PART TWO.

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GET OUT OF THAT SWEAT-BOX!

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THE CAWNPORE MASSACRE

Nana Sahib's Merciless Slaughter of Wives and Children of Englishmen.

Bloody Page from the History of British Rule in India Recalled by the Recent Butcheries at Manipur—"House of the Ladies."

"A. B.," in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

On the banks of the sacred Ganges—sacred to millions of the human race for ages before the first Hebrew looked upon the Jordan, there stands an ancient city of some sixty thousand or seventy thousand inhabitants. All the cities of India are more or less interesting to the intelligent foreigner, but this one has a peculiar interest of its own—unlike that attaching to any other, and quite apart from what may be called its national features. It has not, like holy and blessed Benares, the grandest and most venerated shrines of a faith that was old when Christianity was young. It has not, like Agra, a mausoleum of such precious material and wondrous workmanship that all the world cannot match the Taj Mahal. It is not, like royal Delhi, the ruins of palaces, temples and tombs that recall the splendors of a sovereignty which the rule of the stranger has transformed into gilded serfdom. But the name of this comparatively obscure city still makes every Englishman turn pale, and it will live in the memory of the English race long after Benares, Agra and Delhi have vanished into oblivion. For here in Cawnpore was written in letters of blood the most awful page in the history of British India; a page which, after a lapse of nearly thirty-four years, cannot be read without a shudder.

The visitor whom a powerful yet resistless fascination has drawn to Cawnpore, turns neither to the right hand nor to the left, but goes straight as his guide can take him from the railway station to a small garden near the center of the city. This garden, tenderly cared for, and jealously guarded, is bright with tropical trees and flowers—in the midst of which stands a single one-story building. It is of quaint half Gothic style of architecture, octagonal in shape, with graceful pinnacles adorning the angles of its single story. There is nothing in its exterior appearance to indicate its meaning; to learn that meaning you must enter the ever-open door. There, in the center of the marble floor is what looks like a pedestal of marble, low, and of circular form. The exquisite carving seems to have been done by some sculptor who wrought for love rather than pay—so tender and true is every touch of the chisel. No statue stands on the pedestal, nor is any needed; for around the upper rim runs this simple and sufficient inscription, in deeply-cut letters:

SACRED TO THE PERPETUAL MEMORY OF A GREAT COMPANY OF CHRISTIAN PEOPLE, CHIEFLY WOMEN AND CHILDREN. XVI DAY OF JULY, MDCCCLVII.

Listen to the pitiful story which that brief inscription recalls: Where now is the garden there was, in 1857, a dwelling of two rooms, each twenty feet by ten, and certain windowless smaller rooms, or closets, for the use of native servants; the whole surrounded by an open court, perhaps fifty feet square.

"THE HOUSE OF THE MASSACRE."

In India it is called "the Beebeegur," or "House of the Ladies;" but in England it is always known as "the House of the Massacre." Where now is the marble pedestal was the open mouth of a dry well in the court-yard. In this house were imprisoned during two weeks of fiercest summer weather 206 persons, all but five of them women and children, and nearly all of English birth. Eighteen women, seven children and a Hindoo nurse died within eight days. The remainder, to the last one of them, were butchered by order of Nana Sahib—the eternally infamous. The bodies of all the victims—some of them not yet dead—were flung into the well. Only eighteen hours too late the little British army, led by Havelock and Neill, entered the town at the point of the bayonet, driving the cowardly enemy, tenfold larger in number, in headlong rout. The victors gathered at the spot which henceforth, until the great mutiny collapsed, was the all-sufficient excuse to every English soldier for inexorable retaliation. These heroes, still covered with the dust and sweat of battle, sobbed and wept aloud as they walked through those awful, awful rooms. The inner one of the two largest was ankle-deep in blood! Not less eloquent was the plastered wall, hacked and slashed with sword-cuts; not high up, but low down near the floor and in the corners, where the poor creatures had sought to avoid the murderous blows. Long strips torn from dresses had been tied to the handles of the doors, in the vain effort to bar them against the butchers. All about on the blood-flooded floor were scattered fragments of clothing, broken combs, children's hats, shoes and pinafores. Sadder still, such relics as these—two or three childish curls fastened to a bit of cardboard marked "Ned's hair, with love." Or like this: A slip of paper bearing a dismal family record—"Aunt Lily died June 17; Uncle Willy died June 18; George died June 27; Alice died July 9; mamma died July 12." The fair girl who kept that record had better far have died with her kindred. She was spared by disease to be slain by the sword. Is it any wonder that from the slaughter-house at Cawnpore, from the well crowded with the mutilated corpses of English women and children, Englishmen went forth to do such deeds of merciless vengeance as all history can scarcely surpass—deeds such as no Englishman now cares to speak of? One, however, did speak to me of them; a tall, handsome man of forty or thereabouts, whom I chanced to meet in New Orleans. In course of conversation something was said about India, and he remarked that he was born there. Then he added: "My father, mother and sister were murdered in the mutiny, and because of that, I suppose, I was made—though hardly more than a child then—to pull the lanyard of the gun when mutineers were blown from its muzzle. You know that was the way we executed the bloody rebels, and I have never been sorry I helped to do it."

