SACRAMENTO SUNDAY UNION.

VOLUME 1. SACRAMENTO, CAL., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1889. NUMBER 18.

DOWN THE RAPIDS.

THRILLING DESCRIPTION OF THE JOURNEY TO MONTREAL.

Miss Lelia Lindley's Comparison Between Summer and Winter Life in Canada's City of Churches.

MONTREAL, August 26, 1889.

Once more are we in this beautiful city. The first time, it was white from one end to the other, the snow being several feet deep. But I wrote you of the carnival last winter, and the joyous time four of Uncle Sam's daughters had viewing the ice palace and indulging generally in the Canadian festivities characteristic of this country in the winter. Now the scene is wholly different. We drive in a carriage over the toboggan slide of last February, and could not realize there was such a difference between then and now. However, as we came through the rapids to get here, I will tell you of them, and speak of Montreal in its summer glory later on. We are still on the go, and, I might also add, still on the rush—we have so little time to spare. After having staid as long as possible at Alexandria Bay, we took the steamer for the voyage down the rapids.

As the boat had stopped at Clayton and several other places before getting to us, the bow (the choice place, of course,) was well filled with eager ones waiting to catch a first glimpse of the rushing water, though the first series of rapids is half a day from Alexandria Bay. We managed to get very good places, and settled ourselves for that precipitous river trip. I don't know just what else to call it, for the descent is perpendicular enough at some points along the way.

THE FIRST STOP

We made was at Prescott, a small town on the Canadian side, and immediately opposite the flourishing town of Ogdensburg, N. Y. Here passengers alight who are bound for Ottawa. We staid some little time at Prescott, and just as the boat was leaving the pier, we witnessed a most laughable incident, which was no more nor less than the distressing plight in which a young English tourist found himself. He had evidently gone ashore to inspect the town, and he got left. We saw the little dandy in his gorgeous plaid suit dashing wildly up and down the wharf, screaming to the Captain to turn the boat back. Some charitably-inclined chap caught the irate disciple of Johnnie Bull and told him to watch his chance as the steamer swung round. While he watched his chance, we watched him. At an opportune moment his prompter gave him a rousing slap and the signal to jump. Amid shrieks and roars of laughter from the upper deck, this frightened summer youth sprang like a deer into the moving steamer. His pale face was a study all morning as he sat in absolute quiet, no doubt cogitating upon his narrow escape, and perhaps a tiny bit mad because we all laughed, but we could not help it, and we were too many to offer apologies to his "imperial exquisiteness" for the amusement he afforded. The good-natured crowd took no further notice of his embarrassment, and the afternoon found him an eager and interested traveler; his woes forgotten, his spirits rose exceedingly.

All this time of which I have been writing we were passing interesting places, but making no landings. Windmill Point and Chimney Island are the chief objects of interest on account of ruins, which can be plainly seen from the steamer.

THE FIRST RAPID

Begins at Chimney Island and is called Galop Rapid. But for the fact that the steamer is carried along very fast there is nothing very exciting just yet awhile. Still you have had some little preparation for what is to follow. Next comes "Long Sault" (pronounced Long Soo). This rapid is nine miles. Here the boat goes along at the rate of twenty miles an hour—terrific speed for a boat. All steam is shut off, and she is carried along solely by the force of the current. Just here I saw two gentlemen treated to an unceremonious deluging. The boat gave an awful plunge and water came up and over the deck. At the end of this rapid is quite a pretty place called Cornwall, and from now on we are exclusively in the dominion of her Majesty, the Queen.

Just after leaving Cornwall we get into the Coteau Rapids, going fast and furious, but nothing wonderful. Seven miles on we come to Cedar Rapids, and here the fun commences. There is such a peculiar feeling as the vessel slides from one ledge to another. And pretty soon you come in sight of bowlders, and the situation looks a trifle dubious, but the four pilots at the helm have willing hands, stout hearts and steady nerves, and we slip by the diabolical black rocks that looked so destructive. And now we crane our necks and hold our breath as we approach the world-renowned "Lachine," considered the most formidable and dangerous of all the rapids. Just before getting to this rapid is a little old Indian village where the celebrated Indian pilot Baptiste used to start out in his canoe and board the steamer for the purpose of piloting her down the Lachine Rapids. For the past two years Baptiste has not done any piloting on account of declining years. His place is filled by a trusty fellow who skillfully guides the boat through the surging billows. A feeling of

WONDER AND timidity

Immediately comes over you as your fascinated gaze takes in the mad and rushing water. For a second the idea is, how fearful. Ere we can banish the thought a plunge takes us out into the foaming green water and we are wonderingly looking back at the precipice we have successfully descended. No sane person would think of encountering the whirlpool at Niagara, and yet this last rapid we have run seems very like that turbulent pool. It is certainly grand and intensely exciting, but I think "Running the Rapids" once will suffice.

