

HOUSEHOLD.

ONE OF A HANDSOME PAIR OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

To Cure Round Shoulders—The Love Natures of Children—H Treated Tresses—Advice to Mothers—A Wise Woman—She Set a Good Example.

Lady Yarborough, wife of the fifth Earl of Yarborough, is one of the most beautiful women in England. This graceful and aristocratic young woman was born to high estate as the Baroness Conyers. She and her sister Violet are the daughters of Baron Conyers, whose family were ennobled in the sixteenth century. The two young Baronesses Conyers inherited not only their father's title, but his large fortune and his beauty. They entered London society only a few years since and be-



LADY YARBOROUGH.

came promptly famous for their comeliness and unusual stature, both of them measuring but an inch short of six feet in height. Baroness Marcia very soon gave her hand in marriage to Lord Yarborough, and her sister Violet married Lord Powis. Lady Yarborough is one of the few English beauties who do not possess the usual English brilliancy of complexion. Her coloring is that of a South American beauty. Her eyes are brown, and her hair is bronze gold. The exceeding slenderness and gracefulness of her figure are due in great part to her love of horseback exercise, and in Lincolnshire, where her husband owns two large estates, she lives at Brockley Hall, preferring the society of her horses and dogs and country friends very often to the joys and triumphs of the London seasons.—Chicago Times-Herald.

To Cure Round Shoulders.

The very best and most nourishing foods must be taken, as weakness of constitution or health is one of the first causes of round shoulders. You should take a strong iron and quinine tonic, and if it is cold weather when you begin the cure take cod liver oil as well. If this is apt to disagree, take cream instead. You must keep regular hours as to meals and sleep and have plenty of outdoor exercise, only without undue exertion. Walking is about the best exercise to take, though riding and bicycling may be indulged in when you are getting better.

You must be careful to sleep on a hard mattress, never on a feather bed, and you must also take care that your pillows are not raised too much, as this is apt to throw the head forward and add to the rounded shoulders instead of making them any better. You must be very careful always to walk very straight and never lounge along the road. The way to do this is to hold the shoulders well back, the chin well in the air, to look straight forward on a level with your eyes and never droop the head and go through life looking for possible pins on the ground.

On no account must you stoop over your work or reading, as this is very bad indeed. If you are sewing, you must sit in a very low chair, and one that has a straight back to lean against. If by any chance you have to sit on a high chair to do your work, you must see that you have a footstool. In writing you should either sit at a table which is the proper height, or you should always use a sloped desk, and in reading never hold the book on your knees, but hold it up and lean back or sit upright.

You should very often hold your hands behind your back and walk this way up and down a room or out of doors for ten minutes at a time when you have nothing better to do. You must also lie flat on a backboard or the floor for several hours a day. You should also practice walking up and down the room with a book balanced on your head. This will make you hold your head very upright and help to cure the ugliness of your round shoulders.—Exchange.

The Love Natures of Children.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, writing in *The Woman's Home Companion* of "Building Love Cells," explains that "the human brain is one vast aggregation of cells, and science informs us just where the cells of sight, sound, feeling, love, anger and, in fact, all the mental, moral and physical qualities are located.

"All over the land today in this enlightened age mothers and nurses are sitting and telling excitable children the blood-thirsty tales of 'Red Riding Hood' and 'The Babes in the Woods,' and a score more as unwholesome. The brain cells of fear, revenge, destruction and many other of the baser thoughts are all fed and nurtured by these tales. A wise parent would be talking to her child of the wonderful work of the bee or the ant. She would talk of the wonderful similarity in the nature and habit of all things God has made from flowers and trees up to men, and the child who listened to daily talks like these from infancy to youth would

not develop into a murderer or a vagabond. He would not doubt God or hate his kind, no matter what unfortunate inheritance was his. If his affections are appealed to every day, he is building up that part of his nature as surely as he is breathing air into his lungs. Once let woman learn what the profession of motherhood means and go about its fulfillment with the devotion they show in the other professions and we would in the course of a century find small need of prisons, insane asylums or poorhouses."

