

RULES FOR COURTSHIP.

HINTS WHICH YOUNG MEN IN LOVE SHOULD CAREFULLY STUDY.

Agree with the girl's father in politics and her mother in religion.
If you have a rival, keep an eye on him if he is a widower keep two eyes on him.
Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man.
Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait until she has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game.
If, on the occasion of your first call, the girl upon whom you have placed your affections looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hours of freeze is uncertain, coy, and hard to please.
In cold weather, finish saying good night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you work the girl to death after she has married you.
Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured for herself a life of luxury in her ancestral halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a bald headed parent, who has been uniformly kind to her, to take you in out of the cold.
If you set down on some molasses candy that little Willie has left on the chair, while wearing your new summer trousers for the first time, smile sweetly and remark that you don't mind sitting on molasses candy at all, and that 'boys will be boys.' Reserve your true feelings or future reference.
Don't be too soft. Don't say, 'Thee little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine,' and 'You shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the canaries,' as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away time in that sort of style. A girl has a fine retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them in a cold, sarcastic tone of voice.

LITTLE GIRLHOOD.

While it is true that a large girl in many respects cannot do as a large boy does, and usually has no desire to, it is equally true (with the exceptions admitted to all rules) that a little girl can do almost exactly what a little boy can, and she usually wants to; and, further, if allowed to, she generally will do it.
If mothers will guide instead of thwart this tendency, it will be vastly to the benefit of their girls and not at all to the injury of their boys.
There would seem to be no good reason why the training and education of girls and of boys should not be essentially identical up to a certain age.
Be not in too great a hurry to impose upon your little girl the burden of her sex. She comes into the world a little, happy, free human being, caring not whether she is a boy or girl, so long as her divine rights of food, love and a good time generally are not denied to her.
God gives her life: do not you, because she is a girl, curtail her liberty or forbid her the pursuit of happiness in her own and Nature's way? Things that are 'nice' for a boy are 'nice' for his sister while both are little children. Things that are 'proper' for a healthy, active girl are usually just as proper for a healthy, active boy.
It is a mistaken notion that certain roughnesses, a certain disregard of the proprieties, a certain boisterous liberty, may be allowed to our boys because they are boys, when they are not permissible to our girls.
Would we have our girls rough and boisterous, then? By no means. And just as little should we have our boys do so.
But we would have our boys strong, athletic, fond of exercise; we would let them run and climb, and even shout, if the exuberance of their spirits demanded it—all in the proper time and place.
We should not deny the same privileges to our girls, so far as their strength allows them to take them.

Do not wait for a boy to grow up before you begin to treat him as an equal. A proper amount of confidence, and words of encouragement and advice, and giving him to understand that you trust him in many ways, helps to make a man of him long before he is a man either in stature or years.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.
A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well. A newspaper worth advertising in once is worth making a contract with.
It is a mistake notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement, for the experience of the most enterprising merchants is that it pays better to spend less in rent and more in advertising.
The enterprising advertiser proves that he understands how to buy, because in advertising he knows how to sell. Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.
A simple card may profitably stand years without change, but a sensational advertisement should be changed as often as you can get the printer to do it.
A heavy advertisement once is more than quadrupled in value by a card, published for a few months after, giving your address.
You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.
Now is the time to think about advertising, and reflection should be followed by judicious action.
To make a man realize an idea as you realize it, is what is necessary to make him understand his needs. Advertisements should aim to place a matter so clearly before the public that they see it as clearly as the advertiser does.
Enterprising people are beginning to learn the value of advertising the year round. The persistency of those who are not intimidated by the cry of dull times, but keep their names ever before the public, will surely place them on the right side in the end.

MAGAZINE WRITING.