The entire afternoon has been spent in going through the various rapids. All along we passed queer little towns that looked like deserted villages. The only buildings of any kind of size being little churches, and these places of worship were most diminutive in size. The houses, without exception, were meager and weather-worn habitations. There were no boats visible, and the entire lot of burroughs looked forlorn in the extreme. After the excitement of going through Lachine is over you look around and see the lights of the city of Montreal glimmering in the distance, and soon the massive Victoria Bridge is reached. The steamer sails proudly under this magnificent bridge and very soon lands the Quebec passengers at the Quebec steamship, then goes on to her moorings and discharges her load of precious freight at the wharf in Canada's "City of Churches." Of the great Victoria Bridge I wrote last winter, but it may not come amiss to repeat that it is the longest and most expensive bridge in the world—having cost over eight millions. It is a covered bridge, is two miles in length, and is built of iron. It is one of the curiosities that is pointed out to the visitor.

MONTREAL

Is on an island and is beautifully situated. One can't "do" places like this in a couple of days, yet we have seen much, and can't begin to tell you all about it. First, we drove to Mount Royal, where we didn't get last winter on account of the snow and extreme cold. From the top of this mountain is the most magnificent view I have ever had of any city. The city lies at the foot of this high mountain. The elevation is so great as to bring the place almost underneath the vision and the view is remarkably beautiful. Our funny little French Jehu was most affable, and not on the point of freezing to death as our poor old sleigh driver was last winter. What a contrast. This time the calm beautiful days make everything so lovely. Then, icicles hung from everywhere, even from the shaggy eyebrows of the drivers, and the beards and moustaches of the men generally. Yet there was something so exhilarating about Montreal in February and something delightful about it in summer. In fact it is fine at any time.

One of the attractions of the city is the "Champ de Mars," a square of smooth ground that is used for parades. In olden times it was *the* "promenade." We went again to the churches, which to my idea are among the most attractive places in the city. Notre Dame is an edifice of mammoth size. This building will seat over 12,000 people. When we were there it was being prepared for a funeral, and a massive structure fifteen or twenty feet in hight and covered with gold and black stood in the center of the church. None of us had ever seen anything of the kind before, and wondered how they would be able to raise a casket to so great a hight. As such was the intention, they no doubt have ways and means for accomplishing the purpose. In one of the towers of this church is

THE LARGEST BELL IN THE WORLD.

For twenty-five cents the elevator will carry you to the top of the tower, from which hight you can look down on the city below and obtain a good view of the surrounding country.

There are any amount of public institutions in Montreal. And here is built the most gorgeous Methodist Church I have noticed in my travels. Without exception the places of worship are most magnificent—that is, of course, the modern buildings. There are some old churches and very small ones, but interesting because of the historical memories they awaken. One of the smallest yet prettiest churches is called Memorial Chapel, and the entire inside is of silver-gray marble and frescoed in softest tints of blue and pink. The almost total absence of gilding and high coloring strikes the stranger at the first glance, and the idea is pleasing.

Besides the churches, there are great numbers of fine public buildings. The Gray Nunnery, McGill University, Courthouse, Bonsecours Market, the Custom-house, and last but not least, the palatial Windsor, one of the most gorgeously appointed hotels in the world. Victoria and Dominion squares (where every winter are the living arch and ice palace respectively) are pretty spots in the heart of the city. A nice little trip from town is to take the ferry to St. Helen's Island, just a little bit out in the St. Lawrence. This place was named after the beautiful wife of Champlain. Island Park on this bit of land, is a fine pleasure resort.

The last time we visited Montreal we came by rail, and into the fine new depot that looked like a fairyland in all its splendor of carnival dress, and bright bunting, that contrasted so prettily with the pure white snow. This time our course was down the majestic St. Lawrence, where six months ago we watched the teams going back and forth on a stretch of ice. How different the picture now. The hills covered with verdure and the rum-cherry and thorn apple looking so pretty on the trees.

The aristocratic street of this fine city is Sherbrooke street, and is lined with

BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCES.

I think I am safe in saying that nine-tenths of the streets, lanes and by-ways bear the name of saints—Ann, Catherine, Xavier, James, Peter, Paul and a hundred others have the prefix Ste.

The stores are really good, and while the difference in price on the majority of things is not noticeable, there are things that can be bought more reasonable here than in the States.

We have been amused all along the way at the various amount of times we have to hustle around on the lower deck, to look after our baggage and see that it receives a proper, but by no means, beautifying desecration in the shape of a Custom-house stamp of blazing red or yellow paper, usually round like a saucer. These excresences are unavoidable, and must be accepted whether you like it or not.

We were on the alert the other morning, for the "biggest show on earth" was advertised to be here. Unfortunately, the train met with a mishap, and the failure to materialize was all but a death-blow to the expectant and overwhelmingly large crowd (such as only a circus can draw), that thronged the thoroughfares from early dawn. Just now the theaters are not open. The season not yet having commenced. The drives about here are very fine, the winding road to Mount Royal Cemetery being a lovely drive. Nelson's Monument and the bronze statue of Queen Victoria are pointed out as attractions. There are good art galleries, a museum, and a great many places of interest. Anyone visiting Canada cannot fail to be pleased with this lovely city, and if possible it is well worth while to devote several days to the city of Montreal.

