A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ON MEN.

Barbara Thorne Describes a Few Types of the Genus Homo that She Has Encountered.

No comprehensive a subject as this can not be thoroughly written up in two or three articles. As I write new views of this question follow each other in my mind in quick succession. As something of an offset to the essays upon the typical mother-in-law, spinster, etc., I will submit merely a catalogue of the names of the few types of men that I have seen, each one of which would furnish amusing matexial for a short essay. I am safe from the fear of offending any of my masculine readers, since, of course, no resemblance could exist between any of them and the unpoetic, unpleasant ones among these types.

There is the elderly widower, who is inconsolable for the loss of his first companion, though patiently looking about for his second one.

The man with a homely wife who is desperately jealous of her.

The homely man whose pretty wife is desperately jealous of him.

The deeply scientific man, who regards all women as poor, perishing packages of protoplasm. This person can analyze all the poetry out of June moonlight, or the perfume and sentiment out of white roses.

The playful and portly individual who always insists upon telling you a little story that is a trifle "broad" "you know, ha, ha, ha." This party is apt to grow familiar upon brief acquaintance, unless you freeze him by briefest monosyllables; yet, after all, he is a harmless creature, generally extremely tiresome.

Then we have all seen the sharp (extremely sharp) man, with inquisitive nose and little ferret eyes. He is confident that he can see through anything and anybody at a mere glance. "His wife knows better than to try to fool him, she does." He watches over his housekeeping, knows how many papers of pins will last an average family through the year, and never permits the hired girl to use two yeast cakes in making the bread when one and a half will do as well.

Then there is the young man who is so dreadfully wicked (or who wishes to make you believe that he is) that he spends all of his leisure trying to think of some dreadful sin that he has not yet committed in order that he may rush right away and perpetrate it. This desperate youth has "no faith in woman, not the least."

Quite a common type is the cool-headed, philosophical genus, who marries a meek, rustic maiden with the intention of molding her into an ideal wife.

An imposing type is the extremely moral and financially sound puritanical individual, whose very broadcloth would quiver with righteous horror if he was obliged to talk an hour with a frivolous female. This kind of a man would look at you, should you say "Good morning" to him in a careless, light-hearted way, as though you were intriguing to capture him for some terrible purpose. He is always "on guard."

Then there is the neglected genus, with pantaloons frayed at the bottoms, whose wife does not appreciate him at all, but who still loves her entirely out of the fullness of his big, chivalrous heart, as he takes pains to tell you, for you might become hopelessly interested in him otherwise, and he only seeks in you a kind of intellectual companion, which really means that he wants the right to bore you with his stupid literary effusions, and, should his wife be an invalid, by long accounts of her different ailments. This creature is one of the most naively selfish of beings; he ends his acquaintance with you by compromising you in the eyes of the one man in all the world for whose good opinion you care most, and finally quarrels with you because you do not follow his advice in choosing your friends.

Another variety, about as unpleasant as the one first described, is the old man, the very old man with grown-up children, who talks continually about "my son John and my darter Jane." He is a widower, and extremely modest in his ambition, only desiring a wife who shall be young, good-looking, "saving," and a good nurse, for he is laid up with rheumatism two-thirds of the time; and she must have a snug little "property" in her own right, so that son John and "darter" Jane may not forbid the banns. This pleasing mass of egotistical imbecility ought to be confined in an asylum for elderly idiots.

Then we have seen the matter-of-fact, quiet man, who is apt, upon occasion, to surprise you by giving evidence of latent chivalrousness and fineness of sentiment. His opposite type is often seen—the picturesque and posing man, who is extremely coarse and selfish; the man who is liked better by women than by men, the man who is a great favorite with men; the pale, sad-looking young man, who captivates the fancy by his mysterious silence. When you break through the crust of melancholy reserve, you find that his mental faculties are engaged a large part of the time in wrestling with the problems of what he shall have for his dinner, the residue of his leisure being employed in first obtaining the price of his dinner.

Men as fictionists.

The romantic liar, with entertaining story of his adventure.

The malicious liar.

Men as gossips.

The superannuated masher, with bald plate like polished gourd, and brains as trifling as its rattling seeds. He stands at street corners and leers at feminine passers-by.