"A Beginner" describes in the Boston Transcript the effect which the absence of an international copyright law has had upon budding genius. A publisher returned his MS. story with this explanation: "Your story is a good one. You possess skill, strength and imagination, as well as a good degree of insight into human nature. A dozen years ago we should not have hesitated to publish it. But now, with the country flooded with cheap English stories, it is not practicable. With a choice between Anthony Trollope, Charles Dickens and all the rest of the best authors in England and France at fifteen or twenty cents, and John Smith or any other new American writer at one dollar or more a volume, the public gives the benefit—yes, and the profit—to the publisher of cheap libraries. It is not enough that you write as good a story as Mrs. Oliphant or Mrs. Braddon. You must write an infinitely better one. And just as long as the competition is what it now is, in fact just as long as we have no international copyright law, we publishers can give young American writers little or no encouragement."

CURTAINS FOR A BADLY LIGHTED ROOM.—The following advice is given by The Art Amateur to a correspondent who wants to know a cheap but effective way of curtaining the narrow and disproportionately high windows of a poorly lighted sitting room: "Cut off from the upper part of the windows enough to make the height of the window proportionate to the width, and fill the upper part with Japanese lattice work, which can be bought very cheap at almost any of the Japanese stores. Below have a narrow brass pole, with the usual brass rings. From this suspend 'Crete' curtains, which are transparent, but heavier than the similar grenadine goods called 'Madaras.' With a light buff or rich cream-color window shade as a background for the lattice-work, as it will be of the shades are kept down a foot or two, you will retain more light in the room than you could secure by the use of any other kind of curtains and have an artistic effect at a small expense."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Whatever smells bad is, as a rule, good food for plants.
Remember this: Fresh manure is not food for plants.
Plough for next year's oat crop early, so that the rain and warm weather will rot the sod.
Farmers in feeding horses give nearly twice as much hay as city people do, and yet city horses are in the best condition for the road.
A starved animal on a farm shows a starved farm; and worse, a starved brain in the head of the owner. Poverty is no excuse, for butcher knives are cheap.
Old and unfashionable houses often form more beautiful pictures when set in living frames of green, than costly new and pretentious ones standing alone without relief or background.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

One summer evening after Harry and his little sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunder storm came up.
Their cribs stood side by side, and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them.
They wondered whether they would be killed right off and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal.
But tired nature could not hold out as long as the storm.
Harry became very sleepy, and at last with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow: "Well, I'm going to trust in God."
Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying: "Well, I dess I will too."
And they both went to sleep, without more words.

THE COUNTRY STORE.

An elderly woman, with keen gray eyes looking sharply through steel-bowed spectacles, enters and casually examines several bolts of lawn lying on the counter. Ah, good day, Mrs H—, says the proprietor, coming briskly forward, anticipating a sale, looking for lawns.
No, I dono as I was, says the possible customer, guardedly; I was just noticing these.
They're pretty patterns. I just got them in.
They're all so light.
Light colors are all the rage this summer. But here's a black and white piece that's just the thing for you. Now isn't that neat?
Yes, rather; but it ain't just what I like. How much is it?
Fifteen cents a yard.
Ain't that dreadful high for lawns?
Not for lawns of that quality. Just see how fine it is.
Yes but they are selling lawns ev'ry mite and grain as good as that in the city for 8 and 9 cents.
Impossible, Mrs H—!
Indeed, they are! An' one of my neighbors got a good piece for 7 cents.
They are not such goods as this.
It's peetty nigh the same thing. I hadn't calculated on giving more than 10 cents.
Why, Mrs H—, this cost more than that at wholesale!
Oh, I guess not. Anyhow, I can not give but 10 cents a yard.
I cannot take it.
I will not give any more.
Well, just examine the lawn closely, now.
It looks well enough, but I ain't at all sure that it won't fade.
I'll warrant it not to fade. It's a standard fast color.
Well how many yards are there in the piece?
Thirteen; just a good full pattern.
Eleven would be a great plenty for me.
Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have the piece for 14 cents a yard, seeing as it's all I've got left.
Can't you say an even 12 cents to an old customer like me?
No, really I couldn't.
Furteen cents is too much for lawn that's selling everywhere for 10 cents.
Oh, I think you're mistaken.
Well, see here, I give you 12½ cents a yard for it.
No, I couldn't go below 13 cents, and wouldn't let anybody but you have it for that.
Well, I give you 13 cents if you'll call it 12 yards.
But there's full 13 yards in the piece.
Well call it 12 and I'll take it.
Can't do it.
I reckon you'll throw in thread and buttons and waist linings.
Couldn't do it for that money.
Well, say thread and buttons, then? I'll throw in a spool of thread.
And a card of hooks and eyes?
Well, I don't know—yes, I will.
Now, why can't you say buttons, too? I really cannot; I'm losing money now.
And you can't make it 12½ cents a yard?
No.
Well, I guess I won't take it; I ain't needing a lawn dress this summer anyhow.

