THE ANACONDA STANDARD, PAGES 9 TO 12.

ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MONRNING, APRIL 20.

Woman's World.

THE "DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY" TO WED THE GRANDSON OF A FAMOUS ABOLITIONIST.

Everybody has read the dispatch which was printed in nearly every newspaper in the land last week announcing the engagement of Miss Winifred Davis, daughter of the late Jefferson Davis, to Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, of Syracuse, N. Y. In this case, the phrase about love laughing at locksmiths must be turned so as to declare that love laughs at political antecedents. Known as the "Daughter of the Confederacy," Miss Davis, if the report of the engagement be true, will wed the grandson of Samuel J. May, one of the most prominent, persistent and eloquent of the seven or eight men who ranked as leaders of the Abolitionists, during the ten years prior to 1860. He was a Unitarian clergyman, a man universally beloved by all who knew him, but an active foe of the institution of slavery and one of the intensely radical advocates of its destruction. Dr. May's only daughter was the wife of the late Alfred Wilkinson, who, for many years was one of the prominent bankers of central New York. His son, whose engagement to Miss Davis is announced, is a graduate of Harvard college and a lawyer of promise. He has turned his thirtieth birthday. His father's estate became seriously involved some eight years ago, and Miss Davis will not wed a fortune. Years ago in the family of the late Congressman McCarthy, Miss Davis was a guest at Washington. Afterwards she visited the home of the McCarthy's in Syracuse. She was cordially received in the society of that city, soon becoming a favorite there. After a time the young lady became an occasional guest of friends in Syracuse and there it was that she met the estimable young man, who they say is soon to lead her to the altar. Tall and apparently slight in figure, Miss Davis would hardly rank as a beauty. Yet she has a remarkably intelligent expression, and an animated manner in her conversation, which is entirely free from the element of frivolity. She is highly accomplished and a welcome member in any social circle.

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The average woman, says the Buffalo *Express*, stays in the house on pleasant days and visits 23 stores in an afternoon when the wind's speed has to be taken with a lightning rod. She will rail for 25 years against the barbarous fashion of boring the ears, and then she will punch holes in her ear lobes with a darning needle if there is a ghost of a chance for getting a pair of diamond ear-rings. She will take two hours to dress and run back into the house three times if she is going over to Minnie's to spend the afternoon; and the next day, when has a sudden chance to go to San Francisco, she will pack a toothbrush and her purse in her pocket, button her cloak and gloves on the street car, and be at the station three-quarters of an hour ahead of train time. She spills coffee on the clean table-cloth and smiles sweetly—when there is company; and then she glares like a healthy demon if William Henry lays the carving knife on the table when they are alone. She carefully mends a rent a quarter of an inch long in her gloves, and goes for days with a tear two feet long in her petticoat. She will put sealskin buttons on a plush sacque, and expects the whole world to believe that it is real fur. She can hold forty-seven pins in her mouth and give an order to the grocery boy that will fill the market baskets and a milk pail. She laughs because the Smith girls wear old-fashioned bonnets, and crys because she knows of some poor boy who can't afford a winter overcoat. She will arrange a silk scarf over a picture frame until a man's eye will bulge out with admiration, but she can't tie a plain, ordinary necktie to save her life. She will walk up the street in the rain to save a street car fare, and then she will give a quarter of a dollar to the first beggar she meets. She will go over every carpet in the house with a damp cloth and brush, and then go down town with a black spot on her nose. She will give a good course of lectures upon the history, general appearance and people of the Roman empire, and then she would get lost if she tried to go from Buffalo to Attica without an escort. She will read an assay on our inhuman treatment of the red man, and then she locks the door if she sees a sassafras vender coming in at the side gate. She will fry beefsteak and expect the man of her choice to eat it. She is altogerher a lovable creature and she knows it.

