

The Home Circle

ME AND LIZA JANE.

It's fifty years an' more ago since me and Liza Jane A-walkin' home from meetin' through a sweet an' shady lane, Agreed it was the best fer us to join our hands fer life; An' haint I allers blessed the day she said she'd be my wife! We've had our little fallin's out, the same as all the rest, But all the while I've knowed 'at she's the kindest an' the best, Thetruet an' fergiveness, fer I begin to see She's had to be an angel fer ter git along with me.

Fer since I'm getting on in years, I sort o' set around An' kind o' speculate about the things 'at's more profound; An' as my mind goes strayin' back along the path o' life, I jest begin to see how much I owe that good old wife. You wouldn't thank her handsome, cause your eyes'll never see The many lovin' deeds she's done to make her dear to me. Oh dear! the things 'at she's gone through fer love o' me an' mine; It's 'nuff fer me a feller think her beauty most divine.

I s'pose I done the best I could ter make her burdens light, Yit, lookin' back, I seem to see so much 'at wasn't right— So much 'at brought her sorrow,—yit through all the changin' years, I've seen her keep her faith in me, a-smilin' through her tears. An' now we're old together, but to me she's young an' fair, As when the rose was in her cheek, the sunshine in her hair; An' while I hold her hand in mine, an' journey down the hill, I'll make life a sunset good an' sweet—God helpin' me I will! —Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE HIGHEST TYPE OF GIRL.

Julia Ward Howe, famous the world over as the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and for her prominence in women's activities, writes, in "Success" for February, her conviction that the representative twentieth-century American girl will be the highest type of girl the world has seen. But she also sounds a note of warning, as to the cultivation of fine manners:—

"In this matter of manners, we have not advanced during the last half century. We Americans do not give manners the attention they deserve. Abroad, we are acquiring the reputation of being the best dressed people in the world; but about our manners, which are even more important than dress, there is often a polite but significant silence. Our educational system should take more account of deportment, which, in large measure, is expressive of what we represent. The social atmosphere is warmed by the enthusiasm of youth. We admire and even envy the overflowing vitality of the healthy girl. But when the outpouring of this enthusiasm and vitality becomes forgetful of the feelings and opinions of others, the line between good manners and bad is crossed. Young women who are fond of outdoor sports, who can do as well as men numerous things, that, in the past, men alone did, and women who are successfully competing with men in the business or the professional world, exult in the power and freedom which their mothers did not have. This is excellent, but these progressive women are in danger of offending good manners, by giving their exultation and their own personalities too great an emphasis. Some of them feel that their sturdy work, or play, is too engrossing to give them time for the delicate amenities and little niceties of social life, that in my youth were held in such high esteem.

MOURNING REFORMS.

The lavish use of crepe, which was the great feature of mourning in earlier days, has been completely put aside. Crepe in small quantities is still used for trimming gowns for first mourning, and the famous dressmakers whose word is law in matters of taste contend that a widow's first mourning should always have a touch of crepe, but in mourning for any relative save a husband crepe is not essential, and even a widow rarely wears a crepe veil to-day.

The old-fashioned crepe veil, against which physicians for so long raved in vain, has been put aside in favor of the light-weight veil of nun's veiling, and even this veil is never worn over the face, as was formerly the custom. The widow's ruche of white in the bonnet is also discarded, which is rather a pity from an aesthetic viewpoint. Many materials never until recently considered suitable for mourning are now admitted, and lustrous black silk is worn in first mourning, though nun's veiling, cashmere, Henriette cloth and such materials are not popular. Juncot velvet, too, has come to the front, superseding crepe in many instances as a trimming for even the deepest mourning.

The wearing of mourning black by children was never so prevalent in America as in Europe, and has been

practised less and less, until now one rarely sees a child in black. The bonnet and veil worn by young women in mourning for parents are also obsolete. A widow to-day, if she wishes to follow conventional rules in her mourning will wear dead black for a year. After that she will lighten her black with white or gray for a year, and at the end of that time she can, with perfect propriety, go into colors. Lavender and violet as half mourning are not in use, possibly because of their popularity outside of mourning, and there is much less of the gradual shading from black into colors than formerly. Now one wears black, with possibly the touch of white or gray, until the period of mourning is ended. Then one plunges into colors with a splash. The widow of olden time who did not wear heavy black for four years and then slid discreetly and almost imperceptibly into colors was guilty of an inexcusable offense against good taste and decorum.