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

Those who will may, by the lurid light of the Cawnpore massacre, read a sharply-suggestive lesson pertaining to British rule in India; a lesson especially interesting now in view of the insurrection in Assam, which has already cost a number of English lives, and may cost many more before it is suppressed. The massacre was the work of one man, by whose orders it was done, but there is no reason to believe that other leaders of the mutiny with the same opportunity would have done less. Nana Sahib had certain private wrongs which he was anxious to pay back with interest, but without these his wrath would probably have been quite as pitiless. He may, indeed, be regarded as the incarnation of that rebellion, which came so near being a revolution, and which, had it been, would have hunted every English man, woman and child into the sea or into a bloody grave. For the purpose of that rebellion (or "mutiny," as the English always call it) was the utter extinguishment of British power in India, by the "root and branch" expulsion or destruction of the entire English race there. This was its object, openly avowed and never abandoned until the armed heel of the conquerer was again upon the Indian neck.

Those who fancy that the outbreak of 1857 was provoked by the obnoxious cartridges issued to the native troops, have as little knowledge of the facts in the case as of human nature. These cartriges—into the greasing of which the fat of the unholy hog was said to have entered—were only the last ounce laid upon the long-suffering camel's back. The magazine of hatred had been charged long before the cartridges—which every native soldier had to bite in loading—furnished the explosive spark. Without that particular provocation an explosion was inevitable sooner or later. The British yoke, though padded with Christianity, and polished by philanthropy was—we might as well say is—a yoke, nevertheless, and not patiently borne. Dr. Wm. H. Russell, the famous correspondent of the London Times, tells an anecdote which throws more real light upon the mutiny than all his letters. He made the acquaintance of a highly educated native gentleman who had taken no part whatever in the troubles and was regarded and trusted as a friend to British authority. After the acquaintance had sufficiently progressed Dr. Russell one day ventured to ask him what was the popular opinion in India concerning Englishmen. His friend hesitated, and evidently was much embarrassed; but finally, when urged to give a frank reply to the question, said: "Well, sir, since you insist upon knowing what my countrymen think of your countrymen, I must tell you that they regard them as a mysterious, malevolent and irresistible race whom God has allowed to torment us for a season as a punishment for our sins."

WHY THE YOKE IS HATEFUL.

It is not as heavy as was that of the native princes, but its weight is of a different and less endurable sort, for the very reason that it is not "native and to the manner born." The yoke, we should always remember, is a foreign yoke, fashioned and fastened upon the native neck by a strange people, 15,000 miles away; a people with strange manners, strange laws, strange religion; a people whom, though they have brought, from our stand-point, many political and social blessings, nine-tenths of the natives look upon as an unmitigated curse. Possibly if England—after Clive's era-marking victory of Plassey—had shaped her Indian policy more in the spirit of the New Testament, and less in the spirit of the old, she might have established an empire firmly based on popular esteem, if not positive affection. But she has always preached the gospel of fear, rather than the gospel of love, and as the fear grew, hate has grown with it. English rule in India to-day rests upon bayonets, and upon such portions of the Bible as justify the use of bayonets whenever the ungodly heathen rebel against their Christian conquerors. This was true enough before the mutiny, but has been much truer since.

Until 1857 the natives were simply objects of English contempt, mingled occasionally with a little pity. Since 1857 the pity has diminished and the contempt is more or less tempered with something akin to dread. The hand which then held India down was gloved. The hand which now holds India down is also gloved—but in steel, not kid.

Of course the rebellion in Assam will be suppressed (for, as Napoleon discovered "God is usually on the side of the strongest battalions"), and of course the rebels will be disciplined by wholesale executions and confiscations. Then all will be quiet again; quiet as Vesuvius is quiet after one eruption has ended and before another has begun. For English power in India stands—and must ever stand—upon what is nothing more nor less than a political and social volcano.

PLAYING STREET-CARS IN SCHOOL.

A Boston School-Teacher's Clever Method of Inculcating Politeness.

Boston Journal.

