PART TWO. THE SUNDAY JOURNAL. PAGES 9 TO 12.

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OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A Monroe county (O.) man raised 1,000 bushels of potatoes on two acres of ground.

A Florida judge eats his lunch on the bench while the lawyers are making their pleas.

A citizen of North Hampton, N. H., has been a justice of the peace for more than fifty years.

An Eastern proverb says: "Patience comes from the Great Protector, but hurry is from hell."

At the mayoralty of Berthecourt, France, babies are now baptized in the name of the republic, and so duly registered.

A Chicago husband and wife both filed petitions for divorce on the same day, each without the knowledge of the other.

Johnson Mundy, a Tarrytown sculptor, who is nearly blind, is modeling a statue of a Union soldier by the sense of touch.

Last year fifty-five persons presented themselves voluntarily at the Scotch lunatic asylums and asked for treatment.

Apropos of the season, it is well to know that a solution of salt and vinegar will clean the blackened isinglass of the stove.

At Bethel, Me., last week, a large bear attacked a cow, but the latter fought with all her might and main, and finally drove bruin off.

A man who is in the Birmingham (Ala.) jail, charged with murder, weighed only eighty pounds two months ago. His weight is now 160.

Somebody has taken the trouble to compute that the average consumption of salt per adult capita in this country is nearly fifty pounds per annum.

A fossil trout fifteen inches long was recently discovered in a bowider in a stream near Portland, Ore. Every fin and scale of the fish was perfectly marked.

A dog at Greenwood Lake, Ga., is twenty-one years old, and has killed in his life over sixty rattlesnakes. He has been bitten by them four times, and still lives.

In Paris the dram-shops have increased from 24,000 in 1880 to 29,000 at the present time. The consumption of alcohol has trebled in the last thirty years.

A lion in the Philadelphia Zoo suffering from the toothache, his keeper administered laughing gas, put the beast to sleep, and safely extracted the offending molar.

A West Virginia tombstone bears this inscription:

"Some have children and some have none,
Here lies the mother of thirty-one."

A watchful terrier in a Chicago jewelry manufacturing establishment aroused the watchman, the other night, just in time to prevent thieves making off with valuable plunder.

A West Virginian took out a marriage license the other day and gave the lady's last name wrong. When notified of his mistake, he said he really didn't know what her name was.

The owner of the ostrich farm in Lower California paid $1,000 each for his birds, and he has quite a number of them. Twice a year their feathers are plucked, and each plucking is worth $300.

A woman living near the line of Jefferson and Walker counties, Georgia, is seven feet two inches high, twenty-five years old, weighs 180 pounds, and can whip any man in the neighborhood.

California and the South furnish most of the stories of mammoth vegetables, but Mapleton, in Aroostook county, Maine, comes to the front with a potato weighing four and one-half pounds.

A few years ago Antelope valley, on the Mojave desert, was considered worthless for farming. This season, however, the people have harvested 60,000 sacks of wheat and the same number of barley.

The man with the largest foot in the world is probably Rev. John Farnham, of Charlotte, N. C. He wears a number thirty-four and a half shoe, which requires a sole twenty inches long and seven inches broad.

David Williams, a roller in an Ausonia, Conn., mill, has succeeded in making a ribbon seventy and three-quarter inches long, three-quarters of an inch wide and five ten-thousandths of an inch thick from an 1889 cent.

An umbrella-maker of Birmingham, England, has perfected a transparent umbrella, which will allow the bearer to see what is directly in front and escape being run into. It is a sensible as well as a novel improvement.

The First Unitarian Church, of Quincy, Mass., celebrated its 250th anniversary last Sunday. John Hancock, father of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, was ordained as its pastor in 1736, and preached there for eighteen years.

The Forth bridge has stirred the engineering world so that Schneider & Co., the great French iron-makers, have prepared a design for a channel bride from Dover to Calais. The length is twenty-four miles and the number of piers proposed to be built in the sea is 120.

