

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES

VOYAGE OF THE CHINA VASE AND THE BRAZEN POT.

Mrs. Frank Leslie Makes an Apt Application of Esop's Familiar Fable—The Tortures of a Sensitive Woman's Alliance with a Selfish and Unsympathetic Man.

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HERE are various kinds of unhappy marriages which one notices and quietly studies, although their record may not get into the newspapers or be generally understood in society.

The story of the boy and the fox is very true, but like most true things it has been so often repeated because it is so very true, and nobody has discovered a better way of clothing a truth which everybody sooner or later feels the need of expressing. But I think everybody will concede that finding the fox rather increases than lessens the sharpness of his gnawing, and that the smiles with which the sufferer folds the rich robe above the hidden enemy are more the grimace of anguish than the expression of mirth and ease.

And I suppose there is no gnawing sorrow and mortification which women are more prone to try to keep concealed and to cover with lying smiles and pretenses than an unhappy marriage. There is something so humiliating to a woman in the confession that she has given all and received nothing; that she has completely delivered herself over, hand and foot, to a master incapable of appreciating the value of his slave; that she has bartered her womanhood for a handful of fairy gold, coming with the first calm ray of daylight to dried leaves and crumbling twigs. There are various kinds of these unfortunate and humiliating marriages, but none perhaps harder to endure for highly organized and self-respecting women than the marriage of the china vase and the brazen pot, which, as you will remember, Esop tells us undertook to float down the stream in company.

Again I must confess the fable is so well known that you may call it trite, and yet so very, very true to life that we cannot afford to forget it. Do we not constantly see it illustrated all about us? Have we perchance had some experience that indorses it? For this companionship in a limited degree is possible in other relations of life than marriage, but with this difference—that in almost any other relation escape is possible; friendships and intimacies may be quickly dropped; the daughter or sister who cannot live with her father or brother may find another home and no one ask why, but the wife or the husband is bound by self-chosen ties not to be rear without public scandal and severe humiliation.

You may say, if the companionship is self-chosen, only self is to blame for its incompatibility. Why did the china vase consent to the proposed voyage? Why did it not foresee the disastrous termination of such an undertaking? "Any fool might know that at the first commotion the brass vessel must shatter the china one, and fools must suffer for their folly without expecting sympathy."

So says the world and shrugs its shoulders, well satisfied with its own shrewd common sense, as it calls it. But then the world is itself the brazen vase, and its dictum is exactly what might be expected.

Of course there is some truth in what it says. I notice that disagreeable things generally do have some truth about them. The china vase ought certainly to have been wiser, but there are excuses to be made for her. In the first place, everybody is prone to estimate the world from the point of their own identity. It is not possible for a china vase to evolve the idea of a bronze pot from its own inner consciousness; it must learn it from experience—a bitter experience.

And another very valid excuse for the poor bit of china is that brass does not always show its hard and cruel nature. It may be as the brass of Benares, curiously wrought and ornamented; it may be inlaid with all sorts of precious metals and stones; it may be hammered and flaged and molded into most attractive shapes and decorations; it may be polished so completely that one in looking upon it only sees the reflection of one's own face and form and exclaims: "Oh, here I have found my very counterpart! Now I am sure of sympathy and comprehension." Yes, brass is a very deceptive metal, not being indeed a true metal at all, but only "a factitious compound" of copper and zinc, and no wonder poor, simple china vases are deceived—self-deceived, if you will, but nevertheless innocently misled into a great mistake.

I suppose there is something to be said on the side of the brazen pot also. It also judges from its own standpoint, and cannot perhaps really know or ever learn the genuine fragility and liability to destruction of its china companion.

It is acknowledged that a man, to be a worthy specimen of his sex, must have a good deal of the feminine nature latent beneath his stronger attributes, and some men fall in this requisite altogether, while some others have the wrong kind of feminine qualities, which are worse than none and only make the

brass more brazen. These men add to the hardness and obtuseness and roughness of the masculine nature the vanity and love of ease and exactingness which tarnish the soul of many a woman, while they show not a trace of those sympathetic and self-denying attributes which make other women the light and joy of a worthy man's existence.

God pity the wife of such a man—and she need look for no other pity, for the man to whom she is tied knows not what pity means, and the world will only scoff should she be so ill advised as to ask for its sympathy.

To be sure, as a whole, the world can not comprehend her sufferings and aches in perplexity.

"Of what do you complain? He does not beat you or starve you, does he?"
"No; no indeed."
"He is not openly unfaithful?"
"Not that I know of."
"Well, what is the matter? What does he do or leave undone for you to complain of?"

