

He Will Fall in Love With Her, Sure!

O, the woman of the future! I can see her through a haze;
She is coming minus bustle, she is coming minus stays;
I can see her through the shadows of the present's misty light,
She is coming, she is coming, like an angel of delight!

The woman of the future! O, how beautiful she seems,
As in fancy I behold her, in the brightest of my dreams;
In fancy I behold her, and I long to hear her voice
Ringing down the pleasant valleys, "I am coming, O, rejoice!"

The woman of the future will not trifle with our hearts,
She will find more time to study into sciences and arts;
She will not be too disdainful, irreverent and proud,
But with all the highest virtues and attainments be endowed.

The woman of the future will be modest in her looks,
She will sing the sweetest ballads and peruse the choicest books
Her sympathies will widen and her goodness will extend,
Until the poor shall bless her and the weak shall call her friend.

The woman of the future will not throw herself away,
For the balmy acid pleasures, bringing wrinkles and decay,
Nor drink the honied nectar of enchantment, long and deep,
Sowing seeds of dissipation that in anguish she must reap.

The woman of the future will come to us as pure
As the fragrant Easter lilies, and her fame will rest secure;
When she comes to dwell among us, in her eyes that light will be
That we have never seen on land, nor yet upon the sea.

O, the woman of the future will be generous and brave,
And her honor she will cherish without blemish to the grave.
In joy I wait her coming, she will blossom like a rose,
And her heart will find a lover who is worthy to propose!

A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS.

Many of you will soon be going off on your summer jaunt, and you have made up your mind that you are going to have the best time you ever had in your life. That's the right way to do. It's the best beginning toward having a good time. Now, you want to put in that little hand-satchel of yours not only some ammonia to soften the hard water in the country but you want to put a good deal of forbearance—a great lump of it—to make you courteous to the crying baby, or the troublesome child that happens to be in the car with you. You want to put in a jar of vaseline, in case there should come any little spot on your face that needs healing; and you want, also, to remember the needs of a great jar of kindly speeches. The word said in the proper place, the "thank you," that, if it is not appreciated by the person to whom it is tendered, at least makes you feel that you have done what is right. You want to put in a great soft sponge, to wipe the dust off your face; and the moral sponge that will wipe out all the disagreeables that may come, so that in telling the history of your summer outing you have nothing but pleasant affairs to remember. Then, perhaps, as you are rather tired out with the season's work, you are taking some tonic along that your physician has advised. Now, just remember that another good tonic, advised by the great Physician of the soul, is the one that braces you up morally against whatever temptation may come to you. This seems like a curious packing for a traveling-bag, but you are not only going over the road that leads to Wonderland, you are also traveling along the road of life, and you want the moral adjuncts that will help to make you more considerate of each fellow-traveler.

OUR GIRL IN THE COUNTRY.

A country girl always has an idea that the advantages of the city girl are not hers—that she suffers from lack of something, she doesn't exactly know what. She is convinced that the girl in the city avails herself of every opportunity to look at fine pictures, read choice books and cultivate her mind. Now, when she generalizes in this way, she is simply showing herself to be narrow and ignorant. The girl in the country, to-day, can get exactly the same papers and books that come to the girl in the city. Her thinking hours are longer, and very often she sees more of real, sweet home life. She is apt to learn that most beautiful industry, how to be a good housewife, and over the bread-pan or the churn she can think as great thoughts as she would over the elaborate fancy-work or in the picture-gallery. She can study flowers as they grow; she can breathe the good, pure air of heaven, which makes a healthy body—and that usually means a healthy soul—and she can learn whatever she wishes. Intellectually she can control herself, and she may know, in books at least, the best-trained and the finest minds of the century. Here there is no danger of her learning to speak slang. Among these people virtues are respected and vices are condemned, and she is thrown into society which she will never regret and which will always be a credit to her. Do you know, you girls in the country, that you can smell the flowers and gather them, while we in the city look at them with the glass of the florist's window between us? And a bought blossom never has the charm possessed by that which is plucked by one's self. If there is anybody to envy, it is the girl in the country.