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For a long time past, writes a Washington correspondent, a coolness has existed between Col. W. W. Dudley and President Harrison. The colonel has endured it in silence, in the hope that in time white-winged peace might fold her tiny wings and nestle close above their heads. But Mrs. Dudley is not a politician. She loves her husband and could not understand what in her estimation was an act of cruel ingratitude. Colonel Dudley went into the pension business and Mrs. Dudley has had her wide circle of acquaintances to entertain. But all along she has thought that Mrs. Harrison had much to do with the president's conduct toward her husband and she did not propose to put up with it. The time and opportunity came, and that is what all Washington is talking about. Mrs. Dudley was making Easter purchases, when there was a fluttering of skirts near her, and the next moment she heard the salutation:

"Why, Mrs. Dudley, how do you do? I am so glad to see you?"

Mrs. Dudley turned and, looking very calmly at a lady dressed very neatly who stood near her, she said: "Madam, you have the advantage of me;" and from her eyes came all the decision that Mrs. Dudley is so well known for.

Her visitor stepped back and said, "Why, Mrs. Dudley, you know me. I am Mrs. Harrison."

With her steady look directed full at Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Dudley with affected contemplation, replied: "Harrison? Harrison?"

"Oh, you know very well who I am," exclaimed the president's wife, who left the shop immediately and Mrs. Dudley resumed her purchase. When she left the store it was with the air of one who had righted a wrong.

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Ladies will be interested to hear of the 13 pairs of garters ordered for the Princess Sophia of Prussia, the bride of the Duke of Sparta, according to old Hohenzollern custom. These were not for wear, but for distribution as souvenirs of her marriage. In ruder times, and even in less exalted ranks of life, the bride's garter was and is a kind of perquisite for the bridesmaids, to be cut up and shared among them to bring each young lady good fortune.

In Germany each bride of the Hohenzollerns gives a garter, to be laid up in the museum in Berlin. The collection is beautiful and curious, some fifty or sixty in number, from the homeliest in quality to the richest embroidery on silk and dazzling with jewels. The thirteenth pair of Princess Sophia's are of pale blue silk and clasped with large diamond buckles. These are the historical garters sent back to her own country after the ceremony. Of the remaining twelve it is understood that she gave one to the reigning sovereign, and the other eleven to the Greek nobles of high rank who attended the bridegroom to the altar. All the thirteen pairs of garters have gold buckles, with the bride's initials in diamonds; but the blue and white, supposed to bring good fortune, which went to the museum, are the most beautiful and costly of the whole set.

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Two women and a man were discussing a third woman yesterday. The man evidently was not an enthusiastic admirer of the subject of the discussion, says the New York *Sun*.

"Why don't you admire her?" demanded one woman. "She's awfully clever."

"Yes, tormentingly clever," he answered.

"And good looking.,'

"Yes."

"And gracious."

"Oh, yes."

"But what is it, then."

"Well"—he hesitated—"well, she's masculine."

"There it is again," broke in the other woman, "that horribly vague accusation that men are always bringing against women. If they don't happen to like a woman—be she the most favored of her sex—and if there's no other possible sin they can convict her of, they end it by calling her 'masculine.'"

"But it's more gallant at least," observed the first speaker, "when a man instead of calling a woman 'disagreeable,' simply says she's masculine.'"

"As if there were no way of being disagreeable in the feminine gender!"

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The marriage of Henry V. Moore and Miss Jennie Hart, which occurred on Tuesday, at Tribes Hill, N. Y., was marked by a sensational feature which has just come out. The Rev. W. F. Poor performed the ceremony, and when he had finished the bride burst into tears and cried:

"I have married the wrong man."

On being asked who the right one might have been, she indicated the young man who had acted as best man. It has been learned that both the groom and his best man were suitors for her hand, and, although she did not like Moore as well as the other, in a fit of pique she accepted him and then did not dare to back out.

When the irrevocable words were pronounced that bound her for life, however, her emotions overpowered her and she was unable to restrain the tell-tale words which rushed to her lips.

