# WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

"There are only two beautiful things in the world---women and roses; and only two sweet things---women and melons."

## AT THE ENGLISH COURT.

*AN AMERICAN GIRL TELLS OF HER PRESENTATION.*

It Was a Disappointment—The Queen Not There—And the Princess Christian Received—A Stuffy Palace.

LONDON, May 17.—I am an American girl, spending a few months 'n the land of my ancestors, seeing the sights and "doing" the town. Yesterday, in the natural course of events, I was presented at court. Now, I hope this statement will not prejudice any of my countrymen and countrywomen against me. I feel almost positive you will say: "Of course, she bought her way there, like the majority of shoddy Americans, who go to England." But that is not the case. I did not employ a duchess to present me. Moreover, I am not from Chicago, or Denver, my father is not a pork-packer, and I have no more money that I can easily dispose of. The fact is, I belong to a poor but respectable American family, and I am studying music in London, with the intention of going on the stage as soon as I can get a position outside the chorus ranks. Afterward I shall come to America, and, perhaps, go "on the road" in a concert or operatic company. So much for myself and my personal ambitions.

I suppose I really had a right to be presented, according to the English standard, for my father is what all Britishers would denominate a "gentleman," inasmuch as he is descended from a long line of "gentry." One of my ancestors, a Briton, of the fourteenth century, was of the military profession, and a very bloodthirsty sort of person he was, according to all I have heard about him. He is said to have murdered a member of the royal family in church, which made him a man of great distinction in those days. Then, my mother is what would be called "a lady by birth." That does not signify that she was born a full-fledged lady, after the fashion of Eve, according to orthodox statistics, but she is simply descended from one of the Knickerbocker families, who settled in New York. I do not speak of these things because I am proud of my ancestors. I really don't care anything about them, or whether I had any ancestors at all. In America it is hardly considered respectable to have ancestors. That was shown plainly enough in the case of Mr. Harrison, who, when running for President, was despised by the opposing party, because he had a grandfather. So you will readily see that it is not in a boasting spirit that I tell you about my family tree. I only mention it to show that, according to the English way of looking at it, nobody could possibly object to my being presented at court.

When at 12 o'clock yesterday I found myself properly fixed for presentation, with bouquet, long train, plumes, veil and chaperon, I felt for all the world like a bride minus a bridegroom. However, when my carriage drew up in front of Buckingham Palace entrance, I forgot all about my husbandless state in my contemplation of the house where her majesty elects to reside only about two weeks during the year. I must say I did not think much of the divinity and splendor that hedges the queen in and about Buckingham Palace. I really felt sorry that she should be obliged to even occasionally visit such a place. The windows were dirty and were not tastefully draped. Every one had a different style of curtains, and according to the English fashion, there was a funny little dressing table stuck up in each one. As I said before, in view of such surroundings I felt rather sorry for the queen, but my sympathy turned to anger and censure when, on arriving in the room next the "presence chamber," some one informed me that the queen was out at Richmond visiting the Tecks and had delegated Princess Christian to receive her guests for her. I wanted to see the Queen of England and had been told that on a certain day she would be at home. I went and she was not there, and had not even had the politeness to send a plea of indisposition. In America it is the custom for ladies to be at home on their at home days, and I venture to say that if Mrs. Cleveland should break this rule she would receive the cut direct from all her acquaintances and the world at large. I had more reasons than one for being displeased at the queen's absence. For weeks I had been taking lessons in curtseying and hand-kissing. All that practicing in the latter art went for nothing, and the money I paid out to learn how to do went for worse than nothing.

For an hour after my arrival at the palace my thoughts dwelt on this bitter disappointment, and it was not in a very pleasant frame of mind and with a not too reassuring countenance that I walked into the throne room as the official announced "Miss Prudy Prim, of the United States." I gave a scant curtsey to the Princess Christian, and while doing it I observed that there was nothing about her appearance to attract special attention. She was a pleasant-looking sort of woman, but nothing out of the ordinary. When I got to the Prince of Wales my temper was somewhat under control, and I gave him my best, most practiced curtsey and was rewarded with a smile. Despite all his well-known faults I felt a sudden liking for him and wished I had dared to shake hands with him. The Duke of York was smiling all the time, and appeared to be greatly amused at somebody or something. Whether it was anything that happened in the throne room, or whether it was just the placid smile he is said to have been wearing ever since his engagement to the Princess May, I had no means of telling, but I am inclined to think it was the latter. I admired him immensely, and for a royalty, I should say he had a good portion of common sense and general intelligence. If I believed in kings and royal families I would be perfectly content to have him for a sovereign, but my few months in England have not anglicized me, and although state carriages, shower bouquets and long trains are all very fine and interesting, I still prefer the democratic way of doing things, according to the Jeffersonian simplicity methods.

