

DOINGS OF WOMEN.

NOTES AND GOSSIP ABOUT FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Sacrifice is the Predominating Element in a Mother's Nature—Bostonese in the Swim—How to Furnish the Kitchen—Woman Suffrage in New York.

Furnishing the Kitchen.

EW women are strong enough to keep a floor properly scrubbed, and a carpet, absorbing the odors and greases of cooking, is an accommodation; therefore, it is a good plan to buy brown oil-cloth for the kitchen floor, as it shows wear less readily than other colors and blends better with the woodwork.

To be sure, this seems like a little thing, but attention to details is an essential in the harmonious evolution of a home. In buying this oil-cloth the housewife's labors will be lessened if enough more is brought to cover the closet floors. Few kitchens are commodious—for this reason a flap table, which, when not in use, can be folded up and fastened against the wall, is a positive boon.

The Mother's Nature.

Sacrifice appears to be the predominant element in a mother's nature. She is willing to deprive herself of actual necessities for the sake of giving to her children, and when taxed by others with the too great self-denial will plead as her excuse that it is for the children. Parents save and skimp themselves of many comforts. They toil from morning until night with but one object in view—the future happiness of the sons and daughters God has given them, but in how many cases does their sacrifice result in fostering in the hearts and minds of those for whom they slave a selfishness that causes them to accept all that is done for them as their dues and complain because greater favors are not in the power of the parents to bestow.

Woman Suffrage in New York.

New York State gives a partial vote to all the qualified women in the State, excepting in the cities and in incorporated villages. At every district school house every adult woman who is an American citizen, native born or naturalized, whose name is on the town assessment roll as liable to pay a tax on any kind of property, or who, if not on the tax-roll, has at least one child living with her which has attended the district school eight weeks or more since last August, every such woman is entitled to vote for school trustee, district clerk, tax collector and librarian; also to vote as to how much money should be taken from her and the rest of the people as taxes, and as to what shall be done with the money, and on all

matters that come before the meeting. Women who are not on the town tax roll, and who have no child living with them that has attended school the past year, can vote if they are citizens over 21 years of age, live in the district, and hire a house, or a room, or rooms therein, or a piece of land, however small, in the district. It is not necessary, to enable her to vote, that a woman shall pay either rent or taxes before election. Married women can vote on these terms the same as if single. A woman who needs to qualify herself as a rent-payer can do so by verbally hiring a field or vacant house for a dollar a year, or any other amount agreed on. The law allows this, and both sexes do it.

Garden Parties.

A garden party with new and original features might be very enjoyable. A celebrated French woman who gives such a party every year delights her friends each time by some unexpected feature. At one time the guests were asked to appear in peasant dress, and were received by their hosts in costume of a country bourgeois of an earlier century. Great farm-wagons decked with flowers and branches met those who came down from Paris, great pitchers of cider and other rural refreshment were offered, and the guests entered with much spirit into rural sports and dances on the lawn. As much of novelty as this many an American hostess can provide. Indian costumes or the dress of our Dutch and English and French great-grandmothers could be copied, and earlier sports and frolicsome dances revived for the occasion. For the inner man, pitchers of sweet cream, butter-milk, cottage cheese in little pats, and other appropriate and delicious things could be provided. One might not be able to show a ruined abbey illuminated with colored lights and a ghost as night came on, but a gypsy encampment with a fortune-teller or an Indian war-dance, would be quite as thrilling.—New York Evening Post.

In the Swim at the Hub.

The mothers with daughters to introduce have their hands full at present. The winter gowns will arrive from Paris the last of this month. The date for the coming-out reception must be arranged for and not to clash with other coming out teas. The list of guests for the weekly dinners must be planned and the visiting list must be weeded out as well as added to. The society girls now must always give a dinner each week if they would be belles, for in no other way can the attention of the young men of the present day be relied upon. Nothing but death will excuse the failure to pay a dinner call or to dance with one's former hostess at the next ball and in this way a certain number of partners can be relied upon.—Boston Courier.

Ladies' Fire Brigade.

