Household Notes.

THE WOMAN WHO STANDS AT THE TUB.

You will read of the heroes of life
And the valorous deeds they have done,
For the world is aflame with the light of the name
Of the man who is back of the gun;
But give me the pen that can write
Of the soil that gives life to the rose;
Of the woman whose realm is to stand at helm
Though her ship's but a basket of clothes;
Wash and rinse and wring,
Soap and soak and rub;
Oh, give me the words that may fittingly sing
Of the woman who stands at the tub!

Not she who is gifted and great,
Surrounded by honor and friends,
Has need of my praise, for the trend of her ways
Leads forward to prosperous ends;
But the one who is drifting through life
In a bark that is meagre and mean;
Who stands in the place with a smile on her face
And is keeping her little world clean;
Toil in cold and heat,
Soap and soak and rub;
Oh, give me a tribute to lay at the feet
Of the woman who stands at the tub!

—Good Housekeeping.

ABOUT STOCKINGS.—A Washington physician, in a published interview, urges that the wearing of stockings with white feet will do more to promote ease in walking and relieve foot-ills than anything to be suggested. Socks or stockings of cotton or lisle thread in black bind the feet and make them swell, he says, no matter how fine and open they may be. The black dye with the hard thread of the lisle variety if a combination that is particularly torturing to tender feet. Thin unbleached balbriggan he recommends. Preferably the whole sock or stocking may be white, but at least the foot should be. A further caution is added that new cotton hose, as well as all new cotton undergarments, should be washed before being worn to wash out the sizing used by manufacturers.

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS. — While we would not, if we could abate one jot of the respect paid by friends and relatives to the dead, we protest against the growing custom of heaping flowers upon a coffin. As a distinguished writer in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record" remarks:—"Now it seems the moment death enters a house one must run to the florist for wreaths and bouquets. Every one, near relations or simple acquaintances, is expected to pay the deceased a tribute in flowers. Vanity coming in, every one strives to surpass his neighbor by the size or costliness of his wreath, taking care to attach a card which shall indicate the giver. The coffin is often hidden beneath the mass of flowers, tokens of so many varied sentiments. The custom seems to have stamped on it a clear expression of the naturalism of our day, and is, so far, anti-Christian. It is a custom intended not to suggest Christian ideas, but to rob death of its best lessons, i.e., its bitterness and penitential side."

In so far as these floral offerings can be said to be a measure of the vanity or the pretentiousness of the living, they are admittedly to be condemned, but are they less objectionable when, as we suspect is oftener the case, they serve as an easy excuse for the avoidance of some more difficult tribute to the memory of the dead? Many a man hesitating whether he must put himself to the inconvenience of going to a funeral, makes a cheap compromise and sends a wreath. And there is a real danger lest this facile service should make men forget the true help they might do to the deceased by praying, and obtaining prayers for the repose of his soul. The flowers, however rare and costly, are wasted on the uncaring dead, while Masses for his soul would be as a king's ransom.

The writer in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record" while condemning this immoderate use of flowers at funerals, is careful to give his reasons for considering the practice as out of harmony with the Liturgy of the Church. "The death of a Christian is not exclusively a subject for tears; the very prayers of the Church preach confidence. But their dominant note is fear and supplication, an acknowledgment of the awful rigors of God's inscrutable justice, tempered with confidence in the merits of His dolorous passion. So long as the Church is not certain that her children have arrived in Heaven's gate, she has not the heart to rejoice. And, therefore, it is that the flowers which figure so conspicuously at modern interments are in flagrant contradiction with the spirit of the Liturgy. It would be different were she certain of the salvation of the defunct.

"In the case of baptized children who die before the age of reason, the Church calls for flowers, requiring a wreath of them to be laid at the head of the table, in token of the virginity it has preserved, and the glory which it has attained! Where there is no sin, there is no death." Finally, the case is summed up thus: "After all, these attentions to the mortal remains of our dear ones are, according to St. Augustine, a consolation to the living rather than relief to the dead, and the Church would have us remember that the departed expect something else from our friendship. If her suggestions are disregarded, and practices initially praiseworthy stand in the way of duty and true service, then the Church protests, and sometimes launches forth a prohibition." As illustrating this last statement we may mention that the Archbishop of Cologne has prohibited the use of flowers at funerals in his diocese.