The affair has created great excitement among the friends of the contracting parties. They are now in Washington.

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The groom was loving, the bride was fair,
Her eyes met his with a witching air;
She was tender and meek as a maid could be,
And she had no more sense than a babe of three.

"Youngster, beware!" the old men said,
"We've tried the pass"—but he shook his head;
He shook that head oracularly;
"In marriage, 'Love is enough,'" quoth he.

Breakfast at home. How strange and sweet!
But something was wrong with the things to eat;
Something was queer in coffee and tea—
"Nay, give me a kiss instead," said he.

Dinner at home—but he could not eat,
O rawish potatoes! O kiln-dried meat!
"You've left out the taste from the soup," moaned he.
"I'll make it all right with a kiss," smiled she.

Supper at home and he could not eat.
O bread like putty! O mush or wheat!
O slimy pickles! O tea of tan!
He rose from the table a starving man.

Alack, what aileth that bridegroom now?
He stamps and roars as he knots his brow.
"Go home to your mother, and say from me,
That love is not nearly enough," quoth he.

—*E. S. Turner in Good Housekeeping.*

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The Empress of Austria has caused her wedding dress to be cut up and made into a set of vestments for the church of St. Mathew in Pesth. The dress was of white brocade with silver threads, embroidered all over with beautiful garlands of roses in silver. Her bridal wreath encircles an embroidered picture of the virgin, which is to be hung up in the Loretto chapel of the same church, which the empress selects for her devotions. The vestments will be used for the service in honor of the Virgin Mary in May.

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If you wish to keep your skin smooth do not, no matter what the cranks on the subject of health advise, dry it with a harsh towel, advises the New York *Sun*. Instead use a fine damask one, and use it not only thoroughly, but discreetly, for your face is not covered with parchment, nor are your eyes stone. To know how to "dabble" the face with a fine cloth as a method of drying is a means of preserving the delicate appearance of the skin not often thought of. Mme. Bonaparte, whose skin was velvety and peach-like at 90, used to say that women used their skins exactly as if they were as thick as that of a rhinoceros, and to this she attributed premature wrinkles and loss of delicacy in shape of the features and coloring of the skin.

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Mexicans have some curious customs with which it might just as well for strangers who travel in the republic to be conversant. The *Export and Finance* says that at a dance, for instance, the cascaron plays an important part, and it is frequently a source of much amusement. This cascaron is a highly colored egg-shell, filled with some sort of sweet-smelling perfume, sachet powder, or bits of fine gilt paper. When a bewitching senorita, with raven hair and roguish eyes, desires to show her preference for a gentleman, and invite him to dance with her, she playfully smashes the cascaron over his head. Not long ago one of our bright young New Yorkers was in the city of Mexico, and a Mexican friend invited him to one of the balls in that city. While he was quietly sitting in one corner of the room a vivacious damsel danced forward to him and smashed the cascaron in the way described. It was filled with bits of gilt paper, and they fell in a shower over his shoulders. He jumped to his feet and rushing to his friend declared that an egg had been broken over his head. Matters were readily and laughingly explained to him, and in five minutes he was waltzing with the damsel and muttering inward maledictions because he could not talk Spanish.

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The woman who left orders that she be interred in a robe that she wouldn't be ashamed of at the resurrection could appreciate the feelings of a man of whom the Greenwood correspondent of the Oxford *Democrat* tells the following story: "A woman died in poor circumstances and one of the neighbors started out to procure funds for a burial robe. The first man interviewed was Mr. Blank, who is not so much noted for piety as eccentricity. On hearing her story, Mr. B. inquired how much the garment in question would cost. 'About $5 for a long robe, while a short one can be had for considerably less, perhaps $3,' was the reply. Mr. B. drew out his pocketbook and handed her a $5 bill, with the remark: 'Here, take this and buy the first kind mentioned. I don't want to meet that woman in heaven with a short robe on.'"