There is one woman in Boston who is determined that her sex shall not debar her from putting a heavy mark on the next generation. She is a school-teacher, and one of the few who do not undervalue their position and its influence. She has suffered a deal in her time from the bad manner prevalent in public places, and every year she has about fifty boys and girls between the ages of seven and nine in her power between five and six hours five days out of seven, and she thinks that it will go hard if she does not do something toward inculcating manners into them, and at the same time hitting the parents a side slap which may not be without its result.

This is one of her methods: Once a week half an afternoon is given to recreation, and she invents games for the amusement and instruction of her class, so that while they think they are playing they are really learning something. One of these games—the one, in fact, which the youngsters enjoy most—is called "street-car." The central aisle of the class-room, with its row of seats on either side, becomes the electric car.

A boy is chosen for the motor man. This post is given to a boy who has been very good for the week, and in a simple way the teacher makes the class understand how electricity runs the car. Another boy is the conductor, and they have paper checks for fares. The other children are all passengers. They are supposed to be business men returning home to dinner—and it is impressed upon them that they are very tired and very anxious to read their papers—and women who have been shopping or to the matinee.

One by one the children signal the car, and the conductor rings his bell, the moter man turns his crank, the passenger enters, walks down the aisle and takes a seat. Finally all seats are taken, and to point the play the better most of the boys enter first and take the chairs. Then the girls board the improvised car. The boys, being impressed that they are very tired, politely rise one by one and civilly offer the girls the seats until every one is up but one boy, who is known in the game as the "pig."

Then the teacher enters. She plays her own part, and the children are supposed to be her old pupils, who are glad to see her, and all the girls, even, are anxious that she should take their seats, and still the "pig," glanced at with surprise by all the children, sticks to his seat. Now this game is very popular with the class, but no one enjoys being the "pig."

The teacher says that she already notes the great improvement which her pupils show in manners. They are most anxious to do civil things for one another, "and," remarks the teacher, "do you not think that they tell this story at home? Do you not think that the 'pig' gets shown up by those little ones in his true colors? I do not know if the papas and older brothers are shamed by it, but I am sure that I hope they are, and I mean them to be."

New Designs for Coins.

Chicago Tribune.

The idea of changing the designs on the United States silver coins meets with general favor. It will be a relief, even to those whose opportunities for coming in contact with the silver dollar are limited, to see the profile of the Grecian female on that coin replaced by one with a less athletic jowl.

FOUGHT AT CONCORD BRIDGE

Interesting and Authentic Narrative of the Deeds of a Gallant Officer,

Who Has Hitherto Been Ignored on the Scroll of Fame—When Davis Fell at Concord He Took His Place and Led on to Victory.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Did it ever occur to you, reader, what an important link was missing from the colonial chain in our country's history? To be more explicit, who was it that led the battalion of Provincials across the old North bridge, at Concord, against the British, on the historic 19th of April, 1775, after the fall of their first leader?

Every school-boy and school-girl knows that it was brave Capt. Isaac Davis, of Acton, Mass., who, with his company of Minute-men, led the head of the American column when Colonel Barrett ordered the troops to advance against the foe, and that at the first fire of the latter Davis fell dead; but who, pray, was the officer to take up the thread of leadership, momentarily snapped by death, and lead the patriots across the bridge?

On this point history is utterly silent. Not even at the great centennial celebration of that engagement at Concord was the least allusion made by either historical orator, Ralph Waldo Emerson and George William Curtis, although the subject was otherwise exhaustively treated, and Captain Davis and his deeds, and the sword he wielded on that immortal day, were made the foreground of their masterly word-painting.

And yet, in the beautiful town of Bridgton, in western Maine, only a few miles from where I am writing these lines, lies buried a hero, unknown and unhonored, save by the people of this immediate region—the lieutenant who, when Captain Davis fell, took his place as commander of the Acton company, and was their new leader on this eventful day.

HAYWARD'S GRAVE.

Yes, within a little graveyard of a sparsely settled hamlet, known locally as the "Glines neighborhood," in a picturesque valley, at a quiet and lovely spot near the banks of a small stream which connects on either hand, a few miles distant, Bear and Long lakes, beside whose waters were reared two of America's greatest humorists, Seba Smith (Maj. Jack Downing) and Chas. F. Browne (Artemus Ward), sleeps all that is mortal of Lieut. John Hayward, who performed a like part in the opening of our revolutionary drama which made his neighbor, friend and compatriot, Capt. Isaac Davis, so deservedly illustrious. A plain marble headstone marks his humble grave, on which, despite time's destroying touch, is plainly read the simple legend:

CAPT. JOHN HAYWARD.
Died Feb. 13, 1825, Æt 84 Years, 9 Months.
He Was an Officer of the Revolution.

