

wonderful is the ascendancy that a lovely mind has over the countenance.

Now girls—I mean you homely ones, of course—you no doubt think that I am going to sermonize about the necessity of cultivating your intellects. You never were so mistaken in all your lives. I know very well that you have been aware from your earliest youth that your minds are your capital, and that now you need no prompting to improve them. The first time that you fully realized that you were ugly girls was when you went to your mother complaining that your bosom friend was “mad at” you and had taunted you with having a snub nose and freckles.

“Never mind, dears,” said your mother, “let her see that handsome is as handsome does.”

Very consoling, very; but your mother did not say that you were pretty, did she?—and that was what you wanted her to say. Alas! and you were then convinced that there was no beauty in you, and that all the world was a wilderness. I know—I know all about it; for I am a homely girl.

So, knowing your plainness, you sometimes forget to make your outside selves as attractive as you might. Your eagerness in pursuit of knowledge has made you oblivious of the claims that society has upon you. In fact, you rather view with contempt mere physical beauty. You are wrong; so I mean to tell you that I think any harmless method that you can adopt to make your visible selves attractive is perfectly proper—nay, even your duty.

Take the golden rule—Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you—and you will see that you ought to consider your appearance. Every one loves beautiful things and harmonious sounds. An ill-dressed or neglected person is like fly-specks on a crystal goblet or a discordant note in a favorite song; it irritates us. Gorgeousness is not beauty, though beauty is sometimes gorgeous; neither is simplicity beauty, though it more frequently approaches real loveliness, and that, too, without making any pretension.

Clean, healthy skins, well attended nails and teeth, becomingly arranged hair, nicely fitting clothes, harmonious colors, are all little matters in themselves; but, like a well-chosen background in a portrait, not much noticed perhaps, form a harmonious setting from which the genius of the artist startles us into vivid admiration. Besides, who wishes to have it said of her, “’Tis true she is not very nice in her appearance; but then we must put up with her little peculiarities, for she is so smart.”

Having proven to you that it is your duty to be as beautiful as possible, I shall now proceed to give you a few hints how to be attractive personally. “Beauty is but skin deep,” is a false saying; for a good skin is the outward sign of inward wholesomeness. If the stomach is disordered, the skin is almost certain to be bad. Some folks have the digestion of ostriches, and can devour anything without damage—but such persons are exceptions; so do not follow their example, even when one of them says, “Oh! dear, yes! it is perfectly harmless. I have eaten it for years. It never hurt me.”

Salt is injurious, except in small quantities and as a medicine. Salt is a fertile source of boils, pimples, and many other ugly skin eruptions; and salt should be used only in moderation by everybody, and not at all by those who are subject to prickly-heat, cat-boils, etc. Fresh bread of all kinds will cause dyspepsia, as will all sorts of griddle cakes, and when to these hot breads is added melted butter, the injury to the digestive organs is really terrible. Sweets should be avoided, as well as every variety of stew, hash, rich gravies, and fried food.

Avoid overloading the stomach. Never eat late at night, unless it is broths, or an egg beaten with milk or sugar. Pastry of all kinds should be

avoided; also alcoholic drinks, unless prescribed by your physician. Fruit should form a large portion of your daily food.

If you are of a robust frame, a daily plunge bath is absolutely necessary to your health and complexion; but if you are not strong, such a bath once or twice a week is sufficient. During hot weather, and in cold also if you like, a morning sponge bath is as good for the delicate as a bath in the tub for the strong. A small half-teaspoonful of ammonia in a basin of water will remove all unpleasant odors from the skin, and cleanse it as nothing else will do, except a steam bath.

Good soap will not injure the skin, if care is taken to rinse it off thoroughly with clean water before wiping the surface dry; and soap is as necessary for cleansing the face as it is for any other part of the body. After bathing it is a good plan to rub the face and hands with sweet mutton tallow that has been prepared for that purpose. Rub the tallow into the skin with the fingers, then take a soft linen cloth and rub it off. Finally, if the skin seems parched, apply some finely-powdered starch—the best is corn starch—with a flannel or a baby's puff. Do not use the powders offered for sale by the perfumers; for these powders are in general very injurious, containing, as they do, sugar of lead and other deleterious substances.

