The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1886. VOLUME XXXI. NO. 13.

WOMAN AND HOME.

WHY NOT TRAIN GIRLS TO SOME TRADE OR PROFESSION

Governing the Little Ones—Helen Hunt Jackson's Grave—The Crying Baby. Creole Housekeeping—As a Co-Laborer. Amusements, Lunches, Hints, Items.

Men fit their sons for business. They never fit them for domestic life. The daughters are fitted for domestic life sometimes; that is, they are taught to keep house according to the mother's idea of housekeeping, but they are never fitted for anything else, consequently the world is full of unhappy marriages. To know how to make money and invest it wisely is a most excellent thing, and to know how to conduct a business skillfully is desirable; but they are not all a man should know. To know how to make bread, cook a palatable meal, manage a husband, mend and darn, cut fit and sew, are accomplishments every woman should possess, but these are not all that is required to make life happy.

Parents as frequently, perhaps more frequently, fail in their duty to their children as the children fail in their duty to their parents, and that parents should not train girls to some trade or profession as thoroughly as they do their boys, is inconsistent and wrong. If a girl exhibits unusual talent for making dresses, then by all means let her learn the art, for dressmaking has become an art, and a fine art, too; or if she has taste and inclination for bookkeeping, type-setting, carpentry, shoemaking or any possible trade or business, by all means cultivate it, even though the income is larger than can conveniently be used. It will not hurt them to know how to labor. Opportunities for wealthy women to establish a flourishing business are plentiful. Banks, newspapers, dry goods stores, millinery stores, candy stores, and in fact nearly all kinds of business can be splendidly conducted by women. Rich men buy an interest for their sons in some establishment, or else furnish the capital for some independent investment, but they never think of doing the same service for their daughters, partly because they hold the ancient and weak idea that women haven't the brain for business; partly because they want them to marry, and partly because they will not spend as much money upon a daughter as they will upon a son. They give the sons food, shelter and clothing before they establish them in business, and give them money besides, and the sons do nothing at home.

The daughters work—even rich men's daughters do something about the house—and in exchange receive "food, shelter and clothes."

It is not fair. "The laborer is worthy of her hire," and the sooner women learn that there is nothing so sweet or so healthful as independence, the better for them. If women prefer marriage, then it is right for them to marry; but there are women who would never marry could they but take sufficient care of themselves. All women are not fitted for married life. They have not the qualities that make home enticing or that train children in the right way, and for such marriage is not right, but under the present system there is little else left for them. Parents make mistakes in not teaching their daughters that in the accumulation of wealth they should have a hand aside from the economy that some women practice for the husband's or father's sake. They should be willing to pay fair prices for the work done, at least the same sum they would have to pay if there were no women in the household, and thereby show their daughters that their services are also valuable.—Cleveland Leader.

Governing the Little Ones.

Great injustice is often done by the enforcement of set rules when the child is in certain moods and conditions of mind and body. My heart has ached sometimes to observe the conscientious cruelty (that's the word) of the parental powers that be in enforcing a command by repeated punishments when the increasing excitement of the parent defeated her own object by producing in the little one such a frantic irritation that it was for the time really incapable of obedience. I think most mothers possess a fine intuitive sense, sharpened by affection, which will tell them what to do in difficult cases if they will hold their mind's equilibrium long enough to listen to this inner voice. I know it is hard to be always cool and patient, when every minute of the long, bright day, with its leafy and blossoming enticements, is exacted by the work, as is often the case. It has been nine months at a time, and I have learned by experience that even love is not unerring when it demands obedience without due reflection.

To illustrate, my little daughter of 6 is difficult to govern because of an inherent nervous excitability which only my calmest moods can hold in check. It is argued by some that we should not try to reason with young children, or even compromise. It is only thus that I can reach her in some cases, and I am often forced to strategy to gain my point. When a wee child I would take her in my lap when punishment failed and the prospect of a story quieted her immediately. By a careful adjustment of my tale to the case her baby heart was touched and subdued, and she was conquered without further trouble.

I speak of this to show the value of illustration in teaching them. A principle or idea that they cannot otherwise perceive the force of can thus be made clear and impressive to their minds.

The childish appetite for stories is strong and many beautiful lessons can thus be conveyed. I know how a weary mother covets rest when the story hour comes, but I have found that we must save a little freshness and genial feeling for them. It is their right, and far more our duty than the fashioning of elaborate little suits or the cooking of dainties. I have been pruning this overgrown tree called work, and by lopping off a branch here and there, and trimming the heavy foliage, found that I not only did not rob the tree but that bits of blue sky became visible and gleams of deepest sunshine filtered through.—Prue Palmleat in Detroit Free Press.

As a Co-Laborer with Man.