There lies before me an interesting document, time-stained and brittle, whose possessor is a great-grandson of Lieutenant Hayward, Mr. Preston M. Glines, of North Bridgton. It is a commission issued to Lieut. John Hayward, subsequent to the Concord fight, promoting him to captain in the Continental army; and, also, in an accompanying order, instructed him to report to "his Excellency, General Washington." It is dated at "Boston, site of Massachusetts Bay," and is signed by Governor John Hancock, in the bold, familiar handwriting of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, and also bears the signature of "John Avery, secretary." From the date of his promotion our hero was henceforth known as "Captain" Hayward; but it is "Lieutenant" Hayward, of the Acton Minute-men, that supplies the text for this article.

Lieut. John Hayward was born in Acton, Mass., in 1740, in which town the greater portion of his long and useful life was passed. A farmer by vocation, quiet and unostentatious in his temperament, his career, no doubt, would have been uneventful, like that of most humble tillers of the soil, had not circumstances of great moment called him to exchange the plowshare for the sword. Although five years the senior of his chief, Captain Davis, he held himself in readiness, like his brother-members of that band of volunteers, to spring to arms and follow the lead of their company commander whenever the voice of patriotism should call them to the front of battle. He was large and tall, and finely built, of light complexion, handsome both in form and features, of frank, genial manner, yet possessed of sufficient dignity to inspire remark among his associates.

What wonder, then, that with such men as Davis and Hayward for leaders, the rank and file, when the hour of trial came, and rallied at daybreak by excited messengers, fell into line, and bid a sad good-bye to kindred and friends, and unhesitatingly began their march to Concord, there to meet the trained soldiers of Great Britain! It proved a momentous march, that very company being destined, under Providence, to "fire the shot heard round the world," whose echoes were to ring down through the ages as pæans of a liberty-loving, independent Nation!

What followed, the world knows. Arrived at the rendezvous of the various companies on the eastern flank of Punkatasset hill, in full view of the beautiful Concord river, and the usually quiet but now tumultuous village beyond, through which the British troops were seen approaching, Captain Davis and his men, though belonging to the rear of the column, volunteered to take the right of the line, and were there assigned by the commander.

"FORWARD, MARCH!"

And that battalion of seven hundred militia moved against the enemy. They marched in double file, the young fifer playing "The White Cockade." At the head of the column marched Captain Davis, and behind him, in his place as second officer of the company, was Lieut. John Hayward. But brave Captain Davis never reached the bridge. A volley was fired upon them by the red-coats, and he and private Hosmer fell dead. The patriots returned the fire, and the great seven-year contest had begun!

Upon the fall of Davis, Hayward promptly took command of the company. Waving aloft his sword he led his excited men against the foe, closely followed by other companies. The enemy fell back in confusion. Hayward was the first man of all that column to spring upon the bridge, but his act was quickly emulated by his command. And as the retreat of the red-coats soon became a precipitate flight, John Hayward and his men pressed them in flank and rear, driving them like frightened sheep on, on toward Boston.

We next behold Lieutenant Hayward, with uplifted sword, leading his Acton men up the slopes of Bunker Hill. Later on that same sword, in John Hayward's hand, gleams at White Plains, at Monmouth and other of the notable battles of the war. And only when that long and weary contest was at last ended, and the sun of peace dawned upon a new and independent Nation, did our hero return his sword to its scabbard, and, weary and worn, with little in his purse, and that little a few specimens of almost valueless continental scrip, his wardrobe barely suitable to adorn the scare-crow of a New England corn-field, but with a heart swelling with love of liberty and the consciousness of a noble work fully done, he sought again his native village, to resume once more the arts of peace. There for many years he dwelt, and raised up a family. But by and by, after the death of his wife, he yielded to the wishes of his son, who had settled in Bridgton, Me., and who had asked him to make his home with him. And at the farmer's home of his son, Simeon Hayward, in the "Glines neighborhood," already mentioned, the evening of his life was spent in peace and comfort. And at last, in 1825, when nearly eighty-five years of age, and having lived to see six successive Presidents at the head of a powerful and rapidly-growing republic, for whose freedom he had been one of the first to draw his sword, he was laid to rest in that little graveyard.

CHARLES O. STICKNEY.

YOUNG INDIANS AT SCHOOL.

Some Account of the Indian School at Wabash, Ind.

Correspondence Chicago Herald.

