

FOR the LADIES.

Sunshine for Unmarried Ladies.

Helen of Troy was over forty when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record.

Catherine II. of Russia, was thirty-three when she seized the Empire and captivated the dashing Orloff.

Livin was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last.

Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after.

Pericles wedded Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterward for thirty years or more held an undiminished reputation for beauty.

Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was the handsomest Queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers.

The day which sees women as careful to choose virtuous husbands as men have been in the past to select virtuous wives, will mark the greatest social revolution of the age.

Ninon de Lenclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of the three generations of the golden youth of France, and was seventy-two when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her.

A wedding agency is projected in Paris.—There will be a chapel and a branch of the mayoralty, so that civil and religious weddings can take place under one roof. Carriages, lawyers, priests, ball-room, music, and even the wedding finery will be furnished.

The extraordinary Diane de Poitiers was thirty-six when Henry Second of France and just half her age) became attached to her, and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at Court up to the period of the monarch's death and the accession to power of Catharine of Medicis.

Let the female angel cease to be agitated.—Men will rave at the pin-back skirts, but so they will and have at every fashion. There was the kangaroo droop, the Grecian bend, the tilting skirt, the bell crinoline, the décollete bodice, the long stomacher—everything way back to the ruffs of Queen Bess, or the barrel hoops of Queen Anne, has been sneered at after the same manner. And yet, men have a sort of sneaking fancy for the dear little creatures, after all.

In washing calicoes in which the colors are not fast, be careful not to boil them; but wash in the usual way with soap, and rinse in hard water. For dark colored goods, add a little salt to the water.

Add one ounce of alum to the last water used to rinse children's dresses, and they will be rendered uninflamable, or so slightly combustible, that they would take fire very slowly, if at all, and would not flame. Bed curtains, and linen in general, may also be treated in the same way.

How a Wyoming Woman Made Her Vote Good.

A woman at Medicine Bow, just as she was depositing her vote last election day was surprised to hear a rough sing out:

"I challenge that woman's vote."

"On what grounds, sir?"

"She hasn't been long enough in the Territory."

Did the woman sit down and cry over it? It is not to be recorded. Her dainty little hand glided back into the folds of her pull back, and the next thing that audacious cuss knew he was gazing into the muzzle of a Derringer, while the fair voter said:

"How long have I been in the territory sir?"

"Look out, madam—don't. That cuss-ol thing might go off—take it away; I beg your pardon; I—don't touch that trigger—I—I—I'm mistaken in the woman. Please point that the other way. I'll lick the lynx' sheep thief that says you hav'nt lived right here in this town for ten years. I sw'ar I will."

He scooted around the corner, and she smilingly passed in her ticket.

"In the Bottom Drawer."

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and I went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I have not dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

TO MASH TURNIPS.—After having been boiled very tender, and the water pressed thoroughly from them, put them into a saucepan and stir them constantly for some minutes over a gentle fire; add a little cream, salt, fresh butter, and pepper; continue to simmer and boil them for five minutes longer, and then serve.

LIGHT PUDDING.—Put two tablespoonfuls of sago, tapioca or rice in a pie dish, pour over a pint or a pint and a half of milk; add one and a half tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, if liked, and bake two hours in a slow oven; if rice is used, bake three hours.

CHEESE PUDDING.—Grate three ounces of cheese, five ounces of bread, warm one ounce of butter in a quarter of a pint of milk, and mix with the above, then add two well beaten eggs, a little salt, pepper and mustard; mix all well together, and bake in a pie dish for half an hour.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spoons, bits of broken crockery, a whip and several things. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go!

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every day existence with a pall.—Sometimes when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout and ringing laugh, but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and to meet me when I come; to call 'good night' from the little bed, now empty. And wife she misses him still more; there are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar or sobbing with pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life almost, to wake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

Help Your Neighbors.

At a time like this, when the great problem of how to live is uppermost in the thoughts of our artizans and working-men, there is no room for the purse-proud or the artful to complain. Help your neighbor, try and assuage the troubles of your fellow-man, should be the motto to govern every breast. In trade

when matters become dull and not much prospect of further progress judicious merchants and dealers ask themselves who can be spared; and the men they are loth to discharge are those who have been longest in their employ and who have devoted their energies to the interest of their employers. Gentlemen, you have succeeded in the battle of life, or perhaps you are placed in circumstances beyond indigence or want. If so, be easy with your old friends in distress. Help your neighbor if you can and do not crush the manhood out of him by any persecutions of yours.

Churning in Cold Weather.

Heating the cream and using hot water will make butter come. By filling the churn only a quarter full, so that when the cream is swolen there is abundance of room for the dashing and splashing of the cream, there is also no difficulty, beyond the necessity of double-quick motion. I always rise at 4 A. M., on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and churn for my wife. We scald the churn, leaving the boiling water in ten minutes, and on very cold mornings, put a second lot of hot water in, so that the wood is warmed through, then put the cream in while warm, just after the water is poured out. When the cream froths and swells I know the butter will soon come, and sometimes it goes very hard; but although the perspiration pours from every pore, I stick to it, and soon there is a change in the sound, and butter comes. Women and children are not strong enough to churn in winter, so they use heat and make the butter white. Swill and slops given to the cows, unless meal or bran are liberally added, cause the butter to be longer coming. The dairy should be kept from frost and frosty air.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Throwing Old Shoes.

Very few, probably, of the thousands who throw old shoes after bridal parties as they are leaving home know nothing of the origin of the custom. Like almost all our customs, its origin is ancient and can be traced to bible times. It was then the custom for the brother of a childless man to marry his widow, or at least he had the refusal of her. If he chose to reject her, the ceremony was public, and consisted in her losing his shoe from his foot and spitting in his face. His giving up the shoe was a symbol of abandoning all dominion over her: spitting in his face was an assertion of independence.

There was an affair of this kind between Ruth and Boaz. In some parts of the East it was a custom to carry a slipper before a newly married pair as a token of the bride's subjection. The custom, as it exists with us, is very old in England and Scotland. The usual saying is that it is thrown for luck, and that is the idea in this country; but originally it meant a renunciation of authority over the bride by the parents.

It was formerly a custom among the Germans for the bride when she was conducted to her bed chamber to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests; whoever caught it in the struggle to obtain it received it as an omen that he or she would soon be happily married.

Train, in his "History of the Isle of Man," says:

"On the bridegroom leaving his house, it was customary to throw an old shoe after him, and in like manner after the bride, on leaving her home to proceed to church, in order to insure good luck to each respectively, and if by stratagem either of the brides shoes could be taken off by any inspector on her way from church, it had to be ransomed by the bridegroom."

In Kent, England, after a couple have started on their tour, the single ladies are drawn up in a row, and the bachelors in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as possible, and the ladies run for it—the successful one being the first female who it is supposed will be married. She then throws it at the gentleman, and the one who is hit by it is deemed to be the first male who will enter wedlock. Generally, it is considered, the older the shoes the better.

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