Woman's World.

A SECRET SHE CAN KEEP—A PAIR OF CELEBRITIES WHO WERE DUMB IN THE PRESENCE OF WOMEN.

The proverbs of most countries are rich in all subjects relating to women, although frequently they are far from complimentary, says the *American Notes and Queries*.

Indeed, it is curious that in this source of literature we should find so much ill-natured sarcasm—oftimes as unjust as it is untrue. According to a well known Italian adage, "Whenever a woman will, she can," a saying which has its equivalent in other countries. Hence, too, we are warned how:

The man's a fool who thinks by force or skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't she won't, and there's an end on't.

The notion that woman cannot keep a secret is embodied in many a proverb, and it is alluded to by Shakespeare, who makes *Hotspur* say to his wife, in "King Henry IV.:"

Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far I will trust thee, gentle Kate.

Mr. Kelly remarks, in his little book on proverbs: "If there be truth in proverbs, men have no right to reproach women for blabbing. A woman can at least keep her own secret. Try her on the subject of her age." The industry of woman has long ago become proverbial, as in the couplet:

The woman that's honest, her chiefest delight
Is still to be doing from morning till night.

With which we may compare the common maxim, "A woman's work is never at end." On the other hand it was formerly said of the woman, who after being a busy, industrious maid, became an indolent wife. "She had broken her elbow at the church door," the ceremony of the the church porch—where oftentimes part of the marriage service was performed—having disabled her for domestic duties. Thus another adage affirmed how

The wife that expects to have a good name,
Is always at home, as if she were lame.

According to our forefathers it did not look well for a woman to be always sightseeing, as such was an indication that she was not sufficiently domesticated, and was to fond of pleasure. Hence it was usually said;

A woman oft seen, a gown oft worn,
Are disesteemed and held in scorn.

Even at the present day, according to a well known Yorkshire proverb, "A zonktown (a gossip) is seldom a good housewife at home." Many of our proverbs speak of the fickleness of women, but surely this is a libel on their constancy:

The love of a woman and a bottle of wine,
Are sweet for a season and last for a time.

One adage tells us how "Maids say nay and take—a kiss, a ring, or an offer of marriage." On the same principle it has been commonly said: "Take a woman's first advice and not her second."

Among some of the many other proverbs relating to women is the familiar one:

There's no mischief in the world done
But a woman is always one.

This is somewhat severe judgment, and one which must be received with caution. According to another adage, "Women in mischief are wiser than men," and it was also said that "Women's jars breed men's wars." The Germans have the following variation of this proverb: "There's no mischief done in the world but there's a woman or a priest at the bottom of it."

There is the popular proverb which says that "John is as good as my lady in the dark," for, as an ancient Latin saying reminds us, "Blemishes are unseen by night." Whether we agree with this statement or not, yet, as Mr. Kelly remarks, quoting the following lines:

The night
Shows stars and women in a better light;

with which may go the French hyperbole, "By candlelight a goat looks like a lady."

Model Woman.

If I were a woman what would I not do?
I would not talk at the theater, would you?
I would stay at home and repair all the clothes,
And let my husband indulge in sweet repose.

I would work all the time, for why should we fret?
We were made to work, the men say so yet;
And no matter what we can do or can say,
Our husbands serenely will have their own way.

And I would not have any milliner bills;
And no doctor for my sickness and ills;
So I'll slave away morning, noon and night,
Then my husband 'll think everything is right.

He can sleep when baby is peevish and cross,
I will share all his cares, troubles and loss;
While he can go out and gamble away
All that I've saved in many a day.

If I were a woman all this I would do
While waiting my weary life to get through;
But no, no, a woman I never can be,
And my wife—why, she just rules me.

GREAT MEN'S TIMIDITY.

Cushing and Choate Were Dumb in the Society of Women.

A writer in the Boston *Journal* knows it for a fact that Hon. Caleb Cushing, who, with the exception of Hon. Rufus Choate (par nobile fratrum), was the best man to listen to he has ever been acquainted with, was substantially dumb in the society of women. He either did not know how to talk to them, or he would not, and he could scarcely look in the face of one of them without blushing. He could not look them fairly in the eyes, in fact, nor could he men either, for that matter. There seemed to be an unaccountable timidity and shrinking about him, as there was even about Choate himself, great man as he was.