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I gave my girl an onyx ring,
Which filled her with delight,
She looked upon it wondering,
Her eyes with radiance bright,
"It is a charming gift," said she,
"The gem is well selected;
Not only is it fair to see,
But also onyx-pected!"

—*Jewelers' Circular.*

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Women anxious to vote will be glad to learn that the franchise is to be extended to them in every state in the union within 10 years. At least Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton said so in her address as president at the convention of the National Woman Suffrage association at Washington.

MATTERS FEMININE.

Perfumed ink is ready for adoption.

Pale violet and leaf green are a striking spring like combination of colors.

Mojeska goes to Europe next year, and will not act in this country until 1892.

Dressy long coats for spring are of camel's hair wrought all over with polka dots.

If you want to seem tall and commanding carry a white parasol and wear a white hat or white aigrette.

It used to be the worst kind of form for a lady to swing her arms on the promenade. Now it is comme il faut to do so, and indicative of physical culture.

Susannah Warfield, a wealthy lady who died recently in Carroll county, Maryland, has left all her property to found an Episcopal college, which is to be named after her.

Some of the antique metal buckles worn with the empire waists are as much as seven inches long. They bend with the figure and give a charming completion to light gauzy costumes.

There is a crazy effort on the part of dressmakers to elongate their customers. Since the banishment of the bustle there is no waist line, and hips and belt meet in many of the ultra walking suits.

Modistes who charge $125 to make up a summer silk dress or gown or crepe de Chine hang a tiny bottle of ottar of roses in the corsage, which supplies an odor of sweetness as long as the dress endures.

White toilets will be in vogue this summer; green is unquestionably la mode; brown is the poet's color, and the yellow tints, particularly baize, primrose, apricot and cameo are on the top wave of popularity.

It is said of a fifth girl in a family in Atchison, Kansas, that, though 12 years old, she never possessed a dress or garment that was originally made for her. They have always been garments that were made over.

At Huntington, W. Va., a young man who had escorted a young lady to the theater fell a sad victim to the pernicious habit of going out between the acts. About the second time he went out to see a man his fair companion arose, invited a friend to accompany her home, and gracefully retired.

Even the gentle smile of a lovely woman may sometimes lead to trouble. A man in Chester, Pa., has sued his wife for divorce; she smiled when he cut off the tip ends of his fingers in beheading a chicken. Her proper course, it is needless to say, would have been to faint. Wives cannot be too careful in the management of their emotions when their husbands are on exhibition.

A Washington man has discovered that tall, slender girls take to greyhounds and dogs of similar build, while short, plump girls are invariably seen on the streets with pugs, poodles and canines of kindred shape. This is natural enough. It springs from the feminine love of symmetry. A short, pudgy girl would appear doubly so by the side of a lean, long greyhound. A tall, thin girl leading a pug would look like a broomstick.

By the death of the Duke of Manchester, Lady Mandeville, who was the beautiful Miss Yznaga, of New York, is promoted to wear the strawberry leaves, and becomes the second contemporary American duchess in the English peerage. In this generation, however, American girls have married two Italian dukes of ancient name, three French dukes of equally dignified lineage, at least twenty continental princes and as many more foreign ambassadors.

Ruth Raymond, a young lady of Sacramento who has been writing to the San Francisco *Examiner* on the subject of ideal husbands and wives, says: "I love company, and would not object in the least if my husband brought home two or three of his gentlemen friends unexpectedly to supper." Evidently this young woman wishes to captivate a widower. The importance of this specification will not seriously impress inexperienced bachelors, but the widowers will know how to appreciate it. Only one thing will lead them to hesitate about purchasing tickets for the Pacific coast. Ruth is inexperienced herself; she doubtless thinks she will not object, but——

A Legend.

ORIGIN OF THE RAINBOW FALLS.

Written for the SUNDAY STANDARD.