I will give you a recipe for toilet-tallow, as it is good for many things besides bathing. It is an excellent remedy for parched and chapped lips, hands, sore throats, and abrasions. When once used it will always be found on your toilet. Toilet-tallow keeps best in glass. A small glass box can be bought of the druggist for ten cents. China will do, but not so well as glass, because it is apt to absorb hot grease.

Take a quarter of a pound of fresh mutton suet, melt it slowly, taking care that it does not scorch. Put in your glass box or cup four or five drops of sweet-oil, and, if you please, add a few drops of some liquid scent; then pour in the box the hot tallow and set it in a cool place to harden. For summer use the oil is not needed, as it will be soft enough without it.

Teeth should be rinsed after each meal, having with a toothpick previously removed all particles from between them. Once a day, just before retiring, is often enough to brush the teeth; the brush used should be only moderately stiff. Dentifrices are generally hurtful, as most of all they contain acids that eat away the enamel. Prepared chalk and magnesia are the simplest and best tooth-powders, and even they should not be used more than once or twice a week.

To preserve the hair, and make it smooth and glossy, it is necessary to brush it well with a stiff brush at least once a day. Be careful to remove all dandruff and brush the hair in the direction that it grows. The ends of the hair should be cut about once a month. For the sake of regularity most girls select the new of the moon for trimming the hair. Many a girl, whose only beauty is a fine head of hair, dresses it so shockingly that she makes herself look untidy as well as unattractive. Curling and crimping are not necessarily injurious to the hair, unless hot irons are used. It is a fine thing to have good hair, but what is the use of it if it makes you look like a fright? I would rather see a few thin locks becomingly arranged than heavy coils dressed in some ugly or dowdy fashion. Curl and crimp your hair if it improves your appearance, but do not use hot irons nor hot slate-pencils; they kill the hair, and dead hair is lusterless and stiff.

Fresh air is absolutely needed in the forming of a good, pure complexion; consequently, have your sleeping apartments well ventilated, and daily spend as much of your time out-doors as you possibly can. Take the air in through your nostrils, so that it will be purified before it enters the lungs

by the sieves prepared for that purpose. Many persons breathe through their mouths; that is very wrong, for the air with all its impurities is then taken directly into the lungs, causing much unexplained suffering.

A parting word. Throw back your shoulders; breathe deeply; don't lace, homely girls—don't. But there! I shall say no more on the subject. I shall not even say—wear your corsets loose, homely girls. But if you only knew how much nearer beauty you would be without lacing, you would select your corsets so large that you could take a full, deep breath in them with pleasure. If you only knew of the wasted life-forces that must help sustain the awful strain made upon them by that dreadful habit—the life-forces that would otherwise put a brilliancy in your muddy complexions, a fire in your dull eyes, and help you to be things of vivacity and joy, instead of listless, tired, ugly creatures—you would at once emancipate yourselves from tight lacing, wear loose corsets, and never look at a monstrously small waist without a shudder of dislike, and a thrill of joy in your freedom, homely girls.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE women of a generation or two ago were more familiar with the name of the great Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer, than are the girls of to-day. Her books are found in every public library, and extracts from their pages are in most manuals of literature; but the pressure of current fiction is so immense, that she, with many of her contemporaries, has gone a little out of fashion, and is less popular than classic. She deserves a different fate. Few authors have written in a style of such simplicity and purity, few have been so uniformly religious, without being in the least bigoted, and few have kept so steadily before them the aim of elevating home-life and enlarging the sphere of woman. The latter idea possessed her from her girlhood, and she was among the first to see where old traditions fettered our sex, and to say that there was no reason in shutting women out from any profession or business on which they choose, after honest preparation, to enter.

Miss Bremer was the daughter of a prosperous iron-master who lived at Abo, in Finland. His family had immigrated thither from Sweden, and his grandfather had amassed great wealth and bought large estates. Fredrika was born here in August, 1801, and in 1804, in consequence of political changes, her parents sold their property and removed to Sweden.

The picture of child-life incidentally given by Charlotte, Miss Bremer's sister and biographer, contrasts curiously with child-life as we know it. The little Bremers were duly provided with a devoted nurse and a faithful governess, and as they advanced in years, masters came from the capital to their father's beautiful country-seat, to give them instruction in music, drawing, and languages. In one particular their education anticipated our period, for, true to the thrifty and sensible ideas of the North, the Bremers were resolved that their daughters should understand housekeeping in every department. A cook was for several summers engaged, whose sole office it was to induct the young ladies into all the mysteries of the culinary art, and never did their father praise them more than when some proof of their progress was brought on the table. But their relation toward their parents from infancy until maturity was characterized by an extreme distance. The little things feared their beautiful mamma fully as much as they loved her.