It has often been reported that the British army is largely composed of undersized boys instead of stalwart men, but the returns do not bear out these statements. Of 202,761 men, only 11,596 are under nineteen years of age, while 34 per cent. are over five feet eight inches in height.

One of the notable men in Pulaski county, Virginia, is William Craig. He is eighty-five years old and the father of twenty-one children, the youngest being twenty-nine years of age and the oldest sixty-five. His wife is eighty-four. He works on his farm every day, and says he feels as young as when only forty.

PRESIDENT BARNARD'S ROMANCE.

His Bride Was Once a Flower-Girl in a Dayton, O., Market-House.

New York World.

The account of the opening of Barnard College, which memorializes the name of the late president of Columbia College, recalls a pretty little romance of long ago. Two score years ago, in Dayton, O., the custom prevailed of holding market days several times a week. There were extensive "market-houses," the roofs of which projected for six or eight feet, and afforded a shelter beneath which the farmers and gardeners displayed their produce for sale. Along one end of the market-house ran a principal thoroughfare, traveled daily by the business and professional men of the town. One soft, sunshiny spring morning there appeared at the market-house a flower-girl selling bouquets. The girl was young and charming, and spoke with a pretty French accent. The first young man who passed that way bought a bouquet. Every one who followed did likewise. In an hour the first flower sale that had ever taken place in Dayton was ended, the stock sold out, and the fair vendor disappeared.

Next market day the little maiden appeared again. She charmed every one she talked with, but she did not reveal her identity to any one, and repelled all curious queries with a gentle dignity that was an insurmountable barrier.

For two seasons the flower-girl lit up the dingy market-house by her bright presence. One day she was gone. From that time the place knew her no more. Years after, one of the young ladies who had been a patron of the fair flower-seller was in New York, shopping in Denning's, or, as it was known then, Stewart's. A stranger approached, and, greeting her by her maiden name, expressed much pleasure at the meeting and inquired for Dayton people.

"Doubtless you have forgotten me," said the stranger, "but you used to buy my flowers in the market-house. That was long ago. I live here now. I am married. Here is my card." It bore the name of the wife of President Barnard, of Columbia College.

A subsequent conversation explained the mystery of the flower-seller. The father of Mlle. —— was exiled from Paris for political reasons, and his estates were confiscated. He came to America and drifted to Dayton, where, in a modest cottage, he beguiled the term of his banishment by cultivating flowers, while his little daughter eked out their slender income by selling bouquets. After ten years, changes in the government restored in a measure their fallen fortunes, and father and daughter were enabled to come East and assume the social position which belonged to them.

The Episcopal Costume.

New York Independent.

Bishop Doane, in his bishop's hat, knee breeches, black stockings and shoes with silver buckles, is a very picturesque and stately-looking prelate. In fact, you could not imagine him anything else than a high church bishop. It is said that years ago, when he first adopted this costume, the irreverent small boys of Albany used to call out: "Shoot the hat," and "Git on to them high-water pants." But the good bishop calmly ignored their ribald jests, and after a while they stopped. He has the satisfaction of knowing that he is the pioneer in the introduction of the Episcopal dress, several of his brethren having followed his example. And to him will at last belong the glory of having made two Episcopal costumes grow where only one grew before, or words to that effect.

He Was Not an Enoch.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

They understand these matters in San Francisco better than did the late lamented Enoch Arden. Returning from a protracted voyage and finding the wife of his bosom happily married to another, Benjamin Chapman quietly obtained a cheap divorce on the ground of desertion, and went about his business. This is less romantic than the demeanor of Tennyson's hero, but far more sensible.

ARE OUR WOMEN DECEITFUL?

Maud Howe on the Popular Impression that Her Sex Is Born of Deceit.

Tyranny of Husbands That Forces Wives to Deceit—Deceptions in Matters of the Heart —What Develops Intrigue in Women.

[Copyright, 1889.]

Deceit is, ever has been, and always will be, the weapon of the oppressed. Deceitfulness of character is a fault which is largely brought about by external circumstances. All people held in subjection by a mere brute force are deceitful.