Among the traditions of the Piegan Indians there is the following legend: When the Piegan people first came to Montana, the region now called the Sweet Grass Hills became their camping ground. There they pitched their tents and turned their ponies out to graze on the wild sweet grass which grew so abundantly. Before solitude had reigned and only the hoot of the owl or the scream of the bald eagle broke the stillness. Now a thriving village occupied the former haunts of the wild deer and bear. During the day the old men and women sat outside the tepees in the warm sunshine. The young women and maidens tanned the skins for the moccasins and stretched them for the lodges, cooked the flesh of the bear and deer, or gathered roots and herbs for healing. The young men hunted the antelope and buffalo, or with spears caught the fish that sported in the rivers. The children laughed, sang and played through the long summer days, or helped the women in their tasks. At night the feasting fires were lighted and the chief, Gray Eagle, with his braves, sat around the blaze and smoked the red berries of the kini-kinik or the slender stalks of the clematis and chewed the brown bulbs of the camas root. The young men joined in games or danced round the fire, and the moon—the white spirit of the night—looked down and was pleased with the Piegan people, and they dwelt in peace and content for many moons. Near by the hostile Crows had camped, but the Piegans did not fear them. They had smoked the pipe of brotherhood, and though the Crows were treacherous they did not trouble the Piegans. The most beautiful maiden of the Piegan tribe was Spotted Fawn the daughter of one of the old chiefs. Though young she was fair as the dawn upon the hilltops and was skilled in all the sports of the chase. Her foot was light and swift as the fawn whose name she bore, while her arm was strong and her aim true when speeding the arrow or poising the spear. She of all the maidens was most loved by the tribe for her beauty and gentleness. All the young braves sought her in marriage but she would not listen. The strongest and bravest of the young chiefs was Black Eagle. He it was who oftenest brought home game and fish. He was foremost in all the games and evening sports. Once he had brought home the scalps of two Crow braves, who were stealing the ponies. After that the tribe looked upon him as the one most fit to take the place of Gray Eagle, when the Great Spirit should call him to the hunting grounds of his fathers. Spotted Fawn cared not for love. Least of all did she care for Black Eagle. Her gentle spirit trembled before the fierceness of his eyes and she feared him.

One day she went far from the camp in search of the sweet huckleberries which grew upon the hillside. She had found a place where they grew thickly, and having filled her game bag was returning homeward when she saw a large grizzly standing in her path. She knew that to run would be to be instantly overtaken and killed. So she stood still and fixing an arrow in her bow she aimed it straight at the monster's eye. It struck but only made a flesh wound, and with a howl of fury the huge creature rushed upon the girl. Ere he reached her an arrow pierced him and he fell dead at the maiden's feet. A young brave dashed through the bushes and stood before her. Spotted Fawn saw by his dress that he was a Crow chief, and by his face that he was good and gentle. They conversed and the young man told her his name was White Cloud. He had been hunting the bear and had tracked him to this spot, where he had killed him in time. They talked for a long time and as the maiden felt the goodness and bravery of the young chief thrill through her soul she felt that she loved him. The young brave had never seen so lovely a maiden and his heart became soft as a woman's when he met the glance of her large fawn-like eyes. Many times after that did Spotted Fawn and White Cloud meet and plight their troth to one another. Each day their love increased until it filled their souls with a flame like to the crimson fires of the sun when he curtains the west with dyes and splendors for his nightly dreams. Each knew that to let the tribes know of their affection would be to create war between the tribes. They would together be put to the torture, so they concealed their love.

Spotted Fawn joined no more in the games and pastimes of the young people. She sat apart, or conversed with the women. She who had once been the gayest of the maidens was now quieter than the oldest squaw of the tribe. Among all who wondered at the change in the favorite, none were more curious than Black Eagle. He watched her secretly, and when she went to hunt as usual, followed her. At last White Cloud said to the maiden: "We have loved for two moons, Spotted Fawn. Our tribes will kill us if they find us out. Let us flee to the friendly Blackfeet and become of their tribe. To-morrow night when the moon is highest we will meet here and go far away from this valley to happiness."

