

**How a Woman May Retain Beauty.**

True beauty rests on plain living and high thinking, on blood, bearing and brains. It is in one sense a relative thing. To dip far into philosophy on the subject is not necessary. Beauty means harmony, balance, the mental fire of sensibility, as well as bodily attractiveness. Banish fretting, trivial perturbation, scowling, whining, wailing, excessive laughter and pointless smiling.

In the first place, health is all important. Flesh texture and tint, for example, depend upon it. A complexion lacking luster, plumpness and elasticity, shows a lack somewhere in the vital or nutritive system. A mild diet, gentle temperature, even digestion, open air exercise, sleep and a tranquil mind pertain to good looks. Mistakes in diet begin usually in childhood. Often a girl sits down to a potato and pickles, several cups of strong tea, pies, cakes, ices and fiery condiments. If meat be on the bill of fare, there is a chance that it has been spoiled in the cooking.

As a result, when the girl is 20 her eyes are dull, teeth yellow, gums pale, lips wan, flesh flaccid and skin unyielding. Recourse is had to padding, face washes, stains and belladonna. The habits of life are unaltered. Before there can be an improvement a change must be made and firmly persisted in. The diet, while generous, must be temperate. Peppered soups, stews, game, pates, ragouts and spices are not good for the complexion. What is termed the epicurean woman will have before she is 30 a blotched face and flabby flesh. Women of nervous and sanguine temperament should restrict themselves to a diet of eggs, milk, bread, fruit, light broths, etc. Pure water should be the daily beverage.

A great deal of beauty at low cost can be obtained through the plentiful use of rainwater, sunlight and open air exercise. Frequent bathing is a healthful luxury. Bodily exercise should be carried on temperately, its aim being facile muscles, supple joints and pliant limbs—in a word, physical beauty.—Science Signer.

**Pretty Japanese Tearoom.**

A Japanese tearoom may be made by covering the walls, two-thirds up, with matting, topped by a narrow shelf entirely around the room. Above the shelf fill in with Japanese prints of coarse fabric nicely decorated. Cover the ceiling with Japanese paper crossed with bamboo. Suspend several Japanese lanterns. Cover the floor with matting harmonizing with the wall. Delicate bamboo chairs and bamboo stools should be placed here and there. On a table in the center of the room have a tea set. A service can be purchased from any of the larger Japanese stores. Cover the windows with the Japanese slat curtains, inside of which put Japanese silk curtains daintily festooned. Dark blue or red may be the prevailing color of the room. If you select red, have the table and chairs black.—Ladies' Home Journal

**Made Him Sad.**

Weary Watkins—What you lookin so sore about?

Dismal Dawson—I met a guy today 'at tole me I was really workin harder bunnin around de country than if I was actually holdin a job. It may be true, too, fess I know.—Indianapolis Journal.

In a home for sandwich men in London there are said to be several university graduates and medical men and a Scotchman who ran through £50,000 in three years.

**Relief at Last.**

The long suffering man was trying to read, when, with a crash and a roar, the train left the rails. Down, down, down it went. The seat in which the long suffering man sat shut up like a knife and caught him in its tenacious embrace; another seat rose up and smote him in the side. Two trunks flung themselves upon his breast, and the luggage rack slid down and poked him in the back. Then all was silent.

The long suffering man tried to move. One foot, then the other, was found imbedded in the debris; his arms were securely pinioned by the wreckage. It was dark and warm and still.

The long suffering man nestled his cheek down on the cool surface of a window and heaved a sigh of relief.

"At last," he murmured, "at last those two maniacs behind me have stopped talking golf."

And a blessed silence reigned.—Pearson's Weekly.

**To Lighten the Room.**

A room situated so that it does not get any direct sunlight, but only reflected light, may be made more cheerful if the walls are covered with a paper that has a background of some delicate yellow shade. The painted woodwork should be of a creamy tint, and with yellow India silk or muslin draperies at the windows, can almost be made to resemble a room with a southern exposure.

**A FABLE.**

Look out of the East window, Mary,  
And John may look out of the West,  
And tell me which one of the cloudlets  
Today is the prettiest.

Yes, Mary, that wee one is pretty  
All bordered around with white;  
And John sees a beautiful pink one,  
All tinged with the Sunset's light.

So you want me to tell you a story?  
I fear me they all are old;  
Well, sit you here beside me—  
Here's one I've never told.

You know, some people tell you  
Clouds are steam like that from cars—  
But they really are made from cobwebs  
And fastened to the stars.

Who spins them? Why, spiders, darling;  
And the woman who went so high  
With her broom to sweep the cobwebs,  
Swept the cloudlings from the sky.

Well, once when the cloudlings were playing  
Not heeding their mamma's frown,  
They bumped into a great high mountain,  
And the spiders came tumbling down.

They ran about shouting and laughing,  
With plenty of sport and mirth;  
And that is how the spiders  
First got upon the earth.

But when they spun their cobwebs  
To go back again to the sky,  
And found they must always stay here  
They all began to cry.

But they never have given up trying—  
And to this day, very high  
The spiders will spin in the tree tops,  
And try to get back to the sky.

And the cloudlings love their babies,  
Even as your mamma loves you  
When you have done something naughty  
That she told you not to do.

They feel sorry when any one hurts them;  
The reason you see is plain  
That when you kill a spider  
The clouds cry drops of rain.

So always be good to spiders,  
Or the drops will fall in crowds;  
For the spiders you see, my darlings,  
Are the children of the clouds.

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