Two difficulties lie at the root of woman's success as a co-laborer with man. The first is her lack of training; the second her lack of permanence. As a rule, woman is not educated with a view to any special trade or profession. She drifts into it. Men expect their daughters to marry. The daughters expect it. But so long as women numerically exceed men, the problem of woman's support cannot be solved by marriage. Even when a woman's necessities compel her to become self-supporting, she does not look upon it as a permanent thing. When she marries she drops it. She does not look upon a trade or a profession either as a life work. Therefore, her heart is often not in her work. She looks upon it only as a makeshift—a stepping-stone to something better. Of course there are honorable exceptions—whole-souled, hearty, enthusiastic women, who throw themselves into their work, whatever it may be, either from a genuine taste for that work or from conscientious motives. And such women make a success of their work—be it culinary, domestic, literary or artistic.

Many a woman fails through timidity. She is conscious of a strong leaning toward some vocation; it may be a service, a trade or a profession. But she is held back by custom, propriety, the restraints of family, her station in life, what the world will say, etc. Custom has a powerful influence over woman. She is still in swaddling bands. We are not speaking of lawless endeavors, but of lawful channels, opening a little out of the beaten path. That one woman should run a sawmill in Florida and another navigate a steamboat in Louisiana, seem anomalies; in the one instance a thriftless husband, in the other a defunct spouse were the instruments which set these two plucky females afloat. Many women are capable of carrying on their husbands' business, not only with the hand, but with the head. They have tact, thrift, judgment, probity in their favor.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Why the Baby Cries.

The young bachelor who volunteered an opinion as to the reason for a baby's smile, and the summary justice which he received at the hands of the baby's nurse, are well known, but why the baby cries is a matter as to which few men have any curiosity, provided it is not too late to have an engagement down town when the concert begins. The "Mother's Manual of Children's Diseases" explains the matter thus:

"Cries are the only language which a young baby has to express its distress, as smiles and laughter and merry antics tell without a word its gladness. The baby must be ill, is all that its cries tell one person; another, who has seen much of sick children, will gather from them more, and will be able to judge whether its sufferings is in the head or chest or stomach. The cries of a baby with the stomach ache are long and loud and passionate; it sheds a profusion of tears; now stops for a moment, and then begins again, drawing up its legs to its stomach; and, as the pain passes off, stretches them out again, and with many little sobs passes off into a quiet sleep. If it has inflammation of the chest it does not cry aloud, it sheds no tears, but every few minutes, especially after drawing a deeper breath than before, or after each short, hacking cough, it gives a little cry, which it checks, apparently, before it has half finished, and this, either because it has no breath to waste in cries, or because the effort makes its breathing more painful. If disease is going on in the head, the child utters sharp, piercing shrieks, and then between whiles a low moan or wail, or perhaps no sound at all, but lies quiet, apparently dozing, till pain wakes it up again."—Chicago News.

Housekeeping Among the Creoles.

When a Creole lady gives a dinner party or a midnight supper, one may be sure that the whole bill of fare has passed under her personal supervision, and she herself will add to the gumbo that exact proportion of file necessary to its perfection. While in the pot of gumbo, as it were, it may interest readers to know that at all evening entertainments, which are kept up until the small hours, a plate of this steaming sacrifice, with a snowy island of dry rice, is passed to each guest about two hours before supper, and a most staying, comforting prologue it is. This custom has given way to newer methods in New Orleans, but is kept up in the plantation houses.

The Creole mistress prepares her own mayonnaise, bisque, deviled crabs, ices and sweets, and is most particular that coffee is strong and abundant enough. To come up to the required standard of strength it must dye the cup, but, then, a very small quantity is drunk. Every Creole, of high or low degree, believes that coffee was the Olympian nectar. The Creole woman can usually rely upon good service from her domestics, for she trains them well and treats them with consideration, even affection, never with that de haut en bas air which the Anglo-Saxon often assumes towards his inferiors. She has her reward, for her servants stay with her, love her and serve her faithfully, and such efficient cooks and nurses do they become under her tutelage that Creole servants, as they come to be called, are in demand among all the American housekeepers.—Harper's Bazar.

Helen Hunt Jackson's Grave.

Writing from Salt Lake City on the 8th instant, Mr. Erastus Brooks says: "To-day I visited the grave of my friend, Helen Hunt Jackson. The burial place was of her own choosing, about 2,000 feet above her home at Colorado Springs, and 8,000 feet above the level of the Atlantic ocean, near where she was born. She died in California, where she selected as her final resting place a plateau upon the top of one of the Cheyenne mountains. The chosen place was one where she had spent for five years or more much of her leisure time in exploring the mountains, in planning, sketching and writing portions of her "Century of Dishonor," "Ramona," and many of her poems and stories of home history and Indian life.

"Many pilgrims from all parts of the country and from abroad also visit this mountain grave, of which none knew up to the hour of her death but her husband, a single friend and herself. Why, almost everyone asks, this strange place of burial? If the dead cannot speak, the living cannot answer. The mountain site is where all is grand and beautiful in nature—where nothing can ever disturb her love of sweet repose and rest—where the passing clouds and the heavens are nearer than the boundless sweep of plains below—where, with a clearer sky, if possible, than elsewhere, one can look through nature up to nature's God."—New York Mail and Express.