And the writer would remark in passing that he remembers, as to the latter, that one evening at one of the large hotels in Boston there was a reunion, for some purpose, of the graduates of Harvard college in and about Boston, and Choate was one of the invited guests. The late brilliant Josiah Quincey, jr. (as he was then), presided at the table with his usual grace and piquancy. While the company were assembling the writer (then a very young man) was standing by himself in a corner, when Choate came in with a slouchy gait and his head down, looking as confused as a schoolboy, and catching a glimpse of the writer he rushed eagerly toward him and, grasping his arm, said substantially, "You must help me up to the committee," who were standing at the head of the hall receiving the guests. We had only advanced a few steps, however, when Choate, being discovered, was pulled hither and thither by hosts of hands, and the writer was again left to commune with himself, or with others like him and of his own age who happened to be standing near; not, however, before he had ventured modestly to remark to Choate how surprised he was that a man of his experience and distinction should be at all desirous of thus walking under cover, as it were. And I have stated in a previous paper how he always avoided as much as possible the eyes of men and how, when walking from his office to his house, he preferred to walk through the broadest and most crowded streets. I have it from authority which cannot be questioned that Mr. Cushing once, at an evening party in Newburyport, attempting to make himself agreeable, it is to be presumed, said to a pretty, bright-eyed girl of 17 or 18 summers, and quite distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments, in the circle of her young admirers, "Pray, Miss ——, can you tell me how love begins?" And she instantly replied, with a merry twinkle and a smile, "Why, with L, of course," thus discomforting the distinguished scholar and statesman, and getting the laugh of the bystanders upon him.

AN HEIRESS' UMBRELLA.

She Crosses the Ocean to Recover It From Her Faithless Lover.

Miss Paula von der Lippe, a buxom young lady of Poderbaun, Westphalia, fell heir to a legacy of 8,000 marks a few months ago, says the New York *Times*. One of her first purchases was a superb umbrella, and one of the first results of the news of the legacy was an ardent lover in the person of Johann Welslau. Mr. Welslau proposed after they became engaged that they make their future home in America, and when Paula acquiesced he prevailed on her to let him go on ahead to New York with 3,000 marks of the legacy and prepare a home in its gold-lined avenues for their happy occupancy.

She saw Johann off on the steamer P. Caland and went home to count the days until he should send for her. She had only gotten as far as three when she missed her umbrella and missed also from her usual haunts a former sweetheart of Johann's named Louisa Rothert.

Miss von der Lippe's love turned to hate with electrical rapidity, and tucking the remainder of the 8,000 marks in the inside pocket of her polonaise she started for America and revenge via the steamer Ems, which landed her at the Barge office yesterday. She enlisted Detective Groden in her cause, and they traced Johann and Louisa to Jersey City, catching them at Taylor's hotel. Johann, 500 marks, Louisa and the umbrella were all locked up, and the forsaken heiress will get her revenge and her property.

Late.

Into thy life may come
Some late bird singing,
Into thy sombre lot
A late bee winging,
With honey laden,
From some blossom rare.
Into thy life some one,
With true eyes deep and tender,
May come at last to bring
Thy heart its full surrender;
Ah! late—but rare!
Late buds are passing fair.
—*Anna Reading Gazzam.*

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Mrs. Jenness Miller, the dress reformer, says she don't believe in women's clubs or men's clubs either.

Real butterflies from Mexico and Brazil are put on some of the new bonnets by the Parisian milliners.

There are said to be three or four ladies well known in London society who are determined to appear at the next meet of the coaching club on horseback, astride.

Most delicate and beautiful are the new parasols made of white or colored silk and covered with silk muslin of the same shade put on plaited frills over the entire surface, and finished with a bow at the top.

Widows are sometimes embarrassed to know what disposition to make of the first wedding ring. It should be removed as soon as the lady has plighted her troth, for no man likes to be continually reminded of his predecessor.