H Treated Tresses.

You know and I know and every other woman knows that women treat their hair as they treat their watches—with unpardonable abuse—says a writer in the *Chicago Times-Herald*. Of course one's hair isn't dropped on the sidewalk or prodded with stickpins until the main-spring breaks, but it is subject to even deeper and more trying insults.

One night, when the little woman is in a real good, amiable mood, the tresses are carefully taken down, brushed, doctored with a nice "smelly" tonic, patted caressingly and gently plaited in nice little braids. The next night it is crimped until each individual hair has acute curvature of the spine. Then it is burned off in chunks and squares, it is yanked out by the handfuls, it is wadded and twisted and tugged at and built up into an Eiffel tower, and—after a few hours of such torture—the little woman takes out the sixty odd hairpins, shakes it loose, gets every hair into a three ply tangle of its own, and then hops into bed! When she gets up in the morning, she pulls out and combs out more hair than she can grow in after seven months' careful treatment.

I tell you that is the one great trouble with women. They will not stick to one particular method. If they feel like fussing with their hair, they will, but if they're tired or cross or in a hurry to get to sleep—well, they just let it take care of itself. Hair needs regular care, just as do plants or babies or people. Make up your mind that you have hit upon the best way to treat your hair, and then stick to it, no matter whether the school keeps or not.

Advice to Mothers.

Children's teeth should be cleaned from the first. A corner of a silk handkerchief dipped in water with a little borax in it should be wiped over the gums after each meal. From 18 months and upward they should be cleaned daily, at first with a soft badger's hair brush. After 2 years old a dentifrice, such as prepared chalk, may be used. When this is done, the teeth will not fall out early, and the child will be saved from such deformity as often happens on the arrival of the second tooth before the jaw is sufficiently formed to receive them. The mouth becomes overcrowded when this happens and early visits to the dentist become necessary.

In fever a wineglassful of the following may be given from time to time to quench the thirst: Citrate of potash, 30 grains; rice water, one pint.

Tonics should not be given to a child whose bowels are disordered, as they are not likely to be then of any service, absorption being too imperfect. Some tonics, notably iron, may even act as irritants and increase the mischief in these cases. They are medicines for convalescence, when they will increase the appetite, the force of the pulse, and the muscular strength.

A Wise Woman.

There is one wise little woman who declares she always keeps her company man-ners for her husband, together with her prettiest gowns. "If I must be cross and horrid and have to do my hair up in kids to make it curl, I intend to reserve those revelations for persons whom I do not care so much about pleasing. Of course in time he will find out I have not an angelic disposition and also that my fluffy hair was not bestowed upon me by nature, but I do not intend to enlighten him until I am obliged to."

Now, isn't this sort of deceit preferable to the out and out bluntness that makes a woman feel privileged because she really owns a man to show him at once that his bargain is not such a wonder as he supposed? Hide all the faults you can. They will creep out soon enough. Wear a sunny countenance, even though you are worried to death. The world is much kinder to the smiling woman than to the careworn one. Assume an air of prosperity, though you feel it not. In fact, put the best foot forward every time, and, though you know yourself of the old shoe on the other one, keep it out of sight, and the world nine times out of ten will never see it.—Exchange.

She Set a Good Example.

Some one has said that our children desire to begin where we leave off. Consequently, if they can procure the elegances of life in no other way, they will secure them on the credit system. For it is a fact that the poor pay far higher for the accommodations they receive than do the rich for theirs. The usual outcome of this kind of housekeeping is that the debtor falls behind in his payments, is annoyed by duns, borrows a trifle from a friend to ward off the evil day and at last abandons hope, losing furniture and all that has been paid as interest and principal.

In happy contrast was the course adopted by a bright-eyed wife in London. Calling at the house, I remarked, "Your home looks very pretty." She replied emphatically, "It is pretty, for we have paid for everything in it." Then she told me that before her marriage her intended requested her to select a carpet and he would buy it on trust, but that she stoutly refused and assured him that the bare floor was good enough for her until he could afford to pay for what he purchased. I exclaimed, "Bravo!" and I am persuaded the little woman has made a good business man of her husband by this time.

