaring eyes. Sometimes the witch alone decorates the bangle proper, and a number of cat heads are hung as charms from the wire band. The bicycle girl is not forgotten, her especially lucky bangle, showing a twisted wire of silver from which hang miniature lantern, bell, tool bag, whistle, etc. In fact, as someone has said, the fashionable bracelet ranges in price all the way from twenty five cents to thousands, but bracelets of some kind one must have, so she would be up to date, and in the swim of fashion.

What Wives Should Remember. That Adam was made first. That he pays the freight. That blessed are the meek. That nine men in ten detest gossip. That all angels are not of your sex. That confidence begets confidence. That men sometimes have "nerves." That there should be no place like home. That it takes two to prolong a family jar. That the least said is the soonest mended. That with all his faults you love him still. That you should have no secrets from him. That husbands have troubles of their own. That he's "all right" when you know him. That woman's best weapon is her weakness.

GERMAN EXPRESS POPULAR.

She is More in Favor Than Her Haughty and Imperial Husband.

The Chicago Chronicle says if Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany is not winning the favor of this subject as successfully as some might wish, his wife is. The Germans love her, in the first place because she is of their race, and secondly because she does not air the same notions that her "consecrated and hallowed" husband is in the habit of doing. An American woman who saw the Empress, and her regiment in review before the Emperor confessed it was a beautiful tableau. After long lines of men and officers went by there was a sharp flourish of bugles and eight splendid men on gray horses, in white uniforms, flashing helmet and cuirasses, rode rapidly into view. Four were in front and four behind the Empress, who rode alone. Her horse, bridle, saddle and habit were pure white. Over the breast of her silver lacing riding jacket a row of medals gleamed, a sash of a royal order was draped over one shoulder, two long white ostrich plumes streamed backward from her little cocked hat and in one white-gloved hand she held a shining sword. "There was a spontaneous outburst of applause as she went swiftly by," said the American woman who saw it all, and saw, too, she said the young Emperor's face relax for a moment as well it might, at the sight of his wife's graceful figure, her smiling face and her perfect control of the animal she rode.

Nowadays, that there are no more babies to claim her hourly attention, and most of her boys are at school, the Empress goes with her husband on nearly all his tours about Germany, and at every unveiling, ship's launching, military review and dedication she takes a small but attractive part. It was in the city of Hanover, not long since, when the royal pair unveiled a statue the same day a big German steamer was launched. Arrangements were made that, by pigeons, news of the launching should be sent to the Emperor. In white, as usual, the Empress stood alone, and rather conspicuously, while her husband reviewed the body of troops. All at once a flock of white and gray pigeons swept over the heads of the crowd, not to their home loft, but directly to where the Empress stood, and settling, flitting and cooing, on her shoulder, arms and hands. The pretty sight was too much for the sentimental Germans, who fell to cheering vigorously.

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INGENUOUS TEXTS.

How the Ministers of Olden Days Pointed at Timely Topics. Our devout forefathers, so easily shocked in many ways, used to permit in the pulpit liberties which in our time would be strongly resented or disapproved. Their personal application of Scripture to others was occasionally pursued very close to the line of libel; and they did not deem it amiss in a minister to select his text with a distinctly humorous intention, even sometimes perverting or curtailing it for the sake of a witty adaptation to circumstances.

Parson Turall of Medford, in the first sermon which he preached after his wedding,—he had married a beautiful brunette,—gave out certainly as much to the entertainment as to the edification of his flock, the text: 'I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!'

Abby Smith, the spirited daughter of Parson Smith, who married John Adams, despite the fact that her father disliked him so much that he would not invite him to the house to dinner, is said to have selected as the text from which her wedding sermon should be preached the significant lines:

'John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, he hath a devil.' Wedding sermons, such as were then customary, offered a tempting field for clerical ingenuity. But that most certainly was not a wedding sermon, and the minister who preached it was assuredly a bachelor, and a very cynical and crusty one at that, for which the abbreviated text was announced to the startled congregation:

'There appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman.'

The famous Dr. Mather Byles, disappointed by Mr. Prince, who was to have preached in his stead, offered an impromptu discourse from the text, 'Put not your trust in princes.'

He was more excusable than the minister in a small New England town, who, for the special benefit of a miserly though prominent parishoner, who was reputed to be holding for higher prices a large quantity of grain and needed for consumption in the village, thundered from the high pulpit the text from Proverbs, 'He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him.'

Applying this denunciation more and more unmistakably to his indignant listener, who sat rigid with wrath in his pew, the preacher carried away at length by his own eloquence, and angered at the little effect it appeared to produce, suddenly broke into a direct address. 'Colonel Ingraham! Colonel Ingraham!' he shouted, thumping the pulpit, 'you know I mean you; why don't you hang down your head?' At a somewhat later day, and in a spirit less questionable, two old-fashioned ministers, who disliked the innovation of 'repeating tunes' when they were first introduced, aimed their discourses aptly, though in vain, against the objectionable practice. 'These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also,' one venerable minister gave out, sorrowfully, upon the first Sabbath of his introduction into his church; while another aged preacher, of a more bilious turn, prefaced a lively, original protest with the text, far from complimentary to the choir, 'The songs of the temple shall be howlings!'

Mistaken. 'Look here, Bridget,' said an indignant lady, 'I have missed things ever since you came to live with me, and to-day I took the liberty of searching your room, and I found my lace kerchief in your bureau drawer.' 'Luk at that, now!' 'Yes, and I found my lace jabot and one of my veils in your trunk.' 'Did anny one iver!' 'And you had a pair of my g'loves in your room.' 'Luk at that agin, now!' 'I have taken all my things to my own room, and I want you to leave the house to day.' 'Oh, but O'P'll lave fasht enough, for its not of that wants to wurruk for anny leddy that so far forgits herself as to go pryin' round in a girrill's room! O's'p't oi was wurkin' for a leddy, but oi've found out me m'stake an' O'll lave this minute!'

Agreed. Charlie—'There is nothing I admire more than a good deed.' Tom—'Nor I—if it is made out in my name.'

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