

WICHITA DAILY EAGLE

WOMAN AND HOME

WELDERS OF THE RACQUET.

Some of the Crack Players at the Tennis Tournament.

Two of the most significant indications that the game of tennis is coming to the front are the increased interest and the unparalleled number of entries in the All Comers tournament at Newport.

Prominent among the crack players is O. S. Campbell, of Brooklyn, a Columbia college man. During the present season at Newport, Campbell won three tournaments out of five, and took second prize in a fourth.

R. P. Huntington, Jr., defeated him in the fourth, but succumbed to Campbell in three of the five. Campbell won 876 games out of 937 during the season, giving him a percentage of 93, and defeated such players as present champion H. W. Slocum, Jr., P. S. Sears, R. P. Huntington, Hovey, Carver and Tallant.

R. P. Huntington, Jr., is another college man and hails from Yale. During the present season he has played 747 games and won 695, a percentage of 93. He is a present champion at Newport, and has defeated Slocum, Sears, Huntington, Hovey, Carver and Tallant.

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P. S. Sears, who closely resembles his brother, the famous ex-champion, played in but one tournament this season, namely, the National, where he won ten sets out of fifteen, defeating Slocum, Jr., Tallant, Hovey and others. He was beaten, however, by Campbell and R. P. Huntington.

W. P. Knapp, ex-champion of Yale, gave R. P. Huntington a hard fight at the Country club tournament, winning sixty-two games to the latter's sixty-seven. His record for the whole tournament, the only one he has entered, was 272 games played, 143 won, percentage, 52.

H. A. Taylor, ex-champion of Harvard, won two sets from Knapp at the Country club, but succumbed to R. P. Huntington at the season's games played, 148; games won, 74; percentage, 50.

Clarence Hobart, of New York, defeated Campbell, Taylor, Ford Huntington, Knapp and Wright at the Country club, but succumbed to R. P. Huntington. He played 300 games and won 116 of them, giving him a percentage of 38.

ATHLETIC MISCELLANY.

It is said that Hon. W. L. Scott will this fall dispose of all his horses.

Harry M. Johnson, the professional runner and jumper, who died recently, held a number of professional records, among them the 100 yards dash of 9.4 seconds, the 50 yards dash of 5 1/2 seconds, and several other records up to 250 yards. He held records for two and five standing long jumps without weights. Johnson was 30 years old.

The formal opening of the Passaic Boat club's new home at Newark, N. J., and the club's regatta will occur Sept. 30.

Henry F. Mackenbach, who won the championship at the meeting of the American Canoe association, has challenged any amateur in the world to paddle one mile in best and best canoe, Sept. 19, on the Grand river, at Gault, Ont. The race is to be under association rules and for a trophy.

It is said that the pair-oared shell race is a thing of the past.

Dave Campbell, the Portland, Ore., middle weight, has challenged Jack Burke to fight at the Ormonde club, London. Campbell fought to a draw with James Corbett, the young Californian who whipped Jake Kilrain.

Downed Fireless.

The whirling of time recently sent the running horse Tru Train to the front and retired Isaac Murphy, the famous colored jockey. Murphy rode Fireless, who was a hot favorite to win the Monmouth steeplechase as winner of the Monmouth handicap at Long Branch, N. J., and Fireless' back-

TEA TRAY.

Murphy was said to have dropped about \$600.00. Murphy was so busy that he was drugged, drunk or ill, no one seems to know which. Tru Train is the colt of Rayon D'Or and Ella T., and is owned by William Lake-Land. The Monmouth Park executive committee credit Murphy's story that he suffered from an attack of vertigo, which resulted from hard training and the drinking of a milk punch.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she became a Child, we tried for Castoria.

When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF FRENCH WOMEN OF THE EARLY SALONS.

The Beautiful Fad—A Word to the Busy Girl—In the Sick Room—Women of High Culture—The Advanced Condition of Woman—The Friendships of Girls.

The traits which strike us most forcibly in the lives and characters of the women of the early salons are delicacy and sensibility; they colored their minds, ran through their literary pastimes, and gave a distinctive flavor to their conversation. It was these qualities, added to a decided taste for pleasures of the intellect and an innate social genius, that led them to revolt from the gross sensualism of the court, and form upon a new basis a society that has given another complexion to the last two centuries. The natural result was at first a reign of sentiment that was often overstrained, but which represented, on the whole, a reaction of morality and refinement.