Speaking of trains reminds me that I heard an English girl say just before she was presented, "I shall be glad when the Lord Chamberlain puts this thing down. It's more trouble than carrying a baby." A great many of the dresses were not of the regulation court cut. The younger ladies' bodices were made only modestly low and did not expose the shoulders, as they are generally supposed to do. One young woman was in great distress because her string of pearls broke and rolled over the floor. They were all stepped on and crushed. Nobody could blame her for shedding real tears.

Taking it all in all the drawing-room was a disappointment to me. None of the costumes could compare with those seen at our inauguration or patriarchs' balls. Some of the gowns were positively cheap and had a last year's made-over look. The bouquets were of the straggly kind, with lots of green leaves and a lonely little blossom sticking up here and there. Flowers are not expensive in London, and there was no excuse for such stingy-looking affairs. Some of the coachmen who brought the social aspirants to the palace seemed to be wearing vegetable flowers, such as mustard and string-bean blossoms. One thing I noticed particularly was that most of the mothers seemed more anxious to show off themselves than to advance the interests of their daughters. Such continual "keeping the girls back" by mothers is not calculated to make them bright and vivacious, and the consequence is that the typical English girl always appears dull and commonplace until she is married, when somehow she suddenly changes and becomes more lively and ambitious.

In my opinion these drawing-rooms would be much prettier and effective if they were held in the evening, and I have often wondered why Queen Victoria did not follow the foreign custom in this respect. Yesterday I spoke to an English duchess about it and she replied: "Why, my dear, the Queen herself has said that if she had them at night every one would dress so shabbily that the English court would be in disgrace. Her Majesty likes pretty and elegant gowns, and knows that in order to look well by daylight one must dress magnificently, while at night any cheap made-over garment would do. Then, besides, the Queen detests paint and powder, and you know women do make up so at night." So now that I am in possession of a sort of state secret I take this first opportunity to give it away to my countrywomen.

Well, I am glad I have been presented. It is a great advantage in traveling abroad, as it gives one the entre into the best society in every part of Europe, and when asked for a "character" hereafter I can refer to the Lord Chamberlain in London. It will also give me something to talk about and tell the girls when I go home, and I shall be a heroine among them. Being presented is like being born, falling in love and dying. It can happen only once in a life-time.—Prudy Prim in Washington Star.

### Roses of June.

Red as the wine of forgotten ages,
Yellow as gold of the sunbeams spun,
Pink as the gowns of Aurora's pages,
White as the robe of a sinless one,
Sweeter than Araby's winds that blow—
Roses, roses, I love you so!

Crowning the altar where fair vows are spoken,
Cradling the form that is still and cold,
Symbol of joy, and love's last token,
Telling the story that never grows old!
Spirits of beauty, whom none debar,
Know ye, I wonder, how fair ye are?

Glory of monarch in palace royal,
Queeniest charmers of all the place,
Blooming for yeomen, tender and loyal,
Bending to kiss his toil-stained face,
Roses, roses, born to bless,
Yield me your secret of loveliness!
—Emma C. Dowd in Ladies' Home Journal.

## *ROYAL WEDDING GIFTS.*

### English Loyalty in Substantial Fashion.

As a matter of fact, it is, as usual, the bride who is to receive the majority of the gifts, and though some of them are offered to the pair together, the princess comes in for the lion's share. The Marchioness of Salisbury and the Duchess of Devonshire are arranging a "married ladies' present" assisted by the Duchess of Buccleugh, Lady Cadogan, Lady Sefton, Lady Luccan, Lady Alington, Georgiana Lady Dudley, Lady Urmborne, Lady Iveagh and a few others who are busy raising a subscription list which, it is expected, will include some hundreds of the smartest matrons of society, who will all probably send individual gifts. It is the intention of the "married ladies" to present a service, which will doubtless be worth several thousand pounds. Meanwhile, the "Ladies of England" of slightly less exalted station have combined to present their future Queen with a suitable marriage gift, and a magnificent pearl necklace from "a thousand of Her Majesty's subjects" has already been purchased, and will be forwarded to the bride-elect after it has been exhibited, in order to provide the subscribers with an opportunity of inspecting it.

