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WOMEN OF VARIOUS LANDS.

ODD MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AND SINGULAR FASHIONS IN DIVORCE.

Wives Who Are the Slaves of Their Husbands and Who May Be Put Away on Slight Protests.

The daily prayer of Socrates is said to have been a prayer of thanksgiving to the gods that he was "born neither a woman nor a slave." But he, like other ancient philosophers, had no idea of woman's importance, writes V. S. Mosby in the Washington *Post*. It is a fact that obtains universally that the more barbarous the nation the less respect have the men for the opposite sex. The staff of woman's standing in the various countries reveals the strangest freaks of the human fancy.

From Scripture it is evident that Jewish men railed at the frivolity of their wives as much as our modern husbands, and doubtless preached, as men do now, a sublime code they themselves ignored.

"Who can find a virtuous woman?" exclaims Solomon. One would think this remark, judging from the extent of his harem, a poor compliment to his own discretion. But when he adds, "She rises while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household," the mystery is explained. Some of his wives had evidently been trying to persuade him of the beneficial effect of building the kitchen fire, or doffing his kingly purple and attacking the wood-pile. Then when we count in the tennis suits, ice cream and matinee tickets for the crowd, we fail to wonder at his cynicism.

Jewish women of the higher classes were secluded from public life, and passed their time with the distaff and spindle. At marriage the ceremonies lasted seven days. Divorce was common and polygamy a custom of the nation. An unfaithful wife could only anticipate the fate of being stoned to death. Such conditions were equally unfavorable to a woman's mental and moral growth. Had Solomon applied his wisdom to the improvement of the obscure morality of men of ancient days he would have seen less in the other sex to criticise. Still, a man with a thousand engagement rings to buy does have a hard time.

Although among the Bedouins a wife is considered as a slave, singleness is looked upon as a disgrace. In Turkey women is held in the most rigid seclusion. She must always appear veiled, with lustrious black eyes peering from behind the gauzy tissues that enhance rather than conceal the coquette's charms. With pigs and dogs she is forbidden to enter a mosque, and the Koran declares a woman who is unmarried to be in a state of reprobation. Considering the number of wives a man may have there is little excuse for spinsterhood in that country.

The harem, the Arabic for sanctuary, is said to have originated from a flirtation of Ayesha, the favorite wife of Mahomet, with one of his officers. Seeing her guilty of the impropriety of speaking to a man who happened to be passing through the garden, he immediately shut up his wives in seraglios. These harems are beautiful palaces, standing in gardens of exquisite lovliness, adorned with statues, trees, flowers and streams—a spot where nature and art have endeavored to excel each other's efforts in adornment. But the gates of this gilded prison are iron grates, and soldiers guard every avenue.

To speak to one of the Sultan's wives would be immediate death to the unlucky offender. A "married belle" in Turkey would enjoy her flirtation by being sewed up in a sack and drowned in a passing stream. This is evidently enough to cool her coquettish propensities. Mohammedans consider it an insult to inquire for the health of their wives. Perhaps they imagine the inquisitive strangers suspect they have been having a "spring cleaning" on their premises by drowning off a few better halves.

The Persian method of disposing of flirtatious wives does not recommend itself to the feminine public. The festive lady is swathed up in her veil, taken to the top of a tower and thrown over. This may be fun for the husbands, but is rather rough on their wives. After the performance there is not usually more than enough left to make a good sized funeral, but, as the Persian women have little education, are reared in seclusion and ignorance, knowing nothing beyond the walls of their houses, it is not to be supposed they are fond of indulging in the luxury of American girls—summer flirtations.

With the Hindoos the women are shut up in the Zananah. Though sometimes of remarkable beauty in youth, their charms are said to soon fade under the fervid sun of a tropical clime. Womanlike, they are fond of adornment, and though the lower classes assist their husbands in work, the upper "caste" is said to be indolent and luxurious. If a man desires to divorce a wife he has only to address her as "mother." Such a simple and inexpensive method should recommend itself to the Chicago public. Hindoo women are forbidden to read or write. Indeed, those who dare to indulge in such luxuries are often "accidentally" missing.

On the death of a husband many wives voluntarily become "suttees"—offer themselves as a "burnt offering" on the dead man's funeral pyre. Though this horrible custom has been stopped by the English Government, yet for ages it was a common sight for several of a man's wives to spring into the flames and there perish, the hideous clamor of drum and cymbal drowning the victim's agonizing shrieks. "The deep damnation of their taking off" was not so hard on these poor women as the deprivation of the pleasures of fascinating widowhood. The origin of this inhuman sacrifice is said to be that their sacred book promises eternal life to her who dies with her husband.

The women of ancient Rome were treated with the greatest respect. Every one was ordered to give place to them on the street, and a special feast in their honor was instituted, under the name of Matronalia, during which time they received presents from their husbands. Still, they were not allowed to inherit property, and could be divorced by their husbands for counterfeiting their keys, and for wine-drinking.

However, in the latter days of the Empire the women took advantage of the facility of divorce—one woman is said to have buried twenty-two husbands. The cause of their "shuffling off this mortal coil" in such numbers was never explained, but probably she had been taking lessons in a new cookery school. Seneca says the women of that day counted their days not by years, but by the number of husbands, and it must have been pretty hard work, at such a rate, for the noble laches to keep a tally of them unless they employed a "bell punch."

By the Chinese a wife is never seen by her future master, and she misses all the "sweet nothings" that carry so many to the hymenial altar in these later days. Some relative bargains for the girl, the stipulated price is paid, and she is afterward a submissive slave. Her only education is the ceremonial of manners and her life behind the four walls of her apartments. She cannot eat with her husband, or leave her room without his permission, and a Chinaman would consider it a disgrace for his wife to walk beside him on the street. Should she displease him he sells her, and, if too loquacious, he simply divorces her.

Siberian women are raised as abject slaves, untidy in dress, and are bought with money or cattle. The most capricious whim of her husband is law, and should the latter desire a divorce he has only to tear the cap from her head. Their days are spent in building huts, fishing and domestic drudgery. They cannot eat in the presence of their husbands, or indulge in the dainty food of reindeers' heads, which is monopolized by the men.