A bookseller who observes the reading habits of young women says that the young women of New York seldom read back farther than a year. They keep up famously with the new works of note in the lighter fields of literature, but that no one of them is found reading the older English writers, with the single exception of George Eliot.

The most prominent jewelers now admit that even the diamond solitaire has almost departed. Many fashionable women with earrings worth a fortune no longer wear them, but have the stones reset in hair ornaments, brooches or bracelets. Possibly the fashion will never be revived. The antiquarian in the 25th century may note as a distinct advance in civilization the date when women ceased to bore their flesh to insert ornaments.

Ex-Empress Eugenie occupied the historical grande suite at the Hotel Bellevue in Brussels for some twelve hours last week on her way to Wiesbaden. She will remain at Wiesbaden three weeks, under the care of Dr. Metzger. She looked far from well, but spoke hopefully of the beneficial effects she anticipated from massage cure on her rheumatism, which has of late occasioned such acute suffering.

English ladies are adopting the fashion of putting their maids who wait at table in livery. The skirts are plain of these livery gowns and of the heraldic color of the house. All the pleats are thrown behind. Then the waistcoat and jacket are trimmed with livery bands, buttons and crests of monograms in metal. A high stiff white collar, white cuffs and a tiny white cap, like a topknot, complete this hybrid livery.

A widow or divorcee, no matter how youthful, should never be married in a white gown. The white robe is symbolical of original purity, and twice donned loses its significance, as does also the wreath of orange buds and the flowers which are properly the prerogative of the girl bride. A traveling dress is considered good form; but some widows prefer a rich gown of heliotrope brocade, pale blue satin duchesse, or, in fact, anything that appeals to the individual fancy.

The woman upon whom age, even an age in the neighborhood of 30, is beginning to set its seal, is wise to wear ties on her bonnet or hat, because they will do much to make her look younger, and will conceal from the public that first sign that she has passed her 25th birthday—the wrinkles that come behind the ears and frequently extend along the throat. Even narrow velvet ribbons will hide these, and the woman who does not take advantage of their charitable offices announces that she has no idea of the practical use of dress.

A young gentleman, says a Pittsburg paper, called at the house of a friend to spend the evening. While there he asked for a glass of water, which was given him. He noticed that his friend's wife was watching him intently. As he finished the refreshing draught the lady sighed as she said solemnly: "It does me good to see a man drink a glass of water like that once more." The silence that followed was painful in the extreme.

Mrs. Richard R. Paulison, whose winter home is the house built by the Marquis de Tallyrand on the St. John's river, Florida, is considered the best markswoman in the South. She wears on her excursions a hunting costume with short skirts and leathern leggings, and has killed an eagle on the wing, bagged thirty birds with her shot-gun and hit a coot's head with a rifle at 200 yards.

THE AFTERNOON TEA.

If the boys don't kiss the misses, then the girls will miss the kisses.

Miss Wheeler, the bride of Count Pappenheim, may be one of those who believe it "better to have love and lost than never to have loved Ettal."

George (highly pleased): "And you think I have a small foot! Well, well, that does get away with me." Clara (with a yawn): "Does it, George? I hadn't noticed it."

"Don't you think that Mr. Downylip is a very self-conscious young person?" said one Washington girl to another. "Yes, but you can't blame him. It's the only thing that saves him from total oblivion."

"Have you any sisters, Mr. Neverwed?" "Oh my, yes. There was Helen Bronson, Sadie Harrison, Georgie Dintack and several other girls whose names I've forgotten. Would you like to be a sister to me, Miss Hicks?"

Tailor: "Well, Jones, how did your wife like the new clothes?" Jones: "She acted just as she did when I first began to court her." Tailor: "How was that? Laid her cheek on the lappels?" Jones: "No; violently opposed my suit."

Just for Style—Cousin Josie: "You say you do not love young Mr. Spruce, yet you have agreed to marry him and set an early day for the wedding. What is your motive?" Miss Highfly: "Now, dear, don't be envious. Easter is over and it's all the fashion to marry."