How to Punish Children.

"How to punish children," said Professor Adler, in a lecture recently, "is one of the burning questions of the day. Upon it depends in a greater degree than people imagine the welfare of the state, the family, society and the ethical development of humanity itself. We would be the physicians of our enemies; we would profit by their hospitality and lead them to a better mind by gentleness and firmness combined, and even chastise them when their own good and social advancement require it. How many parents know how to punish children?

"A child will grow up, in nine cases out of ten, the embodiment of the influences that surround him. Never chastise a child in anger. Socrates, the great pagan philosopher, refrained from punishing a slave until his passion had cooled. An angry father sets a perilous example to his offspring. He exhibits his weakness when he should be firm and contained. The child drinks in the lesson, and his moral nature is lacerated and warped.

"How many children are spoiled by discouragement? Parents grumble and chide the livelong day, and never praise. It is wrong. Nothing will so effectually crush a child's ambition to be good and noble. The sweet approbation of a good mother is enough to make a young man face fire and death in a worthy cause.—Exchange.

Food for Hard Workers.

Before offering recipes for some of the scores of dainty lunches, neither expensive nor difficult of preparation, with which the monotony of the midday meal may be varied, let me enter a plea for the stomach of a tired man whose appetite has been dulled by mechanical indoor toil. He needs a more cunning caterer than he whom fresh air and the fragrance of growing things provide with sauce for his daily saleratus biscuit and fat salt pork. You cannot tempt the artisan with the revelation of hot roast, fricasees and warm vegetables as he opens pail or hamper, but neither need you give him every day slices of cold meats, packed between bread and butter "hunks," with pickles and pie as after courses. Keep on hand tissue paper in which to wrap his sandwiches; save up candy and Christmas boxes for cake, buy fanciful (and cheap) flasks and cruets for condiments. See that he has a clean napkin daily, not a cere-cloth, in which the dead smell of yesterday's lunch is enfolded. In hot weather tell him to buy ice at noon for the bottle of sugared tea or of cafe au lait you have put in cold, lest the warmth should melt butter and soften meat.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Lesson of the War.

"I know a woman," said an old physician, "who, in 1861, was as heartless as any girl in the country. In all the days of her young womanhood she had never been moved by a tender sentiment and had never shed a tear. She believed that she was to become a commonplace, prosaic, hard hearted woman about whom novelists wrote so much. She looked upon herself as deficient in tenderness and sentiment and womanliness, but in the first year of the war I saw tears in her eyes over the simplest occupations that were in any way connected with the memory of the boys in front. In the second year of the war I saw her one of the most efficient of that body of noble women who risked everything to help the soldiers. In the third year of the war I saw her an impulsive, outspoken woman, to whose eyes the tears would come did you but mention a poor soldier's grievance. In the last year of the war we counted her among the most sympathetic, among the warmest hearted, and among the most emotional of all the women engaged in the work of relieving the soldiers."—Inter-Ocean "Curbstone Crayons."

Let Married Couples Beware.

The perfect frankness which should exist between married couples must not be supposed to exclude the necessity for tact or to compel the utterance of disagreeable truths. All families are more or less faulty, and must, in some way, jar on the stranger admitted within them. Their drawbacks are even evident to their own members, and in the intimate friendship of married life these failings may sometimes be discussed; but let every married couple beware of strictures on the conduct, character, or even manners and appearance of relations-in-law. The husband may complain of his own family, and the wife may sympathize, but she must never begin the subject, nor must she point out one single additional flaw. In the same way the husband must respect the wife's susceptibilities. However conscious we may be of the shortcomings of our own flesh and blood, we all bristle like the fretful porcupine if we hear our kindred attacked by anybody else, and in this matter even marriage does not extinguish all the natural emotions of family ties.—Exchange.

Odd Phases of Life.

I have been taking a run through New England, where some odd phases of life have been thrust on my attention. My landlady of a night in a Massachusetts town lamented her inability to secure female "help" for the household. With 60,000 more females than males in the old Bay state it struck me that this was an anomalous condition. When I asked her for the reason of this scarcity of "help" she replied with some acerbity: "Because the women have been spoiled by factory work. They have come to look on housework as inferior. They make better wages in the factories, and so, although the work is not light, they will not work at anything else. You can scarcely get a woman to do a day's washing. Then, too, the women are intellectual, as they call it, and they get above any work. Some of them who are prime housekeepers, if they only set about it, prefer to spend their time writing rhymes and stories and sentiment for the papers."—New York Tribune.

Pay of a Cloak Model.