The Difference.

Bill—Men are soon forgotten when misfortune overtakes them.

Jill—Yes; so they say.

"It's different with turtles, however."

"How so?"

"Why, a man doesn't care anything for a turtle until it gets in the soap."

—Yonkers Statesman.

BOLD "WILDCAT" SMITH

How He Won Freedom For Himself and a Fair Captive.

STAKED HIS LIFE TWICE AT CARDS

Big Laugh Was a Fierce Indian Chief, but Could Not Resist Such Reckless Daring—How the Name of "Wildcat" Was Acquired.

"Wildcat" Smith, says a Caldwell (Tex.) correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, is just about the last living one of that famous band of pioneers who drove the Indians to the mountains, killed the panthers and bears and blazed the paths through the trackless wilderness. Smith came to Texas in 1836 and served in the Texas army through all the long wars with Mexico. He was also a soldier in the great civil war, and when that ended he enlisted to fight Indians and remained on the border until there were no more Comanches to shoot. He has been a man of war from his youth up, and in his old age he carries a soldier's musket with a fixed bayonet and continues to make war



"WILDCAT" SMITH.

on all kinds of game and "varmints." He wanted to go to Cuba, and when the boys insisted that he was too old and feeble he threw off his coat and challenged the whole company to fight him.

Upon one occasion Smith was captured by a roving band of Comanches, many of whom were well known to him. They frankly told him that they intended to make him run the gantlet and burn him at the stake when they reached their village on Devil river. The captive had a flask of whisky, which the chief took away from him. After taking several drinks the old warrior asked Smith if he could play "seven up." Smith proudly boasted that he could beat any man living playing that particular game. This answer appeared to put the Indian on his mettle, and he at once proposed that they should halt by the side of the warpath and play for the highest stakes that mortal men ever waged on a game of chance—life.

Smith eagerly agreed to the proposal, and they sat down under a tree and dealt the cards on a blanket. The other warriors dismounted and anxiously watched the game. The chief's name was Big Laugh, so called on account of a natural grin that marked his features. After a short time they stood 6 to 6, and it was Smith's deal. He ran the cards off and turned a jack from the bottom. Smith had won his liberty, and Big Laugh told him that he might go, but the Texan had something else in view. He might easily have walked away, but he had determined upon another act which marks him as a generous soul possessed of the highest courage. There was a young white girl tied on one of the ponies who was weeping in the most piteous agony. Smith coolly proposed to play another game, staking his life against the liberty of this young girl. Big Laugh was evidently pleased with the white man's courage, and after taking another drink he began to shuffle the cards. The young girl was out loose from the pony and made to stand on the blanket, while the thongs for binding Smith in case he lost were thrown at her feet. Again they played a close game and at the end of a short time stood 6 and 6, but it was Big Laugh's deal. With what awful interest that poor girl must have watched the turning of that trump! The Indian slowly dealt the cards, and, peeping at the trump, a hideous grin spread all over his face.

"I was sure that all was lost and was just in the act of springing at his throat," says Smith, "when he turned the queen of hearts for a trump. He could not give me, of course, and I held both the ace and deuce of hearts."

Big Laugh was by this time hilariously drunk and in a most excellent good humor. He not only kept his word and gave Smith and the young girl their liberty, but he furnished them two ponies and allowed Smith to take his gun. The liberated captives reached the settlements in

safety, where Smith's strange story would never have been credited had not the young girl bore witness that it was true. She is still living on a fine plantation on the Brazos and is the widow of no less a personage than Colonel Sam Jones, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh.

"Wildcat" Smith lives in a little cabin in the woods and devotes his whole time to hunting bear and deer and sometimes smaller game. When asked for information concerning his ferocious name, he said: "Oh, the boys call me 'Wildcat' cause I fit one of them varmints once without any weapons. I got the tarmal bitter 's ear in my mouth, and then I bust at his ribs, unjointin his neck with my fist."