The maiden consented, and they parted to meet again on the morrow. Spotted Fawn shivered, for she thought she saw the plumes of Black Eagle through the trees.

The next night as the moon reached its highest point, Spotted Fawn stole away from the camp and met White Cloud, and together they sped swiftly away, away, until the camp was left far behind. For three days they traveled, scarcely pausing except at night when thoroughly weary they slumbered beneath some giant pine or lay down on the soft mossy banks of some tributary stream. One beautiful evening as the sun was sinking to sleep behind the deep blue mountains, Spotted Fawn and White Cloud were traveling slowly on their journey across a broad prairie, beyond which gleamed the silver water of the great river—the Missouri; they heard wild shouts behind them, and turning saw 200 braves with Black Eagle at their head. Summoning all their powers of swiftness they fled across the prairie. Could they cross the great river they are safe. Beyond lay the territory of the Blackfeet, where the Crows and Piegans dare not enter. So they strain every nerve to reach the river. The wild shouts of their pursuers ring in their ears. Death rather than fall into those merciless hands. Swift they fly, but swifter yet come Black Eagle and his warriors. They are fast gaining upon the young pair. But see the river gleams before them. Alas! had they strength left to breast its waters? the bank is high and steep, and a mighty cataract foams and thunders down its rocky bed 50 feet below them. Escape is impossible. Panting and breathless they pause on the brink of the precipice. But 200 yards behind comes those shouts of decision and triumph. Locked in each other's arms the lovers stand gazing into each other's eyes. Not a word does either speak but each knows that they will meet death in the foaming waters below rather than yield to the foes behind. Their pursuers are almost upon them. One last embrace and clasping each other more tightly they leap from the precipice, down to the boiling depths below, and as the waters close over their heads Black Eagle and his braves pause on the bank in disappointed fury. But the good Great Spirit looked kindly on the love of the brave young pair and instantly a beautiful vari-colored arch appeared shining through the veil of waters and they knew that the soul of White Cloud had become the rainbow fall, while at their feet a blossom of pale pink color sprang into life and became the soul of the lovely Piegan maiden. The name of the flower is Bitter Root. BLANIDE.

Missoula, April 10.

WAIFS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Especially if Late.

"Better late than never,"
Thought the poor girl of her beau.
As some hours after midnight
She saw him slowly go.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

Such Milk.

The old cow walked by the dairy shed,
And she said, in her ruminant way, she said:
"I'm feeling about as fine as silk;
But I'd like a drink of my own good milk."
And, looking around she presently saw
A pail standing beside the door—
It was buttermilk, about two days old;
But the aged vaccine hadn't been told,
So she only remarked: "It's mean to bilk
An industrious cow of her own good milk."
And she took a drink and she looked surprised,
And she walked away, and that cow surmised.
She surmised about half way down the lane,
And said with astonishment mixed with pain:
"To judge by the flavor of that there milk
I can't be feeling as fine as silk;
I must be bilious, I'll bet a hat,
When I get to giving down milk like that."

—*Puck.*

Of Course She Is.

As Peter sat at heaven's gate,
A maiden sought permission,
And begged of him if not too late,
To give her free admission.

"What claims hath you to enter here?"
He cried with ernest mien;
"Please, sir," said she, 'twixt hope and fear,
"I'm only just sixteen."

"Enough," the hoary guardian said,
And the gate wide open threw,
"That is the age when every maid
Is girl and angel too."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Loves Her Still.

Her voice was harsh and she jawed all day,
Till her husband was crazy, as one may say;
From morn till night it was chin, chin, chin,
And people who couldn't hearing help the din
Knew well that the man had a cross to bear,
And he cried in the depths of his wild despair,
"I've loved her, I've loved her through good and ill,
And with all her faults I love her still!"

—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Alas! and Alack!!