On paper it appear as "White's Indiana Manual Labor Institute," and it was originally intended to give aid and comfort to orphans of all degrees, and without any distinction on account of race or color. It has gradually developed into a training-school for Indians, and is the largest of its kind in the country. Back in 1852 a Philadelphia Quaker, named White, set aside $20,000 which should be used in founding two schools, one in Indiana and one in Iowa, for the keeping and training of orphans. It was his purpose to benefit the blacks as much as possible, and they, as well as the Indians, were made beneficiaries. Later 670 acres of land were purchased here, and the school was started. In the course of time the blacks and whites dropped out, and Indians were sent here. At first there was nothing but the farm and an annuity of $20 to support them, but Senator Dawes at last succeeded in having passed a law which gave $167 a year for the keeping and teaching of each Indian youth and maiden. The students come from all tribes, and their ages range from six to twenty-one years. Together with other original intentions the one confining the blessings of the place to orphans has been lost sight of, and now any child may come, providing parents and guardians are willing. Now and then they come before attaining the age of six years, and now and then they remain after they have passed twenty-one. Sixty of them are provided for by the government appropriation, six by the Indian Aid Association of Friends at Philadelphia, and the balance manage to make both ends meet out of the profits of the farm.

There are over five hundred acres of tilled land on the farm, most of which has been cleared by the Indians, and all of which has been cultivated by them under the direction of a foreman—who is a mulatto, by the way, and apparently an excellent man. They raised 1,300 bushels of wheat last year, 3,765 of corn, 1,700 of oats, 170 of potatoes, 300 of turnips and enough beans, onions and other products to keep them over winter. Hay to the amount of 175 tons was made, and the dairy yielded 2,182 pounds of butter.

The mingling of members from different tribes is very interesting. They were harvesting ice the day I visited the place, and a Sioux was marking out the blocks while a Cheyenne and a Shawnee did the sawing. Another Sioux skated the crystal squares to the shore and a Seneca gathered them up with a pair of gaping tongs and lifted them into a sleigh. At present there are thirty-two Sioux, eight Cheyennes, one Sac and Fox, three Comanches, two Keechi, one Modoc, seventeen Senecas, three Wyandottes, five Wichitas, two Pottawatomies, one Ottawa and one Shawnee. There are thirty-three males and forty-three females, with an average age of fourteen years.

FACTS ABOUT THE MOON.

Professor Young Shatters Some Popular Superstitions.

New York Times.

Prof. C. A. Young gave an interesting lecture on the moon last evening in the astronomical course which is being conducted under the auspices of the University Extension at Cooper Union. The moon, in the first place, has nothing whatever to do, the lecturer said, with the changes in our weather. He had known some farmers in the West who would never plant a "root crop" except on the wane of the moon, while a growing-up crop, like wheat or other grain, he would always insist on planting when the moon was waxing. These notions, as well as those held by some sea captains that the wind would blow for a week from the quarter in which the change of the moon took place, were, he declared, without the slightest foundation

The moon was an insignificant body in herself. It was her proximity to the earth that gave her astronomical importance. At the same time her position was unique among satellites. She was by far the largest in proportion to her planet of twenty or more satellites in the solar system, being one-eightieth the weight of the earth, while no other satellite exceeded one one-thousandth of the weight of its planet.

In the peculiar motions taken by the moon there were certain elements which, the Professor said, the law of gravitation might not fully account for. Astronomy would one day reach the limit of accurate prevision, and would reach the field where such elements of uncertainty would creep in as the effect of the human will. Speaking of exactitude, for instance, a man could not build a tall building on the surface of the earth without lengthening the day by the change in the position of matter involved. Such changes as this, when accumulated through long periods, must produce effects that would make the astronomical problem a very difficult one—in fact, an incomputable one—some day.

The heat that the moon sends had been measured, he said, and found to be 1-160,000 of that sent by the sun, while the light was 1-600,000 of the sun light. The "earth shine," if we could observe it from the surface of the moon, was fourteen times as brilliant as that we now saw from the moon, and from a surface that was about four times as large as the full moon exposed to us. This brilliant light was reflected back from the moon to us slightly, rendering just visible that part of the moon in the shadow at the time of the new moon.

The moon, said the Professor, had no atmosphere to speak of. Its surface, as shown by the slides, was a mass of circular volcanic craters of peculiar formation, but rent by mysterious fissures which started from the crater of Tycho in all directions like the streaks on the skin of an apple. These fissures were about a half a mile in width, and extended into the body of the moon nobody knows how far. They cut through craters and mountain chains in straight lines, and their explanation was not yet. Some had attributed them to the congelation of the central mass like water frozen in a glass globe. Bits of the mountain scenery of the moon were thrown on the curtain and seemed very unattractive, though evidently grand in their very ugliness.

One Hundred and Twenty Miles an Hour.

New York Recorder.

