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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.

THE UNFINISHED STOCKING.

Lay it aside—her work; no more she sits
By open window in the western sun,
Thinking of this and that loved one
In silence as she knits.

Lay it aside; the needles in their place;
No more she welcomes at the cottage door
The coming of her children home once more
With sweet and tearful face.

Lay it aside; her work is done and well;
A generous, sympathetic, Christian life;
A faithful mother and a noble wife;
Her influence who can tell?

Lay it aside; say not her work is done;
No deed of love or goodness ever dies,
But in the lives of others multiplies;
Say it is just begun.

GOOD RESOLUTION DAYS.

On the threshold of the New Year stands the "Angel of the Backward Look," and there is no time like this for reviewing the past and forming new resolutions for the future. We see how quickly the old year slipped from us, how each succeeding year grows shorter, till they fairly rush by, and realize how soon the probationary period allotted to this stage of our existence will all be gone. Though Mother Shipton's prophecy did not come true, 1889 will be the end of the world to a mighty multitude. To many of us the faces of our own dead have multiplied; and most of us who have reached middle life can count more friends upon the silent shore than remain to us in this. But as time goes on we grow more and more resigned to the common destiny, and will be able to cross over with less regret when our time comes.

Now is the accepted season for inaugurating good resolutions and fresh strivings after personal reforms; for the sacrificing of small vices, the vigorous beginning of diaries and expense accounts, and rules for early rising, daily exercises, regular hours for reading, etc. Among the mass of these self-promises, most of them are preternaturally vigorous during the first month of their existence, then begin to droop into natural decay and die young, like the children in the story books, so infinitely easier is it in this tempting world to fall into bad habits than to cultivate new ones. However, we are none the worse for having formed the good resolutions, and it is far better to renew broken vows with each succeeding 1st of January than to lose all desire for improvement.

If we cannot be active in good works, at least let us live so that the world will not be any the worse for our having been in it. Let us watch the "little foxes" that spoil the vines of life—ill-temper, uncharitableness, proneness to gossip, neglect of little acts of kindness toward those we love, and failure to assist the downtrodden as we have opportunity.

In short, let us live as we had wished we had, should 1890 prove our last here below. When the end comes, I fancy that we shall realize that the true secret of human happiness lies in forgetting self and setting our stumbling feet in the footsteps of Him who walked with publicans and sinners, healing the sick and doing what He could for others. Above all, let us not fail in letting our dear ones know that we love them. Life is so short at best, and nothing but death and change are certain. How many hearts there are that are inexpressibly saddened by doubts of another's love, when lips which should have spoken in life are dumb forever; how many full of tenderness to which they never gave utterance, when daily opportunities presented, would have the world if they could make the dead ears hear, the dead heart understand. Is there a mourner in the world to-day who does not remember with bitter self-reproach every unkind word he uttered in moments of anger to the one under the sod, every little discourtesy, every neglected opportunity for making their mutual life happier? Is there a mother sitting in her lonely home from which the children have all gone out, either to take their places in the great world or in the securer rest of the tomb, who does not look back with satisfaction upon every sacrifice she ever made to enhance their childish pleasures, and with regret upon every undue severity? Oh, friends! Among all your good resolutions make this one and keep it: Let no ill temper betray you into one angry word or act of unkindness during the new year. Sooner or later every family circle must be broken; then live so that when the inevitable decision comes, there will be less of heartbreak in it.

Let love—pure, simple love—be the ruling passion of our lives and let us so live that when our time comes to enter that better, brighter home that we may go down to death surrounded by loving friends who will miss us because we have striven, by littte deeds of kindness, to make their lives happy.

THE SEASON FOR COLDS

Has come, and the victim of asthma wheezes while the catarrhal sufferer sneezes. Coughs are in fashion, and while one remedy will not cure every one, surely some remedies are better than others, and often the best of them are simple and easily obtained. A sister, who had been troubled with a constant catarrhal cough, and whose lungs were considerably irritated, after trying doctors' prescriptions without relief, cured her cough by a simple mixture of her own compounding. The receipt is as follows:

Beat the white of one egg light, then add the juice of a lemon, one teaspoonful of paregoric, and sugar to make a creamy syrup. Stir well, and take a teaspoonful of the mixture when the cough is troublesome.

Often, for a simple, catarrhal cough, the white of an egg mixed with sugar alone will afford relief. And even an asthmatic cough, that treacherous enemy so difficult to remove, may be relieved thereby. It afforded some relief in the case of an aged aunt who came to us with a terrible cough. She had been for years the victim of asthma, and was passing sleepless nights, so much did the cough afflict her. But what afforded permanent relief was balsam of wild cherry which a friend induced her to try. In her case it acted like magic; but all are not alike affected by the remedy, as all are not alike afflicted by the disease.

One of our most prominent physicians has been using pure oil of turpentine in affections of the throat for some time, and finds better and more satisfactory results than from any other remedy he ever tried. He uses the ordinary hand atomizer, and throws a spray of the liquid into the throat every few minutes, or at longer intervals, according to the gravity of the case. The bulb of the instrument is compressed as the act of inspiration commences, so as to insure application of the remedy to every part of the surface, which can be done in cases of children very successfully. It is surprising how a diphtheretic membrane will melt away under an almost constant spray of pure oil of turpentine. In cases of tuberculosis of the lungs, bronchitis and the latter stages of pneumonia I have known the turpentine inhalation to be very beneficial, by using an atomizer or paper funnel, from which the turpentine may be inhaled at will. Some people hang around the bed and in the room flannels saturated with oil of turpentine, and in all cases of catarrhal bronchitis the patients express themselves invariably as being much relieved.

NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

The other day I had some business to transact with a lady, so I made an early call upon her. Arriving, I found herself and two daughters in walking costume. Although greatly marvelling, being a discreet person I showed it not. As my errand progressed I noticed ill-concealed impatience for my going. At length my hostess said: "You don't know the cause of our wishing to hurry; I'll let you into the secret. My income is not sufficiently large to keep up our usual mode of life, so myself and daughters are professionally engaged as dusters of bric-a-brac." She noticed my absence of understanding, so politely explained. Articles of virtu are becoming more and more popular with the ton of the city. The ordinary help is undiscriminating between an ordinary piece of majolica ware and a choice piece of Dresden. Here is where intelligence and care come into play and cause an opening for the lady and her charming daughters. There are others besides these who are performing the same congenial tasks. Verily, the ways of women toward obtaining employment are past finding out.

TO COMPEL RESPECT.

Some sensible observer of human nature who has a good eye for measurements has drafted some articles setting forth the characteristics of the young woman who unconsciously compels the respect and admiration worth having. For instance:

She is fond of a jolly good time. She can joke and laugh and be gay, but she never oversteps propriety.

She has ideas of right and wrong, and is anxious to live according to these ideas.

This does not make her prudish, even though she does not drink champagne or smoke cigarettes.

In fact, she is careful of her behavior, and does not think it necessary to be fast in order to be popular.

She is independent, and the young men who meet her at once respect her.

She will not dance with any young man who may ask her to, and the "boys" do not like her because she will never come down to their level.

She can talk intelligently upon almost any subject which may be brought forward, and her conversation shows that she has done some good, honest, original thinking. She has ideas about the books she reads, and these books have ideas, too. She has thought about the various social problems which are prominent in the attention of the world, and is able to put these thoughts into words.

She does not talk of such things all the time, by any means. Her nonsense, however, stops this side of silliness.

She is eminently a sensible girl.

She does not want to vote; she does not want to doctor or make laws; she does not care to startle the world with her knowledge. She prefers to be a young woman, and to live up to the nobility of true womanhood.

Indeed, she is ambitious to make her home attractive; to love and be loved by her family. She believes that to satisfy that ambition will give her quite as much work as she can do well.

She is an earnest, kind-hearted woman, doing a great deal of good in the world, without any ostentatious display or loud talk. She rather seems to hide her good works.

When doing good she does not put on a long face, but with smiles and cheering words seeks to turn the thoughts of the troubled into pleasant channels.

Her influence is very great, although sometimes unconscious.

She gains very warm personal friends, who would do anything for her. She is a woman who represents the highest type of a human being, and is sure to be appreciated and to succeed in life.

EVE'S GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER.

QUAINT AND QUOTABLE.

The reported breach between the Atlantic cable companies is denied. Their relations are entirely ami-cable.—*Boston Herald.*

A drunken man sees everything double but his money. It is only the man who saves who sees his money double.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Is he your older brother or younger brother?" someone asked Dr. L. J. Burrows, pointing to his son Lansing.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

It is proposed when another Arctic search expedition is organized, to send a rescuing party along with it. This is much better than the old style.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Stranger (in a dime museum)—"Say, where's the walkin' match you advertised?" Manager—"See the livin' skeleton over there?" "Yep." "Well, that's him."—*Time.*

A family at West Bethel consists of a couple 85 and 80 years of age respectively, who live alone and do most of their work. But they do not lack for music or excitement—they keep fifteen pet cats.—*Lewiston Journal.*

When people hop around lively for reasons and apologies for not doing things, they can always find them. A couple of sluggers seriously announced that their slugging match, announced for Sunday, had been postponed on account of the death of President Davis.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The President was in the city last night, and, except giving his opinion of Jeff Davis, of the proper site for the World's Fair, of the Pittsburg Postmastership contest, of the result of the November election, and of the Silcott defalcation, expressed himself freely.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

It does not take long for a live Western city to recover from a scorching. A few months ago everybody was sending money and provisions to stricken Seattle, and now the sporting fraternity of that place is offering $25,000 to have the Sullivan-Jackson fight take place there. Seattle has almost forgotten it ever had a fire.—*Chicago Tribune.*

We recently heard a public speaker of some note say to an uncommonly intelligent audience, "The Constitution of the United States says that 'all men are born free and equal.'" When the speaker had concluded his harangue a brother took him aside and said: "Don't quote the Constitution again as saying 'all men are born free and equal.'" "Why not?" asked the orator. "Because the Constitution does not say anything of the kind." "Well," said the speaker, "I made a blunder; then I should have said the Declaration of Independence." "No you shouldn't." "Why not?" "Because the words are not in that document. Mr. Jefferson wrote that paper, and he owned a great number of negroes, and he knew that none of them were born free."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

An old preacher, whose name we will call Birch, was famous for preaching on the subject of paying off old debts. One of his auditors, who had been wearied with Brother Birch's iteration on this subject, once said to a neighboring minister: "I wish you would suggest a subject that I can give Brother Birch, out of which he cannot get anything about paying off old debts." "Give him the conversion of Saul of Tarsus," said the minister. Soon after this the wearied brother met his pastor, and said: "Brother Birch, I would like to hear you preach a sermon on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Won't you do it?" "Certainly," said the pastor. "It is a capital subject. I will preach on it next Sunday." On the following Lord's Day, Brother Birch announced the text, Acts ix., 6: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and opened thus: "My brethren, I shall preach to you to-day on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Saul, my brethren, was a truly-converted man, and my sermon will be a discussion of the marks of genuine conversion. And the first mark, brethren, of a genuine conversion is that a man will always pay off his old debts."—*Greenville (S. C.) Baptist Courier.*

HALL-ROOMS.

ANOTHER OF THE FEATURES OF LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

Rosalind May Describes the People Who Live in Hall-Rooms, and Comments Upon Them.

[Regular Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION.]

NEW YORK, January 6, 1890.

