

DON'T.

UNDER the above title an American has published a small work intended to supply hints for the guidance of those wishing to be correct in matters social. The book ends with a chapter addressed to women, which, as our girls may be interested in reading it, we here-with reprint for their edification or amusement.

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO WOMANKIND.

Don't over-trim your gowns or other articles of apparel. The excess in trimmings on women's garments, now so common, is a taste little less than barbaric, and evinces ignorance of the first principles of beauty, which always involve simplicity as a cardinal virtue. Apparel piled with furbelows or similar adjuncts, covered with ornaments, and garnished up and down with ribbons, is simply made monstrous thereby, and is not of a nature to please the eyes of gods or men. Leave excesses of all kinds to the vulgar.

Don't use the word *dress* for your outside garment. This is American-English, and, common as it is, has not the sanction of correct speakers or writers. Fortunately the good old word *gown* is again coming into vogue; indeed, its use is now considered the sign of high-breeding.

Don't submit servilely to fashion. Believe in your own instincts and the looking-glass rather than the *dicta* of the mantua-makers, and modify modes to suit your personal peculiarities. How is it possible for a tall woman and a short woman to wear garments of the same style without one or the other being sacrificed?

Don't forget that no face can be lovely when exposed to the full glare of the sun. A bonnet should be so constructed as to cast the features partially in shade, for the delicate half-shadows that play in the eyes and come and go on the cheek give to woman's beauty one of its greatest charms. When fashion thrusts the bonnet on the back of the head, defy it; when it orders the bonnet to be perched on the nose, refuse to be a victim of its tyranny.

Don't wear at home faded or spotted gowns, or soiled finery, or anything that is

not neat and appropriate. Appear at the breakfast table in some perfectly pure and delicate attire—fresh, cool, and delicious, like a newly plucked flower. Dress for the pleasure and admiration of your family.

Don't cover your fingers with finger-rings. A few well-chosen rings give elegance and beauty to the hand; a great number disfigure it, while the ostentation of such a display is peculiarly vulgar. And what are we to say when many ringed fingers show a neglect of the wash-basin?

Don't wear ear-rings that draw down the lobe of the ear. A well-shaped ear is a handsome feature; but an ear misshapen by the weight of its trinkets is a thing not pleasant to behold.

Don't wear diamonds in the morning, or to any extent except upon dress occasions. Don't wear too many trinkets of any kind.

Don't supplement the charms of nature by the use of the colour-box. Fresh air, exercise, the morning bath, and proper food will give to the cheek nature's own tints, and no other have any true beauty.

Don't indulge in confections or other sweets. It must be said that American women devour an immense deal of rubbish. If they would banish from the table pickles, preserves, pastry, cakes, and similar indigestible articles, and never touch candy, their appetite for wholesome food would be greatly increased, and as a consequence we should see their cheeks blooming like the rose.

Don't permit your voice to be high and shrill. Cultivate those low and soft tones which in the judgment of all ages and all countries constitute one of the charms of woman.

Don't give yourself wholly to the reading of novels. An excess of this kind of reading is the great vice of womankind. Good novels are good things, but how can women hope to occupy an equal place with men if their intellectual life is given to one branch of literature solely?

Don't publicly kiss every time you come together or part. Consider the aggravation to men, and the waste—and remember that public displays of affection are in questionable taste.

Don't use terms of endearment when you do not mean them. The word *dear* in the mouths of women is often nothing more than a feminine way of spelling *detestable*.

Don't, on making a call, keep talking about your departure, proposing to go and not going. When you are ready to go, say so, and then depart.

Don't make endless adieus in leaving friends. The woman who begins at the top of the stairs, and overflows with farewells and parting admonitions every step on the way down, and repeats them a hundred times at the door, simply maddens the man who is her escort, be he her husband or lover. Be persuaded, ladies, to say "good-bye" once or twice, and have done with it.

Don't forget to thank the man who surrenders his seat in the car or omnibus, or who politely passes up your fare. Sweet thanks from a woman are ample compensation for any sacrifice a man may make in such cases, or any trouble to which he may be put.

Don't carry your parasol or umbrella when closed so as to endanger the eyes of every one who comes near you. Don't, when in a public vehicle, thrust those articles across the passage so as to trip up the heedless or entangle the unwary.

Don't be loud of voice in public places. A retiring modest demeanour may have ceased to be fashionable, but it is as much a charm in women to-day as it ever was.

Don't nag. The amiability of woman, in view of all they are subjected to from unsympathetic and brutal man, deserves great praise, but sometimes—Let it not be written!

Don't, young ladies, giggle, or affect merriment when you feel none. If you reward a *bon mot* with a smile, it is sufficient. There are young women who every time they laugh cover their faces with their hands, or indulge in some other violent demonstration—to whom we say *don't*.

Don't doubt the compiler's admiration for women. Very few, indeed, are the social shortcomings of women compared with those of men, but the few injunctions here set down may not be unprofitable, and are given with entire respect and good-will.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER XII.

"MAN'S EXTREMITY IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY."



MRS. WARNER would scarcely have had sufficient energy to carry out the plan of going to Denver with her three boys, without the knowledge of her husband, had Mrs. Bombasin not been there to urge and hurry her on with the necessary preparation, and to accompany her there.

So restless and indefatigable was this "daughter of the horseleach"—may I be forgiven for calling her so ugly a name—that a letter having been received in due course from Mrs. Johnson, the enterprising landlady of the boarding-house known as the Temple of

Health, at Colorado Springs, saying that she should be very glad to secure the services of the young lady of whom Mrs. Bombasin wrote, and for which she would pay sixteen dollars a month, the family were on their way to San Juan a fortnight after Philip Emerson bade Carita good-bye.

She wrote a long letter to him, telling him of her position; making the best of it, poor child, lest he should be troubled on her account, and giving him the address of the house to which she was going. Then she made a great mistake, which brought sorrow to both. Instead of giving her letter to Mr. Heath, whom Philip had requested to re-address, stamp, and despatch all her letters, she took it with her, in order to post it herself down at San Juan.

Mrs. Warner had given her five dollars as pocket-money, to begin with,

in her new position, and it pleased the poor girl to think that the first little portion of it she should use would be to pay for this, her first letter to Philip. The letter never reached him; the reason why, I will tell you later on. She carried it carefully enough down the mountains, putting her hand often to the safe place where it lay, as they jolted along in the large waggon. It gave her pleasure to feel it, and to wonder how soon she would have one from Philip again. He ought to receive hers, of course, a fortnight after his own arrival at home; his first letter to her could not reach Colorado Springs for five weeks yet; it would have to come to Mr. Heath's first and then be re-posted. She had told him not to write until he landed in England; after that she was to have a letter once a fortnight until he returned.