A novel entertainment in England recently at an Earl's country seat was the evolutions of a ladies' fire brigade. Twenty-six young women, among whom some honorable misses were included, went through what was pronounced a most creditable exhibition of pumping, hose practice, and ladder and blanket practice. Of course they wore a picturesque uniform, making an effective showing on the green, in dark blue skirts, white blouses, and white sailor hats, with scarlet sashes crossing from shoulder to waist and falling in graceful loops on the skirts.

He Thought He Knew.

A girl from California was being shown through the grounds of a musical baronet in England the other day, and saw a sight surprising to California eyes, accustomed to millions of peach trees in straight rows. She saw a peach tree trained against a southern wall, and exclaimed: "Oh what a nice plan! It gives the fruit something to lean upon!" Then answered the baronet with delicious insularity: "Aw, peach trees are always grown that way."

One Woman's Way.

"You don't know what a disagreeable thing Mrs. Preacher said about you yesterday," exclaimed one friend to another. "I don't want to know," answered the other quickly.

Reassuring.

He—I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite. She (encouragingly)—Well, Mr. Duffer, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls in this neighborhood.—Tit-Bits.

He Would Be Responsible.

A minister of a prominent New York church, who was about to leave home for a few days, was bidding good-by to his family. When he came to Bobby he took the little fellow in his arms and said: "Well, young man, I want you to be a good boy, and be sure to take good care of mamma." Bobby promised, and the father departed, leaving him with a very large and full appreciation of his new and weighty responsibility. When night came and he was called to say his prayers the young guardian expressed himself as follows: "Oh, Lord, please protect papa, and brother Dick, and sister Alice, and Aunt Mary, and all the little Jones boys, and Bobby. But you needn't trouble about mamma, for I'm going to look after her myself."—Boston Budget.

Knew His Penchant.

The Milkmaid—The cow butted Mr. Cityman yesterday. The Other Girl—Dear me! She must have known how fond he was of milk punches.—Truth.

The more beautiful the woman a man marries, the more it costs to support her.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

In Chicago Style.

Mr. Redhot (of Fire Island)—I have come to confess my love and to ask you to be the partner of my joys and sorrows. Miss Lakemich—All right; but—er—we don't know each other very well; suppose we make it a limited?—Judge.

To Keep Away.

Hayrick—There seems to be a dreadful lot of sickness in Chicago this summer. Mrs. Hayrick—Who told you? Hayrick—Elder Hardscrabble. He had a letter from his rich relatives there to that effect.—Exchange.

In Naples.

A traveler visiting Naples recently had his attention called to a placard posted on the door of a little shop in the Via Toledo, informing the public that "the title of duke is offered for sale—inquire within."—Argonaut.

To Settle a Bet.



Dusty Rhodes—I stopped to see if you would give me the recipe you use for mince pies. Mrs. Dugood—The ideal! What do you want of it? Dusty Rhodes—Fitz William tried to make me believe you used three cups of Portland cement to one of molasses; and I said you didn't.—Puck.

A Better Medium.

"Do you use the telephone much, Mr. Bellefield?" "No, Miss Frankstown, I don't. Why do you ask?" "I should think you would be very successful as a telephone conversationalist." "May I ask why?" "Because you talk so much through your hat."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

She Was Accommodating.

The Old Friend—I hear you are engaged, Fanny. Can it be possible you are going to marry that young Fiddleback? The Heiress—Oh, no. He asked me as a favor to become engaged to him for a few weeks, to help out his credit.—Exchange.

Admitting Him.

Van Arndt—And do you really think you could support us in the style to which I have been accustomed? Her Father—I really think so. Van A.—Then you may become my father-in-law.—Kate Field's Washington.

No Trifler.



"Did he propose to you?" "Yes." "Was he in earnest?" "He must have been. He asked me how rich my father was."—Truth.

All Arranged.

Little Dick—Johnny Wheeler has got a new bicycle. Father—Another? What in creation is he going to do with the old one? Little Dick—He's going to sell it to me soon as you give me the money.—Exchange.