He: "And you won't marry me?" She: "I don't think I can." He: "What objection have you to me?" She: "Well, er, I don't like the color of your mustache." He: "Stella, I would dye for you." She (mistaking his meaning): "You would really die for me." He: "Yes, my mustache."

Bolder: "My dear, women make good housekeepers, but they are generally poor reasoners." Mrs. Bolder (who rules her household): "Well, there's this about it, Bolder. Women, leastwise some women you and I know, ought to be good logicians; for, whether dealing with majors or minors, they have pretty generally sometimes always a tolerably complete mastery over the premises."

"You would never believe it, my dear Mr. Simpkins," remarked a homely old flirt, "but when I was young I was really positively ugly." "My dear madam," replied Simpkins, with the air of a man paying a compliment, "I can more readily credit your statement since you have so admirably preserved all your youthful attractions."

Some figures to give husbands points are furnished by a writer in the Temps regarding the sums spent on dress in Paris in the course of a twelvemonth. In round numbers the four leading conturiers of the French capital supply annually costumes to the amount of 25,000,000 francs. The artist whose renown began during the second empire, and who is still facile princeps in his specialty—toilets for balls and receptions—sends out each year bills of which the total amount is upward of 6,000,000 francs.

Injustice Done.

From Puck.

"Is there much drunkenness in this town?"

"I dunno. I don't think the place is quiet as red as it's painted."

Keen Repartee.

From Jewellers's Weekly.

Miss Giddings—Oh, papa! What can be more brilliant than a diamond?

Mr. Giddings—A girl's wits when she wants one.

Figuratively Speaking.

From Harper's Bazar.

Watts—I notice young Brown has dropped into poetry.

Potts—Yes, and from the specimens I've seen I should say his feet were sadly injured by the fall.

A Timely Question.

From the Terre Haute Express.

"Well, how are you this morning?" asked the eight-day clock.

"I am all run down," answered the watch. "It is a trouble that always affects me in the spring."

Just Like Anyone Else.

From the Somerville Journal.

The man who asks "Is life worth living?" shows by asking the question that he thinks he doesn't think it is, but he will dodge a runaway horse just as glibly as the man who would rather do almost anything than die.

Great Nerve.

From the New York Sun.

"He has a terrible nerve."

"Who, Chumleigh?"

"Yes. Why, that fellow w as managing a traveling 'Hamlet' troupe out in Kansas once, and when the audience called for the author at the close of the play Chumleigh went before the curtain and bowed."

A Wonderful Similarity.

From Chatter.

"Darling," he said, as he kissed the tips of the pretty little pink fingers, "why are you like the art practiced by all the prestidigitators?"

"I don't know," she replied, shuddering slightly: "why am I?"

"Because, precious, you are slight of hand."

A Prudent Parent.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Indignant Father—Hadn't you done anything but laugh?

Boy—No, sir.

"And the teacher whipped you for that. The scoundrel! I'll teach him——"

"Yes, and he whipped me just as hard! He's a great big man."

(Not quite so indignant)—"H'm! You mustn't laugh at school, Johnny. It's against the rules."

Bennett's Heartlessness.

Eugene Field writes from London: Last month Ralph Meeker, son of the post trader who was massacred by the Utes in Colorado a number of years ago, returned to New York after two years' service on James Gordon Bennett's European papers. He has been in the employ of the *Herald* for 16 years and had seriously impaired his health by overwork. The climate of London disagreed with him, and he asked to be transferred to the New York office. Bennett finally gave his consent, and Meeker went back to America; but when he reported at the *Herald* office in New York for duty he was informed that his services were no longer required. Of the many heartless acts which have characterized Bennett's career none has been more brutal than his treatment of Ralph Meeker.

DUTCH GIN DRINKERS

Schiedam Said to be the Drunkest City on Earth.

The Inhabitants Imbibe the Demoralizing Liquid from the Cradle to the Grave—Forty Drinks a Day.