LEILA J. LINDLEY.

ANSWERED PRAYER.

In the beauty of the sunset,
When Heaven's gates were left ajar
And the sky was filled with glory,
Shining from the Home afar,
Came an angel, swiftly flying,
To this earth with sin oppressed—
In his arms a treasure holding,
Left it on a mother's breast.

Backward through the golden portals
Went the angel to his home.
Slowly closed the gates of jasper,
And the stars shone one by one.
Where before was crimson beauty
Gold and azure in the sky—
Faint reflection of the glory
Shining in God's home on high.

On the earth was joy and gladness,
For treasure rare was given,
And the mother's arms held closely
This sweet, precious gift of Heaven.
While she murmered to her darling
Softly, sweetly, I will guide
Tiny footsteps, that they never
Into sin and shame may glide.

Then her heart in prayer ascended.
"Lord forever keep my child:
May its footsteps never wander
Into pathways strange and wild.
Keep him pure, as when thou gavest
This sweet treasure unto me.
Make him Thine, all Thine, completely
Now, and in eternity."

* * * * * * *

Once again in twilight's splendor,
Came the angel from the throne,
Took the treasure back to Heaven,
Left the mother all alone.
Oh! how fully was she answered,
Never little feet will roam,
Safe forever in God's keeping,
Wait the mother's going home.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the authoress, is commonly regarded as an American by reason of her long residence and marriage in the United States, but she is nevertheless purely English. She is a Lancashire lass, and indeed put her early knowledge of Lancashire to good use in writing "That Lass of Lowrie's," the book that first brought her into notice. But Mrs. Burnett had a long struggle of it, like most literary beginners. She is a woman of charming presence, with fine clear eyes of markedly intelligent expression, a well-shaped mouth, and a peach-like complexion. She is growing somewhat stout from the course the sedentary habits of her literary pursuits condemn her. Her husband is a doctor in practice in Washington.

Some women like to be told they are pretty, but the really pretty ones don't care for it. They have to be told that they are brilliantly intellectual. George Washington's hatchet wouldn't stand a ghost of a show nowadays.

The doctors are doing their best to convince the public that ice water is dangerous. Perhaps it is, but then, so are whisky, and toy pistols, and matrimony, and lots of things.—*Washington Critic.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND THINKING AND SAYING.

An Olla Podrida Prepared and Arranged by One of Them for the Sunday Union.

A STOLEN VISIT.

This is the dainty room,
Where youth and beauty found their perfect bloom!
This is her cozy chair;
How oft her form has nestled softly there!
Here is her gleaming glass,
By which her graceful figure used to pass;
And, though she be away,
It seems her smiles are there and still will stay!
These are her favorite books
The pages longing for her loving looks.
Here is her happy bed—
The pillow where she nightly rests her head.
She comes—her step I know;
Bless thee, sweet room! Alas, that I must go!

CHEAP EUROPEAN TRIP.

In order to prove that wealth is not always necessary to "a good time," or the attainment of one's highest ambition, let me tell you what was accomplished by a clever friend of mine. She was an energetic little woman, belonging in Buffalo, who possessed very little money, but a burning desire to "see the world"—the sine qua non of her ambition being a tour to Europe. "Where there is a will, there is a way," you know, and she finally made up her mind to see the other side of the Atlantic. She had $200 put away from her savings as copyist in an abstract office, and she obtained leave of absence for two months. Long before her "leave" came into effect, however, having decided to go to Europe, she made a thorough investigation of the whole subject of ways and means, studied guide-books faithfully, matured a careful plan of action and "read up" on the localities she determined to visit. She carried two dresses only, a well-fitting, well-made cloth gown for street wear and a simple demi-toilet that would not look out of place for ordinary evening wear, and put on another neat, but plain, cloth costume for the voyage. A small steamer trunk held all her belongings; a handbag, a mackintosh and a heavy shawl, with umbrella in a shawl-strap and a steamer chair, completed her baggage.

She went to New York, and next day sailed for Glasgow on the State line steamer. She secured a ticket both ways, and a comfortable state-room, for exactly $75, and had a pleasant voyage. At Glasgow she met friends, and remained there five weeks. From there she made a two-days' trip to Edinburgh, and then went on to London. For this journey she traveled third-class, which is quite as comfortable as the ordinary railway traveling here, and her ticket from Edinburgh to London and back again to Glasgow was only $13, though the distance was more than 800 miles. She was waited on as carefully by the guards and her parcels looked after for only eight or ten cents—as if she had ridden in a first-class compartment, and the pleasure of the trip was fully as great. In London she found cheap but very respectable temporary lodgings at the "Alexandria House"—a home for young women, erected by Sir Francis Cooke (Victoria Woodhull's husband), who has been knighted, you know, for his munificent charities. This house has all manner of devices for the comfort and welfare of young women, and the Princess of Wales, in whose honor it was named, has taken it under her own patronage. Afterwards our Buffalo friend lodged in a house much frequented by girl students, at South Kensington Museum, for about $7 per week. Her luncheon she got in the shops, being too much engaged in sight-seeing every day to go home for it. This she could get for seven pence (14 cents of our money), the luncheon consisting of an excellent cup of coffee, an egg, and a buttered roll. Well, she arrived home with some of her $200 left, and a lot of delightful memories, and a fixed determination to go again, in a different direction in Europe, soon as another $200 could be saved; and next time to stay three months instead of two, as she is quite sure she can do with her added experience.

