THE WORLD OF WOMANKIND

Topics of Interest to All Members of the Gentle Sex.

HEALTH AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Carefully Selected Recipes, Suggestions as to the Care of the Home and Other Matters Entering Into Woman's Widening Sphere.

HER TEN COMMANDMENTS:

These are the new commandments ten,
Which wives now make for married men.

1—Remember that I am thy wife,
Whom thou must cherish all thy life.

2—Thou shalt not stay out late at night,
When lodges, friends or clubs invite.

3—Thou shalt not smoke indoor or out,
Or chew tobacco round about.

4—Thou shalt with praise receive my pies,
Nor pastry made by me despise.

5—My mother thou shalt strive to please,
And let her live with us in ease.

6—Remember 'tis thy duty clear,
To dress me well throughout the year.

7—Thou shalt in manner mild and meek
Give me thy wages every week.

8—Thou shalt not be a drinking man,
But live on prohibition plan.

9—Thou shalt not flirt, but must allow
Thy wife such freedom anyhow.

10—Thou shalt get up when baby cries,
And try the child to tranquilize.

These my commands, from day to day
Implicitly thou shalt obey.
—Boston Post.

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A western journal admonishes women that it is a mistake to marry; that married life averages twenty years; that at the end of that time the wife finds herself a widow with $1,000 insurance and "five" children! It then goes on to advise women that by remaining single they can accumulate in twenty years $5,000 and "not handicapped by five children" can face their declining years! This moves the Philadelphia Bulletin to observe: "There ought to be a provision in the criminal code against such monstrous perversion as this! Any one discouraging marriage, by precept or example, ought to be held criminal by the very act or utterance, where does this reckless troglodite find proof that marriage averages but twenty years and that the hsuband dies first? Where are the figures certifying to the five children? Twenty years of marriage, even if that were the average, would criminally derelict, if there were but five children! And if the husband and father died at the end of twenty years his first born would be of an age to step in and support the family, or he wouldn't be the sort of American boy known in trade! But, as a matter of observation, marriage increases longevity, and husbands who are happily married rarely die—at least until they have to—and, as a rule, they outstay the wife.

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"No man or woman of sensibility, however, can consent to look on marriage in the sordid light enunciated by this western destructive. What woman, truly a woman, would set $5,000 self-earned dollars against the twenty years' love, companionship of the husband of her heart? If to be a new woman means the sordidizing of what is sweetest in the sex, then the less we hear and see of this monstrosity the better. As it is 'better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all,' so it is better to have been mated, if only for a year, with the man of one's heart, than to live a wretched spinster and type write a million into an old maid's pocket! And even if but 'five children,' as the unfeeling perverter of women claims, are the average of twenty years' connubial felicity, what money could equal them? What more delightful, more soothing to a widowed heart than five images of the dear one dead; five pledges of the future, five bread-winners if need be! No, indeed; if the 'new woman' takes this form we renounce her; all men born of women, who love to live in the light of a sweet heart's eye, a wife's eye, will condemn and spurn the 'new woman' in this guise. She shall be refused profit and place, the typewriter shall be denied her, every calling that she now adorns will repudiate her—men will shun her and women, the women that men adore, will have none of her! The birds will refuse song for such a one, the flowers withhold their color and odor, the sun shade his lances of light, the stars fade in her sky, youth become a derision, earth a torment. For, after all, no woman can be really new until she is born again in love and consecrated in wedlock! That is the sort of new woman that revolutionizes the world. Where does woman shine so adorably as among her darlings! There she is new indeed—the old, old story always sweetly new—the love that makes the world young and always new!"

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An animated leap year discussion has been in progress for some weeks among famous women concerning the question, Shall women propose? The Philadelphia Bulletin strikes close to the mark when apropos of the discussion it says: "Logically there is no reason why the woman who approves the man should not invite him to be her companion for life. It is merely the prejudice of tradition that recoils at this. If love be what the pundits, poets and philosophers tells us, it can make no difference which voice propounds the vital question that settles two destinies! So much for the proprieties involved. The crucis of the problem is not in the asking, but in the knowing! Now, does a woman know her own mind firmly enough to be sure that she is asking the man she is best fitted to mate with? Judging from the poets and novelists and some study of sociological phenomena, it is to be feared that women are not so likely to come to a wise decision as men! A man brings some of the exactness he displays in business to the resolution of his love! He knows what he seeks in a wife! As a rule, most men figure to themselves their mother in her teens and seek her similitude! This, of course, is not that divine passion that all the world loves in a lover! But, on the whole, it is the true love that makes serene firesides, homes of felicity. It is very doubtful whether women, with their immortal yearnings, their adoration of strength, of the heroic, the picturesque, could ever fall into the habit of choosing the safe man—the predestined father, the fireside sage, the exemplary citizen! The heroic fellow is charming in poetry, the drama, romance, but he is uncomfortable at the fireside! And this, is as a rule, the sort of person that captivates the young girl's fancy.