A Multi-Millionaire's Will.

The will of John W. Mackay, the Irish Multi-millionaire, who died in London, has been filed for probate. The text of the will follows:—

"I declare that all the estate whereof I may die possessed is the community property of my wife and myself.

"2. I give, devise and bequeath all and every, the interest in, or portion of, my said estate, which may be subject to my testiment disposition at the time of my death, to my son, Clarence Hungerford Mackay.

"3. I name, constitute and appoint my wife, Marie Louise Mackay, and my son, Clarence Hungerford Mackay, of the city of Virginia, in the county of Storey, and state of Nevada, executors of this, my last will, and I hereby expressly provide that no bonds shall be required of my said executors.

"4. The executors are given, and shall have full power and authority, to grant, bargain, sell, convey, assign and deliver at such times and upon such terms and conditions as to them may seem advisable all and every part of my estate, both real and personal, without any other power or authority from any court, judge or judicial tribunal whatsoever; and in the same way to invest, reinvest, use and employ said estate, the moneys thereof, and the proceeds derived from any and all sales of the same."

Our Boys And Girls.

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS.—In the early pioneer days, when Abraham Lincoln was a practising attorney and "rode the circuit," as was the custom at that time, he made one of a party of horsemen, lawyers like himself, who were on their way one spring morning from one court town to another. Their course was across the prairies and through the timber; and as they passed along by a little grove where the birds were singing merrily, they noticed a little fledgling which had fallen from the nest and was fluttering by the roadside.

After they had ridden a short distance Mr. Lincoln suddenly stopped, and wheeling his horse, said simply: "Wait for me a moment; I will soon rejoin you." And as the party halted they saw Mr. Lincoln return to the place where the little bird lay helpless on the ground; saw him tenderly take it and carefully set it on a limb near the nest. When he joined his companions one of them laughingly said: "Lincoln, why did you bother yourself and delay us with such a trifle as that?" The reply deserves to be remembered. "My friend," said Lincoln, "I can only say this: that I feel better for it." Is there not a world of suggestion in that rejoinder?

LARGEST KNOWN TREE.— What undoubtedly is the largest known tree in the world, has been recently discovered two and a half miles from the Sanger Lumber Company's mill at Converse Basin, far up in the Sierras. The discovery was made by a party of hunters, but little credence was given to the report until the tree had been visited by people who have verified the finders' statement.

The monster was measured six feet from the ground, and it took a line 154 feet and 8 inches long to encircle it, making it over 51 feet in diameter. This tree is a few rods from the company's boundary line, and is on the Government reserve, hence it will stand to interest sight-seers, and will escape the woodman's axe.

LESSONS FOR A BOY.—I overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment; and, though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a great deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased, and that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him, and said, "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected. "Why shound't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!" he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think that there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt," Karl began; then he stopped, blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.

A SCAPULAR INCIDENT. — The following incident is taken from the letter of a young volunteer in a French cavalry regiment. He had been a pupil of the Brothers, and writes to one of them who had been his teacher. In the course of his letter he says that the band of his scapular happening to break, the scapular, unknown to him, fell on the floor. One of the soldiers saw it there, and being, it would seem, evilly disposed towards anything religious, he spat upon it and trampled it under foot; then, lifting it up, he asked whose it was—thinking probably the owner would be ashamed to acknowledge his property and thereby make himself the butt of the company's ridicule. The young volunteer hesitated a moment, then answered firmly, "It is mine." Nobody said a word. The young soldier was spared the expected humiliation, and one of his companions, edified by his conduct, pulled out his scapular to show that he wore one, and was proud of it, and said: "We will henceforward go to Mass together." And they did. As for the man who vented his impious spleen on the scapular, he on the day following went to water his horse and was found drowned.

TOYS BOYS USED TO MAKE. — "We hear a good deal these days about the lost arts," laments a writer in the "Detroit Free Press." "I wonder if the world realizes that some of the most precious arts of childhood are in danger of becoming extinct? How many boys to-day can make a kite, properly hung and with a tail sufficient to balance it? How many boys can make a bow with the ends nicely bent and worked down with a bit of broken glass?