An expert electrical engineer is authority for the statement that a speed of 120 miles an hour can be obtained by using electricity as a motor, and he believes that even a greater degree of speed will be attained in the future. A good deal has been written in a pleasant strain of exaggeration about the swiftness of railway travel which is to be developed hereafter, but it is true that experiments have demonstrated the feasibility of running a train of cars by electricity at even greater speed than is here mentioned, and for very long distances. It is by no means a chimerical idea that the time between New York and Chicago will be lessened to ten or twelve hours, and from the results already reached it is not improbable that an electrical railway will be in operation between New York and Washington within a few years which will revolutionize methods of transportation as completely as the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac changed the methods of naval warfare.

The Pensioning of School-Teachers.

Harper's Weekly.

That teachers are now generally well paid, especially the women, who are the larger part, cannot be truthfully said. They must maintain a certain standard of living, and to do this and save enough for decent support when they retire is impossible. The result is that teaching is very generally regarded as a temporary makeshift, not as a profession. In the public school, teaching is an employment rather than a profession. A clever lawyer or physician constantly enlarges his practice and his emoluments. How can a clever public-school teacher do that? Only by leaving the public school. The movement for pensions of teachers will do much if it leads to more liberal compensation.

At Double Advertising Rates.

Chicago Tribune.

Ambitious writer—Mr. Naggus, will you oblige me by putting a value on this manuscript?

Editor of Magazine (after reading it)—I can't do it, Mr. Borus. But I will give you an estimate on it.

THE HOMELESS OF THE CITY

The Rarity of Good Public Housekeeping and Proper Respect for Women.

Bureau for Lady Visitors—Sample of a Hotel for Which the Great Metropolis and Unattended Women Feel a Crying Want.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

One may feel certain of the interest of every reader on the present subject.

Do not imagine, however, that you are to be treated to variations on the popular theme of the outcast, starving poor. It was signified by very high authority long since that "the poor ye have always with you," and nowadays something too much of them. Every scribe short of a subject waxes pathetic over the miseries of the poor.

Educated sensibilities are not without their sufferings. With this introduction I leave you to the reading of the following letter, premising, however, that all its statements are the barest fact, as most women will know without question:

"As women come to confession to you, allow one of the homeless to pour her story into your ear. I freely own to you that I am one of the homeless, not far from starving, though no board of charity would ever admit me to its bounty or class me in the list of deserving or undeserving poor. My income, every dollar of which I earn by the sweat of my brow, or my brain, is sufficient for all the comforts and some of the tasteful things of life—at least it would be if the city afforded me and such as me anything like a home.

"Business compels my presence in the city, moreover my health, just beginning to wear, demands baths and treatments not to be found outside of it, otherwise I had rather work in a Hoboken market garden or Peter Henderson's greenhouses than live in town.

"I usually begin my city sojourn in one of the uptown hotels, where cleanliness and quiet are domiciled, but $4 a day for the comforts of a bedroom ten by fourteen and water hygienically frozen in the decanter, three stories over the heads of several millionaires' families, does not exactly suit an artist's resources. A week of this high-toned loneliness usually sends me to one of the lower priced hotels, where my friends have been in the habit of stopping the last quarter of a century.

MISERIES OF FAMILY HOTELS.

"No longer in the highway of fashion and business, these houses begin to show wear and hardly keep up to their reputation. The restaurant will be good, but the rooms show sad want of housekeeping. I should not mind the threadbare Brussels so much if it were only clean; the water-bugs under the washstand rather dismay a nervous person, while the sewer-gas and the leaking gas fixtures disturb the mind of the educated one. I never turn down the sheet, preferring to leave the mattress to imagination; blankets I can't help seeing sometimes, and they are enough to spoil woman's rest.

"Will our hotels ever attain the continental refinement of bare polished floors, with a washable rug at the bedside and slip-covers for the mattresses, or will they ever have the common sense to adopt the sponge silk blankets, which can be washed more easily than the sheets? I freely own that it is difficult to keep bedding clean after promiscuous travelers who turn in with the grime of a week's travel about them or go to bed in their boots next the blankets. But this does not make it any more agreeable for a woman to occupy the room after them.

"Add to this the necessity for wearing a severely scrupulous visage outside your own room lest some half-bred man or commercial traveler should read general invitation in your glance, the ceaseless suspicious surveillance of servants, and the position is sufficiently removed from comfort. It was in no second-class house, but one of the choicest and most scrupulously kept of high-priced family hotels that the nice hall boy brought a lady quest the remarkable message, with the card of a friend, that 'the gentleman wishes to see you—his room is No. 93 on this floor!' What could she make out of such a message but consummate insult? The effect was to make her toss her things into her bag, whisk out of the hotel inside of five minutes and demand explanation at safe range. It came out that, having some dry business matters to talk over with her, being limited for time, the gentleman had thoughtlessly asked for a room to freshen his appearance after traveling, and sent word to know when he could see her, a message which the bell-boy had delivered with his own addition. The gentleman, being a correct family man, felt as outraged as the lady, yet it is entirely possible that the boy, one of the youngest and best of his class, did his errand out of pure innocence and blundering. But the story, which any old traveler can cap from his own experience, only shows what is possible in hotels to the unhappy class of 'ladies traveling alone.'