ABOUT THE "MAKE-UP."

Girls, if you must powder and otherwise "make-up"—I suppose you must, since most women do—for goodness sake take more pains in putting it on! Use whatever war-paint you please, but don't turn your complexion a corpse-like blue by putting dead-white powder on a sallow skin; and don't put a dab of rouge in a round spot just under the eyes. Did you ever notice a woman with a natural flush on her face? The color extends far over on each side of her cheeks and down toward her chin, from underneath, like strawberries smothered in cream, the lobes of her ears grow a little pink, so does the tip of her chin, her nostrils and the lower part of her forehead. Remember this when you sit down to put your rouge on, and apply it carefully with the soft end of linen handkerchiefs, if you use dry rouge, or a sponge if liquid is preferred. Use your powder with equal care, if you don't want to look pink in one spot and dead-white in another, and make the two colors blend until a veritable flesh-tint is achieved. The value of liquid rouge is that it can be touched and will not come off, needing a good rubbing with soap and water to remove it; but at the same time, unless you are a better artist than the average "weaker vessel" you would better stick to dry paint—for if you get on too much, or put it on the wrong place, it can be quickly removed without the rubbing and scrubbing which the liquid requires. And don't forget that what may look all right in your looking-glass, in a shaded room, may not bear a critic's eyes in the garish light of the sun.

AS TO FIG LEAVES.

What peace and comfort might be ours if only the styles would not change so often, and clothes and house linen might be made to last at least ten years. By the way, I know an artistic lady, whose means and position are so firmly assured that she can afford to do anything she likes, who does not wish her studious pursuits interfered with by eternal dressmaking, and so she plans out costumes three and five years ahead, and apparently holds a contract with Fate that things shall fall out as she has ordered. For common summer wear she buys fine, firm, unbleached muslin by the bolt, and has it dyed art colors—indigo blues, light and dark, old reds and pink, and logwood dahlia shades—and made up in pretty becoming styles, not to be altered until the goods wear out, or until she wearies of them. For ordinary occasions in winter she has the best and most elegant of conservative materials—Henrietta cloths at $3 per yard, etc.—a dozen gowns at a time made and hung in the closet. This idea, inspired through good taste, is not unsuitable, particularly for women no longer young. It gives a toilet distinction and individuality which perpetually changing fashions cannot impart, but it needs a woman of good figure and breeding to carry it out.

A new fad among the fashionable are known as "surprise gowns," having two distinct aspects. For instance, a leaf-green cashmere, with a rather plain skirt has a double-breasted jacket to match. When, presto! the live fronts of the skirt open and are fastened to a button at the back, showing a pink silk skirt, beautifully embroidered in black and gold, as are also the reverses. The jacket also turns back and shows a waistcoat, with lining equally resplendent. With such a gown the wearer is prepared for any emergency. She can promenade the streets clad as a brown wren, and on stepping into a house can come out of the dressing-room in two minutes looking like a full-fledged bird of paradise.

HOUSEKEEPING OF THE FUTURE.

Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, writing on "The Housekeeping of the Future," insists on great changes. She says that in cities and villages the kitchen and cook stove and hired girl are all to be banished. Clothes-making, soap-making, laundry work, coffee burning, yeast-making, butter-making, all gone forever, with ten thousand other tiresome tasks which one may wear herself out in performing, and nobody knows that one has done anything at all, but leave the minutest of things undone for awhile and how great a vacuum! Pretty soon organized industry will take after these cruel old task-masters that have driven many women to their graves, the remaining work of cooking and cleaning. It is coming, this household millennium, as sure as fate. The city of the future will not build houses in squares, giving to every house an individual kitchen and prison-like "back yard." It will rather build them all around an open square, and that portion now disfigured with the kitchen will be given over to a household sitting-room or play-room or nursery, opening into a great green space, wherein children may romp in safety, and through which the free air of heaven shall flow into the surrounding houses. In every square will be found a scientifically constructed building, containing a laundry and a great kitchen, supplied with every modern appliance for skilled and scientific cooking, and also for sending into every private dining-room any desired quantity or variety of food. The individuality of the home and the home table will be preserved, but the kitchen smells and waste and worry and "hired girls" will be forgotten hobgoblins of the past.