"Do you go to school, son? What do you learn? Don't learn nawthin.' 'You do not learn anything! Why not?' 'Don't have to. School trustee's dead struck on the director's daughter, director's clean gone on the young school marm, an' the school marm's mashed on one of the big boys. You bet we don't learn nawthin.'"
An unknown man stepped up to Brother Talmage and said: "Well, sir, I am an evolutionist and I want to discuss that question with you. I am also an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." Thank God for that! devoutly ejaculated Mr. Talmage, as he walked off and left the man perfectly dazed.

CHILDREN PLAYING SALOON.

I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon, said one of a couple of middle aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield street saloon the other night.
Yes, responded the other, rather slowly. What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there.
The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment and then said: 'It's rather a funny story. Smith you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out doors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over 9 and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family. Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the back yard, and there under an apple tree were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing keep saloon. He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied round his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free. Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy a couple of years older lay asleep behind the tree. My God boys, you must not drink that, he said, as he lifted the 6-year old from behind the bench. We's playin' s'loon, papa, an' I was sellin' it just like you,' said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys in and put them in bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came back down town that night and sold out the business, and says he will never sell nor drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it. This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

Girls, if your skin be dark, be satisfied to be in the category of the nutbrown maidens, if for no other reason than that the leopard cannot change his spots. Let the sun kiss the dusky cheek and add to it the ruddy glow that belongs to the dark skin, and which the rouge pot cannot supply.
Of course you can't change your features. But you needn't trouble yourself so much on that score. Some person has said that if our Mary could put some of her beauty of feature into real every day prettiness she would be loved where she is now admired.
The towering-nosed maiden among the proud daughters of the Nile was the beauty of Solomon's day, as was the woman with no nose at all in the time of Tamerlane. In the land of the free there is no standard of beauty on the nose question. The American nose is a type all to itself. But at all events your nose is a forgone conclusion and all the sleeping in clothespins to pinch down the too prominent nostrils, or stroking with the lead pencil to subdue the obnoxious bump, is so much labor thrown away. But when it comes to the mouth the would-be beauty has a more prominent subject to deal with. Although the shape of the feature cannot be altered, if the lips be kept fresh and the teeth in perfect condition, very much is gained. If the spot where love seals its vows be of an exaggerated size, don't be constantly on the grin, as that keeps the muscles on the stretch. Cultivate a classic repose of feature. Keep the mouth shut when asleep, for more reasons than one. Don't snore. Never bite the lips to make them red, or for any other reason. Bathe them occasionally in water, with a little dissolved alum or borax, and apply glycerine and tincture of benzoin. This will keep the lips fresh looking. The only harmless way to keep them red is by contrast with the teeth, which should be milk white.
A good tooth beautifier is powdered sulphur, which is also an excellent tooth preserver. This may be used daily. For occasional use, say once a week, the following is good: Pumice stone, half ounce; bicarbonate of soda, one half ounce; powdered talc, one-half ounce. Fresh looking lips, clean, white teeth, and a breath like sweet frankincense aloe and myrrh will make up for many a deficiency in feature.
If the ear be big and obtrusive, a loose arrangement of the hair or a few curled locks brushed carelessly back will help the objectionable organ wonderfully. Never comb the hair tight back from an ugly ear.
As for the eyes better leave them alone. Trimmed lashes often refuse to grow again. Dark eyebrows and lashes are a great promoter of beauty, and if yours happen to be lighter than your hair, especially if that is red, I think you might just touch them lightly with a sponge dipped in black walnut bark boiled in water with a little alum, or apply simple walnut juice. The eyebrow may be given a slight arch and the fine line so much sought by simply pinch-

