WOMAN'S PAGE.

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wisely refrained. It seemed a pity to see a natural tendency so unnecessarily distorted.

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Remember it everything. Do try to look jolly and happy, even if you don't feel that way. It's such a comfort for other people to look at you, and we all know that sweetness and amiability are as "catching" as the measles. Cheer up! Lift up your head when you walk, and make up your mind that if things haven't come just your way, you'll just go around and make them. Most of us have blessings enough to keep us smiling the live long day, if we would only set our noses in the direction of them.

Worries seem as big as mountains, while the good things of life appear to be about the size of a beans—or a lima bean, but just a mouthful—little while one. It's a pretty good old after all, Anyhow. It's the best we know, that's about. And when the sun's shining and the air is sparkling and invigorating, and the children begin to trot along the sidewalk, why, all that alone is enough to keep one cheery and hopeful.

Veils Release to Complexion.

Veils do more to ruin the complexion than any thing else. The sale sweeps the friction of the air. Constant rubbing interferes with the circulation and the nerves upon the surface, which lents the face, and keeps it covered with an oily moisture which catches the dust and dirt. Veils should be worn when the face is left exposed to the air, for dust is blown off by the wind in a sage city and windy. It also stimulates the circulation of the blood and gives color to the cheeks.—Ex.

Use of Ivy Leaves.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

A woman of resources has discovered a very simple way of renovating and tidying to their former appearance ragged, soiled or faded cloth or serge wraps. Take some ivy leaves (the young green ones are best), wash them carefully and place them in a jug or bottle, and pour over them a quart of water, cover up the bottle or jug and make all to soak for two or three hours, then lay the garment wanted to be made presentable the garment must be thoroughly brushed inside and out, and all dirty stains or losing removed from the bottom. When ready, spread it on the table and carefully sponge it with ivy water. It doesn't then be necessary to wash it, but it will be found to have recovered its former color and to look quite new. Black silk should be done in the same manner, but it needs more care. If the silk is in the breakfast it will be slightly spotted, but if it is carefully rolled over a clerk wound round a roller and left to dry, black lace may be made to look quite fresh and new. Cream with age by sponging it with ivy water and then rolling it over a clerk wound round a roller. It should not be ironed.—Ex.

Woman's Work Unappreciated.

"It is unreasonable to expect that a man, with his purely masculine conception of things, can ever fully appreciate woman's work. It is no more than a woman can be expected to understand fully a man's work in the world outside." writes Edward Bok of "What Women Find to Do All Day," in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "But as far as man has a conception of the conception of man's work than men have of woman's work, I think believe that if men could only realize the country work in the home, and realized homekeeper as a profession and a business, they would treat it with highest respect, and requiring as much train and education as any masculine profession to work in it would be from looking for broader fields of work and more responsible duties. Men have made women what they are, and men are responsible for what women do. Men when the man does that it is his property, which upon the world and that the work which a woman does in her home is, while necessarily yet hardly to be compared with a man's whole work. It is the building up of greater importance of the work of the outside world which has driven many to assume the work of this world to become a part of it, and thus assume a position of more apparent importance. But, when compared to the natural work, women have gone out and tried work that is unnatural to them."—Ex.

Law Against Birds on Hats.

St. Louis (Mo.) Republic.

The Arkansas legislature has passed a game law that will subject to a fine a woman wearing a stuffed bird on her hat. It provides that "any person who shall have in possession or who shall sell or expose for sale any feathers or skins or any part of birds for use in millinery or similar purposes, or shall sell for such purposes any birds in this state, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined not less than $25 nor more than $100 for each and every part of skin or parcel of feathers so sold or offered for sale or killed for that purpose."

Why Country Women Grow Old.

The thoroughly demonstrated and half-isolated country woman occupies a position very hard and a sallow skin long before her city sister.

Women in rural districts have few of the resources which make life, even in long years, a pleasant cheerfulness, the greatest aid to physical beauty, is difficult to maintain. It is often difficult to procure water in large quantities without trouble, and so the country woman washes her daily bath, which is the foundation for all beauty.

Indeed, she frequently comes to believe that a bath taken more than once a week would be harmful, and so degenerates in one in her conviction that all the training in the world will not convince her. Its consequence her skin gets hard and yellow and mottled of late years.

Then neglect—her daily bath is nothing a weekly hair wash is but a memory. Even in nearer towns in remote outlying districts who washes her hair once a week, she is more likely it is to be a yellowish brown than a fair flaxen. At night she is tired, and her hair is simply combed and prepared for slumber, although the necessary brushing. It is a wonder that it ever gets thin and brittle!

The mind is also neglected. If the country woman does not read, and she is quite likely not to, what has she to think about? Nothing but the farm, the children and the housework.

The house worries are many, the children are troublesome, and the farm also does its share in the atmosphere of work and care. It is not strange that she early reflects her burdens in her face and figure.

If the farmer's wife could but get away from the endless grind for a short time, it would make a new woman of her. But the rarely does. She is a pitiful result of brain and body starvation and years work in estimable life she would sum it up in the words "work and worry."

Men do not understand this, and they wonder why it cannot be relieved by a bottle of sarsaparilla or some other medicine.

The country woman is brain starved. The city woman is brain tortured. Provided they have fairly intelligent, they discuss the latest book or some new theory in regard to the cooking of food, but to look twenty at fifty is which is the best way to touch a child to read.

All these things never bother the woman whose life lies outside of the world. She does not hear the latest book, her cooking is done on one old stove plan, every woman about her is old and faded at five and thirty, and as for any improved way to teach children to read, why, she knows that to the district school teacher. Her brain has outworn dull there is nothing in it but a few recipes and gossip. If she ever only get out of the dreary rut of confinement drudgery, only have a chance to read, only be made to understand the charm of keeping young and pretty indefinite—both for her own sake and that of her family, only get an a real interest in books and current events, she would soon grow to be as perennially fresh and beautiful as the most successful of her city rivals.

Widow Frenes.

Now is the time when young and old alike find the great joy of life in the fresh growing thing, and for many this is a pleasure that need be denied to house bound people who are composed a bit of sunlight. I have even known people with broad fields and large garden to take with them the care of a beautiful or a Lima bean, but just a nasturtium little white one. It's a pretty good old after all. Anyhow, it's the best we know more