Sing sweetly a song for the days that are gone,
They were merry and glad and free;
But oh! for the days that are yet to dawn,
And the joys that are yet to be!

Fair is the East when the morning shines,
And the glad earth awakes from rest;
But lovelier far when the day declines,
Is the glory that fills the West.

To-morrow will come with a brighter light
Than yesterday ever knew—
For a pleasure unknown and a new delight
Will gladden it through and through.

ESSENTIALLY WOMEN.

Speaking of our Southern sisters, one of the brightest writers of the day says of them that their charm is not in knowing so much nor in wearing gowns of the very latest styles, nor that they aspire to any high degree of physical culture, but that they are essentially *women*. As girls they are happy, and expect to be married some day and to become mothers. To be sure, a girl does not think this all out, but if the question were put fairly to her, she would probably blush prettily and admit that it was the truth. She cannot wear a tailor-made gown with the *chic* of a New York girl, but she is wonderfully bewitching in the simple white one that she dons of an evening, and in which she looks, just now, like a picture taken from one of the old beauty books. She wears a full, plain shirt that is cut round at the neck, showing the white firm flesh, and the sleeves are the old-time "baby" sleeves—so exquisitely modest, and which show the entire arm. Around her waist is a white ribbon belt, and just in front is generally a buckle set with brilliants that her grandmother wore in the dancing days of long ago. Her hair is knotted low on her neck and just at one side is placed a creamy white rose.

The typical Southern girl has not the book knowledge of the New England cousin, for she thinks Browning does not compare with Adelaide Proctor, and she has been told that Swinburne wasn't proper for a young lady to read. She doesn't care for George Eliot, because mamma said there was something queer in her behavior—but she reads Thackeray, and thinks if she ever had a son she would like him to resemble Henry Esmond. She is very willing to concede that the Northern girls know a great deal, but when they tell her of women who have to earn their own living—gentlewomen, too—she wonders with wide-eyed astonishment where the men of their family are. She cannot be made to realize that in this world are any men who only look after themselves. Do I think her without faults? No, I do not. But they are faults that are essentially womanly—faults that are wiped out in time by her many virtues—faults, that when she is a good wife and a good mother, are forgotton, and she is certain to be those. Her quick temper will be invaluable in her rule over the kitchen, and, also, a little subdued, it will serve to make her train up her children in the way they should go. Her sentimentality lessens as she grows older, but there is always enough of it left to make her husband feel that she values his love.

THE ARTISTIC THING

Now is to design your own patterns for draperies or dress, and have them printed as well as embroidered for you. I saw a lovely set of curtains for a country house, where something was desired that would wash and wear. They were of unbleached sheeting, a yard and a half wide (original cost, 25 cents per yard), which has been sent to an artist furnishers to be stamped in various floral patterns, wild climatis in greenish-white blossoms and dull leaves in old-pink single roses, or silvery stars of that soft hue which makes beautiful the spring waysides of all New England. The blocks are cut by hand and dyed in fast colors without finish, and in the mellow ground the quaint, pleasing designs have an excellent air of use and charm.

The most elegant suites for country sitting-rooms are white mahogony—a clear wood like hickory, with a rich, creamy tint—made in the simplest lines, with a bevel of high polish. Cherry wood in its light, natural color, highly polished, is quite as much admired.

There are some new and pretty individual conceits in furnishings. What to do with photographs is often a question, and the latest way of disposing of them is to mount them in the upper panels of a folding screen, where they are fitted into flat borders of silk, plush or cretonne, with isinglass slipped over the picture. Below is a ten-inch space of polished wood, with shallow railed shell, to hold china. I have seen an octagon tea-table, with large cabinet photographs arranged below the border, with wood frames and isinglass face, the latter substance being much lighter and less likely to break than real glass. Or a row of photos may be set on the wall, like tiles, with flat wood framing and bevelled glass over each, which helps the tile effect.

EVE'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

The Young Man's Capital.

"My friend," said the old man to the disheartened youngster, "You don't look at your case in the right way. You are downcast because you haven't been able to command a large salary and because you have no capital. But you are young yet and—how much do you make? Twelve dollars a week? That is $624 a year. Six per cent. is considered a good return for invested capital; it is a good deal more than most of the rich ones can command. On a 6 per cent. basis you have—let me see—you have $10,400 worth of brains, muscle and energy invested in a career. That's the way to look at it, my boy. Don't think of the $12; think of the $10,400, and go on to increase your capital—your earning capacity. Develop your brains, cultivate your energy, don't neglect your muscle, and don't fret."

Cigar dealer—"Yes, I want a boy here. Have you had any experience?" Youthful applicant—"Lots." "Suppose I should mix up the price-marks in these boxes, could you tell the good cigars from the bad ones?" "Easy 'nough." "How?" "The wust cigars is in the boxes wot's got the purtiest pictur's."

FEMININE TOILERS.

WALKS OF LIFE IN WHICH SOME WOMEN EARN THEIR BREAD.