But the china vase remains silent. The very essence of being china is to be delicate, and delicacy is very silent in the presence of the world. It is so hard to put things into words that he who runs may read, although they may be more real than most of the things to be found in print. There is nothing harder to fight than non-comprehension and nothing that entails more perplexed suffering. One has seen a sensitive child utterly misunderstood by those who had it in charge—perhaps its attendant, perhaps its parents—and the lack of bewilderment and pain and questioning that comes over the ingenious face, not yet capable of concealment, is exactly what comes over the heart and mind of the china vase when she first discovers that she has set upon the voyage of life in company with a brazen pot. And as a general thing the woman is as incapable as the child of putting into words just where the pain, and the amazement, and the disappointment come in.

I remember once trying to explain some mental disquietude to a man whose intellect and eloquence had elevated my ear and given me an idea that he must necessarily understand everything. He listened for awhile to my efforts to put almost unutterable things into words, and finally replied with a jovial laugh:

"The trouble is with you as with most women. You fancy yourself unique, whereas you are only one of a wonderfully uniform species. All women have these fads and fancies, and they are all pretty much alike. Just give up the idea that there is anything peculiar to yourself in all these notions and realize that nearly every woman of your acquaintance cherishes the same. Then go to work at something. There is nothing like sewing—common plain sewing—to bring a faithful woman like you to her sober senses; or, if you like better, go and visit the poor and play Lady Bountiful; that is what occupies the time and mind of a great many of our better class of women."

Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that this gentleman was English—very English—and also that he was a first class specimen of a brazen pot. Very fortunately I had never thought of floating down the stream in his company, and to our mutual content we soon drifted out of sight of each other.

Another gentleman, and a right down good man he was upon the lines of his own little circuit, always said to me in reply to my little flight of fancy or theorizing or in fact anything except pure commonplace:

"What a funny woman you are! I never knew such a funny woman in my life!"

On one occasion, when I was confiding to this gentleman, as I might have done to my little dog, some of those feelings of mild discontent and aspiration for a wilder and nobler life which torment most women from time to time, he replied as one would to a fretful child:

"Come, come; you are unreasonable. You have all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. You are dead sure that you never can need for food or clothes or shelter so long as you live, and the rest is all nonsense, you know."

Well, this gentleman was a sort of brazen pot—not one of the quiet, massy things that in metal we call brass, but just a little Benares cup, or let us say saltcellar, as he so abominably in Attic wisdom, but the thinnest and prettiest bit of brass, if constantly knocked up against the edges of a china cup, will fret and chip and spoil it if it does not absolutely crush it.

And which is the worst after all, tell me, oh china cup? The two or three blows that absolutely destroy and efface, or the little jarrings and scratches and nicks and nips that deface a piece of china and cover a woman's face with wrinkles and worry lines before its time?

For my part I incline to think the latter torment the more unendurable. One of the tortures of the Inquisition was to shave the top of a man's head and then place him under a tank of water which fell one slow drop after another upon the defenseless scalp. It is said that prisoners who laughed at the rack and jeered at the flames succumbed under this torture, the effect of which was to irritate the whole nervous system that it thrilled with agonies not to be produced by violence.

Just like this is the agony many a sensitive and high strung woman endures by enforced companionship with a man whose almost every word and action is an offense and an annoyance to her; who never understands that he is hurting her feelings until he is told so, and then cannot in the very least understand how he did so; a man who looks at everything from a coarse and material point of view; who interrupts her most heartfelt utterance with a poor joke, which at once silences and disgusts her; who, on the other hand, if she tries to be cheerful and tell some little story or make some little jest, cuts it short with a yawn and "By Jove! Only 10 o'clock! What an endless evening!"

men of their own caliber understand this and make allowance for it and get around it without combating it directly.

But the brazen pot may never make allowance for anybody but himself. He tells his wife with brutal frankness that her ideas and prejudices are those of a fool; that she don't know what she's talking about; that an idiot would know better than to say such things; that he can't stand listening to such stuff and is going out to spend the evening at the club; or—which is perhaps worse—he argues the matter in hand with a loud voice, peremptory demands for answers to questions like those of a lawyer cross examining a witness who is trying to perjure himself, and finally, with a coarsely contemptuous laugh, shouts:

"There! I thought you'd wind yourself up if I gave you rope enough! You see you haven't a leg to stand on. What idiots you women are anyhow!"

Perhaps again the brazen pot man is simply coarse and careless and slovenly and contemptuous of the refinements that make the daily atmosphere of his wife's existence. He is not careful of his person or his dress; he puts his hat on and lights his cigar in her bedroom, or he kicks off his boots in her boudoir and only laughs lazily when requested not to do so again.

