

WOMAN and HER WORK.

"I cannot imagine how things said in the seclusion of one's own family get out and are repeated until they reach the ears of the very people who say them!" remarked a friend to me, not long ago. I am most particular about talking before

made as it was, without my adding my mite to the fund, but I remembered instantly that Fanny's cousin was nurse girl to Mrs. Johnson, and what could be more natural than that Fanny should repeat her employer's remark?



AN OUTFIT FOR TRAVELING.

The traveling dress on the left is of snuff brown cloth, triple skirt, tailor finished. The waist is of striped silk. The cape is of the cloth. The central figure is of slate cheviot with stitching. The waist is of the same and the pretty blazer coat is lined with tan silk. The little girl's dress is of diagonal wool in two shades. The waist is of red and white plaid flannel.

the children, and in addition to that, I have always been careful to teach them not to repeat things they hear said by older people, either in their own or anyone else's house, and I do not think they do: yet Mabel Johnson heard that I said if our baby was as backward as hers. I should really be so afraid he had not all his senses, and that I would get a specialist's opinion about him. I did say it. I know, and it is true, but I am perfectly positive that none of the children were in the room at the time, and unless the walls have ears I don't understand who could have repeated it to her!"

"Who did you say it to?" I ask d. "Why only to mother, and she assured me she not only never mentioned it to a soul, but had completely forgotten that the remark was ever made."

"Are you sure there was no one else present?" I asked doubtfully.

"Not a soul!—Oh that is, not a soul who would repeat it, or take any notice of what I was saying. Fanny was clearing the

I think I have tried to demonstrate before, that after all a servant girl does not belong to a different order of creation from ourselves, but is a human being like the rest of us, and this one probably found it just as impossible to resist the temptation of repeating such a choice bit of gossip, as her cousin found it to refrain from telling the criticized baby's mother. And so all this trouble had arisen out of my friend's sincere but mistaken conviction that servant's "don't count," and never pay any attention to the conversation which takes place before them, and in which they may be far more interested than any one suspects.

I have noticed it so often, and wondered how sensible people could persist in treating servants as if they were sticks, or graven images; how they could discuss matters before servants, which they would scarcely have spoken of outside their own family circle, and take it calmly for granted that the quiet girl who was moving briskly about the room putting away the silver, or the respectful man who was driving, had neither eyes nor ears for anything which was not supposed to concern them, when the

they would be more careful when those domestic critics were present.

I have heard two gushing young girl friends indulge in a private conversation liberally interlarded with such expressions as—"Of course I know you will not mention what I am going to tell you to a living soul!" and "I would not tell this to anyone in the world but you, because I know I can trust you," while they were out for a drive and being driven by a very ordinary man servant about whom they knew absolutely nothing, and who might have been in the employ of whichever one he was serving, for only a few days. And then when some of their most confidential remarks came back to their ears, they were utterly at a loss to account for the phenomenon, and each was secretly inclined to suspect the other of having repeated it, since it never crossed their minds to suspect their driver of sufficient intelligence to save them the trouble.

I once knew a very loving young couple who had not been very long married, and who, though very discreet in general society, never made the least difference before the servants, in their loving demonstrations. Jade might come in with the coal scuttle or Sarah to light the lamps, but they continued to love each other "real hard," perfectly undisturbed by the interruption.

Once I was spending the day with them, and when the housemaid came in to set the table for tea we were all gathered around the fire in the dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Brown—the young couple afore-said—were lavishing their usual amount of affection on each other with the happiest disregard of their surroundings imaginable. Mr. Brown had tilted a large rocking chair back against the dining table, propped his feet on a footstool and taken his better half on his knee: she was clasped in his arms with one of her own entwined around his neck, and her head on his shoulder. Sarah brought the tray in and stood for a moment in doubt what to do with it. I expected to see the bride and bridegroom assume a different position instantly, and being younger and more sensitive than I am now, I fairly sizzled in my own blushes, from pure sympathy: but they never even looked up; and the bride's mother placidly remarked, "Set the tray at the other end of the table. Sarah, so as not to disturb Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

I went out to the kitchen for a glass of water, a few minutes later, and was just in time to hear Sarah remark to the idol of her young heart's first love dream—"Jude, if I thought you and I'd be as silly after we was married, as Mr. and Mrs. Brown are, I'd bounce you right now!" And I came back to the dining room with my respect for Sarah's judgment largely increased. Now I don't mean to assert that all ser-



NEW COIFFURES AND JEWELS.