ing the hairs together between the fingers several times a day.
But it is through the complexion that you have the greatest scope for beautifying. If every pore in your skin is stuffed full of 'lily white,' you must expect those dreadful pimples and horrid black specks. To the girl with the ugly skin, I would say, you must take a two or three mile walk every day; you must wear shoes big enough for perfect comfort, and, if the skin be thick and oily, you must eschew fats and pastry.
In the spring it would be well to try the sulphur remedy, and at the same time you may rub sulphur in a little glycerine on the face at night, washing it off in warm water and a few drops of ammonia in the morning.
A little camphor in the water will remove all shine. And remember, girls, all face powders are snares and delusions.
MONOPOLY IN BUSINESS.—One of the most striking phenomena in the trade of this country is the successful attempts of great syndicates of capitalists to monopolize certain branches of business. The Standard Oil Company, for instance, has a practical monopoly of the refining and sale of petroleum oil. They have driven other refiners out of the business. Literally thousands of small dealers have been ruined to swell the profits of this giant monopoly. But somewhat unexpectedly the oil-consuming public have benefited. Kerosene and all the illuminants made from petroleum is 20 to 70 per cent. cheaper than when the local refiners had the field to themselves. Then the quality of the oil is far superior to what it was in times past. While, therefore, the Standard Oil Company, has been a grievous injury to thousands of refiners and merchants, it has directly benefited the millions that consume mineral oils. A similar revolution is taking place in the meat business. Five large firms, whose headquarters are at Chicago, kill the cattle in the West and send the dressed meat in refrigerating cars to all parts of the middle and eastern states. In doing this they have deprived tens of thousands of cattle dealers and butchers of their means of livelihood, for they can sell their meat to the consumer very much cheaper than was possible under the old methods. Then the cattle are spared the tortures of thousands of miles railway travel, as they are killed in the neighborhood where raised. Dressed meat is now being supplied to consumers at a reduction of fully 20 per cent. So the meat business is undergoing the same evolution as the illuminating oil business. Thousands of dealers are injured, but millions of consumers are benefited. This same monopolizing tendency is showing itself in all the great industries of the country. Its results so far has been to diminish the numbers of our middle class and heap up wealth in few hands. While it increases the numbers of workers of all kinds it is adding to their comforts. The steady growth of these monopolies in various industries has not attracted the attention from political economists and the community its importance merits.—
Ingenious swindling with torn checks, has been detected, as follows: A check, say for \$10, is obtained from a depositor at a bank and a blank check exactly like the filled-in check is secured. The two checks are laid one upon the other, so that the edges are exactly even. Both checks are then torn irregularly across and in such a way that the signature on the filled check appears on one piece and the amount and name of payee on the other. The checks having been held together while being torn, of course one piece of the blank check will exactly fit the other piece of the filled check. The swindler then fills in one piece of the blank check with the name of the payee and the amount to suit himself, say \$5,000, takes it with the piece of genuine check containing the signature of the bank, and explains that the check was accidentally torn. The teller can put the pieces together, and as they fit exactly the chances are that he will think that the pieces are parts of the same check and become a victim of the swindle. The trick, of course, suggests its own remedy. The teller should refuse to pay any check that is mutilated.
A few days ago when a Michigan banker closed his doors against depositors a woman who had \$800 on deposit took a revolver and sailed up to his house. The banker wasn't at home but his wife was. She had on a pair of \$600 diamonds, and a \$200 gold watch, and a couple of bracelets worth \$100 apiece. Shed! observed the woman with the revolver. What? I want that jewelry as a security for my money, and I'm in a hurry. She got it, but she had not held it for twenty-four hours before it was quietly redeemed, and she was asked to keep mum.
Maude: Don't sit here all alone Auntie, Come, let me introduce you to some of my friends. Auntie: Your friends would be far too flippant and I am of a retiring, reserved nature. Maude: Yes, I know, Auntie. Your manners are so reserved that some people suspect that you haven't any at all.