These are a few of the more common types of masculinity. To look at the brighter portions of this picture is far pleasanter for one who would fain idealize and revere, rather than detract from or sneer at.

There is one character very seldom met with and not to be forgotten even when it is found—the typical American man. I say MAN advisedly, because the typical American man is always a gentleman also. If cultured in the world's ways and versed in bookish lore, still will a certain breezy strength, a wholesome good sense, and fine humor, keep him from all affectation or too great leaning toward the sybaritic side of life. If only a backwoodsman, unschooled by art, yet will nature have taught him her own harmonious and calm propriety of aspect. She will have given him a spirit of true chivalrousness toward women, a sense of quiet self-respect, and a native delicacy and tact which, if one is to judge by living examples, no court has yet been able to impart.

Yet to have been born in this country can never make a man the typical American, nor yet to have descended from those voyagers in the Mayflower. The typical American is a rare creature. It is hard to describe him, but you always know him when you see him.

In the meantime let us strive to be just to the average human being, not yet developed up to the heroic character of the poet's dream, 'tis true, yet with much more of nobility about him than circumstances ever bring out. Let us even (allegorically speaking) trick him out with the high-heeled boots and tall hat, if necessary, "Be to his faults a little blind," believe what we can, and hope for the rest.—*Barbara Thorne, in Chicago Ledger.*

WISE AND UNWISE.

JOHN—Elvira, do you love me, or is it my money? Elvira—John, I love you both.

WHEN a dude is near-sighted and half-witted he gets on very well with half an eye-glass.

THE unmarried females of the country will be much interested in the work of the Patrons of Husbandry.

THE "Forty-niners" of California were Pan-Americans, though some pan'd out better than others.

LENA (from New York City)—And you are going to marry, Ella? Ella—Yes, I thought I would for a while.

"MUCILAGE trust been formed," said Jags to Cags. "Somebody's going to get stuck," was the prediction that followed.

THERE is a rumor that the senior class at Harvard University is deteriorating, and the election of a negro as class orator seems to give color to it.

FRIEND—Is Jennie's husband a good provider? Mother-in-law—Immense! They've been married only about five years and they have a whole houseful of children.

"WHY," said the husband, "do you wear the hair of another woman on your head?" "Why," retorted his better-half, "do you wear the skin of another calf on your hands?"

MRS. WATTS—Mother's birthday comes next week, and I want to make her a present. What would you suggest? Mr. Watts—If I had my way I'd give her a nice, heavy tombstone.

DIGGINS—Do you see that portly man over there by the door? Wiggins—Yes; fine-looking man. Diggins—He takes life easily. Wiggins—Looks as if he did. Diggins—He does; he's a doctor.

GENIAL host—Pathrick, me bhoy, you've had quite enough to dhrink. Take me advice; when ye get to the top of the street ye'll see two cabs; take the first, because, begorra, there's only one.

MISTRESS—It's singular we didn't catch any mice last night. Did you set the trap, Bridget? Bridget—I did, mum. I set it forninst the cheese, and thin covered it over wid an old hat so that the mice couldn't see it.

AGENT—Mr. Moneymuch, can I sell you a phonograph, the greatest invention of the age? The machine will guarantee to talk 200 words per minute, and—— Mr. Moneymuch—Thank you, sir, but I don't need it. The sewing circle meets twice per week at our house.

A NICE plaything for children: Mrs. Bandbox—You said the train I should take leaves at 10:30, didn't you? Ticket Agent—Yes, madam; and I think I've told you that about ten times already. "Yes, I know you have, but my little boy says he likes to hear you talk."

FOND father—Harry, you have been waiting on Miss Watson for over a year. Why don't you marry her? Harry—She isn't emotional enough. Fond father—Great Scott, boy, what do you want with an emotional woman? The crown of my head is as bare as a billiard ball. Your mother was an emotional woman.

PARISHIONER—Deacon, I doan't hab much faith in dat new minister wot yo' got fo' our church from down Richmond; he has dun prayed fo' rain for fo' weeks and not a drap has felled yet. Deacon—Yes, Bre'r Willyums, but it hab rained pow'ful hard at Richmond, an' I guess de Lawd hab dun fo'gotten dat de minister hab changed his place ob residence.

NOT INSURED.