That all depends on their shape, its symmetry and adaptability to the business. The woman who is of good height, weighs about 150 pounds, has a bust measure of thirty-six inches or a little over, and is perfect in form, receives $15 a week to stand up from 9 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the afternoon trying on cloaks. She is receiving the highest price and is the star model. She is always in demand, and has to do more, perhaps, than the others. Ten dollars is about the average price for cloak models. Some belong to the fitting and others to the cutting department, and of course the prices vary. Eight dollars a week is a fair price, and few get under that per week.—New York Mail and Express.

Fruit Among the French.

The French do a great deal with fruit, while other nations take it raw. For example, they make delicious apricot cheese, gooseberry ices and jellies; they eat their melons with pepper and salt, with sugar and vinegar, sticking slips of cinnamon and cloves in the green and crimson flesh for flavor; oranges are sliced thinly with a sharp silver knife into a glittering cut-glass compotier, seasoned with powdered sugar, orange flower water, and half a glass of brandy. This must stand several hours before serving.—New York Post.

Cause of Pride and Pleasure.

Women have hitherto been excluded from the sittings of the French Academy of Sciences, but the other day the interdiction was raised in favor of Mlle. Sophie Kowlewska, professor of mathematics at the University of Stockholm, a daughter of the eminent palaeontologist. Admiral Jurien de la Graviere, who presided, welcomed her in graceful terms, and said that her presence would be a cause of pride and pleasure not only to the mathematicians present, but to the whole academy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Traveling Umbrella.

The latest whim in fashion is an umbrella intended for traveling, in the carved silver handle of which there is cunningly tucked away in the stick a long, narrow bottle of eau de cologne; and in the upper half of the glit-lined ball, that unscrews and could be stowed away in the pocket if required, a powder puff and small mirror.—Kansas City Times.

Mrs Bayard Taylor.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor, who has been absent in her native country, Germany, for months, was recently elected a member of the Goethe society of Weimar. Her daughter has been studying art in Munich.—Philadelphia Press.

Corporeal Punishment.

The editor of The Lynn Union, who has probably suffered and is a living example whereof he speaks says: "You can whip anything out of a child but badness, and whip anything into him but goodness."

Miss Farrar, a London spinster, recently left $160,000 to be applied in granting pensions to aged widows and spinsters.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says: "If from no higher motive than the preservation of beauty, I say to all girls in society, sleep!"

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, has brought out two new novels.

THE VOODOO WOMAN.

CROONING, IN HER CABIN, A STRANGE, UNCANNY TUNE.

The Mere Anatomy of a Woman, Nearly 100 Years Old—A Young Negro Who Imagines He Has Been "Conjured"—Fee and Prescription.

A mile to the left of the plantation a little stream runs lazily through the woods. The water is black and uninviting, the whole place noisome and damp. On the brink of this branch a little hut is perched, a dilapidated log structure, with mud and stick chimney broken off two feet below the level of the roof. This is the mansion of Aunt Polly, the voodoo woman. As late as it is, there is smoke coming out of the chimney, and eager puffs of air make weird music among the rotting shingles.

Whatever cooking is being done the aroma is not very savory, but like the curious commingling of a ward caucus and an emigrant car.

A light wood fire is smoldering in the open fireplace. Over it hangs a sooty, greasy kettle. The perfume comes from that. Crouching over it is Aunt Polly, crooning to herself a strange, uncanny tune. She is nearly or quite 100 years old, the mere anatomy of a woman, but her large, deep-set eyes glare with the lurid fires of malevolence. Her skinny hands are clutched about her knees as she rocks herself to and fro, or peers into the rank decoction she is cooking. She has but one tooth, a long fang that protrudes over an inch out of her mouth, and her straggling wool is long and very white. In a pan by her side are herbs and roots, part of a snake and a rabbit's head.

Coming along the path leading to the cabin is a shuffling, trembling figure. Awe-struck and yet resolute, it halts about fifty feet away, strikes a match and looks at its large brass watch. It is a young negro from the plantation, who imagines that he has been conjured. The hands on his watch point to 7:30, which assures him that it is now midnight, the time appointed for him to meet the voodoo.

THREE DOLLARS' WORTH.

He strides bravely forward and knocks at the door.

"Come in."

As he enters a large gray owl snaps viciously at him from a perch above the door.

Aunt Polly glances at him savagely, then her sing-song way commences:

"Done kunju'd! Done kunju'd! Dey all come to Aunt Polly! Aunt Polly kin kill! Aunt Polly kin sabe! Kunju'd, an' he gal pizoned ergin him," and she gives a long, cackling laugh.

"Has yer got tree dolla's, honey?"

The young man gives it to her, she clutches it in her dirty claw-like hands, and hobbling to a little cupboard, she takes out a rabbit foot and two bottles, one much smaller than the other, both filled with a black, thickish liquid. Handing them to him, she says:

"Honey, take de sma' bottle and berry hit right in de pail ob de nigger what kunjah you. When he break it, den de kunjah gone. You drink half outen de big bottle an' gib half to de gal unbeknownst to her. Keep de rabbit foot in yer pocket twell der spell am offen you, den ba'u hit an' frow de ashes agin de do' ob de gal's bedroom. Dat's gwineter make her lub you mo' an' you gwine merry her fo' de year out. Aunt Polly, she kin kill! she kin sabe! Dey all come to Aunt Polly—now go long."

