

WHERE BABY IS KING

HOW THE NURSERY SHOULD BE FURNISHED AND MADE COZY.

High Art Is Quite Unnecessary—Little Ones Are Fond of Pictures, Warm Colors and Low Chairs and Tables—A Model Playroom and Bedchamber.

There are few women who at some time or another have not been bitten with the mania for "cozy corners," and few husbands who have not all too late discovered that coziness and comfort are not always synonymous terms, although they should be.

My old fashioned idea is that while these corners, if artistically constructed, are extremely pretty, especially in a picture, they are only adapted to lovers or newly married people. In large families they have an air of selfishness—or "two is company and three is none."

As a charming factor in the home life they cannot be compared with the great table piled with books, papers and magazines, around which gather mamma with her sewing, papa with his reading, the big boy with his Euclid, the smaller children with games or studies and even the baby with his blocks, although in every well regulated family the baby is in bed when the lamp is lighted. It is for the baby and baby's nursery that I wish to enter a special plea.

A friend was recently showing me through her new home. The parlor was elegance itself; the reception or sitting room, all lightness, brightness and prettiness; the library comfortable; the dining room rich and perfectly appointed; the bedrooms all that sleeping rooms should be, and the nursery everything that a nursery should not be. Its prevailing characteristic was that of a secondhand furniture shop. Its windows, to correspond with those in the other parts of the house, had dainty sash curtains and long white draperies. The former prevented the little ones from looking out, and the latter were of the touch-me-not order, looped back at just such an angle and not to be contaminated by childish fingers, for which dirt has such an affinity.

Imagining yourself for a single day in your child's place and see how its young life is fretted by the constant restrictions imposed. Bridget drives it from the kitchen, where its small fingers can only do mischief. It must not play stagecoach or steam car with the parlor chairs, nor drive nails in the dining room walls or furniture, nor write letters and use the microscope like "papa" in the library. So if its nursery be not attractive its home is a sarcasm and might almost as well be a prison.

It is not at all necessary that a nursery should be costly. Indeed a sense of the eternal fitness of things would suggest that it should be quite the opposite. But it should be bright and light, and all its fittings especially adapted to the use and comfort of its small owners.

A woman in up town New York, who hasn't a single cozy corner nor a bit of high art furniture in her whole house, although everything is pretty and dainty, has my idea of a model nursery. There are four children whose merry voices fill it with glee, and each child has a whole side of the room to itself. The older ones drew lots for their choice of sides, and the young ones knew no better than to be content with those assigned to them.

The floor was stained a warm mahogany and varnished. In winter a large rug of Japanese jute in deep blues and cream well pitch covers the floor, so that uneven feet do not trip over its edges. In summer the floor is left bare and freshly wiped every day. A dado of warm red two-toned cartridge paper is carried up about three feet, this to prevent soiling from childlike fingers, and above warm cream cartridge paper makes an admirable background for the works of art with which each child has literally besprinkled its own domain. They are allowed to put up any picture from illustrated papers or magazines that pleases their fancy, the only restriction being that mamma must be asked to tack it up neatly. If mamma sometimes beguiles them into substituting one picture for another, it is done with infinite tact, and wholesome ideas of art are inspired thereby.

On Doodles' side of the room—Doodles is 2 years old—is a fringe of Japanese dolls, the kind that street fakirs sell for two for a nickel and that may be bought by the hundred for even less. Doodles' fringe is in a most unorthodox place, too, for it runs just above the dado, but, many an hour that infant spends in gravity commanding with the other of this curious assembly.

Each child has its own chair—easy two, its chair and its rocker—all perfectly suited to the size and needs of its owner. Then there is the "company chair," a great, roomy Shaker rocker in which mamma or papa can sit with a child on each arm of the chair and two on the lap, if need be. There are two tables of different heights—plain deal tables, painted and varnished into a fair semblance of mahogany—and if Ted's jack knife snips a piece off one corner to test the grain of the wood, if Mary upsets a bottle of ink over its surface, or the baby writes all over it with red crayons, no fault is found.

This wise mother never intrudes her own orderly ways, but on swaying day lets each child "put up" his or her toys in the way that may seem to it best. Efforts to grade and instruct are made, but there isn't a single "don't," except "don't quarrel" in this room.

Bridge Day Complexions.

A girl would give or do or endure anything for the sake of looking her sweetest and prettiest on the day which ends her maidenhood and promotes her into a matron, except—and the exception is so easy, too, a mere negation—to avoid overfatigue and anxiety in her preparations.

Many a girl sees herself sick in her determination to have her regulation dozen of lingerie and to possess gowns of every conceivable shape and color. She thirstily reckons that she can have twice as many by making them herself or by sewing with twice the nervous energy of a paid seamstress with her home dressmaker. So she has the gowns at the expense of her color and roundness, and nerves, and goes to the altar pale and worn, and often with an uncomfortable tendency to nervous irritation, which promises ill for the beginning of her wedded life.—Philadelphia Press.