In fact, the varieties of the brazen pot are infinite and infinitely painful to encounter. But one thing is invariable and inevitable—if the china vase undertakes to float down stream beside any one of these brazen forms, the end is sure; either a few coarse, heavy blows shatter and sink her, or an infinity of little misdeeds jars and fractures leave her mangled and splintered and rough edged and ruined for all beauty and self respect.

Paris Fashions.

Paris Fashions. Fearful and Wonderful Gowns for the American Trade.

Sometimes one wonders who wears the fearful and awful gowns and bonnets that are pictured in the fashion journals and that one really does see in reality in the magazines in Paris, and if one happens to wonder about the polite attendant says:

"Oh, those are for the American trade! And yet very nearly all the American ladies that I see dress in the most refined taste, and so in writing these few fashion notes I take only such as I would like to see every lady choose. But rich and elegant as are the fabrics of this season, the coloring is insubstantial in general, and that it is a positive relief to the eye when some young girl flutters by in a bright red dress, with hat to match. And red cloaks are also seen. The cloaks are of a deep color, with a shading of terra cotta. Magenta is revived and is a beautiful shade of red."

It is the only red of TOILE DU NOIR, that really goes with gray, and it lights up a gray costume most wonderfully.

Nearly all the rest of the season's tints are of the fading leaf—artistic, but a trifle depressing.

Sleeves are enormous, some of them veritable balloons, but ladies of good taste have them somewhat modified with puffs and tight forearm pieces.

A very handsome fall toilet has the body of the dress in pale green tulle de Nord shaded with pale heliotrope. The skirt opens over a narrow panel of lead brown velvet, and the upper part of the corsage and puffs to the sleeves are of the same. The bonnet is of the same velvet, with gold colored plumes and amaranth.

Russian velvet is very much in favor, particularly that with changeable effects, but it is so sumptuous a material that it needs to be made severely plain, with no ornamentation except wide lapels and two or four extremely large buttons.

Postilion basques, short in front and quite long, but narrow in the back, are seen on several handsome fall promenade costumes, but the most of the waists are round and belted.

A Novel Letter Case. It is made out of a light straw hat, which has a rounding crown and a medium sized brim. Bend the brim away from the crown and fold the hat together, pressing it so that it will be nearly flat. This, turned crown downward, is the foundation for the letter case, and must be wired along the edge so that the wavy lines made by the bent brim will be preserved. It will look like the first cut when ready to be trimmed. Now line the inside with pale blue china silk, fastening it in front neatly to the edge of the case, and arranging it loosely at the back so as to give it a lighter appearance than the front. A row of blue fringe is placed along the front edge and around the bottom of the case. This done it is ready to be tacked on the wall for use.



LETTER CASE, UNTRIMMED.

LETTER CASE, TRIMMED.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

THE WONDERS SHE HAS ACCOMPLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

Harriet Hosmer, Edmonia Lewis, Anna Dickinson, the Logan Sisters, Louise Lawson, Luella Varney, Adelaide Johnson and Ida J. Burgess.

Young women have done wonders during the latter half of this century. They always were interesting, but for many centuries it was only in a sentimental way, except when a genius like Lady Jane Grey excited wonder by her early attainments or pity in undesired mis-



LOUISE LAWSON.

fortune. As was but natural, the New World was first in giving women the larger freedom, though England was not far behind.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans (nee Browne) is said to have read Shakespeare understandingly at nine years of age; but as this is more than most of us ever accomplish, journalists have taken the liberty of disputing it. At fourteen she published her first poems in a volume entitled "Early Blossoms." They were entirely too early to meet with favor, and harsh criticism caused her to retire for a few years. Anna Dickinson wrote an able article for The Liberator at fourteen, and was a famous orator at twenty-one, having been turned out of her place in the Philadelphia mint at nineteen for charging the commander of the Army of the Potomac with treason. Her most ardent admirers do not deny that her brilliancy has always been somewhat in advance of her judgment.

Rosa Bonheur was recognized in the French art exhibition at nineteen and won a first class medal at twenty-six. Harriet Hosmer was also famous at twenty-five, and Vinete Rema succeeded in provoking the critics to frenzy at a very early age. She "executed" Lincoln in stone at the age of twenty-four, and it was the first statue by a woman ever ordered by the national government, but as to the rest artists are not yet agreed. But most remarkable of all American cases perhaps is that of Edmonia Lewis. Her father was a negro, her mother a Chippewa Indian woman, and she was left an orphan at the age of three, yet she was noted at twenty, and at thirty received high honors in Rome as a sculptress.