But perhaps the lowest and most degraded women are found in Africa. One of the Kings of a savage tribes is said to have 3,353 wives, passing Solomon on the home-stretch in the conjugal race and winning the pennant by two lengths.

One of the most peculiar customs is found among the Congo negroes. When a man wishes a wife he secures one and keeps her on probation for a year. If during that time her temper, industry and deportment are satisfactory, he at the end of the year formally marries her. But should she prove an incumbrance, he sends her back to the paternal roof. This is regarded by all as an excellent arrangement.

Perhaps it is only in the United States that woman is found in all her regal glory, wielding the scepter of sovereignty. As a girl she shines by wit and beauty, while as a true wife and loving mother she stands pre-eminent. Combining the solidity of the English with the vivacity, piquancy and style of the French, uniting the athletic Amazon and the undulating sylph of the ball-room, as much at home in the marble courts of kings as in the lecture-hall of science—the American girl stands without a rival in the civilized world.

Breathing freedom's air, she scorns the trammels of a corrupt society and lives as man's equal and companion. In fact, the American "is a woman." Take her all in all, you shall not look upon her like again.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

Mr. Bradlaugh, besides being a good angler, plays the game of chess to perfection.

The son of Aristotle Valaoritis, one of the "greatest poets of modern Greece," is preparing a new edition of his father's works.

Mrs. Stanley has refused to live in Africa, and her husband has declined the Governorship of Congo, offered him by the King of Belgium.

Thomas Winans, the millionaire, who had lived luxuriously, said on his deathbed he would give a million dollars to be able to eat a piece of bread and butter.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is a liberal patron. He not very long since gave a dentist 8,000 Government rupees (about $4,000) for extracting two of his teeth.

William H. English of Indiana, ex-Governor and ex-candidate for Vice-President, is writing a history of Hoosierdom, for which he is now prowling among old records in Washington.

Mrs. Custer, the widow of the Indian fighter, is a black-haired woman of medium hight and gracious presence. Her complexion is rosy, and she is the picture of health and youthfulness.

Mr. Frank Della Torre of Baltimore has invented an instrument which he calls the eophone, by which he claims that all sounds can be heard and located on the darkest night and in the thickest weather.

Michigan's newest millionaire, James M. Ashley, started out twelve years ago without a dollar, and in that time has built and equipped 400 miles of railroad, which he now controls, and is worth $2,000,000.

Louis Kossuth is still engaged at his home in Turin, Italy, in writing his memoirs, the completion of which is made slow work by his great age—he is now 88 years old—and his habit of running into diffusive details.

Miss Virginia Schley, the daughter of the noted commander of the United States cruiser Baltimore, is to be married on her father's vessel in the Mediterranean next February to the young nephew of the Earl of Wharncliff.

The latest "boy orator" to come forward is Irving Jay Steeninger, the child phenomenon of Rochester, Ind. He is not quite six years old, but he can deliver a fifty-minute address with astonishing eloquence and self-possession.

Professor John R. Hanlon, Vice-President of the Pennington Seminary, has invented a new theodolite and transit instrument, of which the telescope can be accurately raised or lowered to the proper hight after it has been leveled.

Mrs. Ellen Brown, of Saco, Me., although not yet 75 years of age, has seen seven generations of her family. The seventh is represented by a three-months'-old child, to whose grandfather and grandmother Mrs. Brown is a great-aunt.

The Pope has announced his intention of conferring the seat in the Sacred College rendered vacant by the death of Cardinal Newman upon Monsignor Edmund Stonor. This gentleman is the son of the late Lord Camoys, and uncle of the present peer.

Professor Tyndall spent his seventieth birthday, which occurred a few weeks ago, in his beloved Switzerland, high up among the glaciers. Even at 70 his gaunt and wiry frame is equal to the minor fatigues of Alpine climbing. He is in excellent health.

Krupp has just given to the German Emperor and the Crown Prince a cannon each. The Emperor's present is elaborately decorated with military designs, and is considered by Krupp to be the finest bit of workmanship ever turned out from his foundry.

Ex-Senator George W. Jones, of Iowa, is a well-preserved and jaunty man of nearly 90 years. His head is covered with bunches of wavy, white curls, and his Van Dyke beard and mustaches are white and curly. But his figure is still light, sinewy and graceful. He lives in Dubuque, Ia.

Miss Ellen Terry is said to have "achieved her first stage distinction by screaming." In a play bearing the outlandish title of "Alter Geell" she had to take a snake around her neck and scream, and so realistic was her simulated horror at the situation that the scream electrified the house.

Professor Moller of Carlsruhe has made some interesting observations on clouds. The highest clouds, cirrus and cirrostratus, rise on an average to a hight of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 to 23,000 feet in height, while the lower clouds reach to between 3,000 and 7,000 feet.

Mrs. M. Edith Howcott of New Orleans probably owns more real estate than any other Southern woman. She has in her own right over 50,000 acres of selected timber lands in Louisiana and Mississippi, and is still buying. She has just completed a purchase of 6,500 acres of hardwood and cypress timber land in Louisiana and 1,000 acres of pine in Texas.

Archduchess Valerie, the recently married daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, is staying with her husband at the Hotel Victoria, at Interlaken, Switzerland. Though their rank is known among the guests, they dine at the table d'hote and spend their evenings in the reading-room. The Archduchess gains many admirers by her gentleness and simplicity. The young people take long walks on the mountains every day.

Professor J. H. Hewitt, "the father of the American ballad," who died in Baltimore the other day, was a New York boy. Among his compositions that attained the greatest popularity were "The Song of the Wind," "The Minstrel's Return From the War," "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," "Our Native Land," "Take Me Home to the Sweet, Sunny South," and "The American Boy." Mr. Hewitt saw Fulton's first steamboat on the Hudson river, was present when the first dispatch was sent over Morse's telegraph line between Baltimore and Washington, and was a passenger on the first train of locomotive cars that left Baltimore.