The young man waits for no second bidding, but is off like the wind, happy and exultant.—Hamilton Jay in The Detroit Free Press.

Drawing the Line Finely.

Snobbery is rampant now, and no line is drawn more finely than that which separates the world of fashion from trade and from "the city," as the business part of the town and inhabitants are now called. All this is quite recent, too. I am a native of New York, and I remember very well when rich merchants, doctors, brokers, Wall street operators, and even the heads of great retail shops found their vocations no bar to social recognition. Not so now. Against them all the protesting hand is raised. The banker is recognized, but not the broker. A few years ago the jolly, free, lively, richly dressed and spendthrift broker was considered no end of a good fellow. Now he is looked on as a vulgar and noisy man who conducts gambling operations for clients and drinks champagne over a bar. The doctor receives money from society. Hence he is as much society's servant as the drygoods merchant, and neither can be regarded as an equal. In a word, society in New York to-day is a power that makes its own laws and draws them more severely every season. There are only two things about it that a New Yorker finds to admire; its respect for old residents of the town and its contempt for every other society. It snubbed an earl and blackballed a lord at one of its clubs last month without a moment's hesitancy. Its members form the only leisure class we have in America. They detest trade.—Blakely Hall in the Argonaut.

Oil Fuel Not Economical.

From Glasgow comes evidence of an unmistakable character that oil has been tried and found wanting. The managers of the Laird line, after a long trial of oil on board one of their steamers, have decided, on purely economic grounds, to abandon altogether the use of oil as a fuel, having ascertained from practical tests extending over a considerable period that coal is the cheaper fuel of the two. Accordingly, they have had the oil tanks taken out of their vessel and have returned to the use of coal, notwithstanding the fact that the oil tanks and the apparatus for accomplishing complete combustion of the oil cost a considerable sum of money. Although considerable ingenuity has been displayed and several difficulties have been overcome, there is nothing in the latest apparatus and arrangements which have been adopted in southeastern Russia, where petroleum has been extensively used as fuel, which appears likely to expedite the adoption of liquid fuel in our mercantile marine. There is little probability of petroleum being sold in this country at a price which will enable it to take the place of coal.—The Shipping World.

Americans Buying European Estates.

Wealthy Americans are following the example of Mr. Winans, the Baltimore millionaire, in the purchase of important estates in European countries. Lately two islands, Loppen and Kalven in the north of Norway, were purchased by an American for the sum of $5,000, which was considered a very small amount for the property, as it affords good sporting and fishing opportunities. Loppen is about eight miles, and the smaller island three miles in circumference, and the shooting consisted of pyper, snipe, ptarmigan, wild geese and wild fowl of every description, while in addition there was any amount of sea fishing. The climate was beautiful in summer, and the scenery very grand. Ancient estates are also rapidly coming on the market in England.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A firm at Valleyfield, Canada, has just manufactured the first turkey-red cotton in the Dominion.

PEOPLE IN AN EMERGENCY.

Women are More Composed Than Men in Time of Danger—Brain Trouble.

The demeanor of people under emergency is always an interesting show. I was once in what threatened to be a very serious smash-up on the Erie road, between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Nearly every one on the train went clean crazy, rushing hither and thither, some even trying to jump from the platforms, though the train was traveling at forty mile speed on a high embankment. The women were the most composed. I fancied because they were rigid with fright. When the chain brakes were got to work, the air brakes being crippled, and the train was brought up, a dozen men fainted, and there was a chorus of hysterical sobbing all around.

In the morning I was on a train on the Sixth avenue elevated when one some blocks ahead broke down and brought us to a halt. For a few minutes we all sat quiet enough, reading our papers. Then somebody said: "What the dickens is the matter?" In a moment there was a stir. Some faces blanched, others became serious. We looked out of the windows, but could see nothing. A train went by on the other track and made the structure shake, and twenty men jumped up. Then there came a rush from the rear cars. The approach of a train behind us had aroused the fear of a smash-up.

This rush created a veritable panic, which was added to when a gang of workmen hurried down the track evidently bent on business. There was a cry that we should get down and walk. If the trainmen had not shown determination the track would have been blocked with passengers in a minute. After ten or fifteen minutes we got started again, and you should have heard the sigh of relief that sounded through that train. A young woman opposite me had sat, during all the tumult, perfectly composed. As soon as it was over and the ghost of danger was passed she said: "Oh, my!" and collapsed in her seat. She had fallen in a dead faint, not from fright, but from nervous reaction.—New York News "Babble."

Bitten by a Big Centipede.