The ancient Greeks had the reputation of being a deceitful people. "Fear the Greeks bringing gifts," says an old writer. If they deserved this reputation it is because the Greeks were numerically a small people. They ruled through their intellectual superiority. Hellenic literature and art were at their height in the age of Pericles and Phidias. The ideals of Hellenic art, the truths of Greek philosophy are still unparalleled in the world's history. Had not the Greeks been full of devices and fertile in strategy, the barbarian hordes of Europe and of Asia could never have been held in check by that nation, which was great in intellectual dominion, but small in territory and in the actual number of its inhabitants.

All people who are held in a state of subjection take refuge in strategy or deceit.

Until recently the position of woman has for the most part been a subject one all the world over. From this fact arises the popular fallacy that there is something essentially deceitful in the nature of woman, as distinct from the nature of man. That this belief is a fallacy, and that it is only held by ignorant or unthinking persons, I most earnestly maintain.

The Indian squaw is the slave of her brave. She works for him, and serves him even as his horse or his dog work for him, but, unlike the dog or horse, that Indian woman is possessed of one of the strongest human instincts—the love of power. The only voice she can have in the community, her very supremacy in her own wigwam is through her influence over the men of her family. This being the case, she must be a very remarkable squaw who does not flatter, wheedle and cajole her husband, and by every possible means secure as strong a hold as possible over him.

We all know households to-day where these wigwam tactics are pursued. The master is irascible, overbearing and obstinate. The wife is his equal in most respects and in some his superior, in self-control and a good temper particularly so. For the peace of the household it is impossible to directly oppose the dicta of the master, who is of a sort that wants to know best about all domestic matters, the discipline of the nursery and the kitchen as well as the routine of the stable or the ordering of the wine cellar.

Now, in the matters appertaining to kitchen and nursery, this wife knows that her husband's ideas are wrong and that her own are right, and by a constant series of small deceptions the tyrant is led to believe that his measures are carried out, whereas in point of fact they are quite properly ignored. I do not say that the wife is blameless, but I say that the fault lies first with the husband, whose tiresome tyranny forces his wife into subterfuges for the sake of the general good. There is a large class of men who have to be thus cajoled.

Women are, as a rule, magnanimous; they like to think their husbands quite as clever as themselves; there are still women like Lady Castlewood, who prefer to elevate a husband who is in many ways their inferior, into a sort of supreme household god before whom all their lives shall be passed in an attitude of devotion, but this relationship is as unnatural and painful to witness as the other.

There is one head on which the people who clamor for the deceitfulness of women are wisely silent, and that is the comparative number of deceptions practiced by one sex upon the other in matters of the heart. Lady Clara Vere de Vere is a type of proud coquette which figures largely in romance, and somewhat, it must be confessed, in real life; but what offset is that to the deception and ruin wrought by the men of the same social standing against the womankind of a lower social grade? Ah! master cynic, that cruelest of deceptions brings up the score of the men to a fearful level.

To go back to our household of the tyrant and the innocent hypocrite, how often is that wife who keeps back the children's naughtinesses or the amount of the butcher's bill deceived in the most vital of all matters, the integrity of the marriage bond? It is well, perhaps, that that census of infidelity can never be accurately taken.

It is the position in which women have found themselves which has tended to develop their powers of intrigue and dissimulation. Change these false conditions, treat woman as the natural equal of man, and this tendency to underhand dealing disappears.

The feminine element all through nature is recognized as necessarily equal to the masculine. Two halves are equal to each other, their sum making the whole, in mankind as in other things.

Nowhere is the advance which our race has made in the last fifty years so well demonstrated as in the young American woman of high standing to-day—the young woman of the advanced guard of our civilization, be it understood. She has received as good an education as her brothers, and only too often has more time to devote to the arts and letters than he has. Taking the people from twenty to thirty years old to-day, children of well-to-do parents all over our country, we find a higher average of culture among the women than among the men. This is neither a pleasant fact nor a healthy state of things, but it is the result of the extraordinary commercial impulse of the last twenty-five years, which has carried our young men into active commercial or professional life at a very early age. The competition is so fierce that unless a man is willing to be a laggard in the race for money he has neither time to read, to study nor to cultivate his tastes.