One morning, in a garden bed,
The onion and the carrot said
Unto a parsley group:
"Oh, when shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning or in rain?"
"Alas!" exclaimed, in tones of pain,
The parsley: "In the soup."

—*Philadelphia Press.*

Interceding with a Judge.

A Pittsburger recently related the following to a *Dispatch* reporter: "A young fellow who worked in the same office with me and was generally liked by all of us, fell into evil courses, and at last the law got hold of him. He was tried and convicted, but sentence was deferred for a few days. In the interval I went to see the judge and told him all the good I could about the young man. I laid particular stress upon his brightness and ability and the promising career which his crime had blasted. The judge listened to all I had to say patiently. Then he asked me: "He is an intelligent, well-educated fellow, is he?" I assented.

"'I am very glad you have told me this,' the judge remarked; 'very glad. I was going to give him four years.'

"So I went away well satisfied. The prisoner was brought up for sentence, and the judge, after a few remarks about the prisoner's evident intelligence and ability to tell right from wrong sentenced him to six years in the penitentiary, the limit of the law.

"Since that day my services as an intercessor with the judiciary I ave not been in demand, strange to say."

Beauty by Gaslight.

From the New York Evening Sun.

"No woman past 20 who has any regard for her looks at night should allow a light to fall on her from above," said a society woman recently; "it should come only from the sides, and level with the face."

"Why?"

"See here." She turned up the light that overhung the table in the center of her library and stood directly underneath it. On the instant the lines of her face sharpened, there were hollows in her cheeks, she looked ten years older and almost ugly.

"You see," she said, "how my face is changed. The light coming from above throws shadows downward on the face, bringing out the lines sharply and showing any absence of the round curves that make the beauty of a woman's face. With the light coming from the side the shadows are not thrown on the face, and the outline is softened instead of hardened. If these lights are shaded as well the pleasing effect is heightened."

Emin's Unfortunate Drink of Wine.

From the London Daily News.

Letters have arrived here from a missionary in Zanzibar, giving some particulars about Emin Pasha's unhappy fall out of a window. The missionary describes the hearty reception of the two explorers in Bagamoyo. Emin Pasha was full of praise of the Catholic mission in Africa, and gave expression to his gratitude at the banquet, which was also attended by five missionaries, among whom were Father Girault, Schinze and Etienne. After the banquet was over Emin said to Father Girault:

"I have this evening been brought quite out of my usual routine. For fifteen years I have not touched wine."

Hereupon he left the table, not without promising Father Girault that he would spend the whole of the following day in the Catholic mission at Bagamoyo. Emin then went out into the next room, and thinking, as he was very short-sighted, that an opening in the wall was a door, he fell with great force on to a zinc-plated roof, and from there he rolled on the ground. The hight of his fall was sixteen feet.

WOMEN AS ORATORS

A Number of Platform Favorites and Their Characteristics.

Anna Dickinson's Attachment for Susan B. Anthony—Kate Field's Appreciation of Humor.

From the Boston Herald.

Anna Dickinson was essentially a magnetic speaker. There has been no one like her before or since. It was a distinct loss to the platform when she left it. There has been a great deal of wonder as to why she left her work when she was at the flood-tide of her popularity. The reason is simply this: She felt that she had no special message to give, and she was truly a Quaker to speak unless she felt the moving of the spirit. "I had a message to bring," she said, "and I gave it from my heart, but my work is done for the present; what may come up by and by I cannot tell. When it comes, and if it comes, it will find me ready." There is no one who ever heard her who does not wish that a message would be again given to her.