There is one "pleasure" that is experienced in a mining camp that is found no place else to as great an extent. This is in the company of insects and reptiles. Centipedes are, of course, the worst. Some of the visitors to the St. Louis camp, near Silver City, N. M., tell of very startling experiences. I remember one incident in Arizona that everybody going into that country should keep prominently in mind. There were a number of men in camp, some of them green ones. One of the latter was awakened during the night by something crawling over his arm. He turned his head and saw an immense centipede. He was greatly frightened and started up with a jump. Of course at the same time the centipede thrust its thousand legs into the fellow's arm. He screamed and awoke his companions, and the reptile was killed.

The next thing was, what to do with the man. The nearest possible assistance was four miles away, and very poor conveyance to reach it. One of the boys suggested that potatoes be mashed and put on the place where the centipede had fastened its legs. That was done, and the man was taken to the nearest possible place for help, and it was there found that no material could be had with which to dress the injury short of a twelve miles' ride. At the end of that ride assistance was procured, and the poultice of mashed potatoes removed. With it came flesh of the arm to the bone. The fellow recovered, but never had any use of his arm. The only thing when you come in contact with one of those things is to remain perfectly quiet, as motionless and dead as a log. The chances are then in your favor.—Mining Speculator in Globe-Democrat.

How Horses are Sometimes Trained.

"As for Rarey, the most of his business was trickery done by locusting and loading. Horses are awfully fond of locusts and carrots, and they will do almost anything for them; but loading is the great trick."

"What is loading?"

"Loading is slipping about an ounce weight of lead down the ears of the horse. You slip a load, to which a small piece of string is attached, down the horse's ears, and no matter how vicious the beast may be it becomes dazed and stupid when the load plugs its ears. The horse does not understand what has happened to the world when he cannot hear well, and he becomes as docile as you could wish. When a horse is loaded you can yoke him or do anything you wish with him and he will not object. It is a thousand times more merciful and far more effective than the horrible plan of putting a twitch upon the ear or upon the nostril, a practice still indulged in by some horse coupers. Leaden weights are made for the purpose. Any small weight will do, but it is better to have one made to fit."—Interview with a Trainer.

What England Has Done for India.

M. Remenyi, the celebrated violinist, has been traveling in India, playing the part of a political observer as well as musician, and he sums up his deductions from what he has seen as follows in The Madras Mail: "Englishmen ought to be more proud of having been able to govern India's vast population than of anything else. No other nation on earth could have undertaken such a great task with such glorious results. Don't misunderstand me. I do not mean to say that England's rule in India is perfection—far from it; but it is the best possible under the million of difficulties which must have obstructed the path of the English; and I repeat it again, and with emphasis, that Englishmen ought to congratulate themselves on the happy result of their government of glorious, grand old India, for, through her colonizing genius, England has done more good to humanity than thousands of visionary utopists and politicasters."—New York Tribune.

The Statue on Bedloe's Island.

The work on the iron structure that is to support the Goddess of Liberty on Bedloe's island has progressed far enough to enable people to form some idea of the size of the statue. I am sorry to say it, but a first view, as well as any view from a distance, is likely to be disappointing to those who form their ideas of it from the figures representing its size or the chromos distributed by the committee in charge of it. People who ride up and down the bay are already beginning to say that it will appear to be insignificant in size as compared with what they had expected. There is nothing around it by which the eye may be aided in comprehending its size, except an occasional ship or schooner at anchor, and the masts of these vessels, especially if the vessel be between the spectator and the pedestal, make the disappointment all the keener.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

Ingenuity of the Gallic Etymologist.

Already the ingenious French etymologist is at his wicked trade in the matter of the derivation of newly invented telephonic language. The phrase "hallo," now generally in use as the most effective mode of summoning a listener over the wire, has been corrupted in French into "allo", whereupon the ingenious Gallic etymologist has suddenly suggested that "allo" is really a form of "allons." This is corruption worse corrupted.—Brooklyn Eagle.

LIFE IN EUROPE.

WOMEN FOLLOWING VOCATIONS FIT ONLY FOR THE STRONGEST MEN.

Work in the Mines of France—Heavy Physical Labor in Austria—Stout "Daughters of the Plow"—Factory System of Germany.

Whether it be the existence of enormous standing armies, the havoc of centuries of war, the absence of practical educational facilities, or the lowness of laborers' wages, that compels so many women on the continent of Europe to seek to gain a living in occupations which we deem fit only for the strongest and rudest of men, certain it is that one of the commonest and, to American eyes, the strangest sights there is the number of women engaged in agricultural and other severe manual labor. In France women are still occupied in the mines, dragging or pushing the heavy trucks of coals through the narrow tunnels that run from the seams to the shaft. Of course, in such work they adopt the ordinary costume of working miners, and at the first glance are not to be distinguished from the men, by whose side they are working.