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"Now, of course, the result of woman's proposing would be an immediate demand for the Byronic and picturesque fellows, while the really deserving men, preordained to be perfect husbands and fathers, would be left to languish in unmerited celibacy! Then, again, as one of our penetrating correspondents writes, man is of a nature so contradictory that what he can get without conquest he does not value! The profundity of this remark is proven by every life history ever written. The truth being that man is so inferior by nature that when a woman seems to sue he makes the same mistake a domestic makes when master or mistress is over-kind! Man's nature is essentially servile; he can only relish what seems to him won by esoteric arts quite beyond his own ordering! There never was a man yet who won a woman's love that didn't feel half criminal! No man ever believed himself deserving of a true woman, no man can, knowing what he knows of himself and his nature. On the whole, therefore, we are inclined to agree with the correspondents who vote for the good old way. It has answered very well, whereas to put the burden of proposal on women would disjoint so many traditions that we should be compelled to recast society. Then the mother-in-law would be placed in an awkward attitude! She could not keep the husband in proper subjection by reminding him of the sacrifice made in yielding up the daughter to a husband not her equal! On the score of the mother-in-law alone the wisest thing is to let man do the proposing, though any girl knows that she can make any fellow do that whenever she cares to have him!"

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SELECTED RECIPES:

Sauce for Fish.—An appetizing sauce to serve with our customary baked fish, either shad or bluefish, is made in the following way: Take the drippings from the pan in which the fish has been baked, stir in the yolk of one or two eggs, salt, pepper, chopped parsley; add a squeeze of lemon juice and some plain stewed tomato, which has been previously strained. If any of this sauce should be left over for the next day, it is very satisfactory to use it in making a picked-up dish of the old fish. Bone the fish very thoroughly and remove the skin and fat; pick it up into small pieces; stir in the sauce, and bake it lightly in a flat plate or in small fancy dishes.

Fricassees.—Cut a fowl and put into three quarts of water; season to the family taste. When cooked remove the bones; while the meat is out add to the water, probably boiled down to a quart now, the following: Beat two tablespoonfuls of well-browned flour into a half-cupful of cold water, or, better, sweet milk, if convenient; when beaten smooth, stir quickly into the boiling broth and let it cook ten minutes. If celery is liked, chopped celery may be boiled with the fowl. Fowls are better than chickens, and only require longer cooking. Drop the meat back into the gravy or broth; in five minutes serve on the hot bread. Pour over all a moderate amount of gravy, serving up the remainder in a gravy boat, to be passed to those preferring an unusual amount of it. Mutton fricasee needs only a cheap piece of good mutton, bones taken out, and prepared as fowl.

Philadelphia Scrapple.—To make Philadelphia scrapple, stew two pounds of fresh pork until thoroughly done. Take the meat up and add enough water to the liquor in the kettle to make a quart. Remove the bones and chop the meat; then put it back in the kettle. Season, adding sage or summer savory, and onion, if desired. Then sift in corn meal, boiling slowly, and stirring, as if for mush. Make it thick enough to slice when cold. Turn into a dish, and when wanted for the table slice and fry in drippings. The quantity may be increased, as it will keep a long time in winter.

Here is a recipe for breakfast biscuit: Take one quart of sweet milk, one-half a cupful of melted butter, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder; flour enough to make a stiff batter; do not knead into dough, but drop into buttered tins from a spoon; bake in a hot oven; unless the oven is hot the biscuit will not be light.

Vanilla Snow Eggs.—Beat stiff the whites of six eggs; have ready on the fire a pint of milk sweetened and flavored with vanilla; as soon as it boils drop the beaten eggs into it by tablespoonfuls, and as soon as they become set dip them out with a tin; slice and arrange them according to fancy upon a broad dish; allow the milk to cool a little and then stir in the yolks of eggs gradually. When thick pour around the snow eggs and serve cold.

Boiled Calf's Feet and Parsley Butter.—Procure two white calf's feet; bone them as far as the first joint and put them into warm water to soak for two hours. Then put two slices of bacon, two ounces of butter, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, salt and whole pepper to taste, one onion, a bunch of savory herbs, four cloves, one blade of mace, into a stewpan; lay in the feet, and pour in just sufficient water to cover the whole. Stew gently for about three hours; take out the feet, dish them and cover with parsley and butter. The liquor they were boiled in should be strained and put by in a clean basin for use; it will be found very good as an addition to gravies, etc.

Easy Welsh Rarebits.—Welsh rarebits are tempting as well as palatable prepared in the following manner, and it is a form in which the dainties may be freely eaten without danger to digestion: With a large old-fashioned No. 5 biscuit cutter cut out the center of as many thick slices of bread as you care to have rarebits. Butter each round of bread with butter partly melted. Sprinkle on a little salt, and spread over with a very little made mustard. Now grate thickly over the rounds fresh moist cheese, which can be grated nicely, other authorities to the contrary; also, the moist cheese is better, because it melts more rapidly and completely. Place your rarebits on a buttered pan and put them into a very hot oven just in time to arrive at perfection for immediate serving. Serve two or three to each person on a small hot plate. Rarebits are much more tender made this way than when the bread crust is left on.