Views of Practical Workers—Type-Writers, Saleswomen and Typesetters Give Their Opinions.

The scene was a richly furnished, well-appointed mercantile office down town, and before a typewriting machine of one of the most approved patterns sat a bright and blooming little somebody, who, for the past five years, has tripped over the bridge daily in shine or shower to earn an excellent salary from the firm who employ her as a first-class stenographer and typewriter.

"Is typewriting a good vocation for young women?" asked Grace Conroy, the expert lady interviewer of the New York *Star*, who was out gathering information, and whose story we give in her own language. The question was echoed by the winsome little operative as she leaned back in her chair and smiled meditatively before replying to my question. "Well, that depends upon circumstances," she answered. "You know, if a young woman is simply a typewriter, with no knowledge of stenography, she cannot hope to receive more than very moderate wages, and may, indeed, find considerable difficulty in obtaining employment. Since I began this kind of work you have no idea how the schools for instruction in typewriting have multiplied, and the result has been a surplus of applicants, and now, besides, most business men require a girl to be a stenographer as well as typewriter. One who is only a typewriter cannot earn more than $6 or $8 a week, and even at that low figure her services are in demand only in the offices of insurance companies or other corporations, where it is not unusual for a large number of girls to be thus employed. Business men and lawyers pay the best salaries, but they have little use for a girl who is not tolerably expert in stenography too."

"But is it not very difficult to become an expert in stenography?" I asked.

"I think one must have a knack for it, although the people who give instruction generally maintain that any one can acquire it who brings industry and perseverence to bear upon her endeavors. But I am convinced to the contrary and feel warranted in saying that perhaps only one in twenty-five of the girls who try to learn stenography succeed in acquiring even the moderate amount of skill essential to hold a position in a mercantile office, to say nothing of the ability required for such work as the reporting of public speakers, which forms the most difficult part of a stenographer's vocation."

The little woman gazed through the glass windows of the partition which separated us from the office, in which a broad-shouldered, good-looking man was leisurely smoking a cigar, with a high white hat on the back of his head, and continued, with a suspicion of sarcasm in her quiet smile: "You see, one advantage possessed by a girl in a mercantile office is that the average business man's range of ideas is not particularly wide, and his vocabulary is equally limited; consquently the stenographer's work consists in a daily repetition of almost the same ideas, expressed in practically the same language; and so, when she once gets into the rut, as you may say, the task becomes comparatively simple."

"But your hours are shorter than is the case with most of us working women, and you have pleasant surroundings," I remarked.

The pointed toe of her tiny foot, encased in a little Newport tie traced out the pattern on the Turkish rug which covered the center of the parquet floor, and, raising her pretty arm and shaking back a dozen little silver bangles from her wrist, she assented.

"That is true. The usual time for beginning work is 9 o'clock, and continues rarely beyond 6 o'clock in the evening, while I think most of us finish work about 4 or 5, but some disagreeable old curmudgeons, who are convivially inclined during the middle of the day, postpone the writing of their letters till the last moment. This entails a necessity for rushing the work on the part of the typewriter in order to finish in time for the dispatching of the mails."

"But if a girl is fairly competent as a stenographer and skillful as a typewriter does she receive a comfortable compensation?"

"Yes, as women's wages go. It pays better, generally speaking, than standing behind the counter of a retail store, and must, I suppose, be much more agreeable. I think there are are few occupations for women in which better wages can be earned, but, you know, that is not saying a great deal. A skilled stenographer and typewriter can be obtained for from $10 to $12 a week. They generally begin at a lower salary, and one who earns $12 a week must be able to work rapidly and accurately. Of course some of us get better salaries—many perhaps earn from $15 to $18 a week by reason of uncommon expertness, or by some powerful influence being brought to bear in our favor."

"Suppose a young girl wishes to learn stenography and type-writing, how would you advise her to set about it?"

"Well, there are numerous schools in which she can acquire the rudiments and have the advantage of testing her fitness for the occupation. These schools are usually supplied with the various kinds of machines, so that a girl can learn to use any or all of them, which increases her opportunities of securing a desirable position, as advertisements frequently specify the one that is preferred by the employer. The schools are usually open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., and the pupils can have the use of machines and stationery at a charge of about $10 a month. But a young woman should undertake a course of instruction in stenography as well, and she can probably obtain tuition in the two branches together at a cost of $35 for three months, payable in installments, if it suits her convenience better."

"How long do you think it would be before a girl could call herself sufficiently competent to apply for a situation?"

The fair operative took a hairpin from her Psyche knot, gathered a few truant hairs in her neck, secured them in place with the pin, smoothed the well-fitting basque down at the waist, and, taking a clean sheet of paper, laid it into the machine, and, before beginning the click, click, click of her labors, said:

"Oh, if the person has any adaptability for the work at all, I should think she might be able to apply for and obtain a situation after three or four months' study, certainly. In that time she can probably obtain a speed of 130 words in stenography and be able to write fifty to seventy-five words on the machine, if she has any qualifications necessary for the work."