TRAINING CANARIES TO SING.

Six Months of Incessant Care Is Required for the Work.

The musical academy of the canary breeder has its professors, the stamp of whose style is left on the pupils as distinctly as that of the vocal expert influences the students of the conservatory. Every breeder makes it his business to constantly be on the lookout for old cock birds of repute as songsters. These are never used for breeding, but are usually kept in small, darkened cages. They are the masters on which the musical education of the young birds depends.

When the nestlings are about six weeks old the cocks are taken away, says the *Detroit Free Press*, and put in a large cage until they have developed properly. After two months they are put singly into smaller cages, and placed in a room with the master bird, yet so that they cannot see each other. Now comes the testing of the young voices, and the breeder listens carefully to judge their quality and progress the birds are making.

The best singers are picked out and put into what are called "single boxes," small wire, darkened cages, placed inside a tin box. At one side is a curtain, which is withdrawn when the bird is to sing. The greatest care is taken that the canaries never hear an inferior bird or, in fact, any other sort of bird, as they are apt quickly to learn wrong notes and so spoil their song.

The birds, too, are kept very quiet, and allowed to sing only under pleasant conditions, as it is considered that any kind of disturbance or fright is likely to create a broken, jerky kind of melody. The excellence of the song consists not so much in its loudness, or even in its tone, as in varied repetitions of certain strains. Each melody has its special name and the birds are classed according to the tunes they sing.

There are 22 different strains, and some birds have a compass of four octaves. The education of the canary involves six months of incessant watchfulness and activity on the part of the breeder. When the bird has reached seven months he is supposed to have acquired his musical education, although a talented pupil is often left with the master somewhat longer, in order to gain special finish.

SALOME BEFORE HEROD.

Dancing That Won the Head of John the Baptist.

James Tissot has, in his remarkable pictures illustrating the life of Christ, offered a striking and undoubtedly true version of the dance of Salome before Herod. Many and famous artists before him have given us their idea of that astonishing dance the forfeit of which was the head of John the Baptist. Tissot follows none of them nor their traditions, but the Salome he paints moves before Herod on her hands, her feet in the air. Instead of a light drapery of gauze she is swathed from chin to toes in close, heavy embroidered garments. The silk trousers common to all oriental women are caught snugly about her ankles, her feet are naked, and her head, oiled, curled and heavy with pomatums, is gorgeously dressed. Only her arms are bare, and yet they are re-



HOW SALOME DANCED BEFORE HEROD.

splendent with bracelets, while her face is artfully painted, the eyes so darkened about as to give them a mysterious languishing expression.

This is assuredly the way Salome danced her famous measure, says Mr. Tissot, for no ordinary achievement on her part was required in order to excite Herod to the pitch of enthusiasm and extravagance he reached. An abundance of beautiful and skilled dancers were invariably at the king's command. In consequence a peculiarly brilliant effort was needed for Salome to achieve her end, which she did by admirably performing one of the astonishing acrobatic dances that are to this day known and practiced in some parts of the east.

Mistaken Identity.

The Judge—You are arrested for running the end of an umbrella into this man's eyes. Have you anything to say in your defense?

The Man—Yes, your honor, I have. The umbrella was not mine.—Yonkers Statesman.

MILES STANDISH'S COURTSHIP.

Curious Old Poem Brought to Light by a Brooklyn School Principal.

A. A. Ashmun, principal of Public School No. 67, furnishes the Brooklyn Citizen with the following literary curiosity:

During several years there was published in Lansingburg, N.Y., a small magazine called *The Antiquarian*. In its issue of December, 1847, it published this poem, stating that it was copied from the New York Rover, and also with the following comments:

"About this singular production a word or two seems necessary. Whether it be really a genuine antique or a more modern imitation is a question for critics to discuss. We can only throw such light upon it as we happen to possess and such as the document bears upon the face of it.