Orange Jelly.—Orange jelly is apt to be an insipid dish if it is served alone as a dessert or if it is made of a mixture of orange juice and water, as it so often is. If, on the contrary, it is made with sweet-rinded Mediterranean oranges of pure orange juice, it is as delicious as it is brilliant in appearance, and needs no vulgar addition of cochineal to give it color. It forms an attractive garnish to Bavarian creams and other cold desserts, or a mould of the jelly filled with bits of orange pulp, preserved and flavored with sherry, makes a simple, excellent dessert in itself. The best rule for the jelly includes two cups of orange juice, the grated rind of three oranges (using only the yellow part), a cup of sugar and a third of a box of gelatine soaked in half a cup of the orange juice and melted with half a cup of boiling water. Mix all these ingredients. Add, if you wish, a teaspoonful of curacoa, though most persons prefer the pure orange flavor. Strain the jelly through a flannel bag two or three times to make it bright and shining. Expert cooks sometimes mix a little blotting paper, made into a pulp with water, in to clarify it, but with the excellent gelatine now in use this is not often necessary.

Dandelion Wine.—Four quarts of the yellow flowers; four quarts of water; the grated rind of two oranges; the grated rind of one lemon. Boil all together twenty minutes, then strain and add four pounds of sugar. When lukewarm add and thoroughly stir through three-quarters of a teacup of yeast; add pulp of the oranges from which the seeds have been removed; let it stand in an open vessel three or four days, then strain, bottle and cork tightly. This is the Blue Bell recipe.—Philadelphia Record.

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS:

The "instantaneous" chocolates and cocoas are greatly improved by being brought to the boiling point.

To remove a grease spot from wall paper, hold a piece of blotting paper over the spot with a hot flat-iron for a few moments.

Woodwork and floors are now stained with a color called forest green. It harmonizes with draperies and coverings of almost any color.

After the juice has been squeezed from lemons the peel may be utilized for cleaning brass. Dip it in common salt and scour with powdered brick dust.

Old potatoes are greatly improved by being soaked in cold water over night, or at least several hours after peeling. The water should be changed once or twice.

According to a wholesale furniture dealer, the best furniture polish is made of one-third alcohol and two-thirds sweet oil. Apply it with a soft cloth and rub with another cloth.

Coarse brooms will cut a carpet, and although imperceptible at first, their ravages will at length show themselves in the increased number of shreds, especially if the carpet be a velvet pile.

Clinkers may be removed from grates and ranges by throwing half a dozen oyster shells into the fire when the coal is aglow and covering them with fresh coal. The clinkers are made soft by this means and are easily disposed of.

When ordering meats remember that beef, when boiled, loses one pound of weight in every four, and when roasted sixteen ounces. Mutton loses even more than beef. This should be thought of where much meat is used.

If small branches of lilacs, apple or cherry trees are now brought into the house and put in a sunny window in a pitcher of water the buds will soon swell and blossom. The pitcher should be kept filled, as the water evaporates rapidly.

Jewelry can be beautifully cleaned by washing it in hot soap suds to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, and then shaking off the water and laying the jewelry in a box of jewelers' sawdust. This method leaves no marks or scratches.

A coloring for white flannel or other goods to be used for rugs or hangings may be easily obtained by gathering from stone walls or rock work the thin moss that grows there and boiling it with the goods in an iron kettle. It will make them a tan color.

To stone raisins, pour boiling water over them and let them stand in it five or ten minutes. Drain, and rub each raisin between the thumb and finger till the seeds come out clean, then cut or tear apart or chop, if wanted very fine. Scald only a few at a time.

A favorite pick-me-up, or quick lunch with the hurried society women of the present day is the yolk of two eggs or one whole egg with a teaspoonful of vinegar, a pinch of salt and half a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce poured over them. The yolks are swallowed whole.

If the bottom crust of fruit pies is glazed with the white of egg, it will not be soft and soggy. The top of meat and all kinds of raised pies should be glazed. Beat the yolk of an egg for a short time, add one spoonful of milk. When the pie is two-thirds done remove from the oven, brush over with the glaze, return to the oven and finsh baking.

To make use of sweet, insipid and tasteless apples stew them and mix them with stewed cranberries in the proportion of one part of cranberries to two parts of apples. Not quite as much sugar will be required as for the cranberries alone. Strain them through a colander, and serve cold with meats or fowl.

Empty pickle jars can be refilled with pickled eggs. Boil one dozen eggs fifteen minutes, then throw into cold water and shell them. Boil several red beets, slice them, and put them in the jar with the eggs. Heat enough vinegar to cover the eggs, add salt, pepper, and all kinds of spices, and pour over the eggs. Keep them tightly covered.

Small cakes are no longer in demand at evening parties. Dainty fruit sandwiches have taken their place. Bread is cut very thin and lightly buttered and then spread with raisins, dates, or candied cherries that have been chopped fine and moistened with orange juice, sherry, or Madeira. Roll and tie with baby ribbons. Lemonade or punch is served with these.

Fuller's earth is one of those things which no family should be without. When grease has been spilled upon the carpet a paste of magnesia and fuller's earth in equal parts, mixed with boiling water, should be applied and let dry. When it is hard brush the powder away, and the grease spot will have disappeared. Fuller's earth and benzine will remove stains from marble.