Hall-rooms are an important factor in New York life. Taken collectively they represent New York dwelling houses multiplied by three, five or seven, according to the number of stories, the inequality in numbers being brought about by the deducting of one on the second floor at the rear, for a bath-room and in not a few cases, the dissemination of sewer gas in addition. It serves its purpose, nevertheless, and can be placed on the list of "hall-rooms." Thus, what one has left unfulfilled in mission disastrous, the other accomplishes. What of light and ventilation is left free to enter by one is excluded by the other, and between the two the average New Yorker gropes an uncertain and stifled way up and down, his or her progress illumined by glintings from a pale skylight above, aided on dark days, perhaps, by spectral illumination of low-turned gas jets on one side.

These facts hold good of handsome dwellings alike with battered veterans, given over to boarders and lodgers, modern draperies in the former, completing a task seemingly perfected and serving to hold, keep fast and retain for future distribution any floating germs of anything going, especially from imperfectly sewered bath-rooms, of which, in private houses, there is usually more than one.

Why hall-rooms should exist in the homes of the wealthy is a double commentary on New York life, showing first how impossible it is thought to spare even that narrow space; in the second, the fashionable love of darkness. Freely admitted light might shine with tell-tale illumination on paint and powder, and ventilation is found objectionable lest fine things should feel too keenly the breath of heaven.

In wealthy houses, however, hall-rooms are adjuncts only to the larger rooms—places for the bestowal of an over-stock of finery, of some troublesome child, or perhaps some yet more troublesome poor relation who must temporarily be harbored. At all events, they are not the sole habitats which they become when, overtaken by the flood of up-town progression, the house is given over to money-making purposes.

In a lodging or boarding-house the existence of the hall-room is easily explained. Run on the principle of so many heads to so many square feet, they grow valuable, and it is food for thought that in New York they are much more easily let and more generally filled than the square rooms beside them.

Their inhabitants rise before me, men and women, old and young, chiefly the latter, since hall-room life is not conducive to longevity.

Usually they are early risers, for the reason that in most cases they occupy seven and eight o'clock in the morning positions, and must be gone.

From what do they go?

A space of from eight to twelve feet in length and from five to ten feet in breadth. Within that compass is stored their clothes, books, ornaments, themselves and such furniture as the typical landlady allows them. Some fag end of carpet, a single bed, a washstand, a chair, a bureau, sometimes a small, battered table, and sometimes two chairs.

They come back to these things at night, if boarding, in order to get their dinners. If the inhabitant be a man, the meal over, he generally goes again.

Why should he remain?

No cheerful fire in winter warms him; in summer, hot breezes choke him. He goes and Heaven knows where. If in an apartment house, he may and probably does return, not until bedtime, when he turns in as an animal to its lair.

We read much of New York's poor, where so many heads are crowded in such a space, yet there is much unwritten tragedy in the lives of these lone beings.

"Each in his narrow cell."

In sickness, he lies forlorn; on rising, an unwarmed atmosphere may send shivers through him.

In the same category as the hall-room, but of even inferior grade, comes a set of apartments always on top floors. Without windows and lit from above, the light falls always unpleasantly—glowing down fiercely in summer, glinting gloomily in winter, the prisoner within seeing nothing of an outside world but what the sky, darkly visible through dirty glass, can reveal. It is almost invariably a "him" who lives in some one of these rooms. He lives there because he calculates in general not to be there. I once knew, however, of two young men, brothers, who crowded together in one of these rooms, the entire apartment hardly larger than a large closet. I also knew of a young lad who occupied a similar one in company with a drunken father. The house was a nice one; they were all well dressed on the street; the first-named belonged to an excellent and formerly wealthy New York family, and numbered the Astors on their visiting list. But this is a digression, and the cases cited exceptional.

It is with the hall-room that we have concern, and in general there is no greater allotment than a head to each. That surely is enough.

In an apartment house where I am acquainted it occurred to me the other day, in view of writing this article, to note the personal belongings of the three hall-rooms vacated during the day.

No. 1.—Two railroad guides, one newspaper, two theater programmes, a copy of "Harry Lorriquer," a picture of two cats.

No. 2.—A newspaper, an almanac, a copy of "She."

No. 3.—Tin rack with sponge, a railroad guide, an evening paper, a theater programme, a dog's head on the wall.

Each room contained a small, battered trunk. The small closet, I presume, held articles of masculine attire, as also the drawers and scratched and generally defaced bureaus. The three tables and the three chairs were in keeping.

From abnormal soil must come abnormal growth. From mean and narrow quarters come mean and narrow beings. They walk the streets, libels on the human race. Their misdoings, their amusements on the mean and narrow order.

A proportion thus grows old. As year by year, time steals along, they ossify hopelessly. Cut off from legitimate expenditure of the affections, what of affection is left to them becomes more and more self-centered, the week's salary affording them just so much for self and nothing more. The better class cling to some pride of life; dressing reasonably well and buying respectably good seats at theaters, to which of course they escort none but themselves, or perhaps, some comrade who is expected to reciprocate.

A few grow morbid and begin to trim up their little cells with an assiduity that is astonishing. It was recently my lot to see a hall-room in which the entire sides were covered with business cards pasted on the papering and tacked on the woodwork. Imagine the caliber of a man who could find his status improved by such surroundings. Another individual I happened to know would have disdained such adornments, but the wilderness of little crocheted and knitted mats, cheap glass and china bottles, small vases, engravings, photographs and the like, already a bewilderment, were added to on Saturday nights when he drew his salary. His delight was to exhibit these things to one or more acquaintances, and at certain intervals of time he gave an ice-cream and cake entertainment to some half-dozen persons. Dishes were borrowed from his landlady and chairs from the house in general.

Natures there are of course, so strong, so wholesome, that they triumph over their surroundings. Especially, because strong, they abide not long in the hall-room. Mean and narrow quarters cannot cramp them; they cast them aside as the chrysalis its covering, and the world may hear of them as men of mark.