A correspondent of the New York *Morning Journal*, writing from Schiedam, says: A muddy canal lined with bulky boats with tattered sails and painted in the most glaring colors, red, blue and orange, a group of windmills, poised like strange birds above the red-tiled roofs of the town, a blot of black smoke dimming the sky above—such are the first impressions a stranger receives of the great gin-producing center of the world—Schiedam.

Viewed at a distance the battered, dirty houses, with grotesque gables and crooked doorways that line the zig-zag streets, are not without picturesque interest to the traveller and artist, but the Dutch themselves, for all their fondness for the product of its distilleries, have dubbed Schiedam "the hell of Holland," and its natives "Dutch devils."

These uncomplimentary appellations have been justly earned by the inhabitants of this dingy town, who spend their own miserable lives in manufacturing liquid misery for all parts of the globe, and the degrading effects of gin on the human system is illustrated here in all its phases.

A visit to Schiedam is more effective and convincing than all the temperance lectures one could listen to in a lifetime, and it would be a good move on the part of the American champions of total abstinence were they to import a family of "Dutch devils" as horrible examples to lend a realism to their discourses.

New York shelters some very diligent and systematic drunkards. Chatham square on Sunday morning displays highly interesting specimens of human wrecks, but they are mere tyros compared with the sots of Schiedam.

From the cradle to the grave the "Dutch devil" hardly ever draws a sober breath. He imbibes gin with his mother's milk, and is apparently born with an inherited thirst for the pellucid fluid that killed his forefathers, and will some day kill him.

As soon as he can walk he begins to smoke cigars, and it is not infrequent in the streets of Schiedam to see children of 5 or 6 years of age sucking contentedly on huge cigars as they play about the gutters. I have seen a group of little girls singing in a circle on the highway, and each miss had a small bottle of gin or beer in her hand which she furtively sipped at intervals with evident relish.

Beer is rather a luxury here, however, because it costs 2 cents a glass and is too weak to promote hilarity, while a large bottle of gin can be purchased containing several admirable drinks for 18 cents.

The hedges and gutters in the suburbs of town display astonishing collections of empty brown stone bottles deposited by inebriates who have wandered there to enjoy themselves in a quiet way.

The average "Dutch devil" prefers to do his drinking alone, without any amiable friend to help him. His idea of pleasure is to buy a bottle of gin, wander out into the country and quietly drink nimself into a state of somnolent imbecility by the roadside.

Weddings in Schiedam are infrequent occurrences, and are generally considered as rather unnecessary in the community. When one does take place the bride and groom and guests can be seen arm in arm stretched in a single line across the street, stumbling along in a delighted state of incapacity and singing at the top of their voices.

When the Schiedam boy has become properly permeated with gin, he goes to work in the distilleries where his favorite beverage is produced. There are at present 220 manufactories of this popular intoxicant. and the workmen are allowed by their employers 40 drinks a day. An attempt was made to curtail this allowance, but the men rebelled, and refused to work without this daily stimulus, and ever since their demand has been gratified. A drink of gin there means about as much as could be contained in an average champagne glass, so you can imagine the amount each workman consumes daily in these 200 odd distilleries.

As Schiedam gin is almost pure alcohol, it is no wonder that the town is so filled with horrible specimens of humanity, ghostly creatures that hobble about the winding streets, shivering as with a palsy or waving their shrunken arms and muttering hoarse cries like wounded animals.

The 40 drinks a day form only a part of the liquor consumed by the "Dutch devil;" that is merely his allowance which he takes regularly as he does his meals. After work is over he spends his evenings in further soaking his system in alcohol, often assisted in the performance by his wife and the entire family. The accumulation of liquor during the day, however, soon begins to take effect and he falls asleep in the roadside, in the gutter and sometimes in the canal, just where he happens to be at the time.

Frequently he does not wake up from his comatose state, and thus gives his family another excuse to resort to the brown stone bottle to drown their sorrow.

It might be thought that, working continually in the sickening atmosphere of a gin distillery, the laborers would acquire a disgust for this unsavory fluid, but on the contrary their thirst becomes insatiable from the moment they enter the employ of a gin mill. And it is a thirst that no other liquor seems to quench, each drink creating a desire for another until the unfortunate is willing to sell the clothes on his back to keep up the supply.