To make ordinary cloth waterproof, put half a pound of sugar of lead in a pail of rain water with half a pound of alum; stir at intervals until the water becomes clear, and then pour it off into another pail. Put the cloth or garments into it and let them stand twenty-four hours. Then hang the cloth up to dry without wringing. Garments treated thus can be worn in the wildest storm of wind and rain without the wearer getting even damp. The rain will hang in globules upon the cloth, and cloth that is waterproof is better and more healthful than rubber goods.

Dressing and recurling ostrich tips may be done at home with a little practice. Hold the feathers over a kettle containing boiling water, and shake them energetically through the steam, not allowing them to become too damp. This freshens the tips, absorbs the dust and restores the lustre. Take a few of the flues between the thumb and the blade of a dull silver knife, draw them easily over the edge, and repeat this until they are curled as closely as desired. Do this down each side of the feather. Then take a very coarse comb and carefully comb out each one, and the plume will looke like new.

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HEALTH NOTES:

To remove the fire and relieve the pain of a burn soak at once in cold water in which plenty of soda has been dissolved.

A few drops of tincture of benzoin in a bowl of water is an admirable tonic for the face. The benzoin whitens the skin and prevents it from wrinkling.

Ten or fifteen drops of creolin to a glass of water makes an efficient disinfectant to use as a gargle to prevent as well as cure sore throat—it may be used three or four times daily if one be exposed to infectious diseases.

Soap used on the hair is apt to make it brittle. If any is to be used tar soap is the best, and after using rinse the hair in several waters in which a little powdered borax has been dissolved.

It is a sanitary recommendation that in all basins and tubs, especially those connecting with or near the sleeping apartments, the opening into the waste pipe at night should be stopped, and fresh water left standing in the basin.

If mothers will remember that until the first teeth are cut there are no secretions in the mouth to act upon and begin the digestion of such starchy foods as bread foods, and bruels, they would often save the stomachs of very young children a great deal of trouble.

Fruit is not a complete dietary in itself, but it is excellent to accompany a meat diet. The acid contained in the fruits assists digestion, and it is for this reason that apple sauce should be served with roast pork or goose, the fat of which is rendered more assimilable by it.

A scientific investigation was recently undertaken by the Imperial German Health Bureau to inquire into the suitability of the use of aluminium for cooking-utensils. It was proved that this metal is entirely free from communicating to food any poisonous salt, such as is given off by copper, tin or lead.

To "cure" "cracked hands" wipe them dry after washing them. Dry hands will not chap. To heal the sore hands rub the following on after washing the hands (while they are wet) then rub it into the hands, after which, rub dry:

R—Tinc. benzoin	oz. 1
Glycerine	oz. 3
Rose water	oz. 2

The most stubborn cases of neuralgia are apt to yield to a hot-water treatment. Wherever the pain is located, there a hot water bag should be applied. The suffering part should be wrapped in a blanket, and the unfortunate patient should be put to bed and covered with more blankets and induced to drink at least three cups of water as hot as the palate can stand. This treatment may seem severe, but it is sure to bring relief.

For that "run-down" feeling take ten drops of "dilute nitro-muriatic acid" in half a glass of water (take through a glass tube and afterward rinse the mouth and teeth with a solution of soda water), bicarbonate of sodium, a teaspoonful to one-half pint of water. Take this medicine from half an hour to fifteen minutes before meals every day for four weeks. Take a teaspoonful in milk three times daily, after meals, for eight weeks.

The simplest cure for a corn is to loosely bind a soft strip of muslin around the toe behind the corn until there is an elevation of muslin sufficient to receive the pressure of the shoe. After several days, the corn (having been relieved of friction and pressure) will cease to be painful and may be readily picked up or drawn as one would remove a tack from carpet. Fill the little hole which remains with sweet oil, this often prevents the growth of another corn.

At a recent meeting of the Societe de Biologie, Du Cazal and Catoine (Muncheneer medicin, Wochenschrift, 1896, No. 1, p. 22) detailed the results of an investigation to determine whether books were capable of transmitting contagious diseases. The streptococcus, the pneumococcus, the diphtheria-bacilli, the tubercle-bacillus, and the typhoid-bacillus were thus studied. Animals inoculated with cultures prepared from books contaminated with the products of the various conditions in which the organisms named were found developed the given affection. It is thus necessary to practice disinfection of books that have been used or in any way contaminated by persons suffering with infectious diseases.

WOMEN'S DRESS IN ICELAND.

The Kiss Is the Universal Form Salutation in That Country.

From the New York Times.

The common working dress of the Icelandic women, without distinction, as to social equality or wealth, consists of an undergarment of wadmel, in one piece, extending from the shoulders to the heels, fastened at the neck with a button or clasp, with petticoats of white or blue wadmel, and a blue cap, the top of which hangs down on one side and terminates in a tassel. On Sundays and festival ocasions their dress is singular. Then they wear, in addition, a bodice and two or three blue petticoats called "fat," and in front an apron, bordered with a material resembling black velvet, which is a domestic manufacture. The petticoats are fastened immediately beneath the bodice by a girdle of this black velvet, embroidered and studded with such silver or gilt ornaments as they may possess.