Some of the entries in the French census as to the laboring population are strange enough. In Paris there are 9 female boatbuilders and 245 "wheelwrights, farriers and saddlers," 8 sawyers, 46 carpenters and joiners, 8 masons and 1 plumber. It is, however, in Austria that we find the greatest proportion of women engaged in heavy physical labor, not merely in agriculture or the mines, but in paving or cleaning the streets, or in carrying huge trays of mortar or hods of bricks up to the workmen on the scaffolding of buildings in the course of erection. These women do not seem to complain of their lot; they have been bred up to hard work from their infancy, and are used to nothing better; their language and manners are as coarse as those of the male laborers, whom in figure they resemble—high chested, broad shouldered, no trace of a waist, and possessed of great strength. To such stout "daughters of the plow" it is an easy task to wheel a street sprinkler or pull about a hand cart laden with milk, as may be seen any day in Antwerp, where the milk woman, with her neat white cap and kerchief and her assistant dog, is a striking picture.

WORKERS IN THE MINES.

In Prussia about 6,000 women are workers in mines, quarries, and foundries, and about 2,000 are classified as "drivers, postilions, and railway laborers," and about 1,000 as "ship's crews, sailors, boatmen and ferrymen"; in this last category will come women employed in towing canal boats. It has been asked, why do not women adopt callings more adapted to feminine hands? The reason seems to be the industrial condition of a great part of the European continent, which affords to them no better means of earning a living, and the fact that these occupations which are so utterly unfeminine, are just those in which unskilled labor can be employed. A change, however, is slowly coming about by the growth of important industries in every country. The factory system has been found in Germany to have a strong tendency to improve the condition not only of the women immediately employed in them, but of those working in the country around.

A large employer at Freiburg, after thirty years' experience, said: "The condition of the agricultural laborers is not a satisfactory one. There is much misery among them, especially moral misery. When mothers apply to us for work for strong, healthy girls, we tell them such girls are more fit for labor in the fields, but too frequently receive an account of the hard and immoral life associated with such service. The scene changes when a well managed factory comes into the village. The poor girls must then either receive better treatment and better wages or they go into the factory. The moral benefit of a well ordered factory is still greater; it affects the whole village."—Harper's Bazar.

How It Feels to be Shot.

Senator Miller told me he put up his hand to feel if his head was not torn off when an ounce ball struck him in the eye at Shiloh. But I did not feel so fearfully hurt, so that I was rather stunned than otherwise. I remember falling hard, and it seemed to me that my head struck first on the rocks.

An arrow had hit me in the left cheek, knocked out several teeth, and then plowed on around and stuck through at the back of my neck. Gibson cut the point of the arrow off behind with his bowie knife, and then, taking hold of the flatter end, drew it out in front. I was conscious first at that time, and remember distinctly seeing his face. It was pale, but full of tenderness and pity. I knew he spoke to me, but his words seemed far away, and I could not understand. I know the blood spurted out both ways when he drew the arrow out. It seems to me that I heard the blood spatter on the leaves. But this must be merely imagination, for I immediately became unconscious, and, of course, knew nothing more, of my own knowledge, of what took place in the bitter battle of Castle Rocks, thirty years and more ago, after that.—Joaquin Miller's Letter.

A New Japanese Loan.

The Japanese government has issued a proclamation to raise funds for naval purposes by floating another internal loan of 17,000,000 yen. The principal features are that the whole amount is to be raised in successive installments extending over a period of three years; that the interest on the bonds shall be 5 per cent. per annum; that the principal shall be completely redeemed by drawings in thirty years, beginning with the sixth year after the issue of the bonds; no drawings shall take place during the first five years; that the bonds are to be put upon the market at their face value; that the interest shall be paid in May and November each year and that the bonds are purchasable by foreigners.—Hartford Times.

Counting the Hairs.

An eminent German has undergone the enormous labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors. In a blonde he found 144,000 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962, and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black hairs wanted in number of hairs was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the hairs individually, and in all probability the scalps were pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blonde tresses owe the rich color and silklike character of their flow, a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.—Exchange.

A Chance for the Poet.

"Hello, Verser, have you heard of the semi-weekly that is to be started soon?" "No. What is it to be called?" "Can't tell you—that's a secret. But I can tell you that it's going to be as bright and new as a gold coin right from the mint." "Are you on the staff?" "Yes; and a precious piece of good luck it is, too, for now I'll have a chance of getting rid of all the MSS. those confounded editors have been sending back to me for years past."—Exchange.

Not Dead Yet.

Sir Andrew Clarke, Mr. Gladstone's physician, is of opinion that Gladstone's physique is perfectly sound, and that he has years of good work in him yet.

ROW IN THE EAGLES' CAGE.

The Condor Is the Boss—Vultures Next as Fighters—Water Cure.