WHAT HE LIKED IN HER.

He was just the nicest sort of fellow, just the kind that you and I love, as I love my brother, or somebody's else brother. He was full of ideas, and honestly liked, as only a thoroughly nice fellow can, a girl friend of his sister's. This sister was a bit curious, for this girl her brother liked was not particularly good looking or particularly talented; so she said: "Tom, what do you see in her?"

Tom stopped a minute, and then he said, very slowly: "What do I see in her? Well, sister, first of all, she has a pleasing presence, and yet it is not one that is arrogantly so, or that makes me feel anything but welcome. Then she speaks good English, she never

talks scandal, she has a low, sweet voice, and she is always ready to give a helping hand, metaphorically, to the people who are embarrassed, or who don't know just what to do when they are out. She is always neatly and properly dressed, but I have never seen her wear anything flashy, and I don't think she would ever look at a cotton-back pink satin with a view of wearing it any more than she would at a brass brooch. She always makes me feel that it would be a hard struggle for me to get her love, but when I do get it it will be worth having. She is never effusive, but always polite. And then, what I like about her best of all, and what I see in her that is best, is that she is mother's girl. The first thought in that household is to give pleasure to mother. Her first idea is to have some pleasure in which mother can join; and I never yet have known of any frolic, of any game, or of any joyful time in which she didn't first make all the arrangements about mother and afterwards about herself. I see unselfishness, dignity, consideration and a loving heart in her, and that's why I want her for my own."

HOW TO ACT WHEN IN SOCIETY.

You want to become a good conversationalist, and acquire the ease and grace which is essential to success in society? Now, my dear, it is just as necessary that in society there should be good listeners as well as good talkers. It shows equal intelligence to listen as to talk well. If you are nervous and embarrassed, study how to say the simplest things in the most natural manner, and, for a while at least, constitute yourself the audience for the brilliant talkers. You can only be graceful and natural by forgetting yourself. The woman who is awkward and ill at ease is the one who thinks continually of how she is looking and how she is acting—who is, in reality, a little bit vain in a peculiar way. She thinks that, in a drawing-room, her hostess should continually look after her happiness and study her enjoyment. This is an impossibility. After her hostess has floated her a few minutes in society she expects her to swim alone, or else to stand at a safe distance and watch the other swimmers.

To converse well it is necessary that you should have the art of discovering what will interest the person with whom you are talking and that you will know how to drop the subject when it becomes tiresome, and never to let a special fad of your own be the one subject that you bring up. Learn to be all things to all people. To avoid personalities or very decided opinions on any subject. You don't want to give a tirade against dishonesty to a man whose father died in prison for forging notes. You don't want to object to the divorce laws when the man you are talking to may have married a divorced woman. You don't want to talk about bleached hair to a woman whose hair is pronouncedly yellow, nor to discuss how injurious is rouge and powder to the woman who is made up in the most decided manner. In your heart you may object to all these things, but you are not giving expression just now to what you think; you are simply making yourself pleasant to some one whom you have met to-day and may never meet again. Talk about Egyptian mummies or French politics; how orchids grow, the last new play or the last new song; but use good English, speak as if you were interested, and then you will gain what you want—a reputation of being a charming woman socially.

The Life-Book.

If I could but look into the future—
Read one page from the great book of fate,
How my life might be changed for the better
Ere I heard the dread signal, "too late."

Should I read that my name will be noble,
That I will live after flesh has decayed,
That my life will be held as a model
Of the beauty which time cannot fade?

Or shall I be lost to all knowledge,
A drop in the great sea of men?
Tell me, Time, as you hurry me onward,
And my life may be happier then.

"Nay, nay," answered Time, "be contented!
Take each day as 'tis given to you,
Make it sweeter and purer and better
Than the last; that is all you need do."

Make the best of each day that is given!
What a beautiful life that would be!
Each leaf brighter still in life's album,
And the last fit for Jesus to see!