The bodice is also ornamented and fastened in front with large clasps, generally gilt, and rendered more conspicuous by being fixed upon a broad border of black velvet, bound with red. Over the bodice is a jacket, called "treja," fitting close to the shape, and made of black wadmel or velvet. The stockings are of dark blue or red worsted, and the shoes which are of seal, shark or sheepskin, are made tight to the foot, and fastened about the ankles and insteps with leather laces. On their fingers the women generally have many rings of gold, silver or brass, according to their means, and, be it known, no present is so acceptable to an Icelandic girl as a ring. The most singular, and at the same time the most beautiful, part of the female costume is the headdress called "faldur," which is made of white linen, stiffly starched, kept in shape with an immense number of pins, and from fifteen to twenty inches in height. This is the holiday and Sunday head covering.

When you visit a family in Iceland you must kiss each member, according to their age and rank, beginning with the highest and descending to the lowest not even excepting the servants; on taking leave to the order is reversed; you first kiss the servants, then the children, and lastly the master and mistress. Both at meeting and parting an affectionate kiss on the mouth, without distinction of rank, age or sex, is the only mode of salutation in Iceland.

Heresy in Chicago.

The Studious Son—"Daddy, did you know the sun rises about an hour earlier in Philadelphia than it does here?

The Chicago Father—"How did you git that fool notion?"

"Learnt it at school."

"If they are teaching at school that Philadelphia is an hour ahead of Chicago, I guess it is time you were took out of there and put in the store."—Indianapolis Journal.

Thrifty.

"Why did Ethel and George elope?"

"The old man figured out that they could begin housekeeping on what the wedding would cost."—Life.

SUE SLEEPS.

They say her smile was sweetest when she lay
In that enthralling power whose guise is sleep,
And I remember now it was her way
To smile in slumber deep!

Yet when I pressed the hand that lay so still
And called her name and smoothed her pretty hair,
She answered not, nor soothed with her sweet will
My fond heart's crushing care.

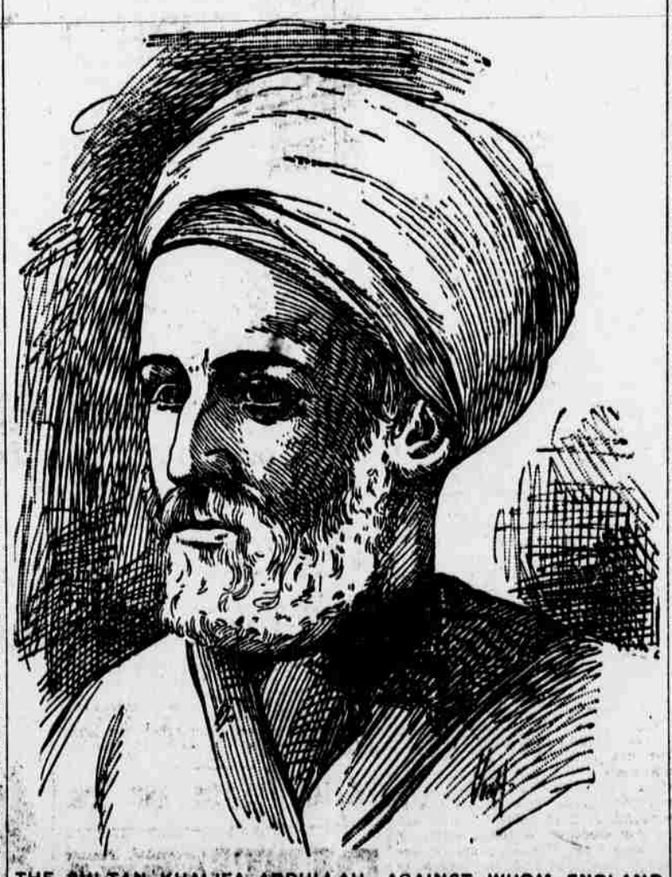
How softly lay the laces on her breast—
Methought she was so lovely in repose
That surely paradise was still more blessed
In claiming my sweet rose.

A rose that thrived in sunshine or in shade
Until at length death touched the tender bloom
And withered it just when it would have staid
To brighten in the gloom.

And then at this my heart fell, crushed and blind.
I was but conscious of that vague unrest
And ceaseless yearning that doth fill the mind
When brooding death is guest.

Dear patient girl who was so loath to hear
A single word against my ruthless ways—
And who will guide me now with gentle fear
And who will speak my praise?

Oh, still she sleep. * * * The jasmine blooms as then,
And nature bears its warm life from the deeps,
And summer birds sing lightly once again,
But still, alas; she sleeps!
—Omaha Bee.



THE SULTAN KHALIFA ABDULLAH, AGAINST WHOM ENGLAND HAS DECLARED WAR.
—From the Chicago Times Herald. By the Courtesy of H. H. Kohlsaat

HISTORY OF THE PIANO

Its Ancestor, a Rude Bone Whistle, Made by a Savage.