ON MAKING EXPLANATIONS.

AN EXCEEDINGLY DISAGREEABLE LUXURY TO MOST PERSONS.

The Weight of Dullness and the Annoying Associations Carried by "Explanations"

There are few words that carry a heavier weight of dullness or are beset with more annoying associations than "explanations" and the verb "to explain," in all its tenses, says a writer in the London *Saturday Review*. We do not remember that the poets give them a place in the armory of discord; but, in their dull, hypocritical way, none deserve it better, for every so-called explanation induces some element of discordance and separation, and puts the speaker in a sort of opposition of sentiment or inclination to the hearer. The words have, no doubt, an innocent use as applied to things; but when men come to explain a meaning that had previously seemed too clear, or to give an explanation of a questionable course of conduct, or to seek an explanation of a line of action which has displeased them—above all, when, under the privilege of intimacy, there is a mutual unfolding of motives and intentions with the expressed design of explaining away some chance coldness or difference—it is rare that mischief does not come of it. And as for truth, which is the professed aim, who was ever thoroughly satisfied with himself, whose conscience ever came out white and clean, after some tooth-and-nail explanation on some intricate, knotty point in which his feelings or passions have been engaged?

The sense of failure after these encounters is, indeed, so general that we believe the practice would be about given up by rational people but for a perversion of language which universally prevails. Wherever neighbors and acquaintances do not quite hit it, wherever there is some slight or halt in intimacy, the state of things is called a misunderstanding. For collisions are passing things—even serious collisions; if we weather the first shock we may go on as before, merely learning a scarcely conscious lesson of caution. But in impulsive minds a desire arises to do something. Self has to be cleared, or another has to be called to account; we must needs get at the bottom of things and see where the fault lies, and once for all make things straight. Now, whenever this craving arises, the friendship or familiarity has arrived at one of its inevitable hitches; and it is certainly wisest to go round it, if possible—not to make too violent efforts to remove what is deeper rooted and harder to shift than haste and inexperience will believe. Clashes of feeling or opinion must come, sooner or later, when there are hidden differences. The warmest friendship must be content with something short of absolute unanimity—must rely on a general estimate of conduct, must submit to be what it calls mistaken, while in reality there is as good an understanding as innate differences and opposing views and interests will allow.

Few persons are aware how seldom they act in the affairs of life on a formal array of reasons. All people who are fond of explanations have more than half their reasons to seek on the spur of the moment and in the heat of talk. In fact, men act on the principles that have formed their characters, but very seldom think of reasons till after an affair is over. Hence all sorts of temptations to be disingenuous. The mind must be very candid and transparent which comes out of one of these explanatory duels unconscious of suppression and special pleadings, and of glosses which a man may be sure his opponent has seen more clearly than himself, and which may unduly lower his opinion of his sincerity.

People, indeed, who have faith in explanations and periodical repairs of their friendships have need of an exceptional amount of charity, or of some Lethe of their own wherein to bathe their memory after them; for we are comparatively indifferent to being misunderstood, or even misjudged, where it comes of our friend's blunder, or his dullness to our merits, but nobody can stand having his array of statements, his proofs, arguments, justifications, set at naught. It is intolerable, after condescending to a laborious vindication, to remain where we were—after an unanswerable display of grievances to see our friend unconvinced and impenitent; and yet, some touch of this evil clings to every explanation, with whatever temper conducted. But what temper can come wholly unscathed out of the ordeal? In many hands, explanations, of course, slip at once into mere recrimination, proceeding to the scandal of a quarrel and mutual loss of respect, even where reconciliation ensues. But short of this, and where principle, self-control and politeness are never lost sight of, this form of encounter brings out many awkward revelations.

It may be observed that the people who keep their friends, and live in a state of harmony with the world, systematically deny themselves the luxury of explanations. Things go a little wrong, but they wait patiently until they right themselves. They trust to time, to patience, to the weight of a composed and forbearing attitude, to the powerful influences of reticence and self-respect. While people are much and variously involved in the world's business and pleasures, they hardly recognize temptation to this undignified form of exculpatory vindication and self-assertion. Indeed, a fondness for explanations can scarcely possess persons in the brisk intercourse of life. It demands time to brood. It belongs to pauses in the hurry of existence—to the byways of life. Women are more given to it than men; dwellers in small towns than in great.

Even the same people take to explanations in the country which they would never think of making in London. Apart from any sense of neglect or grievance, there is a constant tendency in some minds to explain themselves and right themselves in the eyes of the world. All people who do not come up to their own idea of themselves, and are afflicted with morbid misgivings that they do not do themselves justice, have this habit.

CURRENT NEWSPAPER WIT.

The crow does not fly from the cornfield without caws.

When a fellow is on a wedding tour its only one fair for the round trip.

The mosquito is a desperately wicked creature. It never rests till it gets "behind the bars."

The hen is useful as an article of food, as a destroyer of insects, as a layer of eggs, et set-er-y.

She—"Yes, love is blind." He—"Is it? Then what is the use of keeping the gas burning?"—*Town Crier.*

First old maid (excitedly)—"There's a man under the bed!" Second old maid (calmly)—"Lock the doors."—*Epoch.*

Fred. Douglass says, "There is no race problem in this country." The man that bets on the wrong horse thinks there is.

Postmaster—"The letter is too heavy; it wants another stamp." Countrywoman—"Why, that will make it heavier still."

"Do you hear from your son often, who went West to seek his fortune?" "Yes, frequently. Every time his board bill falls due."

"They had a big tornado in Kansas while I was there," remarked an Eastern visitor to a Dakota native. "Did it drive wheat straws through inch boards?" "Not that I heard of." "Then it wasn't much of a tornado."

Young Pat—"What's a grave doubt, father?" Old Pat—"Be jabers, it's the uncertainty uv a man buried above whether he's dead or not!"