Here, a cup of cold water's been given;
There, the poor of God's earth have been fed
And here to the great Living Fountain,
A poor, thirsty soul has been led.

And so, on each page, in rare colors
And tints from the heavenly land,
Would shine deeds which were done for the master
All for love—not because they were grand.

How much nobler and sweeter and grander
Than having a name known to men,
Or being, 'mong earth's fading flowers,
A favorite! I'll strive for this, then.

No longer must I sit here longing
To read from the great book of fate,
If I fill up my life-book with pictures
I must work ere the day groweth late.

ALICE

Care of Glass.

As a rule, warm water and a soft cloth are all that are required to keep glass in a good condition; but water-bottles and wine-decanter, in order to keep them bright, must be rinsed out with a little muriatic acid, which is the best substance for removing the "fur" which collects in them. This acid is far better than ashes, sand, or shot, for the ashes and sand scratch the glass, and if any shot is left in by accident the lead is poisonous. Richly-cut glass must be cleaned and polished with a soft brush, upon which a very little fine chalk or whiting is put; by this means the lustre and brilliancy are preserved.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River St., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

They All Did It, They All Do It.

Are you a student of statistics? If you are you will be interested in knowing that a German, who got accurate data concerning the amount of cosmetics used all through the world, says that the money that American women pay for them would paint 17,000 houses, allowing \$75 for each house! Notwithstanding this horrible charge, I don't believe American women will quail when it comes to buying anything they think will add to their beauty. Of course, in nine cases out of ten it doesn't add to it, but even a man has to confess that a tiny little bit of powder, to take the shine off the nose, is desirable. When Ovid was writing about women and their ways, he said that a fancy for looking ill and delicate, and playing on the feelings of the men, had taken possession of them, and that it was a smart thing to get a fetching pallor on their faces by white lead and other stuffs. In the ruins of Thebes an entire toilet case was found, with bottles of perfumery, jars of powder, and tubes of paint, with brushes and cloths, evidently showing that the belle of that day not only knew how to take good care of her skin, but believed in having good tools to achieve good results. The belles of Nineveh were willing to suffer to be beautiful; they had their skins made smooth with pumice stone and then they were enamelled!

Cleopatra not only had every cosmetic known in her day to add to their good looks, but she also wrote a book on the care of the skin, which is, unfortunately for the belles of to-day, out of print. In 1779 the English Parliament, which always looked for the protection of its men, considered a bill that read this way: "All women, without distinction as to age or rank, maidens as well as widows, who should deceive the male subjects of His Majesty and mislead them into marriage by means of paint, salve, beauty water, false teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, corsets, or padded hips should be punished under the provisions of the law against sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared null." The bill did not pass, I believe, and it probably emanated from the brain of somebody who had been deceived, and who wished, generously, to save his friends. In England to-day paint is much more generally used than in this country, where what is known as "saucer rouge," and which is applied with a soft linen rag, is in greater favor. English-women make up abominably. From the Princess of Wales to the chorus girl the idea of improving the face seems to be to put a dab of rouge under each eye, and not to shade it, to leave the ears and chin untouched, and to suppose that everybody believes this is real.

If rouge is used, it should always be shaded off with a little powder, the lobes of the ears and the edge of the chin each being touched slightly with it, because any face on which there is a glow of color has the pink also at these points. Nobody blushes in a round spot. Shape the pink a little to your cheek, and if your face is very full make it longer than round. Don't put it on at all unless you think you can't go without it; that is to say, that you look so ghastly you feel that you need it. A color is sometimes given to the face by dabbling it in gin and water, the gin bringing the blood to the surface and giving it life; as in addition it softens the skin, there is no reason in the world why it shouldn't be used.

On Queen Victoria's recent visit to the Continent her impedimenta comprised one coachman, nine grooms, eight horses, three carriages, one donkey, and seventy large packages of luggage of various kinds, which went from Calais to Aix-les-Bains by special train at a cost of \$1100.