

LADIES' DEPT.

FOR HUSBANDS.

Don't think when you have won a wife that you have won also a slave.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relationship to you is simply changed, not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life toward her on marrying. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home.—Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your buttocks still.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving grudgingly. What she needs, give cheerfully as if it were a pleasure to do so. She will feel better and so will you.

Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employees.

Don't find fault with her extravagance in ribbons, etc., until you have shut down cigars, tobacco, whiskey, etc.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children, on the score of economy, while you bolt down town at night to see the show or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper and hurry off to spend your evenings lounging around away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend your evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl in the loafing resorts till midnight, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think the woman you promised to "love, cherish and protect" becomes your servant as her part of the contract. Don't think that board and clothes is a sufficient return for all that a wife does for you.

Don't expect your wife to love and honor you if you prove a brute, unworthy of love or honor.

Don't cuss your wife in public, and snarl and growl at her in private. This proves you both a hypocrite and a dog.

Don't wonder that your wife is not as cheerful as she used to be, when she labors from early morning till late at night to pande to the comfort and ease of a selfish being, who has not so much as enough to appreciate her.

FOR THE LADIES ONLY.

The simplest, and at the same time one of the most beautiful efforts that I have seen in groupings was made by a young lady in Portage county. It consisted of a large circular vase filled with the common flesh-colored grass pink so frequently used as a border plant. Around and over these, sprays of red trumpet honeysuckle were festooned. Another more complicated effort of my own, for which the materials can easily be obtained in the fall of year, has excited repeated compliments. A small, circular, green glass vase of pretty form, two inches in diameter and five or six high, was filled with six or eight tufts of the new growth of the white pine, seven or eight inches long, from which the needles of the lower half were removed. Around the edge of the vase six rose geranium leaves were inserted, and above each leaf a double petunia. Between the petunias a small tuft of un-

opened scarlet salvia, and just above this a spray of the tufted golden rod, while intermingled with the green of the pine above large sprays of the graceful branching golden rod were inserted, and the whole was finished by placing in the center, so as to overtop the whole, three large sprays of fully opened salvia splendens. A month ago, before the scarlet salvia had bloomed, I used blue in place of scarlet, making use of the wild blue salvia or sage, which was then in bloom. The blue larkspur or perfect heads of the common wild lobelia will also do, while "love in bleeding" can be used as a tolerable substitute for the scarlet salvia.

The golden rod which is so common in the autumn, is very beautiful in combination with scarlet or any of the darker reds. I recently filled a large basket which for richness of appearance exceeded anything that I have ever seen. A wire basket without handle, about a foot in diameter and upon a standard ten inches high, was filled with sphagnum until it presented a rounded or stuffed outline on top, the sphagnum being held to its place by threads drawn tightly across. A double row of the great rose geranium

leaves was first laid around the basket, projecting considerably, and then eight perfect trusses of scarlet geranium were inserted in the sphagnum near the outer edge. Between the geraniums were placed masses of newly opened eupatorium, commonly called "boneset" or "thoroughwort." This blossom is a light gray instead of a white, but in the present case was fully as effective as pure white. In the center of each mass of white a tiny tuft of scarlet salvia was placed, while over each truss of geraniums a long feathery spray of golden rod was laid, pointing outward, the inner ends being held in place by a tiny layer of sphagnum. Over the sphagnum eight crimson coleus leaves with yellow margins were laid so the outer points just touched the salvia tufts, and over each leaf a delicate spray of golden rod. A circle of very dark crimson (almost black) verberna trusses were then inserted so as to leave only the outer half of the coleus exposed to view. A few little sprays of golden rod were placed inside and partially over the verbernas, and the space in the center filled with a truss of double white geranium. A well-sharpened lead pencil was used to make place in the sphag-

num for inserting the flower stems, and the whole was thoroughly saturated with water when completed.

A similar basket, but filled with very different materials, was exhibited at a recent meeting of the Portage County Horticultural Society. The edge of the basket was covered with a row of green leaves and then the whole surface was covered with perfect blossoms of the double hollyhock. The color used were a dull scarlet, white and lemon yellow. The interstices which the flowers did not cover were filled with tufts of green, while leaves of the skeleton-leaved geranium were inserted in such a manner as to cover the whole with a network of green lace, adding an indescribable charm to the basket, and stamping it at once as the work of an artist. In the absence of wire baskets and sphagnum a glass fruit dish filled with sand can be used as a substitute, or a tin basin even. In May and June little oval baskets can be prettily filled with dandelions and sprays of myrtle in bloom. They will only do for a few hours in the morning, or until the "dandies" shut up. In fact a great many of our commonest wild flowers can be used in floral creations, and experiments in color and design can be very cheaply made by using wild flowers which can be imitated, if successful, in more costly garden flowers.—L. B. PIERCE, in *Ohio Farmer*.

DO IT WELL.

Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate insensibly into bad workmen.

"That is a rough job," said a foreman in our hearing recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work not elegant of itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

Some of the wisest law-makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer unabashed, "and did it well." And because of his habit of doing even mean things well, he rose into a position where he could do greater.

Take heart all who toil! all youths in humble situation, or in adverse circumstances, and those who labour unappreciated.

If it be but to drive the plow, do it well; if it be but to wax thread, wax it well; if only to cut bolts, cut good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up the ladder.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!

Are you disturbed at night and broken at your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it is the best remedy for the most distressing of the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.



No. 200.—Lady's Redingote.—The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. 6½ yards material, 24 inches wide, 5 yards trimming and 14 buttons for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.