In a community where the balance of the cultivation is on the side of the women, the question, "Are women deceitful?" can have but one answer—an emphatic "No!" Men and women are, first of all, human, having all the great human traits and instincts in common; after this they are male and female; but how often we find a feminine soul in the form of man, and the strong masculine spirit of enterprise looking out from the eyes of some fair woman!

Men and women are said to be children of a larger growth. If you make it worth a child's while to deceive you, he will probably do so, and the same is true of the grown-up children.

The river must make its way to the ocean; if you block up its way with all sorts of impediments, it will take a circuitous route; remove the obstacles and it will make a straight line to the sea. So with a man or a woman: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, or, to sum up the three into one word, freedom is the end to which we all tend; make the road easy for us, and we go honestly and openly toward our goal. Hedge us about with all sorts of restrictions and useless barriers, and we will elude you if we can, and hurry on our way, taking care that another time you shall not have the chance to hinder us.

There is nothing in the nature of women that makes them more prone to deceit than man, though there is too often much in the circumstances of their lives which develops this disagreeable quality. In order to look fairly at the question we should put it in this manner:

Given the same motives for deception to an equal number of men and women, and shall we find the women more liable to fall into the error than the men? I think not.

There is a certain percentage of liars to every million inhabitants, as there is a certain percentage of suicides and maniacs. I have no reason to believe that there would be more women than men in the liars' census of a community where, as in most parts of the United States, men and women are practically equals. We have scriptural authority for the statement that "all men are liars." I do not remember that womankind is referred to in the same wholesale style of condemnation anywhere in Holy Writ.

It was a good many years ago that Thomas Moore said those trying things about a woman's word. I think Moore must have been a very young man when he gravely stated that running water and shifting moonbeams would be stronger, truer, better than a woman's word. Perhaps it was so in the society he knew, the society that Thackeray has preserved for us, where it was almost impossible for a clever woman to get on without that insidious weapon, deceit. But Thackeray's men and women are not our men and women; we are a hundred years ahead of them in the relations of the sexes, if a hundred years behind in some other particulars.

As has been said, the position of woman has induced, and in many cases still induces, the deplorable fault of deceit; but reverse those conditions, and put the balance of power in the hands of a tyrannical woman, and the opposite results are directly obtained. Joe Gargery and Pip were always contriving to outwit Mrs. Gargery, and the meek husband lends himself to all Pip's devices to escape contact with that rod of chastisement, Tickler.

The tyrant, whether man or woman, will always be deceived, for deceit is the shadow of oppression. In the home where the sunlight of an honest, trustful love shines, we find neither distrust nor deceit.

If you imagine that your husband or your wife is not quite truthful to you, do not upbraid him or her too harshly, but go to the root of the matter; find out from what defect in yourself that vile weed has sprung up in your other self; govern the jealousy or tyranny in your own breast, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the trying little deceptions will disappear from the conduct of your helpmate.

Above all, be frank with your children; if there is something that it is best they should not know, tell them so, but do not tell them a falsehood, for sooner or later they will find you out. Children look upon their parents as models on which to form themselves, and when a child learns that its mother has deceived it, something is lost forever from his nature. The keen edge of virtue is a trifle dulled, and a lie is never again so terrible a thing in his eyes when he finds that his mother's lips have uttered an untruth to him. MAUD HOWE.

ELDERLY TRAVELERS.

An Ohio Man Expresses Pity for One Compelled to Live in Boston.