Mourning for parents or children conventionally lasts a year, though the period is now in many instances shortened to six months, and for more distant relations six months is considered sufficient to show one's respect and affection for the deceased.

A woman in mourning can to-day appear with perfect propriety in public places where, ten years ago, her presence would have been a sin against decorum, and she can entertain informally as frequently as she chooses. As for the men, mourning apparel for them grows less and less customary, and even a widower seldom affects funeral black. There has been a growing tendency among men to assume the black band on the coat sleeve as a badge of mourning, but this English custom, though not, as some American writers have asserted, confined to the servants in England, has little to recommend it.

Black-edged visiting cards and note paper are dropping into disuse along with crepe, and closed window blinds, and seclusion from all society; and the public attitude toward grief, while less histrionic than it was fifty years ago, is unquestionably more sane.

STYLES IN HATS.

Styles in hats are taking a very decided turn as the season grows older. The flat mushroom effect, early predicted, but not so strongly in evidence toward the first of the season, is showing up very decidedly. Almost all of the hats are flat, lifted slightly from the head and trimmed upon the very brim. Extreme airiness and lightness is given to even the most demure models this season. Tulle, lace, gold and silver tissues, flowers, feathers and fur all combine in the fashioning of bewitching headgear this season.

The newest notion in millinery is a cluster of flowers held on the brink of the pancake-shaped hat, where it is lifted from the head. The effect of this little bouquet of roses or other blossoms is very winning, looking as it does as if the blossoms had but accidentally fallen on the hat and were momentarily to continue their flight to the ground.

Gold roses, made of pale gold tissue and grouped in small clusters of themselves or mingled with other roses of contrasting color, are the latest things in the millinery world, and are tremendously popular. The cost of these little trimmings is something quite shocking, but nevertheless they are very generally in evidence. Autumn leaves, in every conceivable shade of red, from brilliant scarlet to maroon, and in tones of golden brown, old gold, tan and yellow are one of the latest Parisian caprices in millinery.

A perfect gem of a hat, flat in shape and built entirely of these beautiful leaves, shading from crimson to light scarlet elicited sights of admiration from a little crowd of women that had gathered before a Broadway window to take notes on the newest models. This one had no trimming at all and the red leaves were swathed in swirls of misty maline, which lent it an air of indistinctness and cloudiness that was altogether fascinating. No wonder women cannot resist these little works of art; they are an inspiration and a joy while their evanescent charm lasts.

Surely it looks as if the gold craze were running itself out of breath. The refined touch of gold appeared early in the season, but whetted the appetite for more, and now it is thickly applied in all directions with a lavish hand. Gorgiously brilliant and overwhelming is the display of gold, silver, rhinestones and rich colors, and it promises to be many a long day before quiet, steady stones and styles appeal to our taste again.

THE RAGE FOR BEING THIN.

It was George Du Maurier who first had the daring to proclaim that bones were beautiful. But, before that, Burne-Jones, the artist, had made immortal the slim, wand-like girl of his pictures, and, whatever the idea may be, the fashionable woman of this winter is very Burne-Jones, says an American paper. Emaciation has at last become smart, and shoulder blades

and collar bones are now the things to be cultivated. The outlines of modern femininity have undergone another of those starling changes that daze the ordinary observer and the one spring fashion that is already settled beyond the possibility of change is that women must be slim to thinness. All curves must be suppressed and pressed and made hollow if possible.

Every woman is working assiduously nowadays to take off any extra pound of flesh that may hamper her hips, her arms, her bust, or throat. She is striving with all her might to reveal the bone beautiful, and the cry is no longer for development, but for reduction. Masseuses, doctors, athletic instructors, are harassed with demands for prescriptions that will take off the flesh, while the topic of discussion at teas and places where women congregate is the best methods for reducing weight.

There is a perfect rage for thinness; not the ordinary healthy lack of fat, but the long, lean effects that suggest a poster, that a few years ago would have been considered most ungraceful.

Time was when my lady's petticoats were typical of her femininity, but all that is swept away and the petticoat is almost a tradition. Many women extremists in the new idea discard them altogether, wearing only the thin silk drop lining of the skirt. The fashionable modistes have invented a skirt that is of the thinnest, softest silk, clinging to the knee and flaring outward about the feet. These petticoats like the skirt, are cut quite closely after the line of the figure, tending outward, to produce the wonderful Bernhardt effect managed so cleverly by the French artist, whose gowns as Camille were all fashioned in this way, trailing at the front and sides, as well as at the back, a fashion much more difficult to manage than a train.