And the girls of Great Britain and Ireland are not to be unrepresented in this gorgeous array of presents. Several of the young Princess' girl friends, Lady Eva Greville, who presides; Lady Gertrude Molyneux, Lady Sophie Cadogan, Lady Edith Ward, Lady Esther Gore and Lady Victoria Leveson-Gower among them, have formed themselves into a committee to collect subscriptions from girls, but their choice of a present is not yet decided. The trousseau is quickly taking shape, and the Princess May and her mother have shown their unfailing interest in all that concerns the people of Great Britain by stipulating that all the silk employed, in whatsoever capacity, shall be of English manufacture. The ceremony will take place at the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, where both the Queen and the Empress Frederick were married.

### Riches to One Woman.

"If I were rich," remarked a woman, "I would be clean, beautiful and happy. As a matter of fact it costs a great deal of money to be clean. Personal cleanliness means clean clothes and plenty of them, not water, a private bath, individual toilet articles and an occasional purchase of druggists' supplies. A good flesh brush alone costs $2, and linen towels, velvet sponges and pure soaps are not to be had for the asking. If I had money I would take twelve vapor baths a year. I would have a shower, a foot bath, scales and a health lift in my bath-room. I would have one milk bath a month as a skin tonic and three hot tubs a week for beauty sleep. I would use 75-cent camel hair tooth-brushes, $12 a dozen web towels, palm oil soap, $2 a pint violet water and alcohol by the gallon for morning sponge baths.

"Every day 'Boots' should come to polish my shoes and brush my wraps and dress, and every other day I would receive a coiffeur to brush not my hair, but my head. I would have white lambs' wool body garments for winter and white woven silk for warm weather. So much for the toilet. If I could afford $2 worth of cab service for a weekly airing, a two weeks' sea voyage, one month of travel, two complete outfits a year made by a French modiste of my own selection, $25 a week for the table supplies I know to be health producing, hence beautifying, and had access to the professional advice and professional service of a medical surgeon and a surgeon dentist, I would be a very good looking woman."—San Francisco Argonat.

## *BY A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.*

### She Has a Word to Say Upon Several Themes.

There are only three requisites for love—a moon, a hammock and a pretty girl. But alas! the key-note of the situation is the latter—a pretty girl. The man that can resist all these "endearing charms" must have a cast iron will; or, more still, be engaged. But on one occasion, strange to relate, all three failed. They were out under the elm trees, and on the porch we could only hear the murmur of voices and the swish of the hammock as it swayed to and fro. "But you will, darling," came floating in on the breeze. "There, he has proposed," we said. Then we heard a dull thud. Alas! as we afterwards found out, only the hammock had "popped."

* * *

It was in one of our up-town drug stores the other evening that I saw the most audacious piece of highway robbery that it was ever my lot to witness. Two very stylishly dressed girls came in and ordered a limeade. After sipping it daintily for some time the brunette slightly elevated her eyebrows and asked the clerk to put in a little more syrup, as it was "too acid." The blonde, having drunk half a glass, discovered hers was too sweet, and had her glass refilled. This continued for some time, until the clerk was fairly bewildered. As they rose to go the blonde said, "Limeade is so healthy in the spring." "Yes," said the other archly, "if you drink plenty of it."

* * *

They were sitting beneath the canopy of stars, while all around them stretched the dewy grass. The insects were carrying on their outdoor concert regardless of their surroundings. "Darling" (sentimentally), "have you ever heard in your dreams the Music of the Spheres?"

He (whom the old man had helped out the night before)—"No; but I have been moved by the solar system."