SLOW STAGES TO PERFECTION

Monochord of the Middle Ages Followed by Spinet, Virginal and Harpsichord. Until Finally the Perfection of Instruments Is Achieved.

From the Philadelphia Times.

In the stone age, its very name suggesting aught but thoughts of musical harmony, there was a desire for some expression not perhaps melodious, but something beside the every day inflections of the voice, and bone whistles made from the digital phalanx of a ruminant animal were the first steps on the ladder that has reached its apex in the piano. No older or simpler instrument is known than this of prehistoric man. Later in the stone age was invented a pipe made of a stag's horn, with three equi-distant finger holes. Still progressing, we see the savage sitting at the door of his tent, suddenly aroused by the fact that his bowstring sounded louder when attached to a block of wood that when simply stretched by his bow. Instantly his senses are alert. The innate love of discovery, the musical longing in every soul, carried him in that instant from the environment of nature into the world of art. The culture of each people has grappled with the problems presented by the three factors—string, resonator, and exciting means, and illustrated them in a hundred different combinations. The historian of the piano can trace its forerunners in harp, viol and lyre, before the altar of every great religion that the world has known. Persistent, like the boat-harp of Burmah, in by-places of the world, still linger specimens of every stage of its development. The violin, harp and guitar are the perfected productions of individual countries, the piano the product and expression of the instinct of Christendom. No race can claim its primary thought, no one country has given birth to its artists, while the whole world has contributed to its materials, and nobles, artisans, poets, musicians, literati have worked together to bring it to its present perfection.

Cristofori in Italy, Marins in France, Schroeter in Germany, conceived the thought of it at the same time. Erard, a German; Backers, a Dutchman; Broadwood, a Scot; Southwell, an Irishman, were among its earliest inventors. Pape, in France; Babcock, Chickering and Steinway in America, are names that must come up as one considers its history. England through Gray, Italy through Cavallo, Germany through Helmholtz, have lent their science, while its patrons count from the castle of the monarch to the owner of a nineteenth century apartment, into which this monarch of instruments must be introduced through the window.

THE MONOCHORD.

It seems probable that the immediate ancestor of the piano and violin is the monochord, used in the middle ages to train the voice in convents. It was tuned with bridges pushed back and forth under the strings with the fingers. Originally the strings were stretched with weights hung at one end. Later tuning pins were invented, and finally, in the eleventh century, Europe came into possession of keys. Many quaint pictures show us our sweet-faced great-great-grandmothers playing at Virginal or spinet, the tiny square or five cornered pianos of the early eighteenth century. There is an old bon mot of Lord Oxford made while watching Queen Elizabeth play on the Virginal and alluding to Raleigh's favor and Essex's execution? "When Jacks start up, heads go down."

Probably the difficulty that the player had in getting any sound at all out of these rude apologies for the modern piano, and the lack of harmony in the sound after it was produced, led to the invention of the more finished instrument. The description of the tone of spinet, virginal and harpsichord, "a scratch with a sound at the end of it," does not give the later-day musician a very high opinion of the possibilities of the trio which were all that our accomplished ancestors had by which to express their souls in glib harmonies. The harpsichord, in the hands of Tschudi, of London, however, made great strides, and was improved to such an extent that it long contested the field with the piano; but virginal, spinet, and even improved harpsichord are now only of antiquarian interest before the marvelous richness of the piano.

THE FIRST PIANO.

It was a harpsichord maker, Bartolomeo Cristofori, in the employment of the Duke of Tuscany, who in 1711 made the first successful piano, Marins, of Paris, and Schroeter, of Germany, neither knowing of the other, producing less happy models soon after. The first piano known to have been built in America was made in 1775 in Philadelphia by John Behrent. From this on labor, thought, love, have combined to bring the piano to where it stands today. The unfolding of each petal of the tiny bud of promise, discerned by the savage, means so much to the piano lover. Self-denying, patient investigation, toil, heart sorrow, and oft times tragic disappointment. Columbus struggling against the jeers and jibes of a populace who thought him crazy had no more to contend with than the inventor, who knowing the possibilities of the instrument he wished to create, was hampered by the obstinate mechanism that turns his feverish enthusiasm to despair, when at the very moment of triumph, as he thinks, some difficulty insurmountable because of lack of funds crushes his castle to earth, his ambition to atoms.

There is a true story of a piano maker who loved his art for art's sake. He could take the tree out of the wood and make every part of the instrument with his own hands. But when it was done he was too sensitive to sell it. When people came to buy, if they seemed a little cold to its merits, he would say, "Go away, you do not understand my piano," and so he wrestled with designs, no wire ever suited his ear, he made his own strings, and labored lovingly on every other part of his instrument, that was to him as his own soul. With his God-given power to create, he was forced to leave the little German town in which he lived, no one there being able to buy the costly instruments, and despite his genius, his noble strivings, he was never able to collect sufficient capital to begin a successful business, and so in winter storm and summer heat he was forced to eke out a scanty living by tuning those objects that his brain and fingers were able to produce. Isn't there a world of pathos in this simple story? Regard the piano today, its infinite mechanism, its exquisite responsive power, its awe-inspiring quality to the average beholder, and then think of a man who could not only control this power but create it, being unable to revel in his mastery for lack of money recognition.