But the woman whom destiny has set in the hall-room! Within those cruel limitations she is almost as helpless as the being who wakes to a coffined life. If she be refined, so much the worse for her, perhaps, and in her case the possession of brain even, unless in the direction of money-making, may add to suffering because enabling her to comprehend the full degree of her deprivations.

But the subject of woman and the hall-room may furnish material for another article.

ROSALIND MAY.

ART NOTES.

Thomas Ball, the sculptor, now 71 years of age, is living at his villa at Florence, Italy, and is engaged in writing his autobiography.

Mr. French, the sculptor, is making a bust of Bronson Alcott for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and a statue of Starr King of San Francisco.

Andrew Carnegie has presented Bishop Phelman of Pittsburg with a copy of the the famous "Madonna de Sisto," said to be Raphael's happiest effort. The original is in the Dresden Gallery.

Dalon, the sculptor, has completed a monument of Victor Noir, the young man who was killed in 1870 by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. It will be erected in one of the public squares of Paris.

Granet's statue of Alfred de Musset is finished. On the pedestal sits a symbolical figure representing Youth and Love, who offers to the poet a branch of willow in allusion to his poem and his last words.

Ten paintings by old Dutch masters have been bought by the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston from the Stanton Blake estate. There are specimens of Ruysdael, David Teniers, Cuyp, Maas, Metsu and Netscher.

"Making the Crossbow," by the Tyrolese painter, Defregger, of Munich, has been added to the Layton Art Gallery of Milwaukee. It is a Tyrolese interior, with five children and a youth engaged in shaping a crossbow.

A club of engravers on wood exists in Philadelphia called the Xylographic. For the first time since its foundation it has opened an exhibition of works by members. The President is J. Rhea, the Secretary Albert Lindsay.

The gift to President Carnot from the State of Guerrero, Mexico, is a picture wrought in gold and silver. It is the work of an Indian goldsmith of the town of Chilapa. M. Carnot will place this peculiar work of art in one of the French museums.

The reductions in plaster of the Parthenon and its sculptures, made in Paris for the Metropolitan Museum under the Willard Architectural Commission, are to be duplicated for the Belgian Government, and will not arrive in time for the opening of the museum.

The Governors of the thirteen original States of the Union and those of later States agreed at Washington recently to present to Congress a bill asking for an appropriation for an arch to stand in Philadelphia as a memorial of the Declaration of Independence.

An association in London called the Sunday Society occupies itself with arranging the opening of private collections to the public on the Sabbath. For two Sundays recently the Duke of Wellington has opened Apsley House to those who wished to see its treasures

A painting of the Confederate ram Arkansas, made by Mrs. C. A. Reading, of Texas, is shown in the Capitol of Mississippi. It will be exhibited in Memphis and New Orleans in aid of the Confederate Monument Association of Mississippi and then disposed of in a raffle.

The paintings secured by H. O. Havemeyer from the Secretan sale are said to include the famous Hollandish interior by Pieter de Hooghe, the portraits of Scriverius and his wife by Franz Hals, and "Desdemona and Her Father" and "Christopher Columbus," by Delocroix.

Count Pillet-Will has given to the Luxembourg collection the painting by Robert-Fleury called "Christopher Columbus Received by Ferdinand and Isabella on his Return from America," together with another work by the same artist, showing Galileo before the Inquisitors.

A portrait in oils of Sir John A. Macdonald, painted by A. D. Patterson of the Royal Canadian Academy, is on exhibition in Montreal. It was presented to the Canadian Premier by a number of his admirers in Toronto, who are fond of comparing his character and face to those of the late Earl of Beaconsfield.

During the Bi-Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia George W. Childs presented a silver vase to be competed for by the Welsh societies of Pennsylvania. In recognition of this generosity many prominent Welshmen presented to Mr. Childs a beautiful statue of Marguerite, the work of Bezarlanti, the Italian sculptor.

Satisfied Honor.

The head porter of a hotel at Selma, Ala., had got mad at a colored hack-driver. He wasn't "common, low-down mad," but plead guilty to dignified indignation.

"Sah!" he said, "I scorn to stand heah an' excruciate wid you."

"An', sah!" replied the other, "I wouldn't similitude myself by striking you."

"If it wasn't agin de law, I should call you out, sah!"

"Lucky fur you dat dere is sich a law!"

"Hu!"

"Hu!"

"Dey sold you fur fo' hundred dollars befo' de war!"

"I inform you dat you ar' a liah, sah!"

"De same to you, sah!"

"I'll draw cuts to see who takes pi'zen an' kills hisself."

"Shoo! You'd run!"

"Doan' you believe yo'self, nigger!"

"Who's nigger?"

"You is!"

"So's you!"

"Git dem cuts ready. De one who draws de shortest has to take pi'zen an' kill hisself."

"Heah's de cuts; take yer pick."

"Look out, nigger! You's gwine to git de short one."

"Hu! You's got it! See! Now, den, we'll see how brave you is. If yer's a gem'len you'll be founded dead in the mawnin'. If you's a loafer you'll be alive."

"I'll kill myself, but I'll ha'nt ye."

"Shoo!"

"Yes I will—ha'nt ye all de rest of yo' life!"

"Dat's combatable, sah."

"Can't help dat. I'll ha'nt yo' night an' day all de time."

"Den you hadn't better die. Reckon we hain't no cause ter be mad."

"Reckon not. Did you call me nigger?"

"Yes, but Ize dun sorry."

"Den Ize dun sorry I called you a liar. Shake."

The Pope celebrated Christmas Day by distributing 50,000 francs from his private purse to the poor of Rome.

WHAT WOMEN LIKE IN MEN.

SOME OF THE REASONS WHY MEN AND WOMEN DO NOT MARRY.

Women Prefer Men of Strength and Manliness to Carpet Knights—How to Woo.