### Solitude.

("Inquirer"—The poem given below was written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own;
Sing and the hills will answer,
Sigh, it is lost on the air,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad and your friends are many,
Be sad and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast and your halls are crowded,
Fast and the world goes by,
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is a room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on,
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

### A French Woman's Plan.

A French mother has hit upon a plan to preserve the health and beauty of her daughter, and has given it to her friends with the strength of her indorsement as to its efficacy. She declares that "the young lady went to a ball six days a week, but on Sundays staid in bed, rising only for 5 o'clock tea and retiring again at an early hour. The results of this system were very happy. When the time came for going to the seaside, she was the only one of her companions who did not need its benefits. She was like a country girl, as fresh as a rose." This experiment, by the way, has been tried in America, but not in the un-Christian, Gallic manner, and has been found efficacious.

Two sisters, with arduous household duties, made a practice of spending one day each week—say Tuesday or Thursday—in bed, with the result that they were never ill, and for that matter never tired—never required a vacation or a change of air. The suggestion, therefore, is not a new one, but it is at all times worth considering. Picture, however, the average nervous American woman giving herself up to a whole day in bed!—New York World.

### Next Year.

One sunny day in flow'ry May,
We wandered down the grassy way,
All in the rosy, fragrant snow
Of lovely apple trees in blow,
And robin's music soft and low.

As we slowly walked together,
In the fair and balmy weather,
"Next year," he said, "when comes the spring,
And all the trees their blossoms bring,
While sweet and clear the robins sing—

Again we'll wander side by side,
And watch the flow of May's sweet tide;
Watch the brooklet's silver spraying,
Watch the willow's graceful swaying
In the breeze's gentle playing!"

"Next year," alas, we walked apart!
I, with sore, grief-laden heart,
That heeded not the od'rous snow
Of all the happy trees in blow,
Nor robin's singing clear and low.

While, with sweet and saintly vision,
He saw the fairy fields elysian,
And wandered through the pastures green,
By the still water's silver sheen,
'Mid glories that no eye hath seen.

### A Wonderful Woman.

Lady de Ros, who died last year at the age of ninety-three, and whose memoirs have just been published, could recollect going to the Court of George III in a Sedan chair, and she could recall the jubilee of that monarch when she was present at a similar celebration in honor of Queen Victoria, and on the latter occasion she was equal to the task of making a beautiful piece of illumination as an offering to Her Majesty. She had known nineteen Prime Ministers, the list beginning with Mr. Pitt and ending with Lord Salisbury. Lord Melbourne and Lord Derby were amongst her intimate friends; Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell were family connections; and of Lord Salisbury Lady de Ros was wont to recall his mother's prophecy that "Bobby would some day be a very clever man!" The pleasantly written reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington which Lady de Ros (when over ninety) wrote for Murray's Magazine show England's great soldier as a hero of as much nobility, sweetness and purity of character as Napoleon (we have lately been reminded) was the opposite. After the Duke's death, Waterloo Day was never suffered to pass without an exchange of congratulations between Lady de Ros and the Earl of Albemarle, Lady de Ros generally sending a sprig of the victor's laurel to Lord Albemarle and receiving from him a note such as the following, in which, after inviting her to visit him on the great day, he adds:

"For, to my mind, the lady whom the Prince of Waterloo handed in to supper on the night of the ever-memorable Brussels ball, ought to be at least an equal object of interest as the junior ensign of his army."

THE BRIDE AND HER SISTER.

## *SUMMER SUGGESTIONS.*

### What to Do and What Not to Do in the Dogs Days.

Do not make too many visits, and where you go be sure that your visit is a convenient one. Do not entertain too generously; summer should be a time of rest, and it is difficult to rest with a house full of guests.

Before going for a mid-day sail rub your face, neck and hands with simple cream, and powder gently with cornstarch. Wipe the powder off, and on returning wash the complexion well in warm water and with castile soap. Camphor-ice and buttermilk both give relief from sunburn.

Place a large dish of water in a room where the heat is very oppressive. Change once or twice and the temperature will be perceptibly lowered.

Sponge your babies with cold water at bedtime.

Give your children water to drink during the hot weather. They need this to make up for the loss from perspiration.

In washing summer frocks, if the colors run put half a cupful of salt in the last rinsing water.

For insomnia in summer time take a cold bath at bedtime.

Press towels, folded as usual, through your clothes-wringer and save your laundress.

Have mercy on your cook in your arrangements of meals for hot days.

Bathe daily.

Have your house-gowns made with open necks and elbow sleeves.

Save your steps. Allow double the amount of time in catching boats and trains that you do in winter.

Eat your meals slowly.