The effect of Geneva or Schiedam on the system differs from any other liquor. Even the vodka of Russia, that fire fluid that corrodes the throat like sulphuric acid, is not so rapid in rousing the devil in a man or woman.

A confirmed Holland gin drunkard up to a certain point does not stagger at all. He is quiet and will talk to you rationally, though his very blood is alcohol. Then suddenly he will be taken with a frenzy and rave and scream and fight with anyone who falls in his way. In a few moments he is all quiet and subdued, his brain apparently clear, and he goes about his business as if nothing had happened. All this time he has not staggered or given any signs of intoxication except this momentary fit of madness.

I had an illustration of this one morning while sipping some cabbage soup in a tiny tavern. The proprietor was a little man with mild eyes and a soft voice who entertained me very intelligently with a description of the town and its inhabitants. There was nothing in his voice or manner to lead one to suppose that he had been drinking.

In the midst of our talk, the landlord's daughter, a round and rosy Dutch girl, entered the room to wait on a new arrival. Suddenly the little man left me, and, with a scream, flung himself upon his daughter, striking her with both fists. She turned to remonstrate, when, still screaming, he opened the door and flung her into the street.

The wife next appeared, and she was struck in the face and flung out in the same manner. The frenzy seemed to give the little innkeeper a wonderful strength, for when a burly friend of his interfered he was flung headlong through the doorway after the women.

He looked at me as if hesitating whether to treat me in the same manner, but evidently changed his mind. I was particularly interested just then in studying a a cobweb on the wall and kept very still.

Finding the room clear of every one but me, his manner suddenly changed, he was again the mild-eyed, quiet little man who a few moments ago had inquired if the soup was to my liking. There was no sign of intoxication in his voice or manner, and he directed me to the nearest distillery as clearly as if he had not tasted a drop of Geneva that day.

The wonderful transforming fluid that Dr. Jekyll employed must have been nothing less than a brown bottle of Schiedam's famous and infamous product. Certainly there is no necessity to resort to black magic to invoke Satan when a few cents' worth of Geneva will summon up a whole legion of devils of every shape and form.

A peep into some of the homes at Schiedam gives one an idea of what misery really is. They are not so dirty as the tenements of New York because the Dutch housewife inherits a certain insanity from her ancestors for scrubbing everything scrubbable. She expends more water on the stones in front of her door than on the faces of her children, and toils for hours over a brick floor while her rags scarcely conceal her nakedness.

The poor houses of Schiedam are empty. There are a bed and an iron pot, but the fire is seldom visible. Dry and smoked fish and dry bread, washed down by the omni-present Geneva, make up the meals that are partaken of four or five times a day, each member of the family helping himself when he feels inclined.

A more ragged set of scarecrows than the "Dutch devil" it would be hard to imagine. At night they flutter along the streets like uncouth birds, uttering hoarse cries when they meet, as if their throats were corroded from the libations taken during the day. Screams are heard proceeding from many dark houses along the way, and now and then a doorway is flung open and a dark form is pushed stumbling into the road, where it lies groaning heavily.

No use to stop and render assistance, or the Good Samaritan will find himself treated in the same way. The best thing for the stranger to do is to hurry to his inn, bury himself under the mountainous Dutch feather bed and try to forget in sleep that Schiedam exists, and leave the next morning convinced that the hell of Holland is a part of his dreams and "Dutch devils" its infernal inhabitants.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

In May.

'Tis the voice of the landlord,
I hear him exclaim:
"I will put in a new range, have that damp spot in the cellar cemented, paint the front door, have house newly decorated throughout, put in steam heat and electric lights, send plumber to repair leaky faucet in bath room, but on a new roof, and have the refrigerator fitted up with a time lock,
If you will sign again."

A Matter of Business.

Clergyman: You say you are going to marry? You surprise me. This will make the fourth husband, will it not?

Divorcee: Yes; and as you performed the ceremony each time, I called to see if I couldn't make some arrangement with you about getting a discount on the marriage fee.