A few days ago I was talking with a man about the kind of men that women like, writes Miss Palfry, and he expressed his surprise at the admiration of certain refined women whom he knows for men whose appearance is the reverse of refined. One big man was especially obnoxious to him on account of a certain swagger, awkward movements and a loud voice; and yet a sweet, refined, timid, gentle little woman looked upon this Titan with awe and admiration. My friend, being refined—a man of fine literary ability, much cultivation and a low voice—could not admire this man, and could see nothing in him that any woman would admire.

To tell the truth, women do admire big men; the majority of them care more for physical than for intellectual strength. Manliness, even if it approaches in appearance a consciousness of brute strength, never yet failed to appeal to a woman, no matter how refined she may be. This admiration of physical strength is only one of the many forms of the worship of power that is inherent in every human breast. Women tire of "carpet knights" as they tire of each other. They do not mind a little abruptness, a little awkwardness from a man, provided always it carries with it a certain amount of deference to themselves. And if he have the reputation of not caring for women his attentions are just so much the more flattering, because they are sincere. How can the attentions of a man who is always devoted to some woman be complimentary? They are quite the reverse. There are many women who never become seriously interested in men of this type; they prefer a more robust sort of man.

After all, perhaps there is more in that theory of counterparts, which is expounded in the very brilliant novel of that name, than some of us believe. A woman likes a man, first, because he is a man; and, secondly, because his strongest characteristics are the opposite of hers.

Grant Allen seems to think that women do not wish to marry; that they can, but won't. He says it is not the fault of the men, but of the women. If all women say as does Mary J. Holmes, that she could not marry a man who drinks, gambles or swears, I suppose it must be the fault of the men. I wonder if there is a man—I exclude clergymen in this remark—who does not swear when he is angry?

But, as to women not marrying—and it seems to me that the marriage list in the paper is about as long as it has been for some years—but if they do not marry, is not the fault on both sides? It is not six of one and half a dozen of the other?

Count on your fingers ten unmarried men of your acquaintance, and why are they not married? Number one is so content with his club that he is willing to let well enough alone. Number two is doing a fairly good business, and is a nice, plain sort of a man, who could, if he would, marry a nice, pretty girl of no great social importance. But he aspires to marry an heiress, who is a belle in the most exclusive set in fashionable society, and she will none of him. Number three is a dancing man much sought after for balls and cotillions, and has far too good a time to marry and settle down; he can afford to enjoy single blessedness a few years longer, he thinks. Number four is a young man just started in business, and cannot afford to marry. Number five is a man of forty with a small income, who has some relatives dependent upon him. Number six is fond of travel, and does not wish to be hampered with a wife and children. Number seven has timidly offered himself to a girl who has refused him, and he rails at the whole sex. Number eight is willing to marry, but the extravagance of the times alarms him. Number nine is waiting to fall in love, and number ten is, perhaps, engaged.

And now take ten unmarried women between the ages of twenty and thirty. One, perhaps, has never had an offer; another has never been in love; a third may be in love with a poor man who will never be able to support her; a fourth is too busy supporting herself to go into society at all, and so meets few eligible men; a fifth is ready to marry a sensible man who can support her comfortably, but she has no fortune, and the men don't propose to penniless girls; a sixth may be in love with a man who appears indifferent to her, and a seventh would have accepted a certain man if he had asked her a second time—not that she refused him through coquetry, but she did not quite know her own mind. An eighth is ambitious to marry wealth, a ninth aspires to be famous in literature or art and a tenth does not wish to marry at all.

And it is true the men are turned aside from proposing by very small things; a slight unintentional coolness of manner from the woman, or a chance remark concerning her from some third person, has broken up many a match that might have resulted in happiness. But if a man knows how to woo he may win any woman he chooses. For, after all, it is not so much the man as the manner of his wooing, and this has been very daintily and cleverly expressed in a recent poem by an author whose name I forget; and long ago Shakespeare said the man who has a tongue is no man, if with it he cannot win a woman.

Charles Dudley Warner, too, in his "A Little Journey in the World," gives the men a hint when he says of Henderson, "there was this about him that appeared to her admirable, and in contrast with her own hesitating indirection, that whatever he wanted—money or position, or the love of woman—he went straight to his object with unconsciousness that failure was possible." On another page he says:

"Philosophers on this topic say that a man ought always to be able to tell by a woman's demeanor toward him whether she is favorably inclined, and that he need run no risk. Little signs, the eyes alone, draw people together, and make formal language superfluous. This theory is abundantly sustained by examples, and we might rest on it if all women knew their own minds, and if, on the other hand, they could always tell whether a man was serious before he made a definite avowal. There is another notion, fortunately not yet extinct, that the manliest thing a man can do is to take his life in his hand, pay the woman he loves the highest tribute in his power by offering her his heart and name, and giving her the definite word that may be the touchstone to reveal to herself her own feeling. In our conventional life women must move behind a mask in a world of uncertainties."

Doubtless there are many charming men and women who would be happier married than single. We all know of men and women who have declared their intention of never marrying, and who have married very soon after such declarations, and become the most devoted of husbands and wives. All of which proves that they were ready to marry when they met the right persons. But how are they all to meet the right ones—their counterparts! I wonder that Grant Allen and other advocates of marriage do not turn their attention to match-making, and in this way try to bring about the marriages that they spend their time in writing about. Would not this be a more practical proof that they mean what they say? And it would not be a difficult thing to do. A nice house, a few afternoon teas and cozy dinners with the right one, a little moonlight, a song, a tete-a-tete in the twilight, a little praise of that man to this woman, and of this woman to that man, and a readiness to give the woman a dowry when one is needed. A little unselfishness on the part of the matchmaker will do wonders.

After all, why should not this unwillingness to marry be ascribed to the lack of matchmakers? If every married woman, young, middle-aged and old, would do her best to make her unmarried friends marry, I wonder what the result would be?

This is worthy the consideration of Grant Allen and of those who think as he does.