Young women gifted with some enterprise, a little capital and a fairly large acquaintance among lawyers who need the occasional services of typewriters, can establish a profitable business on their own account by opening an office, preferably in a large office building, and executing work for those who desire their services on legal, commercial, dramatic or miscellaneous matter. The granddaughter of Charles Dickens carries on a large business of this kind in London in rooms situated over the office of *All the Year Round*, a periodical founded by her distinguished grandfather, and now conducted by her father. A number of women carry on similar establishments in large cities and towns throughout the United States, affording employment not only for themselves, but for numerous assistants as well.

If a girl came to me and asked my advice about taking a situation as a saleswoman in a retail store, I should reply in the words of Douglas Jerrold to those about to marry, "Don't." This vocation is likely to be the first thought of by girls and women compelled to look about in search of a living, and it is really the last they should adopt if they are awake to their own interests. I am referring now especially to the positions in the large retail stores or bazars which many girls imagine to be desirable, because there is usually no night work in such places, and Saturday half-holidays are the rule for the summer months. But it should be remembered that these holidays are more than offset by the work day and evening during December, for which they receive no extra pay. The daily work of a saleswoman is of a kind particularly trying to both mind and body, and only a person of good physical constitution and phlegmatic temperament can endure the strain without feeling serious effects. The necessity of standing behind a counter all day, for that is what it really amounts to, is sufficient to stamp the vocation as unsuited to the great majority of feminine workers. All the talk of saleswomen being allowed to sit down if they are tired is humbug.

These were my reflections as I turned to a large and well-known dry goods establishment where a large number of girls tussle for bread which is not always buttered. I spoke to several, who were at first somewhat timid about replying to my inquiries, and now and then cast a furtive glance in the direction of the floor-walker, but their statements were all of the same tenor, and entirely confirmed the bad impression I had previously received regarding their calling.

In marked contrast to the rug-covered office of the typewriter was the large and littered, but well-lighted loft, where some twenty-five girls pursued their vocation of typesetting. Maggie of the bright eyes and rosy cheeks answered my inquiries concerning the trade with her dimpled face wreathed in smiles and her taper fingers covered with dust.

"Oh, yes; the trade offers fairly remunerative employment for girls not afraid to soil their hands in earning an honest living, but it is hard to get an opening to learn the trade. You see, it's just this way. A girl applies for an opportunity, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the foreman will tell her he has no time to teach girls, and he knows by experience she will spoil more type than she is worth. There is scarcely a place in this city where a young girl can expect any better reception than this if she applies for employment without previous experience.

"Now, if you are going to ask me what a girl can do to begin at the beginning and learn the trade, and how the girls working at the case acquired the knowledge, my answer is: While master printers do not wish to be bothered with novices at the case, it's a good scheme to get a journeyman printer, for a small consideration, and, on the quiet, as you might say, to instruct a beginner in the rudiments. Then, you see, when she has learned them, she is no longer inexperienced, and she won't have much difficulty in getting a place somewhere to earn a little money after a couple of months or so. Is that the way I learned? Oh, no; that's the way it is in big cities like New York, but I was raised in a country village and learned my trade in the printing office there. I suppose I was pretty apt at the work, and if you have a certain aptness at it, you know, you can get on much faster. I set type on newspaper and book matter after I had been in the office about six months. In this office—and I suppose it's the way in most other places—a girl who can set 4,000 ems a day can earn about $5 a week, and if she is at all cut out for the work she ought to be able to set this amount after three or four months' practice. I am getting $12 a week, and I suppose that I can set about 6,000 ems a day, I know some girls, though, who earn from $15 to $18 a week, but I think my wages are about the average.

"Do I think it laborious? Well, yes, it is somewhat. One should have good eyesight if she enters upon this business; but I think the work itself is not near so trying as that of a saleswoman. You see, we can set type either standing or sitting, and consequently I do not think we are so tired when it comes night. It is not so pretty here as it is in some stores, but we are not obliged to dress any better than we choose, and I think if a girl is sensible and willing to adapt herself to her surroundings she can get her living in more comfort and with more profit than many I know who have prettier places to work in. Do I know anything of proof-reading? No; my sister though is a proof-reader, and I was for a while copyholder for my sister. To be a copyholder only wants ordinary intelligence, and to be able to read more or less illegible manuscript. A copyholder's earnings usually range from $5 to $10 a week, and I think if a vacancy exists in an office it is not very difficult to get a position if one applies for it. The copyholder, I suppose you know, holds the manuscript while the proof-reader scans the printer's proof and makes the necessary corrections."

Not far removed from the busiest portion of our great metropolis, in a tiny office, separated from the main floor of a large public building, a young girl was standing at a window receiving messages for the Western Union Telegraph service.