Confidential.

"You still write to Harry Le Beau?"

"No; but I had to write this time, as my engagement was naturally a surprise to him. This being promised to two men at once is awfully awkward."

Cleaning Literature.

"The clean literature movement seems to progress."

"Yes; I see a prominent soap man gives away a book with every bar he sells—just to show, I suppose, what his soap can do."

A Literary Scandal.

"Did you hear of the discovery they have made about Mark Twain?"

"No. What?"

"All his books were writtten by a man named Clemens."

Well Named.

Cobwigger: "Quack should be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretenses. That nostrum of his is no good."

Brown: "Pshaw! Didn't he sell it to you as a skin cure?"

He Has Shrunk a Good Deal.

Mr. Blaine: "Isn't it odd how the president shrinks from criticism?"

Mr. Proctor: "Yes, it is; especially when you consider how small he is already."

A Benevolent Wish.

Cumso: My dear, do you think that our occupations in the next world will be the same as in this?

Mrs. Cumso: Well, I should be sorry to think you would smoke as much there as here.

Excusing Himself.

Mrs. Brown: Did you pick up that tack I dropped on the floor?

Brown: Yes; but I didn't mean to.

Explained.

Judge (*to witness*): You say that the defendant was born deaf and dumb, and at the age of twelve he lost the power of speech. Will you explain to the court how it was possible for him to lose the power of speech when he was already dumb?

Witness: When he was twelve years old he was playing in a saw mill one day and the buzz-saw took off eight of his fingers.

A Female Pilot on the Ohio.

From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

A woman has been licensed as a pilot on the Ohio and Monongahela rivers. She is the first one within the recollection of Captain Neeld of the steamboat inspector's office and his memory of river events covers many years. It is not unlikely that she is the pioneer of her sex in this branch of navigation in this division of the river trade.

The woman is Mrs. Calie L. French and her husband runs a circus, which he transports by water in a trim little steamer known as French's New Sensation. The circus is known by the same name. The license was issued to Mrs. French yesterday afternoon and she went on duty under it at once. "About nine years ago," said Mrs. French, "my husband hit upon the scheme of running a boat show: that is, giving exhibitions in towns along the river and using the boat for transporting the outfit and furnishing living quarters for our people. It is much cheaper, cleaner and pleasanter than traveling by rail and we are not obliged to remove our personal baggage. The first few years we employed a regularly licensed pilot, and my husband, who had a master's licence, had charge of the boat. I then conceived the idea of learning to be a pilot and thus save a big item of expense. So I did, and for half a dozen years past I have held a pilot's license. I recently made application for a master's license also, at New Orleans, and I expect to get it."

Smelter City Fife and Drum corps picnic Sunday, May 18, 1890.

PUT TO DEATH BY SNAKES

Horrible Execution of a Pima Indian Accused of Witchcraft.

The Awful Sacrifice on "Montezuma's Head" in Arizona—A Hand-to-Hand Battle With Thousands of Serpents.

It is an inexorable law of the Pima Indians of Arizona that whenever one of their number is pronounced to be bewitched he shall be put to death, as his presence threatens the lives of all with whom he comes in contact. A writer in the San Francisco *Examiner* gives the following realistic description of the execution of a Pima suspected of witchcraft. The writer was hidden behind a large rock some three hundred yards away, but was able to follow the minutest details of the horrible scene by means of his field-glass.