The Overgrown Girl.

A noted physician and chemist declares that the various disinfectants that are commonly used are not nearly as efficacious in preventing disease as simple and absolute cleanliness. "Let every vessel for water and every sink be wiped off daily with a cloth wet with clean water and the cloth afterward boiled," he says, "and it will prove an absolute preventive and destruction of all microbes. Many people," he continued, "ignorantly believe that if they dilute a chloride or some other disinfectant and pour a little daily down the pipes they destroy all germs of disease. It really has no effect whatever, and the housemaid, with an old duster and washcloths, may scatter microbes in every direction."

Women Who Do Not Need Work.

Several ladies, writing to me on the subject of women's work, complain most bitterly of those who, not being under the necessity of working, do yet take work, crowding out those who really want it. This is a very serious question. There can be no doubt that if A. and B. who are rich enough to be idle, take paid work, then C. and D., who do very much want the work, cannot get it. And since A. and B. have need to haggle over the price or wage this naturally becomes lowered.

On the other hand, A. and B. may say: "Oh, but we like work! We cannot sit idle all our days. It is very nice not to be dependent, but it is also very nice to do the work." Are we to expect such a lofty standard of altruism in A. and B. that they should consent to sit in idleness against their inclination, in order that they may not injure C. and D., whom they have never seen? Or, again, A. and B. may say: "Yes, we need not work. But then it is very nice to have a little more money to spend." This difficult point in morals should be submitted to the consideration of an archbishop or to a church congress at least. I am not equal to it.—London Gentlewoman.

Remove Freckles.

Grate horseradish fine; let it stand a few hours in buttermilk; strain it and wash with it night and morning. Lemon juice used freely is also efficacious. In the country girls wash their faces in fresh buttermilk, rinsing in tepid water. A common remedy in Europe is a frequent application of water. One of the widest and best known of the patent toilet articles which is most commonly used to remove freckles is made by dissolving three grains of borax in five drams each of rosewater and orange flower water.

You can make it yourself at a cost of 5 cents a bottle, instead of paying \$1 per bottle, if you wish to try it.

A heroic remedy for freckles alone is half a dram of muriate of ammonia, two drams of lavender and half a pint of distilled water. Apply with a sponge four times a day.

The means used by the celebrated Lola Montez for taking freckles and sunburn from her face was a lotion made by mixing a tablespoonful of muriatic acid with an ounce of rosewater, a pint of water and an ounce of rectified spirits of wine.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Rights of Children.

"I have a good deal of sympathy for the little people," writes Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin in a paper on "Children's Rights," "during their first 8 or 10 years, when they are just beginning to learn life's lessons, and when the laws which govern them must often seem so strange and unjust.

The child has a right to a place of its own, to things of its own, to surroundings which have some relation to its size, its desires and its capability. How should we like to live half the time in a place where the piano was 12 feet high, the door knob at an impossible height and the mantelshelf in the sky; where every mortal thing was out of reach except a collection of highly interesting objects on dressing tables and bureaus, guarded, however, by giants three times as large and powerful as ourselves, forever saying, 'Mustn't touch,' and if we did touch we should be spanked; and if we did touch we should be spanked, too, by some other method of revenge save to spank back symbolically on the officious persons of our dolls?"

She Uses Salt.

I know a woman who at the age of 49 has the complexion of a peach and the health and vigor of an Irish peasant, who is out in all sorts of weather and will walk about all day in snow or rain with feet and ankles wet and never take cold. "How do you keep yourself in such splendid condition?" I asked.

"Salt," she laughingly answered. "It is salt that preserves my health. I use it in my bath, as a dentifrice and to gargle my throat.

You know, first of all, I come from good stock and am naturally strong, but without proper care the best of health will not last.

"Immediately on getting up I take a vigorous scrubbing with hot water, soap and a stiff brush; then I give myself a douche with ice cold water, which I have made thick with salt, using a coarse flesh towel to thoroughly dry my body. Salt is a great purifier. I use it in my throat and nostrils, and it is the only dentifrice I ever use."—New York Herald.

Modjeska's Childhood.

Mme. Modjeska, speaking of her youth, said the first 10 years of her life were spent in a dream. Her first recollection was stealing off into a church which was near by her home in Moscow, a bare, empty place, without beauty, without even good music to thrill her, and dreaming the whole day away. Her nurses or governesses would try to rouse her, but always without effect. If they gave her a book, she would make it an excuse to go off into a reverie. Only music and sculpture stirred her. The moment she saw a bit of clay she was seized with a desire to mold a figure or a flower, and her deep, rich voice, had it been cultivated, would have given her high place on the operatic stage. "But," said the great actress, with her inimitable smile, "even then I knew that the opera singer must have eternal youth, and so I chose this other art that will ripen, not decay, with years."—Hartford Courant.