A. D. Mayo, in New England Magazine.

One day in June, on the express train, midway between Cincinnati and Dayton, O., in the supurb valley of the Great Miami, I ventured the remark to an old man in the next seat, "This is a beautiful country." He was evidently waiting for just that suggestion to tell "what he knew about" southwestern Ohio. In his oration I learned that my aged new acquaintance was born in Pennsylvania, at the impressible age of seven underwent "the long haul" over the Alleghenies; and had "grown up with the country" somewhere in this earthly paradise—evidently impressed with the idea that he had a great deal to do with making the country. Out of breath at last with his own affairs, he suddenly bethought himself that he knew nothing of the man to whom he was talking, and said, "And where did you come from?" "From Boston," I replied, possibly in the semi-suppressed tone with which the "native American" citizen of the New England Athens speaks in presence of the magnificent "Out West." "Boston! Boston!" gasped the wonder-stricken old fellow; "Boston! Why, do you like to live way down there?"

On being modestly assured that some of us managed to find "life worth living in that remote burgh, he fell into a meditative mood, from which he returned to the attack with the kindly inquiry: "Aren't you a good way from home, for a man of your age?" "Well, my friend," said I, "and how old are you?" "Oh, well, I am just ninety; but, you see, I live up here, and never felt younger than this very day."

Then I told him of my great-grandfather, who forty-nine years ago, at the age of ninety-six, got the "Western fever" in the valley of the Connecticut, in Massachusetts; sold a good farm, anticipating Horace Greeley's famous advice, "Young man, go West," and began life anew up in St. Lawrence county, New York; voted for Gen. William Henry Harrison at one hundred; and died of a cold caught in marching at the head of a procession, on a bleak 4th of March, to celebrate the new President's inauguration, at the age of one hundred and one. I think that was the first intimation to my old friend that even "way down East" there are young men with gray hairs, and that a full American life is everywhere the same experience of immortal youth.

A Novel Candidate.

Baltimore American.

A novelty in politics comes from Massachusetts. Henry Cook, a self-made man and a millionaire, wants to go to the Legislature. He proceeded to forestall his critics by hiring a hall and telling all about himself—good, bad and indifferent. Monday night he gave his personal recital to a crowded audience. He acknowledged that he had been a hostler, a pedler, a tramp, a grocer, a stableman, a chair-maker, a comb-maker, a carpenter, a blacksmith, a manufactnrer, a gambler, a thief, a large real estate dealer, a lawyer, a detective, and that now he was a candidate for the Legislature. "I admit I have been a thief," said he, "and I will tell you about it, and the other candidates can make the worst of it. I was a hostler in a stable at Gardner, and was discharged because business was dull. I tramped home twenty miles through the snow to save what little money I had. On the way home I met a big dog with a boiled ham in his mouth. I shouted at him, and he dropped the ham and ran. I picked it up and carried it home, and a welcome supper it was to the old folks, and that was my first and only theft, and I never asked who owned that ham, either. It was hard times; it came in just right, and, under the circumstances, I couldn't really afford to make too many inquiries about it." It is said that he will be elected. His originality almost deserves it.

A New Word.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

If you meet with the word "mithridatism" in your reading, do not be alarmed. It is a new addition to the scientific vocabulary, and Prof. Lankester is its sponsor. It signifies that immunity from the effects of a poison which is induced by the administration of gradually increased doses. The selection of the word has reference to the fable concerning Mithridates, King of Pontus, that he became so charged with the poisons he experimented with that he obtained an immunity from them all.

The Reward of Honesty.

Chicago Mail.

A common day laborer who was shoveling dirt at Red Bank, N. J., turned up with his shovel $20,000 in bank notes and a lot of silver, supposably buried by a bank robber. The laborer was an unsophisticated man, and proclaimed his discovery instead of bundling the $20,000 into a pocket of his blue-jeans overalls, as he ought to have done. As a consequence his employers took the money away from him, and if he has the temerity to kick will probably fire him or reduce his wages.

Improved Sight.

Boston Transcript.

Miss Gabbe (to Mrs. Mackintire, who has just put on glasses for the first time)—I should think you'd hate to wear them; they're not a bit becoming.

Mrs. Mackintire—They may not improve my looks, but then I have this satisfaction: They enable me to see other people's imperfections, you know. You can't begin to think how plainly I can see other people's crowsfeet and wrinkles, Miss Gabbe—indeed you can't.