PIANOS THAT COST.

Having achieved the majesty and dignity of the instrument, it naturally follows, the art lover and music lover being virtually one, that the next step should be towards beautifying the case of the soul of harmony, just as the wealthy strive to deck out their bodies in fine raiment, though in nature it does not always follow, as in the triumph of mechanism, that the beauty of the soul is to be found in the body wearing the most gorgeous attire.

With the piano, however, one never finds the combination of thin tone, twangy wires or rasping vibratory action in a case of finest wood, enhanced by the magic touch of artists who portray upon its surface representations and types in touch with the power over man's emotions that the mass of mechanism within possesses.

Many famous productions of this make, costing thousands of dollars, have been sold to prominent people all over the United States and Europe. In New York George W. Marquand owns one that cost $40,000, Cornelius Vanderbilt possesses a gem at $30,000, and George Gould paid a similar sum for the piano that is the chief ornament of his lavishly-equipped music room. The outlay of such sums is not at all unusual, there having been in this city pianos made to order that cost respectively $20,000, $8,000 and $6,000.

A man does not have to be a millionaire, however, to buy an instrument that in its sentient qualities meets all the needs of the music-loving mind. It is the decoration that adds the ciphers to the cost, a feature that, however, does not add to its tone.

Facts Touching the Food We Eat.

Dean Hole, in his latest book, "A Little Tour in America," praises the excellence and variety of our food. He focuses his criticism on the dullness of our table knives. It is rare for an Englishman to acknowledge the superiority of our aliments over those of his own country. That ours are more numerous, and in many respects of better flavor, it is only necessary, says the Sun, to compare the retail market lists of New York and London. Dean Hole says that our fish are not the equal of those on "the other side." This is easily disproved. In the matter of oysters, what in England are called "best natives" are small, and cost 75 cents per dozen, whereas here the largest and finer flavored sell for $1.50 for fifty or a hundred. Blue Point American oysters cost twenty-five cents a dozen in London; here the same quantity may be had for five cents or less. Of fish the only sorts procurable in England and not here are turbots and soles. As an offset to these, we have at this season Spanish mackerel, shad, smelt, terrapin, green turtle, sheepshead, pompano, bluefish, striped bass, whitefish, and oyster crabs. There is nothing in the way of fruit, with the exception of hot house pineapples, at the command of the English that we do not possess. In addition we have many sorts of apples of which they know nothing, and numerous varieties of California fruit that are not exported. Their winter grapes are all of the hot house kind and very costly, whereas we have them from California in great perfection and profusion. Of vegetables, celery, now abundant with us, is not at this season in the London market. Celeriac is advertised, but that is used only in cookery. In addition we have green peas, fresh asparagus, new turnips, egg plant, and many other sorts, now out of market in England. Of very early potatoes neither country has very much to boast, for it is stated both here and abroad, with considerable positiveness, that many of those that are sold as early and new are stunted specimens of the old crop, which are put in water and trod by men in their bare feet, in order to remove the outer skin of the tubers.

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A writer in the Speaker of London calls attention to the value of conversation at meals as an aid to digestion. He says with truth that the frugal repast eaten in silence is more harmful than a copious one enjoyed in the society of gay and vivacious companions. He asserts that an English dinner is, as a rule, a funeral rite of taciturnity, and that his countrymen reserve all of this talk for the political platform and sessions of parliament. The writer in the Speaker contrasts this habit of the English with that of Americans and Frenchmen, who, he maintains, are loquacious at meals. So far as the latter are concerned he is correct, but his assertion in regard to the former is only partly true. To those who have given attention to this subject the habit of our people who take their meals at hotels or more notable restaurants is, during their repasts, one of timid hesitation in indulging in conversation. Men and women seated at the same table are more than sparing of words. Each separate group appears to be oppressed with fear of the others. Oblique looks and an occasional sentence uttered in low tones take the place of animated talk. Those who are eating have an air of furtive apprehensiveness. The writer in the Speaker has probably drawn his conclusions in regard to the vivacity of Americans at meals from experience at minor French and other foreign restaurants in this country. In those, the funereal taciturnity that oppresses our men and women who take their meals at pretentious establishments collapses under the inspiration of example and unconventional environment, and with almost boisterous gayety they give free impulse to a natural love of conversation.

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Dr. Johnson never tired of ridiculing the gastronomic methods, if that term can be applied to them, of the Scotch. One hundred and thirty years have effected a great change in the alimentary processes of that race. A writer in an article in the New Review calls attention to the rapid if not total disappearance of most of the national dishes of Scotland. Tartan, pansowdie, scadlips, brochan, and drammock are gone. Even haggis, an awful concoction, consisting of a minced leg of mutton, suet, bread crumbs, spices, mushrooms, and red wine, enclosed in a caul and baked in a quick oven, is becoming a thing of the past. Moreover it is a dangerous dish, for if the caul be not well pricked before being put to cook, to admit of the escape of team engendered in baking, when punctured at the table, it is apt to explode and throw its contents over the diners, a matter of small inconvenience to some Scotchmen, but somewhat disheartening to visitors from over the border. Carlyle, a Scotchman of the old school, even after a long residence in London, always clung to the culinary processes of Scotland. The meals served at his house in Cheyne row are described as awful examples of old Scotch gastronomic methods. No cook would remain with him for any length of time, and the revelations of these functionaries when they left his employ appalled even natives of his own land. Carlyle thought he knew something of cookery. A rice pudding, however, that he frequently concocted was the cause of many estrangements between his friends and himself.