"In order to ascertain whether the ballad was founded in truth we have turned to some New England chronicles, and find that the whole story is true to the letter. Captain Miles Standish did come over in the Mayflower, and his wife's name was Rose. John Alden and William Mullins were among the number that came over in the same vessel. William Mullins had a daughter whose name was Priscilla, and the main incident, according to the chronicles, occurred precisely as related in the poem."

This is the ballad:
Miles Standish in the Mayflower came
Across the stormy wave,
And in that little band was none
More generous or brave.

Midst cold December's sleet and snow
On Plymouth rock they land;
Weak were their hands but strong their hearts,
That pious pilgrim band.

Oh, sad was it in their poor huts,
To hear the stern wind blow,
And terrible at midnight hour,
When yelled the savage foe.

and when the savage grim and dire,
His bloody work began,
For a champion brave, I have been to'd,
Miles Standish was the man.

But, oh, his heart was made to bow
With grief and pain full low,
For sickness in the pilgrim band
Now dealt a dreadful blow.

In arms of death so fast they fell,
They scarce were buried;
And his dear wife, whose name was Rose,
Was laid among the dead.

His sorrow was not loud, but deep,
For her he did bemoan,
And such keen anguish wrung his heart
He could not be alone.

Then to John Alden he did speak—
John Alden was his friend—
And said, "Friend John, unto my wish
I pray thee now attend.

"My heart is sad, 'tis very sad,
My poor wife Rose has gone,
And in this wild and savage land
I cannot live alone.

"To Mr. William Mullins, then,
I wish you to repair,
To see if he will give me leave
To wed his daughter fair."

Priscilla was this daughter's name;
Gentle and fair was she;
And kind of heart, she was withal,
As any maid could be.

John Alden, to oblige his friend,
Straightway to Mullins' went,
And told his errand like a man,
And asked for his consent.

Now, Mr. Mullins was a sire
Quite rational and kind,
And such consent would never give,
Against his daughter's mind.

He told John Alden if his child
Should be inclined that way,
And Captain Standish was her choice,
He had no more to say.

He then call'd in his daughter dear,
And straightway 'd retire,
That she might with more freedom speak
In absence of her sire.

John Alden had a bright blue eye,
And was a handsome man,
And when he spoke a pleasant look
O'er all his features ran.

He rose, and in a courteous way
His errand did declare,
And said, "Fair maid, what shall I
To Captain Standish bear?"

Warm blushes glowed upon the cheeks
Of that fair maiden then;
At first she turned away her eyes,
Then looked at John again.

And then, with downcast, modest mien,
She said, with trembling tone,
"Now, prithee, John, why dost thou not
Speak for thyself alone?"

Deep red then grew John Alden's face;
He bade the maid good-bye,
But well she read before he went
The language of his eye.

No matter what the language said,
Which in that eye was rife—
In one short month Priscilla was
John Alden's loving wife.

A Question of Heads.

"How can you beat and scratch your husband in this terrible way?" said a judge to a woman of spirit and independence. "Don't you know that he is the head of the family and ought to be respected as such? Don't you know that he is your head, too, and ought to be obeyed?"

This was pretty severe doctrine to preach to a distracted family, but every man in the world will say that it is strictly true and ought to be enforced.

This woman, however, was unterrified and in very pert tones said, "Judge, is that man my head?"

"Most assuredly he is," was the reply.

"Well, judge," said the stern disciple of a logical system, "is there any good reason why I shouldn't scratch my head if I wish so?"—London Answers.

Doubling the Circulation.

"Shure Oi know how ye can double the circulation av yer paper," said an Irishman to an editor.

"Do you?" smiled the editor. "Then I should very much like to know how."

"Whoi, whin any wan buys a copy av yer paper give him another copy av it free, gratis, for nothin,'" explained the Irishman triumphantly.—Nuggets.

He Had His Doubts.

"That's a fine, solid baby of yours, Middleton," said a friend who was admiring the first baby.

"Do you think he's solid?" asked Middleton, rather disconsolately. "It seems to me as if he were all holler."—Stray Stories.