Religious Changes.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

There is nothing more conservative than religious belief, and no religious denomination more conservative than the Protestant Episcopal Church. Therefore, the propositions now under serious consideration in the Episcopal convention for radical changes in its constitution are evidence of important departures in modern religious thought.

Amenities of the Ohio Campaign.

Atlanta Constitution.

The Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio says editor Halstead is a liar. This shows that a genuine North American campaign is going on in that State.

GALAXY OF NOVEL OPINIONS

What Some of Our Famous Women Would and Would Not Do if They Were Men.

Words from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Louise Chandler Moulton, Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Frank Leslie and Other Well-Known Women.

[Copyright, 1889.]

It is a curious fact that there are more women anxious to be men than there are men willing to be women, and the improvements women as men would make upon the latter sex are often as amusing as they are numerous, and to ascertain more definitely exactly what some of our women would do if they were men, the inquiry was made of several of our best-known women: "If you were a man, what are some of the things you would do, others you would not do?" The answers received are as varied as they are amusing; they are certainly possessed of a degree of unique interest.

What Ella Wheeler Wilcox Would Do.

Were I a man:

I would never speak or write one disparaging or disrespectful word of any woman whom I did not know beyond the cavil of a doubt to be utterly unworthy. Even then I would only speak such words to warn others from her example.

I would aim to make my life worthy one good woman's admiration and respect.

I would be more gallant and kind to my wife than to any other woman.

I would make the happiness of my home the chief ambition of my life.

I would deny myself some pleasures and luxuries in youth that I might not be dependent upon others for the necessities of life in old age.

I would give every man a helping hand as I went along the journey of life, and expect no reward save in the increase of my own self-respect and satisfaction.

I would take a great pride in controlling and mastering my passions and appetites, as I would in the control of my horses or my dogs. And I would look well to it that none gained mastery of me.

I would feel it a greater honor to be called a faithful husband and a wise father than to be known as "a sly dog" or "a great masher" by my fellow-men.

If I inherited wealth, I would endeavor to make myself in the matter of good manners and good morals the equal of many who labor for a livelihood.

I would never imagine that the possession of a first-class tailor and an eye-glass could excuse a vile breath or an insolent air.

I would write no letters to any woman, save my wife, which all the world might not read.

If in the employ of others I would do double the duties imposed upon me, that I might the sooner have others in my employ.

I would rule in my business affairs and in my own household—not by force of physical strength, but by force of character.

And in my general association with women I would treat them as nearly as possible as I would like other men to treat my sister or my wife. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Mrs. Moulton Would Be Happy.

I don't exactly know what I would do if I were a man, but I do know what I would be, and that is happy!

From my point of view a man is a fortunate creature, indeed. He has no dress-maker to tyrannize over him, or no disappointment to meet at the last moment. He can simply go to his tailor, give his order, be measured, and he is done with it. He need not go back again and again, and turn himself into an aching lay-figure for an hour at a time to have his draperies arranged.

Then, a man could get on with three suits of clothes—one for morning wear, one for afternoon visits, and a dress suit for evening—and he can wear his evening suit till it grows shabby at the seams without any one saying: "Aren't you tired of the sight of that white brocade? Really Mrs. —— has worn it to at least six dinners this season."

And then, hats! If I were a man I should not have to confront myself discontentedly in the glass and choose anxiously between toque and capote, flowers and feathers!

Happy? Yes, indeed! I could go alone to Delmonico's in New York, or the Cafe Anglaise in Paris, and no one would stare at me in wonder.

I could start off, if the fancy seized me, for Russia, for Anatralia, for the Pyramids, round the world if I liked, without waiting, as I now must, for a suitable companion who wants to go in the same direction.

I could go to the theater without waiting to be taken, or bribing some amiable old lady to accompany me.

I could indulge a sudden fancy for a midnight stroll under the stars.

I could tell a woman if I loved her.

In short, I could live a free, natural, unfettered life.

Men are ungrateful for their privileges, I think. I wonder they are not a thousand times happier than they are. To be sure, I never heard yet of one who wanted to be a woman. Did you? LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Fanny Davenport on Woman.