Unappetizing.

Jinks—I can't understand how shipwrecked sailors ever starve to death. Filkins—Why not? Jinks—Because I just came over from Liverpool and never once felt the least desire to eat.—Puck.

Kind.

Mrs. Tompkins—What would you think of me if I dined at a club every other evening. Tompkins—I should wonder how you manage to endure the intermediate meals at home.—Truth.

Quite the Contrary.

"Is this cake very rich?" asked the guest, as his hostess passed him some of her own make. "No; it's exceedingly poor," said his host, who was out of sorts that night.—Truth.

How Those Girls Love One Another. Ethel—Yes, I'll accept him if he proposes. But don't tell him so. Maud—Of course not. I don't want to put a stumbling-block in the way of his proposing.—Truth.

Gobbie's Discovery. Bobbie—Last night when Mr. Wensdayte was calling on sister Clara I went into the room suddenly. His Father—And what did you find out? Bobbie—The gas.—Exchange.



Reuben—Oh, Raz, does yo' usin' them Boston garters fo' to hold yo' socks up? Razberry—No, indeed. Reuben—What does yo' do den? Razberry—I doan wear no socks.—Judge.

Nothing Gained. Miss Pinkerly—I hear, Mr. Tutter, that you wrote Miss Pan-Handle a poem on her convalescence. By the way how is she getting on? Tutter—I understand that she has had a relapse.—Exchange.

Not Her Fault. New York Girl—You understand French, do you not? Vassar Girl—Yes; but I don't understand why the French don't understand their own language.—Once a Week.

A Change. Starving—We've got a French cook at our boarding-house now. Dumping—Notice any difference? Starving—Yes; the hash is served up as soup.—Puck.

Too General. Cleverton—What do you think of it, old man? I consider that one of the best cigars in the market. Dashed-away—What market?—Exchange.

Learning Every Day. Mr. Murphy (as he gazes at sundial near Illinois Building)—Faith, an' that must be wan o' thim toime tables O' heerd tell av.—World's Fair Puck.



A Valid Excuse. Izzard—Hello, old man! back from the World's Fair? Thought you weren't going. Bixby—Well, I changed my mind. You see I wanted some new excuse to stand off my creditors for a few weeks.—Providence Journal.

How Those Girls Love One Another. "Charley proposed to me last night and I accepted him." "Why, he proposed to me yesterday." "Indeed! Well, he did it so prettily that I was sure he had rehearsed several times."—Truth.

Always Knew It. "They say that Mrs. B Jones is getting a divorce." "On what grounds?" "She says that B Jones cannot support her." "I always thought that woman unsupportable."—Harper's Bazar.

She Knew. Rosalie—What makes you think he is in love with you? Violet—The first time he called he left his gloves, the second time his cane and last night he forgot his hat.—Vogue.

A Sinecure. "Hey, Jimmie! don' yer wish yer had the snap I got? That dude from the city is givin' me two dollars er day ter carry his game for 'im an' he can't hit ther side of a house."—Judge.



Kind, Indeed. Collector (angrily)—Do you intend to pay this bill next week or never, sir? Trotter—Well, since you offer me a choice I say: "Never." Really very kind of you. Good-day.—Truth.

A Fine Substitute. O'Kief—Rats! Here I'm all ready to start fishing and I find I forgot to fetch a sinker. McKell—Why don't you use one of the biscuits in the lunch basket?—Exchange.

THE FIRST TRAIN ROBBERY.

It Took Place at Gad's Hill, Mo., in 1875.

The first train robbery in America occurred at Gad's Hill, Mo., in 1875. At that point and time an Adams express car, presided over by Messenger Wilson, was held up on the Iron Mountain road by the James boys and looted. The Adams company lost several hundred dollars, and the United States mail car was robbed as well. As most of the living world knows the story of the James band, the sequel to this primordial incident may be guessed.