"During the winter," says Charlotte, "our parents used to be out a great deal in the fashionable world, and we children saw them rarely, except at stated times in the day. At eight o'clock in the morning we were to be ready dressed, and had to come to say 'Good-morning' first to my mother, who sat in a small drawing-room taking her coffee. She looked at us with a scrutinizing glance during our walk from the door up to her chair. If we had walked badly, we had to go back again to the door, to renew our promenade, courtesy, and kiss her hand. If our courtesy had been awkwardly performed, we had to make it over again. Poor little Fredrika could never walk, stand, sit, or courtesy to the satisfaction of my mother, and had many bitter and wretched moments in consequence."

This sort of training, though severe, was not upon the whole injurious to the children. It was otherwise with their mother's notion that eating too much would make them dull, that high necks and long sleeves would make them apt to take cold, and that too much exercise would make them hoydens. The little things were fed sparingly, a very small basin of cold milk and a very thin bit of dry bread constituting their breakfast and their supper through the first sixteen years of life. Only at dinner were they permitted to eat enough to satisfy appetite. In consequence of this mistaken regimen, they grew up slight and short of stature, and were never very strong. Many a time they shivered in the grand drawing-room, in their ethereal low-necked dresses, and often, when they begged for liberty to take a run or a walk, they were told to stand with their hands on the back of a chair, and jump if they needed exercise.

Fredrika was, it must be owned, a trying child. She had a passion for cutting holes in the carpet and curtains, for investigating her dolls and toys with a pair of scissors, and for throwing things into the fire to see the blaze. The earliest of her writings which has been preserved, was found in a copy-book which she used when about eight years old. Even then she was fired with the idea of becoming the champion of her sex. Neither capitals nor commas adorn this stanza, which has notwithstanding its flavor of Attic salt.

can man not learn the art of saving
could not our stronger sex be taught
not from their poor wives all help craving
to save their wages as they ought
to give up cards and take to reading
not novels—no—but books more meet
and from mad scenes of mirth receding
to fly from art to nature sweet.

Fredrika's first venture upon the sea of literature was modestly and timidly made, when she was very young, and her main object in publishing her sketches was to gain a little money of her own to use in charity. The success they met was a charming surprise. Her sisters and a brother were in the secret, and enjoyed with her the delight of revealing it to their parents, when all the world was wondering who the new and gifted young author might be. In 1850 she visited America and made many friends. Her fame had preceded her, for she was now known as a star in the firmament, having produced several popular works, and received two gold medals from the Swedish Academy. On her return from America, she gave herself distinctly to the work of emancipating Swedish women from the restrictions of their lot in life. The things she asked in their behalf were then revolutionary enough—they seem less so in the retrospect. She wished that woman should, like men, and together with them, be allowed to study in the elementary schools and academies, in order to gain an opportunity of obtaining employments and situations suitable for

them in the service of the State. She was convinced that "they could acquire all kinds of knowledge just as well as men, that they ought to stand on the same level with them, and that they ought to prepare themselves in the public schools and universities to become lecturers, professors, judges, physicians, and functionaries in the service of the State." Her sister, who throughout life was the special darling of her heart, was very conservative, and argued against Fredrika, that the work of the wife, mother, and the teacher of childhood was far superior to any more conspicuous office, as in some regards it certainly is; but Miss Bremer was born to be a pioneer, and the pioneer cannot be a conservative.

In the whole range of womanly biography, there are few more shining examples of truth, tenderness, and single-mindedness, than are afforded by the transcript of Miss Bremer's life. She wrote delightful letters, pouring out her heart in them in a way singularly sweet and winsome. Her family were the objects of a passionate enthusiasm, and on one or two friends she lavished an idolatry of love, which is a contradiction indeed to those purblind souls who are skeptical as to the possibility of a lofty and exclusive friendship between women.

Miss Bremer died in 1865, leaving a record of good work behind her. Like Goethe's, almost her last words were, "Light! eternal light!" "Ah! my child," she said to her nurse, "let us speak of Christ's love—the best, the highest love!"

Her coffin was almost hidden by the flowers sent by friends, and on the plate under her name was engraved those words of Jesus:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The children of the "Silent School," for whom she had labored, sent the loveliest garland of all, composed of white camellias and feathery grasses.