"Nature," says Scrappleton, "never makes a mistake." "Oh, I don't know about that; look at the dude." "Yes; but she didn't waste any brains on him."—*Washington Post.*

"Left your purse at home, eh! Well, I can't lend you $10, but I can put you in the way of getting it at once. Here's a nickel. Take a car home and get your purse."—*Chatter.*

"What are you doing now, Gus?" said one young man about town to another. "O, I write for a living." "On the press?" "No; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance."

Ockheimer (just landed at the barge office)—"How is de staidt of de kountrish?" Solomans (been here six months)—"It vould be goot only dere vos too many Amerigans in it alretty."

"John," said the minister, "will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" "Now, here, parson, what's the use of asking questions like that? What do you suppose I am after; a divorce?"

First Local Statesman (looking over a new ticket)—"McMoriarthy, O'Hooligan, McGoogan, O'Roork, Smith—Phwat did yez nomynate Smith fur?" Second Local Statesman—"Phwist! Thot's ter cotch th' Amerykin vote."

"New York is a great place," said the tourist. "It has an Italian quarter, and a Chinese quarter, and a French quarter, but where is the American quarter?" "In the pocket of the hotel waiter," answered his American cousin.

A leading Chinaman in New York being chaffed on his custom of spreading a splendid feast for Joss, replied with a broad Celestial grin: "Chinaman feedee his god; lazy Christian man waitee for his god to feedee him."

Legalcap—"A client addressed me familiarly this morning as 'Old Horse,'" Briefer—"Had he just paid his bill?" "Yes; why?" "Perhaps it was his way of telling you that you were a splendid charger."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Well," said Chappie, "drinking his glass, "the bottle's empty. It doesn't take me long to make a quart of champagne look silly." "That's so," returned Binks. "And it doesn't take the quart long to reciprocate the attention, either."—*New York Herald.*

"You needn't talk about keeping one's word," said a husband to his wife during a slight misunderstanding; "when I first asked you to marry me you declared that you wouldn't marry the best man in the world." "Well, I didn't," snapped the wife.—*New York Sun.*

"Mamma," remarked the blooming daughter of the Cawnfeds from Chicago, "I hear those stuck-upBlue bloods have all got the influenza." "They have, have they? Then your father must buy it for us. I guess we've got as much money to spend as they have."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"Yes, it's a world of trials," he said, "and I certainly have had my share of them." "Still, there's a certain advantage in them if you choose to look at it that way. It makes the mind stronger, as it were." "I'd like to know how?" "It's only through trials that certain people get convictions, you know."

Deaf old lady in the street car accident—"Oh, sir, can you tell me what has happened?" Pious Gentleman—"Pray calm yourself, madame; remember that a kind heaven bends over all." Deaf Old Lady (to female companion)—"Martha Jane, what's this old fool sayin' to me about men's overalls?"—*West Shore.*

Miss Terriut—"When mommer and I were in Yurrup, oh, the awfulest thing happened! There was a Prince—and a Count—and—and they fought a duel—about poor me—with pistols." Yabsley—"Ah! were they loaded?" Miss Terriut—"No, they weren't! They were just as sober as could be."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Judge Snuffy—"Erasmus Lightfoot, you are charged with chicken stealing. Have you a lawyer?" Erasmus—"No, sah." Judge Snuffy—"Do you wish the Court to assign you a lawyer?" Erasmus—"No, sah; no, sah!" Judge Snuffy—"What do you wish to do about it?" Erasmus—"Well, Jedge, if it's all de same to you, I'd jess as leave dismiss de case."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Mrs. Mushroom—"It is a queer thing, Sophie, I've been all day searching the stores for an escutcheon, and I don't think there's one in town. I heard Mrs. Startup say that the Montagues boasted about their unvarnished escutcheon, and I ain't goin' to let the neighbors get ahead of me. I'll have an escutcheon if I have to send to Yurrup for it, and, what's more, I'll have a varnished one."—*Chicago American.*

Tommy—"Let me see your ear, Mr. Sappyhedde?" Mr. Sappyhedde—"What for, Tommy?" Tommy—"I want to see if you got it out. Didn't it tickle?" Mr. Sappyhedde—"What are you talking about?" Tommy—"Well, the last time you were here, sister said she sent you away with a flea in your ear." And Mr. Sappyhedde, a pained expression on his face, put on his hat and said he guessed he wouldn't wait. *Philadelphia Press.*

Customer—"I want a two-cent stamp." Druggist—"Cert'nly, ma'am. Anything else?" Customer—"No. Please be sure and send the stamp home in time for the mail." Druggist—"Yes, ma'am. Shall I send the boy to lick the stamp?" Customer—"No. That will not be necessary. How much?" Druggist (with a sigh)—"Two cents." Customer (paying him)—"It does seem as though we ought to have cheaper postage! Good morning."—*Harper's Bazar.*

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The melancholy days have come—
The saddest in the year;
The youth whose overcoats's in pawn
Without it now feels queer.

The dude and dudelet from the beach
And mountain do return—
'Tis pleasant now to sit in doors
And watch the fire burn.

No more the tennis player sports
About in blazer gay.
The weather's grown too cold for it,
And now it's laid away.

And here we notice something strange—
Deny the fact who can—
That in, at least, some simple things,
Dame Nature copies man.

For when the dude his blazer doffs
And heavier coat does don,
The woods, grown sick of looking green,
Just put their blazer on.
—*Lawrence American.*

A Terrapin Farm.

It is an inclosure about twenty feet square, one-half of it filled with loose sand and a tank occupying the rest of the space. The tank is below tide level, and at high tide the salt water runs in from the marsh to a depth of four feet. The sand was all perforated with holes, and the owner, digging down with his fingers, unearthed some baby terrapins an inch or two long. They were lively little fellows and were restless in the daylight. The earth was full of them, only a few days old. The mud at the bottom of the tank was also full of them. After they are a few days old they seek the water and, burying themselves in the mud, remain there until spring, when they come out to make a start in the world. All this period spent in the mud they live by suction. They sell for $18 a dozen in New York when fully grown. The little fellows are from the eggs deposited by the old females. The terrapin lay four or five times in a season, beginning with about nine eggs at the first laying and winding up the season with a lay of about three.—*Fernandina (Fla.) News.*

Monroe, Mich., has a cucumber 3½ feet long, which weighs eight pounds, and it is to be pickled in paregoric.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ADVANTAGES ENJOYED BY DUMB ANIMAL ACTORS.