It was not the only train, however, that was held up by the James and Younger brothers. All the after years of their outlaw experience were stained by deeds of which express robbing was entirely the mildest. Their example was also copied by other ambitious intellects of an ignorant but bloodthirsty turn. A Reno gang sprang up in Indiana and made their headquarters at Seymour, where the senior Reno and his family lived. Their operations covered Southern Indiana from New Albany to Indianapolis. About fifteen years since they began holding up trains along with their other minor enjoyments.

In their operations as train robbers only one messenger, according to the memories of several gentlemen, figures. His name was Joe Dresbach, and for a number of recent years he ran into St. Louis, but now has moved hence. The incident in question occurred when he was a messenger on the J. M. & I. road, running from New York to Indianapolis. One night the Reno gang boarded his train at a water tank, eighteen miles south of Seymour, Ind., and broke into the express car. One of the gang had taken charge of the engine and was running the train. Dresbach refused to comply with the pre-arranged details, and for his heroic obstinacy was thrown off the train. It was purely accidental that he escaped death, for the train was moving swiftly, and the grading of the road was anything but smooth and level. As it was he was laid up for months. Perhaps it will afford some satisfaction to many to know that this same miserable gang perished according to their deserts. Three swung from a beech tree three miles east of Brownstown, Ind., and seven more of them were taken by a jail-storming mob from the New Albany prison and justly hanged.

The work of the Starr gang in Indian Territory was cruel enough, and every one knows of the many train robberies that figured in it. The express messengers who surrendered to them were wise. Such determined human devils would have rammed the cold barrel of a 44 down a victim's throat and blazed away into his anatomy before they would have been interfered with.

Those who have read the exploits of Evans and Sontag can imagine how a lone messenger with a spark of objection in him would fare at their hands. Those two cool-headed murderers lived a strangely dual existence, pretending to be quite honest citizens of California, while making a record of crime that appalled the nation. The desperadoes who push dynamite sticks under express-car doors or stand erect upon the tender of a flying engine and level the silvered barrels of their revolvers straight upon the cab crew in the shadowy glare of an engine furnace fire or moonlight beams are fully determined and enthused. Like some crouching feline of the jungle, with the odor of blood in their nostrils, the desire of gold is in their hearts, and neither the sight of human woe nor the thought of eternal perdition could stop them.

In 1876 the Adams Express Company was plundered just beyond Greenville, Ill., at a lonely water tank. In this case the messenger fought the robbers off and was wounded, though not seriously. In 1881 Kellogg Nichols, a messenger of the United States Express Company, running on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific road between Chicago and Davenport, was killed by express robbers. The bandits came upon the train between Mansfield and Joliet, Ill. Nichols was alone in the express car and back of him rolled a baggage car, the master of which has ever since been considered an accomplice in the murder. How the robbery was conducted is not known. The flying train never stopped nor was any struggle heard. Yet when the train pulled into Joliet Nichols was found bruised and dead upon the car floor, the express safe looted and the robbers fled. He had been beaten to death with a large iron poker that lay near by.

The great Pacific robbery of 1886, wherein Messenger H. D. Forthingham and Fred Witrock, alias Jim Cummings, figured, is still a matter of public interest. Forthingham took into his express car one Jim Cummings, who bore a letter from Superintendent Damsel, of the Adams Express Company, ordering Forthingham to take him along and break him in as a messenger. When the Pacific was reached the supposed employe turned upon Forthingham and bound him tight. He then looted the express safe and fled. In this instance Forthingham stood in disgrace and was prosecuted. Being freed, however, by the court he in turn sued the express company and secured \$20,000 damages. The company took an appeal, and rather than have the matter linger on Forthingham compromised for a smaller sum.—St. Louis Republic.

Should Do His Best. Not long ago, Queen Victoria wished to make up a marriage between a lady and gentleman of her court. The former proved rebel to the royal advice, quoting St. Paul's famous words: "He who marries doeth well; but he who does not marry doeth still better." "My child," said the Queen, "be content in doing well; let those who can do better."