In the center is a neat and stylish coiffure. The feature of it is the fetching velvet tea cap that surmounts the pretty girl's head. Two other examples of prevailing modes in hairdressing are also shown. Among the new shapes in jewelry the preference seems to be for opal centers with pearls. The necklace has pearls set in threes. Amber and tourmaline are seen often with pearls.

vants are gossips and mischief makers, because I don't think they are, and I am sure I would far sooner trust some true and tried servant I have known with a secret, than their giddy young mistresses, but in the present state of domestic service true and tried servants are the exception, not the rule, and where a girl is here today and away tomorrow, a member of your household one day, and an inmate of your dearest enemy's the next, it is best to be careful. A girl may not mean to do any harm, but if she lack the sense, or the tact, to keep her neighbor's concerns to herself, that will not prevent her from doing a great deal of mischief, and it is an excellent rule to remember, that those who don't hear anything cannot repeat much. If most housekeepers would lay this rule to heart, and be as careful how they speak before their servants, as they would be with perfect strangers, I think we should hear fewer complaints about "walls having ears," and it being "unsafe to speak, even in one's own house."

Cherries will be coming in almost before this page is printed again, and as a kind friend has sent me a few dainty recipes for preparing "Cherries ripe," I am giving my readers the benefit of them today.

Cherry Pie with Meringue.

Seed the cherries and scald in their own juice. Sweeten well and put in a deep pie plate lined with a rich paste. After it is done make a meringue as follows. Beat the whites of 3 or 4 eggs to a stiff froth, add pulverized sugar—1 tablespoonful to

better baked than boiled, and should be served with rich sauce which will need no flavoring, as the fruit itself supplies that. A cherry roll was a favorite winter dessert in Virginia households, the cherries having been dried in sugar and in their own juice on large platters put in the sun. I have vivid childish recollections of the warm, golden sunshine, the fragrant fruity smell, and the humming of bees attracted by the sweetness. Our cherry rolls were sometimes served after the royal fashion in Mother Goose.

"For what they did not eat that day The Queen next morning fried."

And the second day of the cherry roll was better than the first, for the round slices, flecked and stained with the crimson juices of the abundant fruit, were fried delicately in a little butter and served with a heaping spoonful of rich, creamy sauce on each slice.

Chilled Cherries.

Wash and stone the cherries, using only the perfect ones. Sprinkle thoroughly with white sugar while wet and put in a freezer. Cover the freezer and let it stand packed in salt and ice for two hours. This makes a charming dish for lunch on a warm day.

Postal Circulars.

People are cautioned against posting circulars, on the cover of which there appears a request for the return of the envelope to the writer. A departmental order has been issued by the post-office authorities forbidding the practice for the future and requiring circulars so addressed to be sent to the Dead Letter office.

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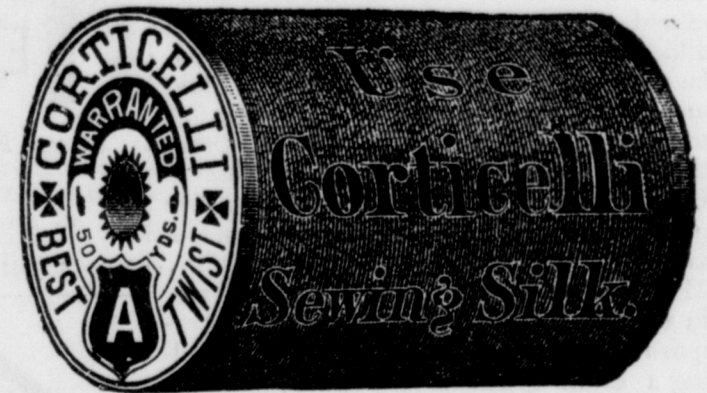
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GOWNS FOR SUMMER GIRLS.

The dainty costume on the right is of white Swiss muslin with a Marie Antoinette collar of china silk or dimity. The hat is of dimity, shirred and trimmed with self bows. The two other figures represent back and front of the same dress, of thick ribbed crepon. The waist is draped with heavy Russian point lace. The front of the skirt is lifted over moire. The colors are dark blue and cream.

table at the time, but of course I do not count her!"

I opened my lips to speak, but experience has taught me a little wisdom—just lately—and I shut them again just in time. There had been enough mischief

real fact was that nothing was too trivial to escape either of them, or to be considered worthy of being repeated.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and I think it people realized how their servants studied them, and very often weighed them in a very critical balance,