"The Still Alarm"—An Actress of Spirit—The Provincial Prompter—General Stage Notes.

Several months ago a cow played her part for two weeks in one of the Chicago theaters. All she had to do was to stand still and be milked, and she did that with perfect success; many human actors do not half so well; angels could do no more. Lately a company of horses has been performing at one of the theaters. With the brilliant performance of the cow to spur them up and give them ambition, these equine buskin-wearers have been ringing out sweet music from bells, adding up figures, and, as the advertisement said, "doing everything but talk." Of course, they didn't do "everything but talk," but advertisers may or do claim the same right to license as poets. The horses didn't indulge in "horseplay," wisely leaving that to certain human actors who can do nothing else. They eschewed, also, many other things in which they are overshadowed by their human confreres, such as smoking cigarettes on the stage, writing long farewell letters after being stabbed through the heart and having the top of the head blown off, holding in the erect position people that have fainted, making long speeches after being killed by lightning, and catapulting into one another's arms after the female says in a B-flat voice, "Oh, Harry, I have loved you since the day before yesterday."

The horses did none of these things. Let us be grateful to them, and none the less grateful because they abstained on account of sheer inability. For human actors do not always abstain from attempting what is to them impossible. If they did some of them would be strangers to grease-paint. The cow and the horses were natural, and clothed in nature after the manner of many of the women both behind and before the footlights. The stage villain, always with a huge, black mustache, and always without the power of repartee, was not with the equine company. Neither was the ceatenarian soubrette, nor the everlasting bore, dry and devoid of wit as a burial permit, who is dislocated into the role of the funny man.

The world moves on evolutionary principles. Time out of mind donkeys have been on the stage, the more intelligent being hitched to carts and maintaining a dignified Quayic silence. The donkey has usurped the stage long enough, and it is full time that the horse should come in for histrionic honors. But there are still several animals that have yet to make a first appearance. In some plays much of the actor's nerve force is wasted in stage laughs. In that South American bird known as the laughing jackass nature has provided an instrument that can do all the stage laughing for a large company without straining itself in the least. Some animals could be used to help out the scenery. What could more improve a rural picture than a persimmon tree with a score of 'possums hanging by their tails to its branches? The tank dramas could be greatly improved by having three or four hungry adult alligators in the company, to enter when the hero and the heroine are in the water. This would cause rapid promotion in the company, and give the subs a chance. A polar bear or two and a large iceberg would add color to the scene.

There are many other animals that might be put on the stage. The great advantage in dumb animal actors is that they act naturally. The human actors that dash off a three-hundred-word note in two minutes should go to the animals, consider their ways and be wise.

"THE STILL ALARM."

"The Still Alarm," an American comedy drama, by Joseph Arthur, which is to be produced at the Metropolitan Theater tomorrow evening, is, without doubt, one of the most successful American plays ever produced in this country. For going on six years it has played to crowded houses all over the country, and has also been produced in England, where it made a great sensation, and after a long run at the Princess Theater it had a prosperous tour through the provinces. It is said to have the most realistic scene ever put on the stage, in the way of a real steam fire engine and real horses. The play has for its *motif* the fortunes and misfortunes of a New York fireman, and the audience is worked up to a high pitch of excitement over a scene in the Central fire station in New York, in which a very realistic showing is given of the departure of an engine to a fire. In this scene the firemen slide down the poles from their beds in an upper story; two horses rush out to the waiting engine; harnesses are dropped on their backs as if by magic, and the steamer is off, sputtering sparks and smoke as the high-mettled steeds at a terrific gallop whirl it out of the station. Mr. Harry Lacy, an excellent actor of reputation, enacts the role of the hero fireman, Jack Manley, and is supported by an admirably balanced company.

THE PROVINCIAL PROMPTER.

A writer in the London *Stage* gives his experience at a provincial theater: "If the play itself was dull, the byplay was amusing enough. The prompter was an entertainment in himself. He did not wait, as he had to do in other countries, till a necessity arose for his services, but he took for granted that nobody knew a word of his part, and gabbled every line straight on, keeping a sentence or two ahead of the actor. He spoke in a singsong stage whisper, perfectly audible, I should think, even at the back of the house. I had the misfortune to be well forward, and got a great deal more of the prompter than anybody else. What was maddening at first became novel amusement when taken philosophically. I soon found myself comparing the prompter's sonorous prelude with the confused echoes which followed on the stage. Many of the effects were very comical. The leading lady took it most coolly, repeating every phrase exactly as it came from the wings. The old father was less phlegmatic, and made an occasional attempt to get ahead on his own account. But in doing so he only excited the prompter to a more vigorous and more audible initiation. He was not to be shaken off, anyhow. In the heat of the contest the actor and he would grapple together for a minute or two, but the prompter was longer winded and had the advantage of being able to go straight ahead. He always came out a winner, and recovered his normal lead of a sentence or a sentence and a half."

AN ACTRESS OF SPIRIT.

During the death scene in the play of "Camille," says the Punxsutawney (Pa.) *Spirit*, Miss Irene Taylor, who had read the role of Camille, treated the audience to a real exhibition of feeling not on the programme. The heroine was dying of consumption. Death was about to lay its skeleton fingers upon her tired heart. Her eyes began to assume that fixed, glassy expression, which immediately precedes dissolution, and she gasped painfully for breath. The scene was well studied, realistic and pathetic, and she was just about to drop into the arms of her agonized lover—dead—when several women in the audience laughed. Immediately the face of the dying woman assumed a stern and angry expression. She stood defiantly erect, and, pointing her finger at the offenders, said in withering tones: "Any woman who would laugh during such a scene as this is utterly devoid of any sense of delicacy or refinement of feeling. She is totally lacking in the sentiments of common humanity and could not appreciate anything higher than Topsy or the donkey in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" When she had delivered herself of this ebullition of indignation she calmly and deliberately proceeded to die in the most approved style, counterfeiting death with wonderful accuracy, and there was no more tittering, either.