A crowd was gathered around the cage in which the eagles are confined in Central park, the other day, watching a few daring English sparrows that were picking up the leavings of the eagles' dinner. The eagles sat majestic and silent upon the limbs of the make-believe trees, as though lost in deep reveries. Suddenly a vulture darted like a flash of lightning from one of the upper perches and swooped down upon one of our own bald heads with fiendish screams. The bald head answered with screams of terror and hastily retreated into a dark corner of the cage. The women and children drew back from the cage in fear, and even the men exhibited a desire to be beyond the reach of Sir Vulture's sharp talons.

The vulture stood silent on the bottom of the cage for a moment, while the other eagles moved uneasily on their perches. Then the condor, who had been sitting on the highest branch of all, gave vent to a shriek almost as deafening as the whistle of a locomotive, and dropped down upon the vulture. In a moment feathers flew in every direction. All the eagles screamed in unison, and the little birds in the other cages crouched mute and trembling in the corners.

A gray-coated park policeman who came rushing to the cage shouted to a keeper, and in a moment the man who has charge of the eagles came running up. He seized a pail of water from behind the cage, and, getting as close as possible to the fighting birds, he doused them with it. The effect was instantaneous. The fight was all gone out of them, and they crawled away to different corners, dripping and dejected. The condor had had much the best of the fight. He was bleeding in only a few places, while his opponent was covered with the sanguinary fluid.

"The eagles fight very hard sometimes," said the keeper to the reporter. "Water is the only thing that will stop them, and even that doesn't always work. If they are very hot we separate them with poles, and then yank them into a tank of water, where we duck them until all the fight is gone out of them.

"The condor is the boss of the roost, and none of the others care to dispute his supremacy. The vultures come next as fighters, and the bald head is at the tail end of the list. The vultures can't stand the cold weather though. In winter we have to take them inside, while the other eagles rather enjoy the cold.

"When we want to have some fun with the eagles we throw live rats at them. Ordinarily they are fed with raw meat, but live rats are delicacies to them. You never know how terrible their talons are until you see them tear a rat to pieces. They pounce upon rats like cats, and in a jiffy they have them torn into shreds. The rats go into the other bird cages of their own accord and steal the eggs, but they give the eagles' cage a wide berth."

"Do the eagles hurt one another in their fights?" inquired the reporter.

"Oh, yes. If they were not separated they would fight until one or the other was killed."—N. Y. Sun.

Irish Home Near the Coast.

The rain was still falling when Ballynahinch was left behind; but on the moor to the left two witchlike figures were seen, their heads half wrapped in plaid shawls, their limbs showing through wet, short skirts, and their small red feet and legs flying from tuft to tuft of the moss. They were native girls, driving the small coal-black cattle of these wild uplands, and the sight of the driver, an ancient friend, put them in the wildest spirits. They swooped down on the car and were soon seated, laughing and singing, brushing the wet from their tangled hair and their hair from their red cheeks, but not forgetting to smooth the skirts of the rough homespun modestly about their bare extremities. They were redolent of peat smoke, like the poteen they brew here in spite of all the constables; of good health, good humor, and of that indescribable fragrance which comes from living almost completely out of doors.

Presently we drew up before their own home. They seized various parcels coming to them from Galway, and in a twinkling they plunged into a comfortable looking cabin of large size like a brace of colts, with a flourish of their red heels. The men and boys of the family wore shoes; doubtless on Sundays these same headlong lasses turn out as well shod as any in Connemara. A few years hence these girls will be in the United States puzzling an American mistress by their ignorance on some points and unnatural acuteness on others. If she could see the interiors of some of these cabins she would only wonder how they ever learn to use the resources of "modern improvements." Much is being done in Ireland to give all children a good schooling in the elements of book wisdom, but their is no provision for the training of servants, wherefore there is much wailing in American households, great misunderstandings, and many chances of profitable places lost to this class of emigrants. For this reason it is to be feared that our young friends, when better clothed, fed and housed than they are now, will be no longer so jolly and devil-may-care.—Cor. N. Y. Times

Discovery of the "Knock-Out" Blow.

"Excuse my ignorance, colonel, but what is 'the Mountery blow?'"

"Well, you must know that I am the originator of a system of scientific boxing. I introduced ten years ago or more the method of evasion as a means of defence preferable to parrying; 'ducking' is the current term for it. The offensive tactics are the more important, however; the blow is the great thing in boxing. Success all lies in knowing how to hit—to establish a line of power from the shoulder to the knuckles of the second, third, and fore fingers. The principle is the same in fencing. Let me take a foil and deliver a thrust glancing downward and the point will only scratch you, whereas if I deliver a thrust with the 'line of power' behind it, the bones and muscles all backing each other with cumulative force, the foil would go right through you. I discovered the scientific blow that Sullivan uses—his 'knock-out' blow. It enabled for a man thoroughly acquainted with the art of fencing to discover this blow, which is produced exactly like a thrust in tierce, see? A blow so dealt by a powerful man will stun an ox, and a scientific light-weight or gentleman amateur can by means of it hold his own against any slugger in the ring who is unfamiliar with the principle."—Chicago Tribune Interview.

Gems of German Journalism.