

WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Power Woman May Yield in the Cause of Total Abstinence—Household Notes—Fashion Happenings—A Bachelor's Peculiar Predicament—Other Features.

The following Prize Essay, which we take from the Index, Scranton, Pa., will prove very profitable reading to our mothers and daughters. It is a contribution from the pen of Margaret Durkin of St. Irene's T. A. Society:

The power of woman in total abstinence is so manifest and so widely felt in these days that it would scarcely seem necessary to dwell on the subject, if it were not for the lamentable fact that there are so many—and among our total abstinence brothers, too—who are unwilling to recognize it.

They do not believe in women interfering in such matters, and that time honored saying "Woman's place is in the home, and her chief aim in life should be to make that home attractive and happy," is quoted so often, that it seems to be waited on every breeze that blows. However, we submit to the truth of that saying, but we beg leave to ask one question. Would we not look askance at a woman who would be content to preside in a saloon for the greater part of her life without making any effort to raise herself above its level? How coarse she would be. How dead to all feminine feeling. And yet, some of those so-called homes, that woman should make bright and happy, bear a too close resemblance to the saloon, for intoxicants are taken in and drunk there; husbands, sons or brothers, as the case may be, reel in drunk, time after time, and the same scenes occur that have occurred in the most common saloon, and these, then, are

THE QUEENLY DOMAINS

to which some women are relegated by partial public opinion without giving her any means of defense. In such cases as these, the total abstinence pledge would be the best weapon of defence for a woman. In the first place, it would give her an excellent reason for barring out liquor from her home, and the very fact that she does not need to take it on her own account, would have a good influence on others, for it would prove to them that the pledge is not for drunkards only. Why not, then, countenance women's taking up the cause of total abstinence, and see what a power for good she would be? The majority of people recognize the fact that every human being exerts an influence for good or evil on his or her associates. Some bring out the good in our natures; others, the evil, and while woman exercises all the good influences, and man the evil, we do maintain that woman has a better field for doing good none of us are so averse to say that or its opposite. Convert a man, says an old proverb, and you convert an individual; convert a woman and you convert a generation.

Although men go out more and come in contact with more people than women, still men mingle chiefly with grown people whose opinions and habits are formed (and we all know the difficulty of breaking up old habits) while women have to deal largely with the young and unformed mind. Therefore if women were earnest total abstainers, they would be careful to point out the evils of strong drink and teach children to avoid it, as they teach them to shun any other vice, and thus children would grow up with a horror for intoxicating drinks, and the success of the cause would be assured, for that would be getting

AT THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

Again, when a man sees that his wife and daughters are total abstainers, it would at least give him food for reflection and while outwardly he may appear to give no thought to it, still, having the example before him day after day, we can be justified in predicting that sooner or later he would try to see if there be any method in their madness, as it were, and thus be brought into their way of thinking. Then, too, if a young man knows that his sweetheart is steadfastly opposed to intoxicants, would he care to displease her by drinking? Her, before whom he wishes to appear always at his best? We certainly think not, and although some people claim that young men don't care whether women are opposed to drinking or not, we cannot agree with them, for we have seen many instances which prove that they do care. For instance, nowadays, if a young man should be so unfortunate as to be seen

remember ever seeing a woman with rosy cheeks? We have reached the slope on the other side of life, but a woman with a frost-bitten ear we have seen not. The architects of woman's headgear never build them with any thought of warmth, and the brevity of them precludes taking in the ears unless they are extremely long, and no matter how cold the weather, almost every lady you see on the street will face the most biting wind, while her ears look like a danger signal on either side of her head. The only way we can account for the phenomena is the wonderful warm heart each one of these dear creatures carries in her bosom. They are styled the weaker sex, but for real fortitude to stand pain, suffering and cold they can put to shame the bravest "lord of creation" on earth.

THE STRANGE CASE OF A BACHELOR.

The New York Sun, under the above caption, presents the following peculiar predicament of a bachelor, which we venture to say will be sympathetically pondered over by many of our fair readers:

This letter of inquiry comes to us from Bridgeport, in Connecticut, with the name and address of the writer; and both the handwriting and manner of expression indicate him to be a man of intelligence:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—Sir: In all sincerity and sober-mindedness I ask you to kindly give me your solid advice as to what steps I should take to secure a wife. I am a well educated young man, 35 years old, have never smoked or drunk, and I seek all recreation from books. I know I can love, but I have never yet seen a woman I could love, perhaps because I never spent sufficient time in the company of women. Nor am I difficult to please.

"A dressmaker or milliner is what I look for, since a young woman in either such business is almost certain to possess that domesticity which precludes the danger of a love for drink, as well as ambition to secure comfort for advancing years. I am of an active turn of mind that will not brook idleness, and, besides education, I have a good constitution, and the combination should enable me to secure constant employment.

"I am really tired of bachelor life and feel certain I could make a good, willing helpmate not only content and satisfied with her lot, but even happy in the strictest sense of the word. They say I am good looking. I have no money, nor do I look for any. I did have considerable money, but lost it in an honest effort to increase it in business. I can make more, and only seek for a woman who may add to it, but who will certainly help to hold it through economy and thrift.