BRICE AND FOSTER.

Their Conditions Changed Since Foster Was Governor of Ohio.

From the New York Tribune.

When Charles Foster was governor of Ohio Brice owed him $2,000. Brice went to the governor and asked him for a place. Foster said he could not appoint him because he was a Democrat. Brice responded dryly that unless he got a place he could never pay that $2,000. Foster said that he would rather lose the money than appoint him. The result of the conference, however, was that Foster gave Brice $500 and told him to go into Wall street, and gave him advice where to place the money. Brice took the money, disregarded all advice, and rounded up $40,000 in the street. Foster was so pleased he gave Brice half the money. The latter returned to the street, and by shrewd speculation built up an immense fortune. He has since that time turned the market upside down several times. Today Charles Foster is practically a poor man. He met Brice in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue hotel within the last few days, and Brice said to him: "See here, you gave me a start, let me help you now." Mr. Foster felt touched by the offer to repay, but he declined. Mr. Foster said: "Nobody knows what Brice is doing. He may be bankrupt today, but he will be a rich man again tomorrow. He leads an odd financial life."

WOMAN TO WOMAN.

Women are being taught by bitter experience that many physicians can not successfully handle their peculiar ailments known as female diseases.

Doctors are willing and anxious to help them, but they are the wrong sex to work understandingly.

When the woman of to-day experiences such symptoms as backache, nervousness, lassitude, whites, irregular or painful menstruation, pains in groins, bearing-down sensation, palpitation, "all gone" feeling and blues, she at once takes Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, feeling sure of obtaining immediate relief.

Should her symptoms be new to her, she writes to a woman, Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., who promptly explains her case, and tells her free how to get well.

Indeed, so many women are now appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, that a score of lady secretaries are kept constantly at work answering the great volume of correspondence which comes in every day. Each letter is answered carefully and accurately, as Mrs. Pinkham fully realizes that a life may depend upon her reply, and into many and many a home has she shed the rays of happiness.

HIS WISHES NOT CONSIDERED.

But the Rules of the Store Were Closely Adhered To.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

A man with a bundle under his arm made his way to the gas and oil stove counterin one of the big department stores the other day and addressed the young woman in charge:

"Here is a ten-foot piece of flexible gas pipe I got from you last Thursday," he said. "I would like to exchange it for a longer one and pay the difference."

"There's only one longer size in stock," she replied, "and it's only two feet longer. What did you have to pay for this?"

"Seven cents a foot."

"Well, it's two cents cheaper now. We reduced the price this morning."

"Then a twelve-foot piece would be only sixty cents?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I ought to pay the ten cents' difference just the same. All I want is—"

"That's all right. Just take it to the exchange department, on the next floor, and they'll give you an exchange check."

The customer followed directions.

"I want to exchange this piece of flexible gas pipe for a longer one," he said to the young woman behind the counter, "and I have been sent to you."

"What did you pay for it?" she asked.

"Seventy cents; but I bought it last Thursday, and the price has been reduced since then. I only want—"

"That's all right. Name, please?"

He gave his name.

"Address, please?"

And he gave his address.

"Here is your exchange check."

"But this calls for seventy cents, and I'm only really entitled to—"

"Take it back to the department where you got it and the young lady will make the exchange for you."

He took it back.

The salesgirl at the gas pipe counter wrapped up the twelve-foot piece, made out a regular sale check for sixty cents, and sent the two slips of paper to the cashier.

Ten cents came back.

"Here is your gas pipe," she said, "and here is the change."

"But I don't—"

"Are you waited on, lady?"

He took the ten cents and made his devious way out of the building, more deeply impressed with the inexplicable mysteries of the department store exchange system than he had ever been before.

JIM WAS UNGRATEFUL.

And the Sheriff had Grown Tired of Giving Him Too Much Freedom.

From the Detroit Free Press.

I was sitting with the Sheriff in front of the town court house when he suddenly stood up, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across the street, and then called out:

"Heah, you'! Is that you', Jim?"

A colored man, about fifty years old, who was slouching along the other side, came across the street and replied:

"Yes, Mars Renfog, dis am me."

"And what ar' yo' doing heah?"

"Ize jist walkin' out, sah. I dun thought I'd drap down and see my darter."

"How did you get out?"

"Jist made a hole threw de back wall, sah."

"Looh-a-heah, Jim," said the Sheriff as he sat down and picked up a stick to whittle on, "I ain't gwine to stand this fussin' no mo'. This is nigh about seven times you's broke out o' jail."

"Yes, sah; nigh 'bout seben times, sah, but don't be hard on