But how glad I am to know that at least one man in the world thinks that women can, but will not, marry. I am so tired of hearing men express their belief that every woman is only waiting for the smallest amount of encouragement to fall into a man's arms. But I suppose few men will agree with him.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Church lotteries may be wrong, but the chorister gets his money by chants.—*Hotel Gazette.*

The devil is credited with a great deal of mischief that the stomach is guilty of.—*B. U. Taylor.*

Mrs. Sillibus says she "always likes to see a clergyman in the pulpit with his surplus."—*Gripsack.*

If it is divine to forgive then divines should forgive each other their theological differences.—*Alta California.*

There was a young woman named Hannah
Who put on a great many airs,
She stepped on a peel of banana,
And now she's laid up for repairs.

If your heart is larger than your head you injure yourself, and if your head is larger than your heart you injure your neighbors.—*Atchison Globe.*

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit and seldom draw to their full extent.—*Walpole.*

For the friends of an officer to give him a gold badge—without being able to give him a good character—does not amount to much.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Button manufactories cannot be very profitable, for the button business is a thing that sooner or later is bound to get into a hole.—*Baltimore American.*

After all there is a vast amount of comfort to be taken out of growing old when one has past the point of desiring to do foolish things.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Little Bessie—"Are you going to be married Tottie, when you be big?"

Tottie—"No. I'se going to be divorced." *Kearney Enterprise.*

Circumstances oft adjust the man
And make the scholar or the boor;
He's conservative because he's rich,
I am radical because I'm poor.
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Something strange about this," mused the growing society youth; "this dress suit grows smaller every year, and yet when I take it out I find it in creases."—*Hotel Gazette.*

Robert G. Ingersoll says "nearly all the joy of this earth is by the fireside." According to the orthodox view of "Colonel Bob" there is considerable joy in store for him hereafter.

There have been rumors of a playing-card trust lately. The reports are by no means unfounded. People interested in cards are always ready for a deal.—*Baltimore American.*

What should preachers preach about? is the query put by the New York *Herald.* Most of them should preach about thirty minutes—with a downward rather than upward tendency.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Teacher (holding up in oratorical colors the horrors of intemperance)—"Now, boys, look at me. Why don't I drink?"

Boy (on back seat)—"'Cause you ain't got the price."

Now, Bridget, what have you for supper?
I'm as hungry as hungry can be!
You should always set on something extra
When I've been to a "five o'clock tea."
—*Binghamton Republican.*

"How are you succeeding, Mr. Hornblower, in your work in the West?" Rev. Mr. Hornblower—"Magnificently. There's a great awakening at the end of every sermon."—*Jewish Messenger.*

Husband (during a quarrel)—"We shall never meet in heaven."

Wife—"Oh yes, we may. There is plenty of time for you to reform yet."—*Yankee Blade.*

"Why in thunder are you having your hair cut so close, Bjenkins?"

"So that I can get my hat on; and so that my wife can't snatch me bald-headed. Haven't been home for three days."

Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward" has written a magazine article on "What Can Be Done With the Servant Girl?" The right answer to this inquiry is: Give her unrestricted use of the oil can.

"It is queer that no one thinks to send a bottle of Jamaica ginger to the United States Senate," remarked Squildig.

"Why?" asked McSwilligen.

"Well, there is a big Payne there."

The infants which have died since the world began have had a very close shave for eternal salvation. By a vote of 21 to 18 the Presbytery of Cincinnati concluded that "all dying in infancy are saved."—*Sioux City Journal.*

Fenderson—"Did it ever occur to you that it is pleasanter to talk with a fool than with a wise man?"

Fogg—"Oh, you sly dog! Now I understand why you go about talking to yourself so much"—*Boston Transcript.*

Some men when they will not admit
The points in orthodoxy,
Or will not practice in their lives
The scheme by which the Christian thrives,
Think if they have religious wives
It may be done by proxy.

"Are you more fond of the Italian or German school?"

"Neither, sir, neither. I think that in this country if people want to send their children to school the American is good enough, sir."

He—"I am awfully sorry, Miss Marjorie, but your lips were so near—the temptation—forgive me, I promise never to do so again."

She (tearfully anxious)—"Never again?"

He (contritely)—"Never."

She (with conviction not born of experience)—"Then I am afraid we cannot be friends."—*Scranton Cricket.*

Conductor—"Who is that serious-looking man who says you have his ticket?"

Western Ranchman—"That man's been my partner for ten years. You'd think to look at him that he was solving a weighty problem; Ask him what he's thinking of, and he answers, 'Nothin'.' Funny, but that's right."

While women's minds may be secure,
And not so fickle as is said,
A passing bonnet's almost sure
To turn a woman's head.
And let two pass upon the street,
Each wearing a bewitching gown,
They'll turn each other's head complete,
They're sure to look around.
—*Chicago Herald.*

Mistress—"Are these the apples I sent you to get?"

Bridget—"They are that same."

Mistress—"Why have you bitten them all?"

Bridget—"Sure, mum, ye tould me to git nothin' but good atin' apples, an' I tasted ivery wan iv thim; an' what wid the grane wans an' the wormy wans, I'm like to die."

Suburban Resident—"Yes, I want a useful man about my place? Can you milk."

Applicant—"Yis, sor."

"Which side of the cow do you sit on when milking?"

"Wull, sor, Oi niver milked but wan cow, an' she waz a kicker, sor; an', bedad, a good dale av the toim Oi was on both soids av her, sor."

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S STAGE SETTING FOR ROMEO AND JULIET.

Properties That Were Too Real—"Everybody Waltzes"—Coquelin's Parisian Triumph—Stage Notes.