The petticoats for the spring, both those in cambric and in silk, will all have this peculiar curve and lack of fullness about the hips.

CITY WOMEN HAVE LARGER FEET.

A shoe dealer asserts that city women wear shoes from one to two sizes larger than those who live in the country. The artificial pavements, he says, are responsible for this, as the yielding earth is the only natural substance to walk upon. Further, that the terrible experience by so many people with the feet is caused less by tight shoes than by stone and brick sidewalks. The remedy suggested is to wear thick, pliable soles, in order to minimize the difficulty as much as possible.

TRANSPLANTED HAIR.

Transplanting eyelashes and eyebrows is the latest thing in the way of personal adornment. Only the brave and rich can patronize the new method at present, for, besides being painful and costly, it takes a long time to accomplish. In Paris and London there are specialists who make a handsome living out of the process of transplanting hair from the head to the eyebrows or eyelashes.

The specialist works by putting in, not on, the new eyelashes and brows wherever they are absent or grow thin, and so cunning is he in his work that not even the closest scrutiny can detect any difference. By means of the new process, it is said, eyes which are at ordinary times only passable, become languishing in their expression while eyes which were previously considered fine have their beauty much enhanced.

Most of the hairs that have been transplanted take root and grow, but a few of them fall out and have to be attended to. For the first month it is necessary to curl the new eyelashes every day, but after that they are said to become properly assimilated, and it is not necessary to give them further attention.

SULPICIANI AT WASHINGTON.

The priests of the Society of St. Mary's, who have charge of St. Mary's Seminary, this city, and St. Charles' College, near Elliott City, have acquired a site near the Catholic University, Washington, and will erect a house of studies which will be affiliated with that institution. The new institution may be opened for students in September next. The special work of the Sulpician Fathers is the training of young men for the priesthood.

The Catholic population of Buffalo is nearly as large as that of all the Protestant sects combined.

The Mildmay, Decemerton and Neustadt R. C. churches have recently united in one circuit. Rev. Father Lenhardt, of Waterloo, will assist Rev. Father Halm.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Dr. Kio's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so PAINFUL that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not excite the poor from its benefits.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

IT ISN'T THE THING YOU DO.

It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone That gives you a bit of heartache At the setting of the sun.

That tender word forgotten, The letter you did not write, The flower you did not send, dear, Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted, Out of a brother's way, The bit of heartsome counsel You were too much hurried to say.

The loving rouch of the hand, dear, The gentle, winning tone, Which you had no time or thought for With trouble enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness So easily out of mind, These chances to be angels Which we poor mortals find.

It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone That gives you a bit of heartache At the setting of the sun.

NO SUCCESS WITHOUT WORK.

The "Advance" says that young men should learn early that they cannot make a success of life without work. The work may be through the exercise of brawn or muscle, or it may be with the head and the use of brains. Many men have tried to reach success without work, but all have failed. Young men cannot loaf around street corners and saloons, smoke tobacco, drink beer or whiskey, sponge on some one else for these things; learn to tell foul stories, and sing ribald songs, without such failure. Successful men must necessarily learn a trade or some honest business. If they don't they will be chronic loafers, despised by all decent people, producing nothing and a burden upon their parents and the State. There is no place in the world to-day for loafers.

The ripest fruit is at the top of the tree, and one must climb to get it. If you wait for it to fall to your feet you will never get it. Smarter men will jump and pluck it all. Young men, "get a move on you," and do something, no matter how small at first.

If you would get a starter help yourself and others will help you.

Toil, grit and endurance are the requisites. Wake up and see what you can do!

THE UNIVERSAL CRY: "WANTED, A MAN."

Never did the world call more loudly for young men with force, energy and purpose, young men trained to do some thing, than to-day. Though hundreds of thousands are out of employment, yet never before was it so hard to get a good employee for almost any position as to-day.

Everywhere people are asking where to find a good servant, a polite and efficient clerk, an honest cashier, a good stenographer who can spell and punctuate, and is generally well-informed.

Managers and superintendents of great institutions everywhere are, hunting for good people to fill all sorts of positions. They tell us that it is almost impossible to find efficient help for any department. There are hundreds of applicants for every vacant place, but they either show signs of dissipation, are rude or gruff in manner, are slovenly or slipshod in dress, are afraid of hard work, lack education or training, or have some fatal defects which bar them out. Even if they are given positions, very few are able to hold them, and so this great army tramps about, from store to store, from office to factory, wondering why others succeed when they fail, why others get the positions when they are denied. The head of one large commercial establishment says that the blunders and mistakes of its employees cost \$25,000 a year to correct, notwithstanding his utmost vigilance.—O. S. Marden, in Success, for February.