The Best Known.

That which is the most widely known is sure to give the greatest satisfaction. When we are sick and in need of a physician, we send for the one who is known to be the most skillful in his profession. It is only that people all over the land had the opportunity of obtaining the best medical consultation and advice without charge.

Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th street, New York, is without question the best known and most skillful physician in curing nervous and chronic diseases.

He is the discover of the wonderful cure, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and has lately adopted the plan of treating the sick from far and near by means of letter correspondence.

His success is simply wonderful. People can consult him by letter, free of charge.

Changed His Mind.

A man of notoriously bad character, residing in a village, wished to emigrate. To obtain assistance from the emigration commissioners one must have a character, and the man accordingly asked one from his neighbors. Everybody was anxious he should go, and everybody therefore testified to his excellent reputation. No one was more astonished at this result than the man himself, and after looking at his certificate, with its long list of signatures, "Well," said he, "I had no idea I was so much esteemed in the neighborhood. I think I shall stay."—London Tit-Bits.

The aeronaut who made an ascent to Paris and was supposed to be lost, escaped after a thrilling experience. He intended to make a short ascent, but was caught by a violent upper current and carried 80 miles in 45 minutes. He was dragged along the surface for six miles in the Champagne district before he made a landing.—Paris Figaro.

The Overgrown Girl.

The overgrown girl, the "miss," as she is termed in the dress and cloak departments in the shops, is a trial to herself and her mother. She is too old for girls' frocks, not old enough for the things that women wear.

If she affects the latter, she is in danger of looking too old, and that is ruinous to the prospective debutante. If she continues to adhere to the styles she has been wearing, she is more than likely to appear awkward.

She is too old to wear her hair down her back; her mother is not sure if she is old enough to do it up. She feels as uncomfortable as her friends do for her, so doesn't reproach her for not being, and doesn't heap

she would gladly oblige you in either way.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cleanliness.

A noted physician and chemist declares that the various disinfectants that are commonly used are not nearly as efficacious in preventing disease as simple and absolute cleanliness. "Let every vessel for water and every sink be wiped off daily with a cloth wet with clean water and the cloth afterward boiled," he says, "and it will prove an absolute preventive and destruction of all microbes. Many people," he continued,

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LOST IN A STORM.

The Terrible Experience of a Young Hunter In the Mountains.

Harry Hardinot, resident of Yorkville, Mendocino county, had an experience last week that will probably result in his becoming deranged. He was hunting in the mountains on Wednesday, and becoming confused lost his way and wandered over the mountains for three days and two nights in the storm with out a bite to eat or shelter.

The severe cold and snow which prevailed made his suffering most intense. The first night out he succeeded in building a fire and kept watch during the long weary hours. The next day he started again in his fruitless search for a trail or anything to indicate the way to civilization. The rain drenched him through and through.

At this time, he not returning home, the neighbors were notified, and a searching party of 31 mountaineers was organized. All the adjacent hills, mountains, gulches and creeks were scoured without the least discovery.

Thursday night snow fell on the mountains to a great depth, and the cold was intense. The unfortunate wanderer was driven before it, his mind almost unbalanced by the hardships he had endured. His travels were through the roughest country—in places never before visited by man. Friday morning found him most exhausted, yet the spark of life which was left gave him hope, and he kept moving. At last he saw a fence and followed. He was now so exhausted that he was compelled to lie down and rest every rod of the way.

At last he was rewarded in seeing the house of Rodney Lowery on the Rock ranch, a sheep range of many thousand acres. Mrs. Lowery saw him coming and ran to his assistance, fearing that he was wounded, as he still clutched to his rifle. He could hardly tell her name, he was so bewildered in mind. He had been out in the elements 56 hours, and his emaciated condition told too plainly of his keen suffering. Saturday afternoon two of the searching party found him at the isolated home of the shepherd, and the following day he was conveyed to his home near Yorkville, where he is now under medical treatment.

It is feared that he will never recover his health, and if so, his mind will be entirely gone, owing to the terrible experience he passed through.—San Francisco Chronicle.

PARIS MORGUE STATISTICS.

That center of grecious interest, the Paris morgue, yields curious statistics. The official report for 1893 shows that 909 corpses were received, a few more than women. Of these 215 died by drowning, 76 by hanging, 68 by firearms, 41 by stabs and 62 by poisoning. There had been 169 sudden deaths. Of other fatal cases 64 were attributed to suffocation and 83 to falls. More bodies are taken to the morgue during the summer than at other seasons of the year.—New York World.

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