After waiting for about an hour, he says, my vigil was rewarded by hearing the monotonous sounds of an Indian song, and about half an hour later some twenty or twenty-five Indians, who by means of my glass I was able to recognize as chiefs, medicine men and prominent members of the tribe, made their appearance on the summit of the peak. It was then about 9 o'clock in the morning and very warm, the month being May, and the lazy Pimas seemed somewhat overcome as the result of their exertions in making the precipitous ascent. They sat down in a circle surrounding, as I was able to determine, the accused witch. For half an hour they made no movement, when the chief medicine man arose and started a little fire, which put forth little flame but a heavy volume of smoke. After the smoke arose in sufficient quantities, he began fanning it in different directions by means of a blanket, breaking forth in a weird, momentous chant, the refrain of which was taken up by all the Indians present. On the side of the peak which I was facing arose a sheer, precipice fully 200 feet high from which at a distance of about forty feet from the top a ledge of rocks, perhaps twenty feet in width, projected. As the song reached its height, two Pimas stepped to the edge of the precipice and began hurling rocks upon the ledge below, and I could also see that others were doing something with the prisoner. In a few minutes the unfortunate victim walked firmly to the precipice, standing as erect as a soldier on dress parade and giving no evidence of trepidation or dismay. He was entirely stripped of his clothing and was a beautiful specimen of physical manhood who, to my horror, I momentarily expected to see hurled from the mighty bluff into eterniiy. My surprise, however, was greatly excited when I saw him seat himself on the edge of the precipice and swing gently into the air, being suspended by a stout rope which was attached to straps around the breast, under the arms and over the shoulder-blades, where it would be impossible for him to reach the knot with his free hands. Several more rocks were hurled down upon the rocky ledge and then all was silent. While I awaited subsequent developments in painful suspense in order to determine the object of the strange actions of the Indians, the unfortunate wretch was being slowly and carefully lowered to his fate, and when but a few feet from the projecting rocks I heard a sound resembling escaping steam from a distant engine. Fixing my glasses upon the place where he would soon step, I noticed that the little rocky shelf seemed to be in motion. Great heavens! Such awful depravity of human nature, such sickening and horrible atrocity I could not witness, and I turned my head away from the revolting sight. The poor Indian was being lowered into a den of thousands and thousands of loathsome rattlesnakes, made blindly mad by the rocks thrown upon them and were waiting for revenge to strike his naked body when it came within reach—and the hissing sounds I heard 300 yards away, were their signals of warning. The poor recourse of seeking a preferable death by plunging over the cliff was denied the wretch, for the six stalwart bucks who held the rope above would never give play enough to permit of such action.

There is an undefinable attraction about a scene of horror which few can resist, and just as the Indian's feet touched the ledge of rock my glasses were again fastened upon him. Then ensued the most exciting though disgusting and unequal contest I ever witnessed in my life. The young fellow was as nimble as a cat, and brushing away the angry serpents with his feet, so as to be able to stand on the rock, he moved with wonderful dexterity, born of desperation. Hundreds of rattlers he grabbed in his hands and threw them over the cliff without seeming injury to himself, and I began to hope that he would at last be able to clear a spot where he would be safe from their attacks. For two or three seconds his arms shot out like flashes of light, and he appeared to be able to look in all directions at one time as he caught the reptiles in his hands and flung them from him. Suddenly a cry of derision arose from the group of savages on the peak, and as the gladiator arose I saw that an immense rattler had fastened to the back of his neck. Still he went on with his futile work of self-preservation, but his movements grew slower and slower. In a minute from the time his feet touched the rattlesnakes' den he staggered and fell, and when the Indians began hauling him up to the top of the precipice I could see that fully a dozen of the poisonous reptiles had fastened their fangs in his flesh in a manner so as to be unable to extract them. He was then in the convulsions of death, and I hurriedly returned to my horse and rode home, being anxious to leave the spot where I had unfortunately witnessed such horrible barbarity, and to prevent which I was totally powerless.

Juan afterward told me that it the condemned witch had succeeded in cleaning a place around him where he could have lived for half an hour without being bitten by a snake his life would have been spared and the medicine men would have been the ones to suffer. I fancy, however, that being bitten to death by squaws is preferable to being bitten to death by rattlesnakes, and that none of the unfortunates who fall under the face of witchcraft law of Pima superstition ever resort to an appeal to the higher supreme court.

Unfitted for Life.

From the Chicago Times.

"Strange that your educated friend can't make a living."

"Not so very strange."

"Why?"

"He's a college graduate."

Very Foolish Indeed.

From the Chicago Times.

Chumly—Did you get the loan from that acquaintance of yours?

Bloom—Sure! And he wouldn't take any collateral either.

"Don't you think he was foolish to refuse the security?"

"Very."