POPE LEO AND THE INDIAN GIRL.

No less cordial than that bestowed on the statuesque Moravians, the brilliant German university students, or the Slavonians who ran them close in picturesqueness, was the apostolic blessing given to the poor old Italian peasant of one hundred years of age, who had the courage to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome, and well deserved the honor of special presentation to His Holiness. Leo XIII. spoke long to the aged pilgrim, patting her on the cheek and encouraging her by reassurances to his own age, for, like all aged persons, the Pope takes the greatest interest in anyone who has equalled or surpassed his remarkable longevity. A widely different type of pilgrim, both in appearance and fatherland, was the little American Indian from Montana who appeared at a recent papal audience in all the glory of the daughter of an Indian chief, fur, feathers, moccasins and all. This

THE CHURCH'S FIGHT.

For the Preservation of Christianity in Cuba.

In writing of the first day's session of the Cuban Constitutional Convention, last fall, I said that if the name of God was mentioned there that day, I did not hear it, and that neither could I find it in any of the published reports of the opening of the convention. This was entirely true and told in unmistakable terms of a peculiar religious situation. The name of God was, however, destined to finally stir that convention as it had never been stirred before, and prove to be the occasion of a scene which threw new light on the religious situation. CISNEROS MOVES TO STRIKE OUT THE NAME OF GOD.

The convention began the consideration of the Constitution, article by article, and when the secretary had finished reading, the preamble, Salvador Cisneros arose and moved that the name of God, which appeared in the preamble, be stricken therefrom, and, when stung by the sarcasm later thrust at him, publicly declared that he did not believe in God or any religion. This is the same Salvador Cisneros who once bore the title of "Marquis of Santa Lucia," the same Cisneros who traveled to the United States to petition President McKinley to remove Bishop Sparretti from the See of Havana; the same Cisneros who has been sending cablegrams and petitions to the Vatican for that object.

SEÑOR FLORENTE DEFENDS RELIGION.

Senor Florente, a member of the Supreme Court, and known as the patriarch of the revolution, was the first to take the floor in opposition. He spoke with much fervor and held Cisneros up to scorn and ridicule. Florente began by saying that he had been elected by a believing people to represent them in the convention and were they not a believing people he would not represent them. He referred to Cisneros as the president of a satanic committee that aspired to drive away from Cuba the lawful bishop of Havana. Continuing, Florente declared himself to be a man of toleration in religious matters, and, though a Catholic from childhood, he said he was in favor of entire freedom of religious worship, and, as the representative of a believing Christian people, would defend the rights of God against all assaults of whatever nature, made upon them. He said he is now in the winter of life, and believed he would soon make the journey that all men must make, and that he believed the Cubans people were a Catholic people.

The scene reached a climax when Judge Florente raised his arms above his venerable head, and exclaimed:—"Cubans are not Atheists." This remark brought forth cheers from the galleries and created a sensation even among the delegates. An assertion by Florente that atheists had no right to vote upon the question called forth applause from a number of ladies.

The next delegate to take the floor in opposition to Cisneros' amendments was Manuel Saugully, a noted lawyer, formerly professor of rhetoric in the University, but now director of the Institute of Havana. Saugully emphatically declared that a people without faith was an unfortunate people, and he concluded his learned plea by an earnest appeal to the delegates to retain the name of God in the preamble to their constitution.

THE NAME OF GOD RETAINED.

When the vote was taken the amendment offered by Cisneros to strike the name of God out of the preamble to the constitution was defeated by a vote of twenty-two to seven, and the Constitution will go to Congress with the name of God in the preamble.

The press of Havana has generally deplored the debate very much; and the atheists of the convention have been severely censured by some of the editors. The fact of men standing up in the convention and asserting their disbelief in God seems to have been received as a surprise and a shock. Cubans have always considered themselves a Catholic people, and their respect and confidence are enervated only by men of faith. It was very gratifying to see how the public rallied to the side of the men that defended religion; and it may be that the occurrence will work much good in time.—Baltimore Mirror.

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A CANADIAN MISSIONARY.

Rev. Father Prezeau, of Bailton, Archdiocese of Kingston, has resigned, and will leave on the 23rd on a journey to Central Africa, where he will do missionary work for the Catholic Church.

The Catholic population of the State of New Jersey has increased fifty-five per cent. in the last ten years. More than half of the avowed Christians of that State are Catholics.

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