The wits and beauties of the salon bien may have committed a thousand follies, but their chivalrous codes of honor and their prudish affectations, were open, though sometimes rather bizarre, tributes to the virtues that lie at the very foundation of a civilized society. They had exalted ideas of the dignity of womanhood, of parity, of loyalty, of devotion. The heroines of Mlle. de Scudery, with their endless discourses upon the metaphysics of love, were no doubt tireless sometimes to the bias courtiers as well as to the critics; but their lofty and fine sentiments charmed the great. At Narbonne, the eloquent Flechier, the ascetic D'Audilly at Port Royal, as well as the romantic maidens who sighed over their fanciful dreams and impossible adventures.

They had their originals in living women who reversed the common traditions of a Gabrielle and a Marion Delorme; who combined with the intellectual brilliancy and fine courtesy of the Greek Aspasia the moral graces that give so poetic a fascination to the Christian and medieval types. Mme. de La Fayette painted with rare delicacy the old struggle between passion and duty, but character triumphs over passion, and duty is the final victor. In spite of all love, the intellect stands as a bright star in the woman of society, as of literature, was noble, tender, modest, pure and loyal—Amelia Gore Mason, in Century.

A Word to the Busy Girl.

I want to speak a little speech to the girl who is very near my heart—the girl who has to work for her own living. I had the pleasure of attending the convention of the Working Girls' societies at Cooper Union, New York. I have observed a brighter, braver, more womanly set of girls in my life, and I realized more than ever the great number of women who are wage earners, and I felt a great throb of thankfulness that they all looked so clean hearted.

The working girl who does her work well, who earns her money honestly, is always willing to pay for what she gets, but who, because of the hours that must be devoted to the daily toil, very often pays more than she needs because there is so much she cannot do herself.

In the evening the eyes that have been strained all day are too tired to watch a needle as it goes in and out a darn, or to freshen and steam the trimming that is to go upon a hat. The consequence is that the mending is left for her undone and a milliner is paid for a new hat. Now, in every city in the United States there are women who want to earn money, who say they do not know how to do it, and yet who are mistresses of the art of sewing and mending. Any girl would be willing to pay a proper price to have the gown which is torn, the stockings that are worn, the gloves that are ripped, and the hat that is getting dusty and worn, made to look as good as new, but who shall do it?

Unfortunately, no mother is at hand to look after this, and dependence must be placed upon a stranger, and the stranger can be found. Among the numerous women who want to earn a little money why doesn't one start just such a business as this? Fresh bread can be put on a skirt, it could be given a cheerful brushing, the torn pocket mended, fresh looks put on a belt, and, behold, it is the very thing wanted for your own use, or for sale, or on rainy days. A suitable price should be asked for work of this kind, and I firmly believe that the mender who started properly would soon find it necessary to advertise for assistants. Let some one in one of the Working Girls' clubs or in one of King's Daughters find the worker in this field, test her work, and then recommend her to all the girls who want to make the one stitch put in that will save the other nine.—New York Letter.

The Beautiful Fad.

It is said that every woman has her fad, and I know one whose sole fad is that of being beautiful. The first time you meet her you will think she is lovely—very likely you will think she is lovely—very likely you will think she is lovely—very likely you will think she is lovely. By and by when you become better acquainted with her it will gradually dawn upon you that it must require hours to do up that marvelous complexion, and persuade each one of those brown hairs to lie in its proper place on brow and neck; you will also notice that she never appears either so easy and afraid to move, lest she should disarrange something; she even smiles with care, although sweetly and with wonderful play of her eyes, because smiles bring those little, detestable wrinkles about one's mouth.

Yes, you have been at receptions, and leaning back languidly in her carriage, and walking slowly on the street, I know—but consider! Did you ever see her "pretty woman" before breakfast? Did you ever see her walk briskly and energetically, as if she had some business in life, and was attending to it? Did you ever see her lean over a horse and gallop away for the pure love of riding? Did you ever see her go off, in stout boots and a strong frock, for a day's outing in the woods? Did you ever hear her speak with expression or enthusiasm? No, you never did; and after a while you will become so bored with that little set smile, and that low, soft monotone, and those careful, mincing movements, that you will wonder how you ever thought her beautiful. But, then, we all have our hobbies, and as hers is such a harmless one, do not be too hard upon her when you find her out.—West Shore.