A Sailor's Superstition. "Reading the Legends and Superstitions," by W. Sevorg, recalled to my mind," says a writer in a country contemporary, "a superstition still held by most middle-aged sailors—I mean their antipathy to having a rabbit on board during a voyage. I remember once having the whole crew about my ears because I had got a 'bunny' on board. We were on our passage from Sullina to Antwerp, and we called at Malta for coals. Having an hour or so to spare, I went on shore, and during my walk I bought a large rabbit for one of my boys. I took it on board, and gave it to one of the firemen to take care of, and he made a hutch for it in one of the empty bunks.

"Now none of the sailors knew about it then, for you must know there is not much love lost between the sailors and firemen on a steamer. "Hitherto however we had had exceptionally fine weather. But an hour or so after leaving Malta it came on to blow very heavily, and a strong sea got up for a few days. I noticed the men looking askance at me very much. At last it came out: the sailors had found out that there was a rabbit on board, and that it belonged to me.

"I argued with them, but to no avail. I pointed out another steamer that was making worse weather than we were. I asked them if they could tell me for certain that she had a rabbit on board.

"That was not it, they said. One of them had been wrecked three times, another twice; one had been run into and lost everything; and in these cases there had always been a rabbit on board the vessel.

"I referred them to the steward who was passing. Now the steward was a bit of an oracle amongst them. I explained the case to him. Tommy—for that was his name—took it very seriously, weighed it very carefully and thoughtfully in his mind for a few moments, then looked at me with one eye, and at the men with the other, and asked, 'Is it a white one?' "I could not help laughing; but I was told instantly that it was no laughing matter; it was something serious. I told him that it was a gray rabbit.

"Well," he said, "it is not so bad; but it is bad enough." "At last I gave in. I handed poor 'bunny' to one of the firemen to kill and make a pie of. He killed it after eight bells at night, and when I turned out in the morning, it was as fine weather as one could wish for; and a sort of expression were on the tars' countenances which said plainly to me, 'Didn't I tell you it was the rabbit?'"

Health of Workmen at High Summits. Some notable facts are furnished by the experience of the workmen engaged in constructing the new Central Railway over the mountains in Peru. The line starts at Lima, in altitude twelve degrees, and the summit tunnel of this line at Gaieria is at the height of 15,645 feet. It appears that the workmen, up to the height of 800 to 10,000 feet, do about the same relative quantity of work as at the sea level, provided they have been inured to the height or brought up in the country; at 12,000 feet the amount of work deteriorates, and at 14,000 to 16,000 feet a full third had to be deducted from the amount that the same men could perform at sea level. Owing to the absence of malaria the percentage of efficient labor at the greatest elevation has been a very high one. Men coming from the coast were not found capable of doing efficient work for about two weeks on an average when taken to high elevations, the capacity gradually increasing and reaching its maximum in a few weeks or months, according to the constitution of the individual. The majority of the laborers being Cholos, or Indians born in the Sierra, were found incapable of doing effective work on the coasts or in the warmer altitudes without a long course of acclimatization. Sudden changes, too, from the Sierra to altitudes of from 2,000 to 5,000 feet have resulted in sickness and fever.

London's Feminine Stock Broker. Amy E. Bell has been for several years a stock broker in London. She has an office here by the Stock Exchange, and does a large business, especially among women clients. Her peculiar aptness for the profession was shown when she was a little girl. An old gentleman, a visitor at Miss Bell's home, happened one day to be diligently reading the money article in the Times. He was in no mood to be interrupted, so he said to the child when she hung around him: "Run away, little girl! I am busy with my lessons, and you must go to yours."

"Yes," said little Miss Amy, "but what's your lessons in my play?" For it was the highest recreation of the infant phenomenon to study the stock quotations.

Live and Learn. "Say, mister," said the stranger who was inspecting the prehistoric animal department of the museum, "who drew them pictures?" "Prof. Simson." "Did he 'magine he saw 'em?" "In a certain sense I suppose so." After a silence, he resumed reluctantly: "Well, I must confess that he's seen some that's bran new to me. An' I've been to a 'nubriate asylum three times."

So far no one has ever made the blunder of painting a Cupid to look as if he had any sense.