BACHELOR."

It seems somewhat remarkable that a man of 35 years, situated as our correspondent is, should write to us for advice on such a subject. According to the Federal Census of 1890, there are more than 10,000 women between the ages of 15 and 34 years in Bridgeport, the great majority of whom are unmarried. How, then, comes it that a man who "can love," who is not "difficult to please," and is "tired of bachelor life" remains unwillingly in his single state because he cannot find a woman to love and to marry? The wonder is that his own eyes and his own heart do not direct him to some one of that vast aggregation of feminine loveliness, without the help of any other guide, and compel him to efforts to win her for a wife. He might complain that he is embarrassed because of the richness of the field into which his impulses lead him, but to be at a loss to find in Bridgeport a woman upon whom to set his affections is amazing. Desiring to marry, how can he keep from marrying in that prosperous Connecticut town, with thousands of

ENGAGING MAIDENS AND BLOOMING WIDOWS all about him. It is remarkable that there are any bachelors at all in Bridgeport; it is unaccountable when, like our correspondent, they are strong men, capable of strong affection; yet he says that, though he is 35 years old, he has "never yet seen a woman I could love!" What has he been looking at all these years? Has he been blind as he passed along the streets of Bridgeport? Has he been gazing at the stars and not at the procession of womanly beauty? It is true that the longer a man puts off marriage the less likely he is to enter into it, until the day comes when awakening to a consciousness of the misery of prolonged bachelorhood he finds that he has lost the art of attracting feminine interest and even the instinct for discovering feminine charm. He becomes an unnatural being; his affections do not move out spontaneously, but turn in upon himself. He gets into the critical and skeptical mood of our correspondent, and instead of falling in love with a woman, like a sound and genuine human being with natural impulses, sets himself to considering abstractly the qualifications he requires in a wife. He philosophizes about marriage instead of starting out boldly to win a wife.

THE SPECIAL QUALIFICATION.

But why is a dressmaker or a milliner more desirable as a wife than a woman engaged in any other respectable occupation? It is not the accident of her employment, but the quality that is in her that constitutes her value. As a matter of fact, too, dressmakers and milliners are no more exempt from the appetite for drink than those occupied otherwise. The great majority of women are with out that appetite in any dangerous form. Our friend can find hundreds of girls employed in gainful occupations in Bridgeport who are strictly temperate; do not drink at all, but abhor the use of alcoholic beverages by women as heartily as he himself does. He will have no trouble in getting a teetotal wife there, if he can get a wife at all; and he can safely dismiss from his mind all fear of marrying a drunkard if he cultivates the society of good and true women.

What is our "solid advice" to him? It is to go forth like a man and win a

good woman for a wife, and in Bridgeport there are multitudes of good women, so many of them that they far outnumber the good men, with, alas! the consequence that some of them must go without good husbands.

GRANDMOTHER'S EVENING SONG.

At twilight, as I sit and think of friends that I have known, And memory wanders back to when I never sat alone, When I was called the village belle, and Henry was my king, And in the little church he gave to me a wedding ring, A richly rounded band of gold, that made me his for life. How proudly pleased I felt when Henry called me "darling wife," But weary years have passed since then; My king has long been dead; The ring with which he wedded me is worn to a thread.

And as my reminiscent thoughts advance a year or two, The faces of our little ones present themselves in view, Like sunbeams that have gone and left their precious ghosts behind, The happy days of motherhood recalling to my mind. My ears are filled with childish laughs, my eyes brim o'er with tears; I feel the sweet, warm baby breath I have not known for years, Again the little night gowned forms are kneeling by the bed, Just as before the wedding ring was worn into a thread.

The years fit by like swallows, on the wings of fancy borne; My precious sons and daughters of their childhoodness are shorn. A noble-faced young man relates the work that he has done; My voice takes on a happy tone of pride to call him son, The daughters, too, about me cling, as in the days of old; The slender, clinging, girlish forms upon my breast I fold, But they have passed away, into the great hereafter led Before their mother's wedding ring was worn into a thread?

And now alone I sit and mourn, and no one seems to care Or think of those who, gone before, are waiting 'over there." But I, with silvered hair and heart that once was full of love, Have naught to think or long for but the Happy Home above, Where they have gone to make for me a place beside my king— My Henry and my children to whose memory I cling, And they'll remember mother, even tho' they've went ahead, And in Heaven kiss the wedding ring that's worn into a thread.

—P. K. MINDIL, in Home Journal.

FADS OF FASHION.

Jackets are shorter than heretofore, although longer models are by no means discarded. The blouse has taken such a hold on the fashionable fancy that it appears everywhere.

There is nothing more desirable than the medium length, trim and stylish jacket. It gives perfect freedom and is essentially the business woman's wrap. The demand for fancy velvet is something prodigious. Entire costumes are made of it, and enormous wraps, large enough to cover a woman up bodily, are built from this material.

Bourette, camel's hair fabrics and the slightly rough surfaced materials to which so many popular grades of suiting belong are exclusively used by the best tailors for handsome costumes.