"Do I like this employment," she repeated when I made known my errand. "Oh, yes, very well, I think it is an extremely pleasant occupation if one is so fortunate as to get a situation, but it is very tiresome waiting and waiting for a vacancy to occur. You see there are so many schools for telegraphy nowadays that this avenue of income like nearly every other is choked up by girls and women compelled to seek a livelihood. Owing to this fact the school at the Cooper Union has made a condition that only such applicants for a course in this branch of study will be received as have a positive assurance of a place waiting for them as soon as they are competent to fill it. I graduated from the Cooper Union after the regular term of study, which is of about six months' duration, and my name was placed on record at the main office of the Western Union. A girl may reckon on its being about a year before she will be likely to receive an appointment; when she does she will get probably a compensation of not less than $35."

"What is about the average salary paid young ladies?"

"Well, I think it is safe to place it at about $60 a month. I have heard of very exceptional cases where a woman received $150, and have known others where $125 was the salary for the same period, but the figure I give is a fair average.

"Do we have to work very long hours? Why, not longer than from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. We have comfortable quarters, as you see, and I think our lot in life is not a most unhappy one."

Death of a Mean Hoosier.

Only a few months ago, when he realized that death was slowly but surely fastening his icy grip upon him, and that he could not live very long, he stated that he wanted to get all his property into money so that he could burn it up just before dying, so that none of his family could get a cent of his property. He was worth nearly twenty thousand dollars, and could well afford to be generous to his family and not live and die like a dog. Heretofore in publishing obituary notices we have always thrown the mantle of charity upon the bad faults of everyone and only spoke of their good deeds, but our charity blanket was not large enough in this case, and we thought it proper to throw on the calcium light and let the world see how mean a man can be when he is full of the devil. —*Newport (Ind.), Stab.*

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

COULDOCK'S DEBUT AT THE SADLER'S WELLS THEATER.

Fifty-four Years an Actor—Jefferson's Revival of Old Plays—Just as G'ad to See an Actor.

There are few actors on the stage who are more widely known than the veteran C. W. Couldock. His long connection with that now well-known play, "Hazel Kirke," wherein he enacted the role of the iron-willed miller, made his name familiar to theater-goers in all parts of the country and brought him once more conspicuously before friends who had admired him in his "barn-storming" days; for the "Gov'nor," as he is known to his intimates, toured the United States when play-going was a vastly different thing from what it is now, and surrounded by vastly different conditions. Actors, and particularly those new in the profession, grumble at the fatigue encountered in traveling by rail. In 1840 much of the traveling was done in wagons, and some very notable actors pursued their peregrinations in that way. But the drama thrilled all the same, and was probably more revered as an art by members of the profession than it is now. To hear Mr. Couldock chat over those days is vastly entertaining. He is a delightful raconteur.

"Things are not at all what they used to be," said the veteran the other day. "The hardships of theatrical life have decreased wonderfully. I am sorry to say that study among young actors has decreased, also. Years ago, in the era of stock companies, beginners had ample opportunity to show their mettle. Now the opportunity is to a great extent lacking, and a young man or young woman will go on for three seasons at a stretch playing the same part night after night. You cannot develop actors that way. A great trouble, too, is that nowadays young men and young women, instead of being content to begin at the bottom of the ladder, want to begin at the top."

"You were born in England, were you not?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "in Long Acre, London. The month was April, and the year was 1815. That makes me a trifle over 74 years old."

"And you have no thought as yet of giving up the stage?"

"Why should I give it up?" he asked in his bluff, cheery way. "I have lots of life and work in me, and managers are always after me."

"When did you make your first appearance?"

"A little more than fifty-four years ago. It occurred at Sadler's Wells Theater, London, in 1835. Quite a way back, eh?"

"You remember your first part, of course?"

"I ought to remember it," he answered dryly. "It was a somewhat important character. It was Othello, by one William Shakespeare. That was a formidable undertaking for a young fellow. Don't you think so—for a debut, too? Well, I was pretty full of ambition, and my friends, among whom were many theatrical people, infused more of it into me. I studied a great deal, both in my own room and in the theaters. I carefully noted the methods of the best actors, and tried hard to profit by what I witnessed. When my chance came I was permitted to choose what part I pleased, and I selected Othello. What I suffered from nervousness only those who have gone through the terrible ordeal of a first performance can imagine."

"How did it turn out?"

"All right," he returned. "Encouragement poured in from all quarters, and everybody advised me to go ahead. I shall never forget how proud and happy I felt when, at the close of that never-to-be-forgotten night, a number of my friends presented me with a purse of £50, as an evidence of their good will and their confidence in my ability. The really hard work succeeded my debut. In those days there were no long runs, and the bill was changed frequently. Many and many a night I walked the floor of my room pounding a new part into my head. Finally I left Sadler's Wells and drifted into other companies, fetching up later on at the Theater Royal, Liverpool. There I played leading business for a season, and left to accept the same line of work at the Birmingham Theater. At the termination of my engagement at the latter house I sailed for America."

"When was that?"

"In 1849; though I lay no claim to being a Forty-niner. I came over with Charlotte Cushman. She had been playing in London. I went