Over her grave in the cemetery at Arsta stands a monument of polished granite, with a cross at the top, and the words, engraved in golden letters,

"Here sleeps
Fredrika Bremer,"

with the dates of her birth and death, and a favorite quotation from the Psalms.

Shops in Rome.

SOME of the Roman shops are curious to look at just now. It has become the fashion to erect pyramids and buildings, with the goods exposed, in imitation of some of the shows in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. For instance, there is a German linen warehouse that shows a complete railway-bridge and station, and on the bridge is a complete train of first, second, and third class carriages and engine, and the whole is made of rolled handkerchiefs. The letters on the handkerchiefs mark the name of the railroad. The whole is capitally done. Then there is a silversmith who makes a balloon of spoons and forks, and a perfumery shop that represents all the flowers in creation, and a corset shop that portrays the human figure in Venus-like beauty, and so on. Our Roman shops seem very small to those who come from Paris, London, New York, and even other Italian towns, but they appear very large to Romans, who were not accustomed to free trade before 1870. Till then there were only as many drapers, milliners, bakers, butchers, milkmen, mosaicists, cafés, jewelers, picture shops, book shops, restaurants, hotels, etc., as pleased the authorities to have. Now any one who will, sets up any shop he will, and makes it as large as he likes, and as showy as he likes, to the dismay and mortification of the older Roman shopkeepers, who had been accustomed to nothing but the little

dark holes which we still see side by side with the newer shops. "This free trade is ruining Rome," say the old Roman shopkeepers, who see their holes abandoned for their more brilliant neighbors. "And this accounts for all the failures that now occur," they add. But when all Rome has transformed itself into better shops there will not be so much grumbling. In the mean time, there are few things now that cannot be procured in Rome, if you only know where to go for them. There are foreign milliners, dressmakers, flowers, bootmakers, upholsterers, hairdressers, and lastly, what was more wanted than all, a corset warehouse has been opened on the Corso, where corsets of every celebrity can be had.

Lace Albums.

A "LACE ALBUM" is one which is either a specimen or a painted imitation of a specimen of all the different kinds of real lace issued since the manufacture of lace began. The whole of a design must be given. Fragments of real lace of family interest as having been worn by members of a remote ancestry are introduced, each one being labeled with the name of the lace, and there is besides attached the account of any great occasion upon which the lace was worn. All the fragments are attached either to silk or satin, the last being greatly preferred as better displaying the pattern. Where it is possible to procure a fragment of lace worn by a really great celebrity, it is thought desirable to have the autograph also, if obtainable. A fragment, for example, of lace worn by Marie Antoinette has an authentic letter written on some interesting occasion, and this is on the page opposite the lace.

Fashionable Nicknacks.

FASHIONABLE nicknacks are the *simile bronze nielle* coffers and vases. On the closest examination the effect of the gilt metallization is perfect as well as that of the *nielle* tracery. Imitations of Japanese lacquer on hardware are greatly sought. Strange to say, imitations in cast iron of hardware are fashionable for large decoration. The imitation of satin in ostrich eggs for jewel-boxes is the more perfect as the painting is in water-colors, thus following the manner of the decoration on that fabric. These jewel-boxes have motto-borders. Large natural nests filled with exquisitely imitated eggs of ivory, mottled with water-color, and on which stuffed birds survey their private possessions of a promising character, are used to ornament corner brackets of gilt wicker. Large bouquets are set in what resembles a reversed cap of china, having what appears to be a border of lace, but which is also of china. The cap is of the *paysanne* shape.

Yellow Satin Buttercups.

SOME artificial flowers are easily made, and not only easily made, but with a little skill can be fashioned so as perfectly to imitate nature. In order to make the yellow satin buttercups, which are now the fashion, it is necessary only to have the satin itself, some green floss silk, some wire, and a very small quantity of white floss silk, as well as a little gold leaf and gum-arabic. The larger the bunch of buttercups, the larger, of course, the piece of satin and quantity of wire, etc., but, unless leaves are wished, there need be no green satin provided. Most bunches are leafless as now worn. Cut the satin into double pieces—for front and back of flowers—shaped from a natural flower. Perforate with wire after twisting it with the green floss. Attach the white floss in a compact bunch for center, touch with gold leaf and gum-arabic, and your buttercup is made.