"A friend of mine had a worse fright in a hotel of undamaged reputation on Union square. Detained in New York over night on business, she was awakened in the small hours by a racket at the lock, and the immediate presence in her bedroom of a hall boy and a traveler with his luggage. The porter had blundered, thinking the room vacant, and the lock was out of order, hence the invasion, which was followed by pungent rebuke from the lady and a demand for another room whose door would stay locked, to which she had her things removed in the middle of the night.

"These are exceptional experiences, probably. It is more common to be kept awake by a neighbor who retires at 2 A. M. in high spirits, having taken more than was good for him, and converses in a key clearly audible and speech which leads to a speedy closing of transoms near.

"A honeymoon squabble is hardly less obnoxious, and the conversation of two business men over a patent or a sharp trade is equally uninteresting. The entertainment is varied by the political suppers of ward clubs, at which the singing is as bad as the wine, and prevents sleep on several floors long past the smallest of the hours.

THE RESPECTABLE BOARDING-HOUSE.

"Tired of such amenities, I used to hurry into a boarding-house, taking the lists of the Sunday papers. It would require a longer letter to recount the drawbacks of boarding, which, I think, combines all the miseries of life with greater success than any other civilized form of existence. Between poor food, and too little of it, and bad air from ingenious mismanagement, I have nearly lost my health. Of the risks involved socially, of the spiritualistic and faith-cure humbugs, the prying suffrage cranks, the highly-dressed adventuresses one meets in the average boarding-house I will speak some other time.

"But, taking my fate in my hand, I asked for a boarding-house bureau which used to exist on Union square. It had closed, as all such conveniences do, after a year's trial, but I would find a 'bureau' for ladies not far west of Broadway. There in the rain, I betook myself.

"That the house was respectable in appearance was a gratifying surprise; that it was clean, bright and tastefully appointed within was a greater. A pane in buttons opened the door; a cheerful drawing-room, decorated in white and gold, was charmingly warm that raw spring day, and light, easy chairs in place of the regulation stuffed furniture, drawn about a table of late papers and magazines—does not this sound pleasant, my homeless sister? It is some sign of progress that New York holds the nucleus of a woman's hotel, where women of independent income can find comfort at tolerable prices.

"Transient lady guests engaging rooms are met at the train by a most gentlemanly escort, who sees to their baggage. Their comfortable, fresh rooms have all the privacy of home, as none but their own sex are admitted as lodgers, while at the same time they are as free to receive gentlemen's visits in the parlors as they would be at their own houses, and go to theater or concert evenings, sure that some one will be up to admit them without a frown if they are out later than 10 o'clock.

"There is no schedule of rules to fetter every motion, as if women were not to be trusted outside of a cage of iron network, but the freedom of a well-bred home is accorded each visitor. If a lady wants to see New York independently her tickets are taken for Sarah Bernhardt or any entertainment, and a kindly chaperon provided for the evening, or for the daily visits to shops and galleries.

"If she wants a dress-maker, a dentist, or a doctor, she is directed to the best. If her special Reginald or Gustavus wishes to spend an evening with her he is not frowned upon by a suspicious duenna, but the couple are put in possession of the cozy back parlor, which on occasions is engaged for ladies' lunch parties or small dinners. The drawing-room floor is often taken afternoons for ladies' club meetings, classes or lectures, so that there is something constantly going on in the house.

"Indeed, college girls have no livelier times than the brisk business and professional women who find themselves well met under the friendly roof, which I will only call 'the bureau.' The chill, the espionage and repression which are the habit of women's associations do not belong here; they are chased away by the courteous kindly spirit of well-bred women of the world.

CLUB NARROWNESS.

"It does seem as if some of the women's associations and clubs modeled themselves on strictest conventional patterns. One lady came over from a very exclusive club, whose members were all society people, carefully culled from the finest circles, hurt and indignant that her own nephew had been refused permission to call and take her to the theater, and another matron was not allowed to have her own son come to her room, while the two ladies were down from their country homes. What possible good is to be gained from such exclusions? The phariseeism of some women reaches imbecility, and credits neither their minds nor their morals. It is curious to imagine on what possible grounds a club can be run, whose members pay a liberal price for every accommodation, but are refused the visits of their nearest relatives.