CARLETON'S OPERA COMPANY.

W. T. Carleton is making his farewell tour of the Pacific coast, and the country generally, as an operatic impressario. At the end of the present season he will place the very excellent company which he has brought to Sacramento every year, with one exception during the past seven, into a new theater in New York. This theater is to be built for him by New York capitalists and club men, as a result of his phenomenally successful production of "The Brigands" at the Grand Opera House in New York, while the same opera was having a long run at the famous New York Casino. The superiority of his production in singing and action and costumings, and of the methods employed by him generally, was a veritable revelation to the men of the metropolis, and they were brought to realize the fact that the cities of the West and the Pacific coast did not have to go to New York to hear comic opera as well presented as it was there. With their usual desire to monopolize the best of everything a number of capitalists and club men made a proposition to Mr. Carleton to build a theater with the general scope of the Casino and place it in his control. He had already contracted for the appearance of his company throughout the country during this season, and could not locate his company until its conclusion. Considerable difficulty was experienced in securing an available site, but it has at last been obtained and work will begin at once on the building of the theater. He will not confine himself to this theater, however, but will send another company out upon the road with himself as the stellar attraction, to present an entirely new form of entertainment, but the exact character of it cannot yet be divulged, as its production will be necessary before some of its many novel features can be secured.

CLEVELAND'S COLORED MINSTRELS.

For several years past the country has been flooded with small bands of colored minstrels, each band comprising from fourteen to twenty people, which have traveled under the titles of Georgia's, Alabama's, Black Boys and Colored Minstrels, giving performances that were painful to behold, not only to the audience, but to the performers themselves. Manager W. S. Cleveland, who is ever on the alert to give his patrons something new, therefore concluded to have the leading genuine colored minstrel company, as well as the two largest white minstrel companies in the world, and with his usual good judgment has succeeded in getting under contract all the best colored artists in the universe, and will have a company comprising sixty of the very best genuine colored performers ever seen on one stage together, prominent among whom are Tom McIntosh, James Bland, Will Eldridge, Doc Sayles, Geo. Tichner, four Brewer brothers, Eaton and Williams, Cicero Reed and son, Grant and Williams, the Sans Souci Quartet, the Twilight Quartet, Billy Farrell, Smart and Taylor, the great Jalvan, Professor James Wilson, W. C. Harris, Henderson Smith, Mons. Levard, Frank Warner and Tom Jones, together with numberless acrobats, comedians, singers, dancers and musicians, who will present a unique entertainment with many novelties original with Manager Cleveland. This company is also booked in most of the leading theaters of this country, from Maine to California and New York to New Orleans, and will appear at the Metropolitan Theater in this city on November 7th, 8th and 9th.

STAGE NOTES.

Nat Goodwin is preparing for his fall theatrical campaign.

"Kate," is the name of the new play of Annie Pixley's which is said to rival "M'liss" in attractiveness.

A new comic opera by Planquette, entitled "Paul Jones," has replaced the "Merry Monarch" at the Broadway Theater.

"Blue Jeans," a new sensational comedy by Joseph Arthur, was given its initial presentation at the Fourteenth Street Theater on October 6th.

One of the lions in "Nero," which is to be the winter attraction in Niblo's in New York, rides a bicycle, and another settles all disputes between the management and the members of the company.

Without an exception the critics of San Francisco, Portland and Los Angeles declare that W. T. Carleton's company is this season by far the largest and strongest he has ever brought out to this coast.

The repertory for the engagement of W. T. Carleton's opera company for four nights, beginning next Thursday, is arranged as follows: Thursday, and Saturday matinee, "The Brigands," Friday, "Nanon;" Saturday, "Erminie;" Sunday, "The Mikado."

Manager C. P. Hall has secured the great company just organized by Messrs. Frohman and Hayman for the production of "All the Comforts of a Home" at the Metropolitan Theater on the 16th, 17th and 18th of March next. It will be the largest and most carefully selected company on the road.

Manager Hall has attractions booked for this city as follows: "The Still Alarm," October 27th, 28th and 29th; Carleton's Opera Company, October 30th and 31st and November 1st and 2d; "The Stowaway," November 4th and 5th; Cleveland's Minstrels, November 7th, 8th and 9th; "Hearts of Oak," November 11th and 12th; Hoyt's "Brass Monkey," November 14th and 15th.

"Looking Backward; or, A Carnival of Crime," is to be the title of the new play in which "Spike" Hennessey and "Kid" McCoy are to star next season, when their present engagement with "The Stowaway" (in which they crack a safe during every performance) terminates. This latter endeavor towards the "elevation of the stage" bids fair to be the most remarkable occurrence that has ever been recorded in dramatic annals.

New York has 28 theaters; the gross seating capacity of which is over 50,000 people. There are hundreds of concert, music and lecture halls all over the city; two-thirds of which are used every night. It is safe to estimate the total capacity of the various places of amusement in the metropolis at 150,000. Over 75,000 dollars are spent every night in the big city for theatrical and musical entertainment. The new Madison Square Garden is the largest place of amusement; next comes the Academy, where the "Old Homestead" is a permanent attraction, then the Metropolitan Opera House, and Niblo's, where the great spectacular production of "Nero" commenced October 20th.

When that mellowest of all melo-dramas "The Stowaway" fulfills its engagement in this city November 4th and 5th it may be safely presumed that it will do a tremendous business. The play is now a stronger and more completely equipped production than it has been at any previous stage of its career. Several entirely new and startling innovations have been introduced, but of course the great sensational incident is still found in the blowing open of the real safe by the ex-burglars 'Spike' Hennessey and "Kid" McCoy. The scenery is also entirely new and designed by several of the leading scene-painting firms in New York, and the cast has been materially strengthened by the addition of several new performers, though all the old favorites have been retained.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

Expressions of Opinion by Newspapers Representing the Various Denominations, on Many Subjects.