The three Logan sisters also attained to early fame, but the world was a long time in coming to take Olive seriously. She was married at sixteen and divorced at twenty-four; then gained some fame as actress, authoress and lecturer; married Wirt Sikes, and is again a widow. Of the young American women now active in art, literature and philanthropic labors, the names would fill a column. Among those in art much talked of is Miss Louise Lawson, whose statue of Hon. Samuel Sullivan Cox ("Smimes") was unveiled in Astor place, New York, last year—the first public statue by a woman given place in that city.

Of herself she says that all there is about her is work. Her father, Professor L. M. Lawson, was dean for many years of the Ohio Medical college, and her earliest play was to take to pieces and reconstruct a beautiful articulated skeleton. She was not sent to school in childhood. The father educated her after a plan of his own, and so her education is peculiar, though thorough. She knew every bone in the human body long before she knew the



ADELAIDE JOHNSON.

alphabet. Being given some soft blue limestone, pulverized and made into paste for "mud pie" purposes, she modeled a head, hand and foot which attracted attention by their fidelity to nature.

She entered the Cincinnati Art school quite young, took modeling lessons of Louis Rebisso, and then went to Italy, where she soon won a name and was made a member of the academy at Perugia. Her first finished production in marble, "The Rhodian Boy," is still thought by many to be the finest she has ever done, and is to be exhibited at Chicago. She is an enthusiast on art, and maintains that it is the index of a people's progress in humanity. "People do not so consider it," she says, "but civilization is dependent on art. Further-

more, it is, as William Hunt says, 'all that remains of man is art.' For example, the Phoenicians were without doubt a wonderful people, but they had no art, and there is almost nothing that remains to us of them."

Two other American girls, now in Rome, have had interesting careers—Miss Luella Varney and Miss Adelaide Johnson. The latter has triumphed over extraordinary misfortunes. She was born at Plymouth, Ill., and obtained some training at the School of Design in St. Louis, where she learned to carve in wood. This only excited her ambition to work in marble, so she toiled long and hard as a wood carver to earn the money needed for an art education. Having at last obtained a sum sufficient for one term at the Chicago Art school, she went to that city, and while in the Central station her pocket was picked and she lost every cent. Without wasting an hour in useless repining she hunted a dressmaking establishment and was soon so skillful in that line that she could earn a dollar a day!

Having saved thirty dollars she began work on her own account, and, as she naively says, "sometimes made as much as fifteen dollars a week." In no long time she was able to fit up a studio, and orders came in so fast that with a friend she took rooms at the Palmer House, and was making rapid progress when the great misfortune came. She fell down the elevator well at Music hall, falling fifteen feet and striking on the stone pavement. For months she lay upon a couch, with heavy weights holding her dislocated limbs in place, but her friends gave a benefit entertainment for her in Music hall, she obtained damages from the elevator company and then started for Rome "on a crutch and a cane."

Her success has been great. Her first notable work was the execution of busts of General and Mrs. Logan, and she has never since lacked patrons. Her home is in Washington city, but she has recently returned to Rome to do some specially delicate work. She has finished busts of Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Livermore, which are to go first to the Columbian exposition and then to the Capitol at Washington, to be the first busts of American women that have graced its halls. Her friend and long time claim in Rome, Miss Luella Varney, gives this simple account of her beginnings in art:

"I had art dreams when I was a little girl in my country home—that was in Angola, a town near Buffalo, in New York."

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THE MARKETS.

Montana Cattle in Chicago. UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—Yesterday's sales reported for TRIBUNE by Rosenbaum Bros.

FIRM.		Number	Weight	Price
Stevens	20,180
Fitchfork	20,120
Grey, cows	20,120
Hale	10,127
R. H. Miller	20,120

The Money Market.
New York, Oct. 26.—Money easy, ranging from 3/4 to 1 per cent; last loan, closing offered at 3 per cent; prime bank certificate paper 5/8; sterling exchange weak at \$4.82 1/2; \$4.83 for 60-day bills at \$4.80 for demand.

Metal Market.
New York, Oct. 26.—Pig iron steady, American \$13.00@15.50.
Copper, steady; lake \$11.75@11.85.
Lead dull; domestic \$3.80@4.00.
Tin easier; straits, \$20.55@20.60.
Bar silver, 85 3/4c.

Cattle.
Chicago, Oct. 26.—Cattle—Steers—Prime to extra natives..... 85.15@86.00
Others..... 2.75@2.85
Texans..... 3.10@3.20
Rangers..... 3.10@3.20

SHEEP.
Active, steady.
Natives..... 84.75@85.00
Texans..... 4.00@4.10
Westerns..... 4.00@4.10
Lambs..... 3.75@3.85

Grain Market.
Chicago, Oct. 26.—Toward the close of today's session of the board of trade rate of decreasing receipts at country points the demand caused uneasiness among shorts and St. Louis people who had wheat sold and Minneapolis men in the same predicament sent in buying orders in such numbers to wake up the local crowd. Lively rally resulted in the instant of decline and there was special alteration in prices in some oats.