From the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," now being published with pictures in "The Century," we quote the following: "I have before said that a portion of my early theatrical education was drawn from hard work in the paint and property-room of a theater, so that when I became a manager I delighted in the 'get-up,' as it was technically called, of plays, so far as our slender means would permit. To fashion and paint a rustic bridge, with a wide board behind it, set upon two shaky trestles, for Rob Roy to cross over, was a special privilege. A profile boat for the 'Lady of the Lake' was another delight. This perfectly unsafe-looking skiff was always set on a trunk mounted upon four little wooden wheels that no amount of black-lead could induce to keep from squeaking. The rope must be steadily pulled—the slightest jerk and over goes her ladyship into the gauze waters. But let us return to the story.

"'Romeo and Juliet' being announced, I felt that the balcony scene should have some attention, and I conceived a simple an economical idea that would enable me, at a day's notice, to produce the effect in a manner 'hitherto unparalleled in the annals of the stage.' Skirmishing about the wharves and ship-chandlers', I chanced to light upon a job lot of empty candle-boxes. By taking a quantity the cardboards were thrown in, and nothing makes a finer or more imposing but unsubstantial balustrade than cardboard. The boxes, placed one by one on top of each other and painted a neat stone color, formed a pleasing architectural pile.

Before the play began I had cautioned Juliet that when 'she leaned her cheek upon her hand' she should let her elbow rest gracefully but lightly on the frail structure that was to support it. Romeo also had to be cautioned, for, as the house of Capulet was already about his ears, it was necessary that at least his shins should escape any contact with the foundation. The scene opened with the backing of something, supposed to represent the distant city of Verona, with my new balcony in the foreground. Romeo and Juliet were warm and energetic in their love passages, but still acted with becoming care and gentle consideration for the balcony about which they fluttered. All seemed to be going well till presently there came the sound of half-suppressed laughter from the audience. 'Crocker,' said I, from the wing, 'are you shaking the balcony?' 'No,' he whispered; 'I haven't touched it.' 'What are they laughing at, then?' 'Can't imagine,' said he. The laughter increased, and it was quite evident that something not announced in the bills had gradually attracted the attention of the audience till at last the whole house had discovered the mishap. Juliet retreated in amazement and Romeo rushed off in despair, and down came the curtain.

"I rushed upon the stage to find out what had occurred, when, to my horror, I discovered that one of the boxes had been placed with the unpainted side out, on which was emblazoned a semicircular trade-mark, setting forth that the very corner-stone of Juliet's balcony contained twenty pounds of the best 'short sixes.'"

"EVERYBODY WALTZ."

The attaches about the Chicago Opera House are nothing if not sportive. Not a day goes by that some joke is not perpetrated, or at least planned, for future execution. Some time ago one of the stage hands cracked a joke and some one called out: "Everybody waltz." This started a ball rolling that has since kept in motion, and has made more fun than one could imagine. At the least thing out of the way, on the stage or in any part of the house, the cry will be heard: "Everybody waltz," and they do waltz; they grab each other or anything portable that may be in reach and waltz about like mad. When Lawrence Barrett was at that theater playing an engagement long ago he stood in the wings awaiting his cue to go on. Just about the instant he got it something transpired to start all hands on the waltz. The actor had heard of the performance and knew the cause of it, but it happened to catch the tragedian's humorous side on this occasion, and as he rushed on the stage he was convulsed with laughter, much to the astonishment of those about him, and much at variance with the sober and earnest requirements of "Ganelon." Henry Ballard, the doorkeeper of the house, was presented some time ago with a parrot, but before taking the bird home he wished to have it trained to talk. He therefore kept it about the theater for some weeks, and, naturally, the bird learned the great byword of the house. Ballard finally took his pet home, and one of the first evenings, at supper time, just before Ballard left home for his duties at the theater, something happened to cause a general laugh, and the parrot, hearing the commotion, thought, of course, it was one of the ordinary occurrences and sung out clearly and distinctly, "Everybody waltz." Ballard was "on," and said nothing; but one of the family said, "Polly, what do you mean by that?" "Shut up," screamed the bird; "what do you know about it? Everybody waltz, I tell you?"

PROPERTIES THAT WERE TOO REAL.

"One night we were playing 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room,' and I was cast as Frank Slade. I had to hit Breezee over the head with a bottle in the saloon fight, and we had a papier-mache bottle for the purpose—one that wouldn't hurt, like a stuffed club. But this time the property man only put up the real bottles on the bar, and when the fight occurred I seized one and hit Breeze over the head. Then the line came:

"'Great heavens! What have you done—killed your father?'

"Whereupon Breezee let off a howl like a suffering wildcat, and said:

"'No; but he's killed the piece, d—n him!' and bolted the stage.

"Everything went wrong that night, and we gave one of the vilest shows we ever presented anywhere. We saw how things were going and sent over to the hotel to notify the landlord to have our teams hitched up and ready for us at 11 o'clock, so we could get out of town quick. But we had to leave the hall by the front way, and the audience, which cherished resentment against us, laid for us outside with bushels and bushels of hard, icy snow-balls, dipped in ice-water, and allowed to freeze while we dressed. The women folks got away first and we males made a dash later. Then the audience pelted us with those 'soakers.' One of them would hit me on the ear, carrom on Thompson's nose and land in Breezee's eye, and so on, making every snowball as good as two or three. They chased us all the way to the hotel, and when we got there and fell down bruised and battered the landlord told us he thought we might want a little supper and hadn't hitched up yet."—*Chicago Times.*

COQUELIN'S PARISIAN TRIUMPH.