The *Christian Inquirer* (Bapt.) asks: "How is it that while the Roman Catholic Church opposes our public school system, and is building hosts of parochial school edifices, such crowds of Catholics are applicants for places to teach in the public schools? Why is it that so many Catholics are anxious to serve on the school boards? Why are Protestants so willing to be befooled in this matter, and put their schools into the hands of the sworn enemies of the system?"

The *Examiner* (Bapt.) says: "Somebody has lately pointed out the contrast between missionary and 'omission-ary' Christians. Unhappily there are too many of the latter kind. It isn't so much what they do as the lack of what they don't do that makes plenty of reputable church members clog upon the wheels of every good work. They can be counted on not to teach in the Sunday-school, not to visit the sick, not to be at church on rainy Sundays, not to come regularly to prayer-meeting, not to give systematically or generously either for work at home or for outside objects. To be an omission-ary Christian is more than a mere oversight It is a radical defect. Indeed, we have Scripture warrant for saying that it is a total failure."

The New York *Freeman's Journal* (Roman Catholic) declares that "American correspondents have been accustomed in their own country to view intoxication as anything but a vice or an act of immorality. Hence their mistake when they hear a Catholic priest speak of it as immoral. They attach another meaning to his words. A thing to be immoral in the eyes of Americans must be peculiarly bestial, ending in murder or bloodshed. They see drunkards staggering along our streets unmolested, unless they commit some violence. If a young man drinks too much at a banquet, they allude to it afterward as a good joke. If they ever travel into foreign lands where Catholic traditions prevail, and in which there are no temperance societies, they are astonished to see a drunken man arrested on the streets at once and sent by the magistrate to jail for three months on no other charge. They were astonished at the story of an attache of our legation at a South American capital. He became, in polished parlance, too 'flushed with wine' at a public entertainment there. His family was good. His conduct, other than this occasion, was unexceptionable. But society cut him dead. And so keenly was he made to feel his shame that he was glad to resign and to depart for our more congenial and tolerant clime. Such are the two standards between the countries wherein Catholic and Protestant traditions prevail. The gallon beer-cup of Dr. Martin Luther, the gross wine-bibbing of King Henry VIII., have set the standards for Germandom and Englishdom."

The *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) says: "The *Christian Register* boasts of the progress of Unitarians towards more liberal religious views. When Theodore Parker preached a sermon on 'The Transient and Permanent in Christianity" it was followed by a great commotion in Unitarian circles. Other ministers ceased to exchange with him, and when the Rev. John Sargent went so far as to fellowship him as a brother minister he incurred 'a storm of criticism and reproach' But marvelous advancement has been made. According to the *Christian Register*, that sermon which when first delivered was condemned by Unitarians as dangerous heresy now appears to them to be essentially conservative, and its boldest utterances are accepted as truisms. This indicates progress, indeed; but to one outside of that denomination the question occurs: Towards what does this progress tend? Is it in the direction of greater reverence for God and His Son and His Word? How long will it require Unitarians at this rate of speed to reach the position once occupied by Paine and Voltaire? The *Register* says that to-day 'Parker is honored with Channing and Emerson among the prophets of Unitarianism.' How is this? Channing believes in miracles, in the literal resurrection of Christ, in the pre-existence of Jesus, in future punishment, in the divine and miraculous revelation of Christianity. If Channing was a prophet, Parker and Emerson were false prophets. If Unitarians have come to acknowledge Parker and Emerson as their prophets, they have come to ignore miracles, to degrade Jesus to the level of a man, to deny the existence of a personal God. They have abandoned Christianity and come to the borders of pantheism."

The *Watchman* (Bapt.) says: "An article on the death of Cardinal Newman, in our issue of August 23d, made the following quotation from Keble, with an appended remark: 'With regard to him, really, whatever happens, I believe him so pure-minded and self-denying, and so on the watch against intellectual pride and other such temptations, that I shall think he probably does right for himself whatever he does. It is surely a striking testimonial, that he was so good a man as to be able to swallow all the errors of Romanism and take no harm from them.' Whereupon a friendly correspondent asks: 'If Newman could swallow all the errors of Romanism and take no harm from them, why may not I, a member of the Baptist church, do the same? Yes, and why may not the whole Baptist church membership swallow all the errors of Romanism, and put an end to the contention with Romanism?' In quoting Keble's 'striking testimonial' we did not, as we conceive, make ourselves responsible for the sentiment. Yet we do not hesitate to say that, in our judgment, our questioner might, without any fatal consequences, do what Newman did, provided he could do it on the same spiritual conditions—with the sincerity, humility, prayfulness, self-renunciation and devotion with which Newman acted. We believe that he was deplorably in error, yet not fatally so, so long as he pursued his search for the truth in devout prayer and in the culture of personal holiness. The tests by which we must stand or fall in the Judgment are not logical or intellectual. What the excellent Dr. Archibald Alexander said to his sons on Sabbath observance has a wider application: 'Be very strict with yourselves and very charitable towards others.'"

Farmton says in the *Advance:* "I have in my purse some half-dozen half-fare permits. Let me say to the uniniated that these half-fare permits entitle me to travel at half-rates upon the roads issuing them. I am not exactly proud of having them. In having a pass most people are a little proud; it indicates a certain power that the possessor has over a majestic railroad company. But I am never proud when I walk up to the ticket office and say, 'If you please, a half-fare ticket to Jacksonville.' I sometimes fear that the ticket agent will turn to me, as I know of one ticket agent turning to a minister, who himself had a high treble voice and a smooth face and was more than six feet tall, and say, 'Why, aren't you more than twelve years old?' Nevertheless my desire to keep my money for missions (or something else) usually is stronger than the prejudice against asking for half-fare tickets. But why should a railroad issue half-fare permits to ministers? Is it a relic of that good time when ministers received their pay in kind? It can hardly be this, for half-fare tickets are far less common in the East than in the West. I believe the railroads themselves say that they issue these permits on the ground that the ministry is a sort of police force. The sermons and the observance of the Ten Commandments, which the ministry represents and inculcates, tend to protect their property. The existence of the ministry helps to protect every railroad from the robbery of station-houses and the wrecking of trains. Of course, there is some truth in this view, and if the railroad assent to it and act upon it, I am glad to have ministers take advantage of the belief and practice of the railroads."