Thousands of women continually wish they were men. For a woman not to feel or express the wish is the exception rather than the rule.

And from the stand-point of the perfect freedom and unrestraint accorded men in almost everything, all women may well wish to be of the opposite sex.

But from all other points I would wish to be just what I am, a woman! There is more real gratification and honor for a woman in making fame and a competency than a man. Women are surrounded with almost every barrier that can shut out success. Hampered with laws and social rights of every description, she cannot reach her goal by the same broad avenues that are open to men.

Let a brother and a sister equally talented, start out in life to make success in any profession. The brother walks out into the world, and is easily thrown into the acquaintance of superior men from whom he can imbibe the knowledge that means for him a help toward the end in view. Men encourage and assist him. The acquaintance of some high-minded, noble woman, brilliant in her endowments, proves in itself an education to the inner and finer attributes of his nature. All these are advantages denied the sister. Within the narrow confines allowed her sex, she cannot step forth with the same resolution as her brother without inciting criticism. She must be bounded by the most stringent laws—laws which are to-day the curse of self-advancing women.

Woman to-day must knock so loud, so long and so often at the door of success that many weary and become discouraged before their cries are heard. She must be as of iron to withstand the condemnation of society and the world. Can she form attachments to the opposite sex—attachments, or acquaintances if you like, that cultivate her brain? No; not unless she defies criticism. She must live largely within herself. She is a woman, and therefore must she life in the solitude prescribed by social usages and codes, unless she deliberately kicks over the traces.

A dark picture? Ah, no! For proof, ask to-day any self-supporting, self-advancing woman! Ask her how hard success is earned.

Woman's scope for action is so small that I often marvel at the successes she has achieved and influenced in the world. Thrice more to her credit, I say, then, is any success that she is able to make than if she were a man! FANNY DAVENPORT.

"Shoulds" from "The Duchess."

If I were a man:

I should either be a doctor or a soldier. The courage that belongs to them makes these two the grandest professions in the world. True, they contradict each other; one kills, and the other cures, yet both are noble.

I should not be in haste to marry. It is the one step in life that makes or mars, and to escape from it but two gates are open: Death and Disgrace.

I should consider thirty a good age for matrimony. Before that a man is a mere boy; after that, for the next twenty years, he is at his best, if there is a best in him. At fifty, if unmarried, he must be regarded as a confirmed old bachelor, and had better remain so!

I should cultivate the society of women of the world. Fashionable women, women of good character and form, whatever has been, or may be, said against them, have a refining influence. They subdue the moral odor of the stable and help to check the growing inclination to irreverence in ordinary conversation that even decent men are prone to in this present generation.

I should make it a point not to scold my servants. One should never deprive the woman one has married of the chief joy of her existence!

I should regard courage as the highest gift of God, but I should not consider prowess in mere field sports as constituting that great gift. To conquer and slay the lower animal should not be taken as the end and aim of life. There must be something beyond it. To excel in moral courage, to be able to control one's self, to kill the evil in one's inner nature, to be able to defy society for a principle, is surely a greater triumph than to stand with one's foot upon the body of one's country's foe!

If I were a man, I should count myself blessed indeed!

But Providence has ordained it otherwise, for I am THE DUCHESS.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's Wishes.

Most women who wish that they were men are pining for what I, by a kind fortune or strange fatality, already possess:

An outlet for energy;

A voice in the ear of the world, and

An influence beyond the walls of their own homes.

If I had not these things I naturally should desire them very earnestly, and, being a man or being a woman, should try to obtain them.

As it is, I desire a man's opportunities chiefly from a social point of view.

If I were a man I would try to understand women as very few men seem to try to do. I would study the complexity of their tastes, loves, dislikes, sensitiveness and intuitions, and try to raise my simpler and clumsier masculine perception to a level with what most men despise because they do not comprehend.

I would like to be a man for a little while that I might make love to at least two or three women in a way that would neither shock them with its coarseness nor starve them with its poverty. As it is now, most women deny themselves the expression of the best part of their love because they know that it will be either a puzzle or a terror to their lovers.