It appears that Coquelin will not suffer pecuniarly by the loss of his position as *societaire* at the Francais, as he will be paid a salary equal to the sum which he would have received under the former conditions. His reappearance at the old house was the occasion of a brilliant personal triumph. The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph,* in describing it, says: "It is the custom in the theater of the Rue de Richelieu to mention the actors not in order in which the characters appear in the list of *dramatis personæ* of the books of the play, or that of their importance in the piece, but according to their seniority. The *doyen* of the company appears first, and then the next in point of years of service—the *societaires* coming before the *pennsionnaires.* Thus, whenever Got did not play, Coquelin's name used to appear first in the list of characters. Yesterday, however, the well-known name appeared last of all—even after that of a youth who has only just emerged from the "Conservative School." It needed, however, neither precence nor big type to invest Coquelin with the importance which is his by right of talent. No sooner did he appear in the wretched garb of the poor, poet Gringaire than he was greeted with such a storm of acclamations as I have never heard at the Francais. The people stood up in their excitement, waving their handkerchiefs, and it was not until the salvoes of hand-clapping had lasted for several minutes that poor Gringoire—manifestly much moved—could open his lips with a trembling mouth and utter the first plaintive apologies that De Banville has put into the mouth of his sympathetic hero. This demonstration was the more remarkable as it is not the custom at the Francais to welcome any actor on his appearance on the stage—the audience, by tacit consent, reserve their applause for exit after he has deserved it. The occasion, however, was unusual, and the audience, which comprised all that is known here as *Tout Paris,* were manifestly bent on branding it with their own mark.

MRS. BERNARD-BEERE.

In speaking of Mrs. Bernard-Beere's performance of La Tosca, William Archer says: "Her performance was perfect in sincerity and self-abandonment. It attained at some points to really original tragic expression—notably in the fourth act, where La Tosca's frenzied face, set in a sort of Medusa-halo of flagrant hair, was quite unforgetable. Mrs. Bernard-Beere, to my thinking, has more variety of facial expression than Sarah Bernhardt. But if Sarah's dramatic mantle fits her to perfection, it cannot be said that she wears it with Sarah's grace. There is a certain lack of refinement in her performance. She lays on the colors rather too thickly. Even in the matter of costume (though I tremble to touch upon that mystery) it seemed to me that she exaggerated into ostentation what in Sarah was only luxurious and somewhat eccentric elegance. Where Sarah's embroideries were in basso-relievo, Mrs. Bernard-Beere's were in alto-relievo; Sarah laid a large handful of flowers at the feet of the Madonna, Mrs. Bernard-Beere a small armful."

SHAKESPEAREAN RARITIES.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: "The late Halliwell Phillipps' large collection of Shakespearean rarities will in all probability go out of the country altogether. The failure of the Birmingham Library to procure the amount stipulated to be paid to Halliwell Phillipps' heirs has induced Mrs. M. R. Silsby, President of the Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Shakespeare Society, to take action with the object of securing the collection for New York. She has succeeded in inducing the New York Shakespeare Society—a corporation under the laws of the State of New York already possessed of many treasures of art and history—to discuss her proposal, and so favorably has it been received that I learn negotiations will shortly be opened."

STAGE NOTES.

Octave Feuillet's latest play, "The Divorce of Juliette," was produced in Brussels, and proved a failure.

It is said that the receipts of the principal London theaters have decreased from $500 to $1,000 a week since the opening of Barnum's show.

"A Man's Shadow" and "The Middleman" have both passed their one hundredth performance in London, and are still strong in public favor.

Signor Rossi has produced "Julius Cæsar" at the National Theater in Rome on a most elaborate scale, and has been playing Brutus and Marc Antony on alternate nights with great success.

Henry Irving was entertained by a society of amateurs in London the other night, and displayed his usual address, praising their histrionic efforts and declaring that such clubs were the true recruiting grounds for the stage.

The announcement has been made already that Miss Mary Anderson is meditating an elaborate revival of "The Tempest." It is now hinted that she has some idea of doubling the parts of Ariel and Miranda, an annovation that could scarcely be regarded with approval.

Even the Paterson *Daily Press* thinks that Patti "deserves a roasting for her low and commercial standard of art," because "in Chicago the other night she came smirking to the footlights and sang 'Home, Sweet Home' as an encore after she had just slain her husband as the crazy Lucia."

The version of "Clarissa Harlowe," by W. G. Willis, has been tried at the Theater Royal, Birmingham, by Edward Compton's company, with Miss Isabel Bateman as the heroine. The piece is in five acts, and the scenes are laid at Harlowe Place, Kingston-on-the-Thames, and in King street, Covent Garden.

A Vienna correspondent of the Cincinnati *Volksblatt* recalls the fact that Liszt always called D'Albert "Albertus Magnus." He makes the assertion that at the age of 11 D'Albert had already written 200 pieces, although his father would allow him to compose only twice a week, to guard his brain from overwork. When he gave his first concert in Berlin, all the papers agreed that "Tausig had come to life again."

Mr. Benson promises a rich Shakespearean feast at the London Globe. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is to be followed at no distant date by "The Taming of the Shrew," "Othello," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The Merchant of Venice." The policy of the house will be a change of programme two or three times a week. The enterprise, if conducted with fair ability, ought to succeed, as the legitimate drama has been greatly neglected of late in London.

The Chicago critics continue to speak of the rare splendor of Mr. Abbey's operatic scenery and of the decline of Mme. Patti. George P. Upton, author of the valuable musical handbooks on the opera, oratorio, etc., writes in the *Tribune* of December 25th: "Violette has always been one of Mme. Patti's great parts, if not indeed her greatest, and in it she has won some of her most notable triumphs, yet in nothing that she has done during the engagement is the contrast more marked between what she formerly was and what she now is than in this rule. Of course her action was as formerly, but the quality of her tones is no longer the same, and much more care is required in the management of her voice. Even with all her care, imperfections of intonation will make themselves evident, particularly when any unusual degree of power is required on high notes."

A surprise is in store for admirers of Millet at the coming exhibition of Barye's bronzes and 100 masterpieces of French painting at the American Art Galleries. Three Millets owned by Quincy Shaw of Boston will be loaned to that exhibition, which are said to equal if not surpass the "Angelus" and Mr. Walter's painting of "The Sheepfold." The East is likely to see a much more imposing collection of works by Millet this winter than could be brought together in Paris.

Don't growl at this world until you are sure of a better one.—*Table Talk.*