In the Sick Room.

A lady whose husband was very ill called upon the famous surgeon, Sir Morell Mackenzie, who was in attendance upon the patient.

With many tears and sobs she begged him to tell her the worst at once. She knew that the doctor was sure that he could never recover. Indeed, she had felt from the first that he had no hope of him, and so on through the whole gamut of lamentation.

"Love, indeed," said the great practitioner with his most courtly bow and sweetest smile, "that is not your most agreeable expression, but it is vital and courageous. Take that back to the sick room, and when you recover from your indignation if you try to use a little hope into it I think we can pull your husband through. But no skill can fight successfully against the chronic depression of the patient's nearest and dearest companion."

"But my heart has ached so," the lady remarked apologetically, as she hurried away possessed by a new idea.

"Make your heart obey your will, madam," said the doctor, "and your eyes and your lips and your hand, and remember that an excess of sympathy is a thousand times worse for a patient than indifference."—Eleanor Kirk in Youth's Companion.

Friendships of Girls.

If you write a letter to a man friend don't put in black and white that you are "his forever," or that you see a great deal of love, even if it is only in jest, but remain either "very cordially" or "very sincerely." Sincerity and cordiality are possible even with acquaintances that do not demand either love or an affection that is to last forever. I wish girls knew how very ill bred it is to give or permit familiarities in word or pen from either men or women. Learn to keep your personal affairs to yourself. Learn to separate your first name can only be used by those connected with you by ties of blood, or having the right given by a deep love. Believe me, you will never regret your self respect as shown in this way, and you will never cease lamenting permitting a too familiar intercourse, that in the future will rise up before you like a skeleton at a feast.

A perfect friendship is like a rose; after the time of its glory is passed the leaves may be thrown into a jar, covered with spices and salt to bring out the fragrance forever, and be a delight to you wherever it is. A friendship that is too familiar may also be likened to a rose, but one that early loses its leaves, they fall upon the ground and no one treasures them enough to gather them up and keep them as a memento of days that have gone by. For awhile there is a sickly sweet smell, and then they are blackened and discolored and no odor comes from them. Conclude then, in forming your friendships, to make those only that will stand the test of time, and make a pleasant memory for the future, and one that will not cause a blush to come upon your face.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Many Occupations Like Hers.

A woman in New York gives a precarious living by boarding and taking care of fourteen old blind people. Mornings she leads them to their places, where they sit for charity or peddle small articles, and evenings she fetches them home one by one. She supplies them with their meals and gives them a certain rude comfort. As she is careful to keep her proteges within the law, she is not interfered with by the police.—New York Letter.

Women and High Culture.

It may rightly be asked, says a distinguished physician, in the interests of the community at large, will the effect on women, and through them on future generations, of the prolonged mental strain to which they are now—partly voluntarily, partly owing to the suggestion and the inducements held out to them by others—submitting themselves? Will it hurt their constitutions? Will it make them a hard and angular, with body and mind alike bad and angular?

Will it render them less maternal, or make them the mothers of a feeble and degenerate race, prone to epilepsy and insanity? Will it, by engendering a feeling of independence, render them less lovable, less disposed to enter the married state, or being married, make them careless of home ties, the nursing and teaching of infants and the proper household duties which devolve on a woman under the conditions of modern civilization?

Or will it act in a contrary way? Will the mathematical of the classical lady scholar, decorated with medals and prizes and exhibitions and scholarships, still be open to the assaults of love? Will her wider knowledge foster domestic happiness? Will the children, even if fewer, be better developed, more intellectual, better fitted as they grow up to cope with the other great nations in the conflict for wealth and power and all the things that men prize? Will she be as sweet, gentle mother is now, the very focus and center of the house?—New York Letter.

The Advanced Condition of Woman.

A fact which Mrs. Phelps-Ward overlooks is that the conditions under which our young women are reared today differ so widely from those of the past, that the conditions in which our grandmothers lived, that, supporting their standards of delicacy to be the real ones, they are utterly impossible to the women of today. Every condition of woman's thought and life has changed. She used to be apart from the world. She is now a very part of it. She cannot be ignorant of the world, and she knows that she should not if she could. Science has taught her; art and literature have sought her out.