Drink milk slowly.

To wash summer silks remove all grease or other spots with soap and water before proceeding. Make a solution of a teaspoonful of ammonia and a little soap in a pail of water, and in this dip the silk again and again until the dirt is removed. Do not ring out, but press between the hands. Rinse in water from which the chill is gone, and hang in a shady place until partly dry, when lay between two cloths, and press with a hot iron.

### A Hint About Conversation.

Avoid in conversation all mention of your own affairs. The clever woman guards her hearthstone, its sorrows, troubles and annoyances as carefully as she does the sacredness of her religion. The world admires your cheerfulness, your attractiveness, your brightness. Your griefs belong to yourself. They are your inner life, which should be closed with iron portals. Even if your heart break, recollect the critical public at all times likes a smiling face and cheerful manner.—Harper's Bazar.

## *THE WOMAN OF FASHION.*

### Sing Ho! For the Brides of the Summer Time.

"Oh, my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my love's like the melodies
That's sweetly played in tune."

So sang Robbie Burins in the gladness of his heart as he dreamed of the charms of his ruddy Scottish witch. And if he married her, or if he forgot her before the melody was finished, or the first petal had fallen, he has at least told us in a ballad that the maiden brides of 1893 are in very truth twin sisters of his love. Easter brides are lovely; they are exotics. But summer time brides are lovelier, for they are born in the midst of the most beautiful things of the year. They are like red, red roses—roses are blooming all about them; they are like the melody because birds and flowers and sweet, inanimate loves are singing everywhere. But, alas, unlike the maidens whom Burns celebrated they can't step forth in freshly starched lawn under their Sunday kirtle to be married by a parson in the kirk.

They hire the florist, and tell the organist what to play, and they moan over French fashion plates for many weary months before their rosy faces shine above the creations wrought from their studies of the tyrant modes. Very often they are married in a supposedly sylvan style from the country house of their parents or the quaint little church in the village near by. Then the preparations are, if possible, more elaborate than for the town church wedding, for whole carpets of wild flowers must be woven, caterers must be imported, and arrangements must be made for the entertainment of visiting friends. But I cannot take upon my shoulders all the burdens of the day of joy. I have only to tell how dark girls, and light, grave girls and gay girls who have campaigned thro' brilliant seasons, and girls who are this winter's buds, unfold their petals in silk and satin, and the other wonderful fabrics of this mad epoch in dress. Don't look for sensationalism to-day, please. Wedding dresses change less than the prevailing styles in other gowns. There are a few rules which admit of no deviation, and they are so closely drawn that concessions to la mode must necessarily be conservative.

Wedding gowns may be Empire—they were last winter—or princesse, which is a standard privilege, or as at the present instant, 1830; and here we have, with most grave and weighty details as to garniture, the sum total of my calculations. Bridesmaids' gowns, traveling dresses—in these the fancy of the hour runs near riot, and so much might be said that I shall barely skirt the subject. The fashionable June weddings will take place in New York, and they will be typical of the summer bevy. Picturesque effects will be the chief aim of bride and dressmaker, and they will be obtained by cunning combinations of colors. No longer do the bridesmaids dress in gowns of one pattern and hue. They are delicately designed for the tableaux about the altar, and for the march up the aisle. A girl in mauve crepon will walk with another in white grenadine, a second pair may be apple green and pink, or blue and yellow, or gray and misty red, while among the warm, happy tints comes the pure white bride. There will be three such brightly colored weddings this month.

One bride, the first on the list, has red hair and cheeks. The eyes are brown and her face is fair. Her bridesmaids will wear pale ambers, clear yellows, and honest blues. Her own gown, which may be of less moment to her than her maids' costumes, is of white duchesse satin with an immensely long train. The straight skirt is trimmed with a single flounce of Brussels lace and a rope of orange blossoms. The closely fitting 1830 bodice is elaborately decked with seed pearls hung about the neck and falling over the quaint collarette of lace. She will wear a tulle veil turned back from her face, and caught with a pearl pin. Her bouquet is the shower bouquet we have borrowed from our English cousins of orchids and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids—there are four—are dressed in blending shades of yellow chiffon and blue silk tulle. Their hats are alike, four huge, white leghorns. They are trimmed with brown plumes and gaudy orchids. Is it not an artistic picture?