The *Churchman* (Epis.) says: "The pages of our periodical literature give proof from week to week, and from month to month, that religion in its broad meaning occupies a very large share of the public attention. The great magazines, designed for the entertainment and instruction of all sorts and conditions of men, have discovered that, in spite of currant cant to the contrary, religious problems are of the deepest interest to the mass of readers. The secular magazine and reviews do not pretend to the propagation of any set of religious opinions or ecclesiastical polity, but offer themselves merely as the purveyors of such wares as thinking men have to offer, and for which there is a real demand. Christian and Deist, spiritualist and agnostic, churchman and Puritan, jostle each other in the market-place, and find exposed for the general consumption food for their several tastes. It will be noticed, however, that the prevailing tone of the greater part of these articles is what some theologians call a 'broad,' others 'liberal,' still others 'dangerous and rationalistic.' Now and then old-fashioned Calvinism finds a champion, or the doctrine of verbal inspiration, and perhaps that of the endless physical torment of the damned, receives an impetus. But in the main the religious discussions in our periodical literature receive their inspiration from what is called the school of the higher criticism. The idol breakers predominate, and a cursory glance at their work would lead the casual reader to suppose that the Church and Christianity were in sad need of reform throughout all their members. No thoughtful Christian is sorry to recognize even this seemingly destructive drift of secular literature, however some of us may regret in it a certain prevailing tone of contemptuous pity for those who still believe in the supernatural.

"The truth of Christianity is open to all fair and honest investigation. We take hostile and friendly criticism alike as signs that men will be satisfied only with the best in religion as in all things else. A man may deny the supernatural and yet be seeking the truth. While in this transitive state he should be helped, not hindered, by the disciples of the Son of Man. But there is a current cant of shallow criticism, an unwarranted assumption, which is intolerable. It can only be indulged in out of either ignorance or malevolence. For instance, a favorite implication is that the Christian Church has so degenerated from the ideal of the Founder of Christianity that he would find himself a stranger within its walls. The critic goes further, and asks with a sneer whether Jesus would be a welcome guest, and, were he to find entrance, would he understand the worship addressed to himself. The easy charge is preferred that he would probably be asked to 'move on' from the doors of his temple, and that he would not be respectable enough to sit in the elegantly upholstered pews in the dim religious light of windows that represent him and his apostles. All this is very cheap writing indeed. It is the easiest sort of composition, and popular also because of the daring contrasts it suggests. But it is so miserably and pitiably false and misleading. It implies that a beautiful church edifice is contrary to the spirit of Christianity. It declares, in so many words, that stained glass, brass lecterns, marble fonts, rich altar cloths, and cushioned pews are a waste of money. It asserts that modern forms of worship are so alien to the simple tastes of Jesus that he would be confused and indignant at them. But if these critics would read the New Testament carefully they would surely, if they are honest, be nonplussed over the fact that Jesus was at home in the handsomely furnished synagogues and richly adorned temple of his own day. Surely there was never ceremonial more gorgeous or display more lavish than that to which he was accustomed as a Jew, and in the midst of which he grew up 'increasing in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.' True he found his father's house desecrated by the introduction of foreign customs, yet he did not forsake the temple, but drove out those who would make it a den of thieves. The doom he pronounced upon the temple of Jerusalem was not because it was 'adorned with goodly stones and gifts,' but because its usefulness as an instrument was over."

ART AND ARTISTS.

The painter Munkacsy, who is visiting Buda-Pesth, has promised to paint a colossal picture for the new Parliament House of the Hungarian capital, the subject being the first appearance of the Hungarians in Europe.

"The Fisherman," by Jules Dupre, and the "Raphæla," by Henner, have been stolen from the house of M. Legur. These pictures will in all probability come to the United States. Buyers and dealers should be on their guard.

A statue of Victor Hugo by Louis Bogino which was shown at the Salon of 1884 and has been exhibited recently in London, under the name "Autumn Leaves," has been purchased for erection on the island of Jersey, where the poet past his years of exile.

Waldo Story, son of the American sculptor in Rome, has just completed an elaborate scheme of marble decoration for Lord Rothschild's house, and a complex fountain of rich design for the country place of Leopold Rothschild, at Ascot. Both works will be executed in Rome and brought to England to be set up.

The Sharp Art School, which is a successor of the Gotham Art Students at the corner of Astor Place and Broadway, opened its winter season in New York with Mr. Frederick Marsehall and Mr. H. W. Hall as instructors. There are evening classes as well as day classes in drawing from the cast and from life, decorative composition, painting, etc. A Sunday afternoon class for painting is a feature. The sculptor, J. C. Hartley, will deliver a course of lectures on artistic anatomy.

The National Gallery of England has bought three pictures from the collection shown by the Earl of Darnley in Manchester in 1857. One is a large painting by Tintoretto called "The Nussing of Hercules; or, The Origin of the Milky Way." Hermes, the messenger of the gods, brings the infant Hercules to Juno while she sleeps, hoping that the goddess will nurse him. But the jealous goddess wakes and repulses the baby, the milk falling from her breast and turns into stars. Two are by Paolo Veronese and belonged to Queen Christina before entering the Orleans collection.

The Archæological Survey of India recently rescued from the side of a house in Pahoa, where it was used as a seat, a slab of stone inscribed with twenty-one stanzas in Sanskrit. It describes the building of a temple of Vishnu. Concerning one of the donors, it says: "When suppliants with rapture looked on his lotus face their mental anxiety completely vanished in an instant, and the crowd of hostile trumpeting elephants always shook before him in battle, ready to disperse." An inscription found near Jubbulpore says of a certain King that, although the tread of his armies roused the apprehension of the three worlds—heaven, earth and hell—yet there was no dust raised. The road was flooded by the tears of the captive women who followed in his train