And what I would not do if I were a man would be ever to let go the curb-rein of my own propensities.

I would never let any woman know me for just what I was by nature, but having discovered her ideal of me would try to live up to it, or rather to copy it as best I could.

No man yet has ever been all that the woman who loves him tries to believe him. If I were a man I would take care that she never found out her mistake! But, where is the man wise enough to do this? MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

She Would Be a Manly Man.

If I were a man I should devoutly wish I were a woman, and as that would not be possible, I should accept the inevitable, and do my best to be a manly man, as well as a gentle-man. I should reverence my mother above all other women, and hold every woman sacred for her sake, and if I had a wife I should try to be as polite and attentive to her as if she were the wife of some other man. MARY J. HOLMES.

Kate Field Wouldn't Cheat Women.

Were I a man I'd do unto women as I'd be done by. I would not advise a woman to buy real estate, and then sell it to her at three times its value. This is what happened to me, recently, at Atchison, Kan. KATE FIELD.

From the Gallant Custer's Widow.

If I were a man, there is one little thing I should especially look to.

I would tell my wife something every day, not only by look or act, but in plain Saxon, that would convey to her a daily remembrance of the love that was hers.

If my wife came to ask me if I loved her, I would not say: "Haven't I told you so dozens of times? Didn't I prove that I did by marrying you?"

There are just three little words that only take a fraction of a minute to say, can be said while a man is in the wildest sort of a hurry to catch a suburban train, rush to a belated appointment, or tear out of the house to catch a passing car, which will brighten the wife's whole day, soften sorrow, lessen care, and make her eager to run to the door at night to welcome her husband and tell the same thing back to him again. No deaf man is quicker to discover what words the lips frame than a dependent woman who sees "I love you" proclaimed from her husband's mouth in soundless words. ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER.

Mrs. Spofford's Content.

Having always been perfectly contented with my lot as a woman, and thinking a woman's life in many ways preferable to a man's, I have never given a thought as to what I would do if I were a man.

In fact, I cannot summon the apparition of a single thing that I cannot do as a woman, with the one exception of voting. That I would do, and take my part in directing the affairs of men. I would do justice to all, and withhold natural or social rights from none. But, then, I would do all that as a woman, had I the opportunity.

After all, if any of us were men, I am inclined to think we would be likely to do as man now does, and I think it as impossible for a woman to say what she would do were she a man, as it is for a man to say what he would do were he a disembodied spirit. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The Editor of "Harper's Bazar."

I have been so busy all my life in the fulfillment of the duties which have fallen into my lot of womanhood that it has never occurred to me to speculate what I might do as a man. In my judgment, the qualities of character which inhere in both sexes, in their capacity of human beings, are the same. "To do justly; to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God," appear to me to be the plain obligations of both men and women. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

She Dropped Something.

Washington Capital.

An incident full of interest but occupying only a few moments in its occurrence happened on F street Thursday afternoon. A lady neatly dressed and carrying an umbrella was hurrying along the sidewalk near Twelfth street. Suddenly she stopped. There was something white about her feet. An underskirt had fallen to the ground. What did that woman do? Did she scream or faint, or do anything of that sort? Not a bit of it. She simply stooped and with a quick movement gathered up the white fabric, rolled it up snugly and poped it inside her umbrella, which she closed. Then she passed on. The men in half a dozen offices watched her admiringly.

An Unsafe Commander.

Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.

General Apathy is a mighty poor commanding officer for any number of citizens to enlist under. When a boy of four or five is lazy or has the sulks his elders find it cause for serious reproof. When a man of forty or fifty, a citizen and a voter, gets lazy or takes a fit of the sulks, it's a different thing, and we smile and say, "Gen. Apathy." But in which is it the worse when you think of it calmly?

College Jokes.

New York Mail and Express.

Classical Sophomore to Scientific Sophomore—How do you get on with your French, old fellow? Scientific Sophomore—Capitally. Why, I've got so now I can think in French. Classical Sophomore—Well, that's a blessing, for it's more than you could ever do in English.