The second bride is stately and dark. She will have but one bridesmaid, her sister. Her marriage gown will be dead white bengaline—surely a trying choice. And it will succumb only to the issued edict in its sleeves. There will be three caps from shoulder to elbow, weighted at each edge by a narrow band of exquisite Indian embroidery. The heavy Watteau train is artfully hung free from the middle point of the shoulders to the ground. The front of the skirt is almost startlingly tight, according to our recently remodeled ideas. The skirt trimming is but lengths of embroidery down the front and cascaded about the foot. The bodice fits closely and fastens behind. A band of embroidery across the bust defines a plain, tight yoke relieved by a round collar of old lace. From the bust line more embroidery—which looks like pearls sewed upon a half inch ribbon—are gathered unto the slightly pointed girdle. This bride's veil is also turned back from her face after the English fashion. She is a pretty girl, but she will look a bit chilly in her half-tailor wedding dress.

The third bride is a bashful girl who has been through three seasons without losing her passion for art. Her gown she has designed herself, they say. At any rate it is worth the description here. It is of soft, cream white satin, the kind of satin that seems to gleam with the richness of its weaves, and lace so old that it is cream-colored, too. The gown is a princesse, and the train is but a natural extension of the middle back breadth of the skirt. The train is unstiffened, thus falling softly into any motion of the wearer, and it is but moderately long. A broad band of the lace is laid about the bottom of the skirt and covered at both edges by orange blossoms. The satin is stretched smooth to the waist; there it opens on the left side and is drawn from the under arm seams into small folds across the front. The opening is concealed beneath a heavy spray of orange blossoms which fall below the waist to the skirt. A V-shaped plastron of the rare old lace is displayed by the revers, which are notched and turned back to encroach a little upon the sleeves. The revers are edged also with orange blossoms and green leaves. The collar is of satin, and is high about the throat. It, too, is trimmed with bridal blossoms. The sleeves are big, drooping upper arm puffs of satin; the forearms are closely fitting satin covered with lace. About the waist and up the inner seam clamber more white flowers with green laves. The veil is simple tulle, to be caught in the high coiffure and dropped over the face.

THE ARTIST'S WEDDING DRESS.

### Better Cherish Him.

There are husbands who are pretty,
There are husbands who are witty,
There are husbands who in public are as smiling as the morn;
There are husbands who are healthy,
There are husbands who are wealthy,
But the real angelic husband, well, he's never yet been born.

Some for strength of love are noted,
Who are really so devoted
That whene'er their wives are absent they are lonesome and forlorn;
And while now and then you'll find one
Who's a fairly good and kind one,
Yet the real angelic husband, oh! he's never yet been born!

So the woman who is mated
To the man who may be rated
As pretty fair, should cherish him forever and a day,
For the real angelic creature,
Perfect quite in every feature,
He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say.
Commercial Gazette.

### Like an Echo From the Past.

Women famed for their valor, their skill in politics, or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex in order to invade the privileges of ours. I can no more pardon a fair one endeavoring to wield the club of Hercules than I could him for attempting to twirl her distaff.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation, our desirable retreat from the fatigue of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and constantly without grace.—Goldsmith's Chinese Philosopher.

### How to Seal a Letter.

The ability to "seal" a letter correctly is said to be one of the lost arts. In the good old days of goose-quills, loose sand for blotting, and fine sealing-wax for adhesive purposes, delicacy and dexterity in putting the wax in the right place without burning one's fingers was a necessary part of a liberal education. Nowadays the art has almost passed out of remembrance. Here is the correct method of sealing a letter: When the letter is ready, lay the seal on the table, at your right hand, and in such a position that when used the impression may be square and right side up. Then hold the wax above the flame of the gas or candle, but not near enough to burn. When the wax has been gradually softened apply it, with a circular movement, upon the place to be sealed; rub it well around and down until you have a circle of proper size and thickness. The wax still soft, has cooled sufficiently to take a clear impression. Hold the envelope a little distance from the flame until the wax has again become soft; then moisten the seal, and apply it. The result will be a clear-cut impression. There will be no adhesion of wax to seal, no breakage, and no irregular wax strings hanging about the paper. The letter cannot be opened without destruction of the seal itself, which, in old conventional style, will serve as a remembrance of the sender and of the security of the contents of the letter.—New York Sun.