It is said that there are ten distinct shades of reddish purple aside from the tone used in bishops' robes. This ecclesiastical purple is a most elegant and attractive shade and in fine goods is simply superb.

Plain velvet in combination is much approved, and this, with satin, will be much more in demand during the immediate future than the two sorts of woody goods that some designers are trying to introduce.

Every sort of fur will be worn during the coming season, the preference being given to the short, thick ones, which are for many purposes much more dressy. Entire blouses are made of fur and cotton jackets and cutaways are seen.

An entire dress of plaid velvet has a perfectly plain skirt and a waist with close sides and a blouse effect in front. The yoke, belt and high, flaring collar are the only bits of plain color in the costume. The sleeves fit the arms to the shoulders, where there are large puffs.—New York Ledger.

HOW BELINDA WAS CAUGHT.

Hawkins was an eccentric old man, and in his will it was found that he had made his youngest son, Henry, his sole heir, on condition that he should marry within two years. It was a surprise to the community, as Henry was a worthless fellow, and rarely on friendly terms with his father.

Henry at once became the topic of conversation. Everybody was wondering what mystery would develop from such an odd beginning, and there were dozens of stories afloat to the effect that Hawkins was a miser, and had left bundles of money hidden in odd corners of his rickety old shanty, that had become the sole property of his son.

Henry's name soon drifted into the papers all over the country. As a result, bushes of letters from marriageable women and wild visioned girls came to him in the form of letters of proposal.

On the last day of the allotted two years Henry Hawkins and Belinda Jones stood in the justice's office ready for the ceremony.

"I could only feel sure that you love me, and that you are not to marry me for money, how happy I would be!" said Henry.

"But you ought to know," protested Belinda, "that it is because I love you, for you know I have ten thousand dollars of my own—though of course that is nothing to your fortune."

The ceremony was performed. "So you love me for myself alone Belinda?" said Hawkins. "Just you and nothing else," insisted the bride on a moment. "I'm so glad," said Hawkins tenderly. "It's a great relief. For my money is all a myth. Belinda, will you please pay two dollars to the justice?"—Detroit Free Press.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NOSE.

The nose, the form of which regulates the beauty of the other features, is by no means inaccessible to higher culture, for we have it on the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute that during half of an individual's life the nose is capable of receiving a more noble form. The training of the individual, the culture of his intellect and character, has a very considerable influence not only on the expression of the face in general, but also on the bodily nature of the nose. The characteristics of the various shapes of noses, according to physiognomy, are as follows: The small, flat nose found among women and called the subacute nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable and fortunate build of features, indicates a certain gracious and agreeable nature combined with an inconsiderate curiosity. Such a nose seldom is possessed by men, and when it is it denotes an individuality characterized by weakness and deficient sagacity. A nose thick and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as with women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material and sensual instincts, while a turned up nose, with white nostrils, bespeaks a vain, puffed up disposition. Especially wide nostrils are signs of strength, courage and pride; small nostrils, of weakness and timidity. Noses large in every respect are found mostly among men and are masculine attributes.—New York Ledger.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

ONLY VETERANS CAN REALIZE THE SUFFERINGS OF ARMY LIFE.

STRONG MEN MADE HELPLESS INVALIDS—THE STORY OF ONE WHO SUFFERED DAY AND NIGHT FOR TWENTY YEARS.

From the Chatham Banner.

Everyone living in and around the village of Wheatley knows Mr. Peter Sippe, who has been a resident of the place for upwards of twenty years, and who during the whole of that period up to last year was a constant sufferer from acute rheumatism, complicated by other troubles, until he was worn almost to a shadow. At the age of twenty he joined the 21st New York Volunteer, and after being a member of that organization for three years, he joined the New York Cavalry and served through the war of the rebellion. He took part in the historic battles of Bull's Run, Fredericksburg, Culpepper, etc., and at one time rode eighty miles at a stretch, carrying dispatches through the enemy's lines. On another occasion he was in horseback for four days and five nights, and it is little wonder that such hardships left him, as they did thousands of others, with a wrecked constitution. While in the army as a result of poor food and often worse water he was attacked with diarrhoea, which assumed a chronic form. This of course greatly weakened him, and he fell an easy prey to the pains and terrors of rheumatism. To a correspondent of the Banner he said:—

"I never expected to be any better in this world as I had tried scores of medicines which brought me no relief at all. Sometimes for weeks at a time I could not lie down or sleep, and could eat but little. I was not only troubled with rheumatism, but at times was subject to fainting spells, and at other times everything appeared to turn black before my eyes. I would often feel sick at my stomach, at which times food would prove poisonous to me. My kidneys also troubled me greatly, and my nervous system seemed completely shattered. Tongue can scarcely tell how much I endured during those long and weary years. About a year ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it was a grand day for me that I began their use. After I had used a few boxes my pains had decreased and I was considerably better. Later, through a continued use of the pills, I could eat, sleep and felt as able to work as I had done twenty years ago. I now feel well and strong and if any of my old comrades see this and are sickened I would urge them to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of a gripe, prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppurations, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

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