She has walked through the streets, and her eyes and her ears have made her wise. The very lives of the men nearest to her have been her instructors. She knows what she knows. She has had no wish in the matter. She has eaten the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Yet, though no longer ignorant, she is just as innocent as before. And that is best. For knowledge is stronger than ignorance; the deliberate purity of the head purifies and demands the unwritten purity of the heart. As because she knows the things that are pure and holy and good report, she keeps herself no longer out of the world, but only out of the evil of it.—New York Evening Sun.

Pins and Needles.

The best covering for a politice or a mustard paste is tissue paper.

Rosa Bonheur is 67 years of age and her brush is still limber. For her last picture she received \$10,000.

No well bred person ever jests or sneers at things which are sacred in the eyes of even the humblest person.

Providence, R. I., has a female pastor in the person of Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, who has charge of the First Street church.

Coffee cake should be wrapped in a napkin while warm, and there remain till cold.

A gallon of ice put into a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

If any one who wears low shoes does not know the secret of keeping them tied, let me say, after trying a regular bow knot tie the bow once in a while, and you will indeed feel thankful after trying it.

About 160 female clerks are employed by the Bank of France.

In Iowa fourteen of the state superintendents of education and four-tenths of the teachers are women.

Brass weapons can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

After having a tooth pulled the mouth is filled with salt and water it will ally the danger of having a hemorrhage.

George Sand's Granddaughter.

Mlle. Gabrielle Duvardant Sand, who was married to Signor Romeo Polazzi, of Rome, refused either to adjure her Protestantism or to make promises in order to obtain the benediction of the Catholic church at her nuptials. Her husband's family did not consent to a civil marriage followed by a Protestant ceremony. The matter was laid before the pope, who granted a dispensation. The bride was attended to the altar by her illustrious grandmother's friends, M. Paul Maurice and M. Piuschaut, of the Two Brides, who were her witnesses, and by two bridesmaids. The witnesses for the bridegroom were Count Mourabain, attache to the Italian Embassy, and Signor Fea. The bride is dark and has a rather striking physiognomy. She is an accomplished musician.—London News.

Uses for Coffee Grounds.

It is said that coffee grounds make a good filling for a pin cushion, the grounds to be perfectly dry before using, and it is said the needles and pins will never rust. Coffee grounds make an excellent mulch and fertilizer combined for rose bushes, and for hanging baskets. For the tea and coffee grounds into it, with water and coffee happen to be left to throw out. Then when I get ready to work in the garden I take the pail along and pour its contents round the rose bushes. They thrive on this dirt.

A Vivandiere.

Mme. Laurin, one of the last of the vivandieres, has received the French government gold medal, in consideration of her long and arduous services in field, in camp and on the march. Mme. Laurin is 68 years old and has nine grandchildren, and believes that it will not be long before the only surviving vivandiere will be found only on the boards of the opera, when that outworn favorite, "The Daughter of the Regiment," is given.—Harper's Bazar.

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This Was Old in Noah's Day.

Farmer—You kin feed them cows some corn in the ear tonight.

New Hand—I tried that yesterday, sir, but they 'peared to like it better in the mouth.—Boston Times.

Pretty Slick Compliment.

"I remember just twenty-five years ago," began Rosalie.

"Yes," said her caller gallantly, "when you were in heaven."—New York Herald.

Getting Even.

Bimley—What do you think that rascal Jonesley did?

Standoff—Can't imagine my name for \$500.

Standoff—You don't say! Didn't you do anything about it?

Bimley—Yes, I got even with the scoundrel. I forged his name for a thousand.—Boston Herald.

Violent Pains in Neck.

Friendship, Wis., June 14, 1888. My wife had violent pain in her neck which was very sore and stiff. She was cured entirely by St. Jacobs Oil. JAMES STOWE.

In Terrible Pain.

Ames Mtg. Co., Chicopee, Mass., June 18, 1888. From over-exertion every bone was made stiff and sore; in terrible pain. I was cured promptly by St. Jacobs Oil. J. C. HUCKLEY, Paymaster.

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