The one woman to whom Anna Dickinson always gave a royal meed of gratitude was Susan B. Anthony, to whom she was deeply attached. She used to say that Miss Anthony's feet had trodden the rough path to make it smooth for young women. And it was true. Boston knows too little of Susan Anthony, her uprightness and downrightness. She has few graces of oratory, but she strikes out from the shoulder in a most vigorous fashion. She has an old-fashioned way of telling the truth, even if it is unpleasant to hear. She hates wrong, but with characteristic generosity she lives the wrong down. She is the kindliest soul that ever lived, and she can't bear malice, even to the persons who have caricatured her and held her up to ridicule. She is hurt and sorry, but she never complains. But the day of ridicule is past. Even the flippant young writers and caricaturists have learned to accord to her the respect which she deserves, and those who know her personally give her high regard. She is plain in her dress and her manner, but she is always well bred; she is earnest, but never unpleasantly assertive. She speaks with distinctness and in a colloquial manner as though she was talking to a room full of friends and not an audience. In this regard she differs from her colleague and co-worker, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose well-rounded periods are those of the orator rather than of the talker.

But the days of the orator are numbered; the old-fashioned spread-eagle style no longer attracts; the colloquial style is the present fashion, and no fine wants glowing periods in speech any more than they want ideal situations in a novel. The trail of realism is over all the work of the world. It is no matter whether or not the world wants it; it must have it, that is all. One of the women who brings the manners of the drawing room to the platform is Kate Field. Her attitude to her audience is that of a high-bred woman entertaining a room full of special guests. Her fine graciousness of presence, her sweet voice, and her beautiful, well-chosen English make it a delight to listen to her. One may not agree with her; in fact, one may hold quite an opposite opinion, but, after all, one never minds hearing what she thinks, because she gives her opinions so sweetly, and without the least expression of antagonism. Her hearers know what she believes; but while she has asserted her views, she has not attacked theirs. She has a rare tact that is refreshing, and in many way she may be held as a model for young speakers. In one thing she leads—her exquisite pronunciation. The English language becomes music in her lips. One wishes every young girl, whether she is to be a public speaker or whether she is only to lift up her voice in the quiet of her own home, for the edification of family and friends, could model her English on Kate Field's—she couldn't have a better guide. Another feature of Kate Field's platform style is her quick appreciation of humor and her fine wit. In this she is quite unlike the majority of women, and it gives a character, and, if one may venture to coin a word, a uniqueness, when put in contrast with the work of most women. A good deal of Miss Field's pleasantly peculiar style comes undoubtedly from the fact that she was a newspaper woman before she was a lecturer, and had learned how to take her public.

Not many years ago Lucy Stone, well beloved of women, went into Vermont to conduct a woman suffrage campaign. Of course, although her name was well known, there were many people who had never seen her, and it was very amusing to see the surprise produced on the faces as the gentle, motherly, sweet-faced, silver-voiced woman stepped on the platform and began to address them in the kindly manner so well known to all her followers.

"Is that Lucy Stone?" asked one woman, made more bold by her surprise than the rest ot the people. "Why, I thought she was a big woman with a loud voice and wore pantaloons."

No wonder she was surprised. Although Mrs. Stone was one of the earliest of the woman speakers, and has been longer on the platform than almost any one now living, she is essentially a feminine woman. She has lost none of the sweet graces of womanliness; indeed, every plea she has made for women as a class has added a new emphasis to her own womanhood. Queen of them all, she bears her royal honors very sweetly and kindly, and rules over her dominion with gentle kindliness.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is also one of the women whose audience always seems her guests. She is gracious and kindly, but always seems to stand a step higher than those whom she is addressing. This is no mere manner contracted by long usage; it is simply the natural position of the woman toward the world. She is on a higher plane, intellectually, than those whom she is addressing, and there are very few who can stand beside her in the world of woman workers. Mrs. Howe does not possess the element of personal megnetism to the extent that some women do, but she carries her audience along by her power of reasoning. It is the head, rather than the heart, to which she appeals, and which answers her appeal.

A Pleasant Shave.

From Light.

Customer—What makes your hand jerk so with that razor?

Barber—Why, boss, I'se used to de fits.

"The fits?"

"Yes, boss, but don't be scart; it is ten minutes befor' dey come on. Jes' you res' easy; dat's jes' de symptoms."