"I interviewed my young nephew, the other day, and was thunderstruck to discover that he knew nothing about it. Could he make a water-wheel, a windmill, an elder pop-gun, a jack-lantern, a buzz wheel, an air gun from a goose quill, with a sliced potato for ammunition, a willow whistle, a squirt gun? No, he knew nothing about them.

"'But, surely,' said I, almost pathetically, 'you can make a cornstalk fiddle?'

"'Do you mean a violin, uncle?'

"Then I gave it up. I don't believe the youths of to-day know enough to stick a feather in a corn cob and throw into the air. I am going to write a book some day upon the arts of childhood to save them from utter annihilation."

COURTESIES AT HOME.— It is not merely from a desire to please in society that good manners should be studied, but from the wish to consider the feelings of other people. Kindliness and unselfishness are among the virtues to be cultivated in all social intercourses, and nowhere can these qualities be better acquired than in home life. In the home circle, however, too much is often taken for granted, and the graces of courtesies are sometimes entirely dispensed with. Yet these small adornments are useful in molding manners and character. Tact and thoughtfulness are some of the home arts. Cheerfulness and a readiness to make home bright are other duties. Courtesy to one's parents is of importance, taking time to cheer the tired mother or perplexed father, remembering to take a helpful interest in brothers and sisters and not to be too absorbed in one's own pursuits, are valuable points to keep in mind. It is worth while to be punctual at meals, careful of one's personal appearance and to cultivate sensible, pleasant talk at table. In a word, a well bred and considerate person does not reserve careful manners, neat clothes or cheerful conversation only for the outside world.

FORGIVEN.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

"Worse; I am driven out. The master does not want me here any longer; he sends me into the mountains far from the pueblo, far from my friends and from you, and it is to bid you good-bye that I come." Mercedes bent her forehead in her hands.

"Dita," said Ramon, "what have we done that life should be so hard?" And when Dita did not answer he added, "it is enough to make one rebel."

"Rebel against whom?" she asked.

"Against God," he replied.

"No, God has not done it. We carry each others burdens. God leaves us free. The sins of the parents are visited upon their children. Such is life."

"Oh, the miserable life that it is!" he answered, hurling a stone from him, which shattered itself upon a rock.

"It is not miserable, except for the wicked. It is profitable for the good," she rejoined.

"And who are the good?" he inquired.

"Those who suffer and those who pardon."

They remained a moment without speaking. Both were weeping. Ramon lifted his eyes, and pointing to the house, said: "It is there they have killed my father, and I must go away and we must forget each other."

"Forget each other?" she asked.

"Yes, for your father——"

"Stop," she said. She had understood, and taking his hands in hers she made answer: "We shall be their victims. That is our work."

Ramon gathered a flower that was blooming on the wall beside them and handed it to her; then staggering like a drunken man he went away.

* * *

The highway that leads to Paredes runs for some time along the ledge of a precipice. Stretched out on the slope above the road, just where it turned, thus giving him command of it for some distance, Ramon, the day after his departure, was letting himself be carried away by a torrent of gloomy thoughts. His sheep were scattered over the plain. Armed with his gun he was keeping his lonely watch.

A tinkle of bells aroused him from his reverie. A carro drawn by two mules was coming down the narrow pass. Ramon saw it with unconcern, when suddenly his countenance lighted up. Torribio was driving, and seated behind him he saw under the hood of the carro, Pepe and Faustino. Oh! the chance for the full measure of his hatred and vengeance!

His blood rushed to his head, and rising on the bank he aimed at Faustino. Dismayed the driver pulled in the mules. One of them had been struck by the ball and was reeling, the other plunging wildly. In a moment the carro was turning over, and Ramon saw them hanging over the abyss. He shouted with glee. The three would die together.

Suddenly a great thought flashed upon his mind like lightning. He leaps between the car and the edge, and with the force of despair hurls it back upon the road. But the effort made him lose his balance, and while the three guilty men were looking they saw him, to their horror, beating the air wildly with his hands. As he fell he uttered the words, "I forgive," and was dashed on the rocks below.—Pierre Suau, S. J., Etudes, July 20, 1902. Taken from the Messenger Monthly Magazine, N.Y.

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