Wheat—No. 2, October, closing, 72 1/2; 71 1/2; December, 73 1/2; 73 1/2; 73 1/2; May, 79 1/2; 79 1/2; 79 1/2; 79 1/2.
Corn—No. 2, October, 41 1/2; 42; 41 1/2; 41 1/2; December, 42 1/2; 42 1/2; 42 1/2; 42 1/2; May, 46 1/2; 46 1/2; 46 1/2; 46 1/2.
Flaxseed—81 1/2.

DELAWARE, Oct. 26.—No. 1 hard, cash, 71 1/2; Oct. 71 1/2; Nov. 71 1/2; Dec. 72 1/2; May, 72 1/2.
No. 1 northern, cash, 69 1/2.
No. 2 northern, cash, 69 1/2.
No. 3, 59 1/2; rejected 50 1/2.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 26.—May, opening 75; highest 75 1/2; lowest 74 1/2; close 75 1/2; Dec., opening 69 1/2; highest 69 1/2; lowest 68 1/2; close 69 1/2.
On track: No. 1 hard, 70 1/2; No. 2 northern, 69; No. 2 northern, 69 1/2.

Crushed in a Lime Kiln.
CLEVELAND, Oct. 26.—While at work on a limekiln near Lima, Ohio, today Joseph Koontz and Henry Bowers accidentally fell in and were crushed to death. Their fellow workmen who witnessed the accident were unable to render any assistance.

Suicide of an Insurance Agent.
LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 26.—John W. Robinson, the state agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life insurance company of Milwaukee, committed suicide this afternoon in his office, 12 Kenyon building. It is said his accounts are all right. He has been in bad health for some time.

Montana Weather.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—Montana—Fair, west winds.

English Trade Unsatisfactory.
LONDON, Oct. 26.—A meeting of the London chamber of commerce was held today at which Sir John Lubbock, president of the chamber, occupied the chair. Sir John delivered an address in which he dwelt upon the unsatisfactory state of trade, which he declared had not been affected by the McKinley tariff to the extent expected. The British trade with America, he said, had declined less than it had with other countries.

Young Gould Gets Married.
New York, Oct. 26.—The marriage of Miss Sarah Cantine Sprady, the step-daughter of Dr. Geo. Sprady to Mr. Edwin Gould, the second son of Jay Gould, took place tonight at the home of the bride's father, No. 8 East Sixty street. The wedding was very quietly celebrated, the relatives of the young couple and their intimate friends only being present. The groom is 23 and the bride 18 years of age. The wedding presents number in the hundreds and are worth a fortune.

A WONDERFUL ENGINE.
Cannot be Surpassed.
An engine exerting surpassing power is always a source of wonder, and yet how many are entirely forgetful of the existence within themselves of an engine more powerful and enduring than any ever invented. Not perhaps until they experience irregular pulse, heart fluttering, tenderness in shoulder and arm, swollen ankles, asthmatic breathing, weak and hungry spells, smothering short breath or pain in side, when its existence is no longer to be denied, is the possessor most know he has heart disease. Mrs. Lella Fitchburg, Michigan, had heart disease fifteen years; had to hire house help, lived on liquid food used Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and all symptoms left her. Continued use cured her. Sold by Dr. W. C. Bradley Drug Co. on a guarantee, who will give you Doctor's book free.

Tanning by Electricity.
A French paper tells of a new process of tanning by electricity, which, it says, is being used on the skins of the stray dogs gathered into the Paris pound. The electric system, it is alleged, transforms the skin into leather in three or four days, against the six or eight months required in the ordinary process, and the leather so tanned is better than that tanned in the ordinary way. It is chiefly used for ladies' fine shoes, and it is notable for its soft and delicate qualities.

Had Stage Frigid.
Young and difficult orators will take fresh heart when they learn, if they do not know it already, that so accomplished and self possessed a speaker as George William Curtis suffered from stage fright on the occasion of his first lecture, and began by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, the pitiless host," with a solemnity which was changed to confusion when he perceived his error. Of course he had meant to make an allusion to the bottomless pit.

Notice of Annual Meeting.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the North Montana Fair association for the election of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the corporation will be held at the office of the president in the First National bank building, on Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1897, at 4 o'clock p. m. C. H. WIGNON, Secretary.

Great Falls, Mont., Oct. 17, 1897.