"It is delightful to have some degree of privilege and independence, in virtue of one's womanhood, to enter a house where women have the first right and consideration, where the large, comfortable rooms are consecrated to feminine bachelors, together with the best that a most efficient housekeeper, manager and steward can do for scrupulous care and nicety. I would not exclude men from any good thing, yet there was a sense of even-handed justice when the editor of a leading literary magazine, applying for rooms with his wife, had to be denied on account of being a man.

"There are so many houses which have no room for women. The sense of protected privacy, of correct surroundings, is priceless to a woman, and minor things about the place add greatly to its attractiveness.

"The shining baths and large, light bath-rooms, perfectly aired and fresh with the sweet, garden fragrance of fine germicides instead of the close, intolerable odors usual on the landings; the scrupulously kept restaurant, whose tasteful china and dainty service speak feminine appropriation, are the more grateful to womanly senses than words can tell. That the stronger sex appreciates them is evident by the promptness of gentlemen to avail themselves of the snug, pretty restaurant on the lower floor.

ONLY ONE DRAWBACK.

"There is one drawback to the place—it is not large enough to take one-tenth the people who would be glad to fill such a bright, tasteful, well-kept place the year round. Rooms are taken a week in advance, and women share the large, double-bedded rooms with strangers rather than see sister women sent away without the comforts of the house.

"I write of this to let women through the country know what nice quarters they can find if they wish to take a little run alone to the city, without belonging to an expensive, exclusive ladies' club or joining the lists with working women. It is a beginning only of what might and ought to be done, but a very successful one. The affair is started by a list of lady stockholders, comprising names well-known in every sense of the word, and they expect ample returns on the investment.

CHANCE FOR CAPITALISTS.

"Here is the chance dear to the heart of the public-minded investor of doing good with capital at 10 to 15 per cent. profit. The profits are so sure that a wealthy man offered the originator of the scheme $10,000 on her own note, to enlarge the business, provided it could be taken out of the hands of women stockholders, whom business men have objections against joining.

"The capitalist who will open a ladies' hotel of ample accommodations for the independent class of women, and carry it on as it should be, with as competent management as the single house of the Visitors' Bureau, will strike the success of the year, and as they pay their dollars into his hand women will call him benefactor.

"Tourists who find themselves afloat in the city from the other side of the Atlantic, brisk Western women, on for spring shopping and sight-seeing, head teachers, artists and professional women, would be glad to know of moderate-priced, inviting quarters, and it is neglect of opportunity that they are not provided.

"CATHERINE H."

The types in my last letter divided a sentence to the sad contradiction of the writer's meaning. "Greta" wrote that over-massage started the down on her cheeks, when she "had been rejoicing in its disappearance after six weeks' use of genuine toilet cerate." A period after "disappearance" belied the sense completely, and I fear will cost more than this explanation to correct.

SHIRLEY DARE.

Shall the State Provide for Higher Education?

Harper's Weekly.

It is objected to the proposed grant to enable the regents of the university to extend the benefits of higher education to the people that higher education is a luxury for which those who wish it should pay. The World well replies that this remark is true only upon the theory that the State supports schools for the benefit of individuals. But it does not. It supports them for its own advantage, believing that educated intelligence is the only sure foundation of a republic. The State is the judge how far it will go in this direction. In other words, the State decides what kind and degree of education it will maintain. It is not obliged, upon any principle, to confine education to "the three r's." If it be of opinion that the public welfare will be promoted by teaching drawing, or music, or manual dexterity, it will authorize such teaching for the same reason that it authorizes teaching in reading and writing. The range of teaching is a question of expediency, not of principle.

Pleasant Life Under Socialism.

Boston Nationalist

Co-operative games must take the place of competitive sports for the young, while the mature should unite in combining fun with helpfulness. Models of the latter method are still found in primitive districts where the house-raising, the quilting bee and the corn-husking furnish enjoyment with usefulness. If, instead of spending an afternoon batting a ball and trampling the sod bare, men would unite to lay out walks in a park, or secure village improvements, they might get exercise for a worthy end and cultivate only friendly emotions. Sewing circles, if well conducted, are a good type of co-operative amusement in-doors, and when women get sufficiently emancipated from custom to be willing to dress suitably for outdoor work and exercise they will, perhaps, devise plans of uniting to care for the flower-beds, while the men make the paths in the public gardens.

Defect in Simeon's System.

New York World.

Sim Coy, of Indianapolis, says his system of politics would make Chicago Democratic by 25,000 majority. The trouble with Simeon's system is that it gets people in jail, but perhaps he doesn't mind this himself, as he has had a chance to get used to it.