The moon beams calmly sifted down
Upon two tender things—
Matilda Martha Robinson
And William Henry Bings.

The youth was smitten by her charms
And closer to her leant,
And having dared to kiss her, cried,
"It was an accident!"

"For shame young man!" exclaimed the maid,
"Withold your compliments,
For well you know I'm not insured
Against these accidents!"

—*Happsand Mishaps.*

A SIGN OF CIVILIZATION.

"Bedad, I must be gettin' among friends. Oi've been walkin' the intoire mornin' an' that's the first sign of civilization Oi've met wid."

HAD TWO GRADES.

Barber—"Shave, sir?"
"Yes, of course."
"Five or ten?"

A MINNEAPOLIS man claims to have invented a motor which will do all kinds of kitchen work. It is understood to have no cousins.

A ROUMANIAN DINNER.

Strange Food, Wild Music and Beautiful Women.

The Roumanian food is as strange as the melodies, writes a Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph. When, for instance, at the invitation of several distinguished Roumanians, I dined at the Roumanian restaurant built in the exhibition, I was first offered, as an appetizer, a glass of tzuica. This is an alcohol made from plums. It is like the Hungarian slivoche, but is less alcoholic, and has not so strong a medicinal flavor. Served in small, rough little glass bottles, containing about two liquor glasses full, you are supposed to drink from the bottle and to empty the bottle. If a glass is given, this is a concession to Western prejudices. After having duly fortified myself with this strange but potent decoction, I was introduced to the mysteries of a Roumanian soup. This was made with water in which had been steeped for several days the bran of Indian corn. When the bran had fermented and the water become thoroughly acid, the liquid was drawn off and used to stew lamb. This acid lamb soup is, it appears, very popular in the East. It is certainly refreshing. I preferred, however, the vinovalle, or light natural white wine, which leaves a perfumed flavor in the mouth, though it is such an ordinary wine that in Roumania it sells for 5 to 6 cents the litre. Then we had some excellent stewed chicken with paprika sauce, as in Hungary, and other dishes that did not seem so strange. In the middle of it all, however, I was brought, as a great treat, a large basin full of curded sour milk. To have obtained this in Paris was thought a great triumph, and I was told I might now imagine myself in Roumania. This I tried to do, though the sour cream was not very inspiring, but I succeeded to some extent when I looked at the Roumanian musicians with their white cloaks and black braiding, and listened to their wild music. This effort of imagination, however, was still more easy, and also more agreeable, when I allowed myself to contemplate three Roumanian women who, in native dress, presided at a high counter. Unlike English bar-girls, they had nothing to do. They could not even flirt, for the simple reason that they could only speak Roumanian. They gave no orders to the waiters, they had no account's to keep, but they sat listlessly, and occasionally talked with one another, while hundreds of eager, curious people stared and stared at them. Outside the restaurant, with their noses flattened against the glass window, passers peeped in to have a gratuitous glance at these strange things and strange foreign people. I looked, too, and the more I looked the more I became reconciled to Roumanian musicians, to the shrill whistle of the fair flute player, to the sour soup, to the curded milk, and thought only of the pale face, the large, almond eyes, the regular features, the model lips and teeth of these Roumanian beauties; teeth, indeed, so perfect and so sound that they would be the despair of the dental profession. The dress was white, covered with blue and red embroidery, the jewelry of the oriental style, a large besmirring of gold with many coins, that clashed at every movement, and all this adorning a distinguished-looking person of statuesque regularity in figure and feature. On the whole, therefore, I preferred the Roumanian women to the Roumanian dinner and the Roumanian music; not but that both the latter had their advantages and their charms.

A Primitive People.

Goose Creek Island, on the North Carolina coast, is one of the most inaccessible, uncomfortable places to be found. Its area comprises several thousand acres, and its soil is unusually fertile and admirably adapted for the raising of cattle. The island is surrounded for many miles inland by almost impassable swamps; access by water is had through a narrow, tortuous channel only navigable by the smallest of craft. For miles around the water outside of the passageway is only a few inches in depth, and a man in rubber boots could wade dry-shod all day long this worthless stretch of water, which is too shallow for fish and too deep for agriculture. Hence the islanders lead a very retired and isolated life, practically as much shut off from the world as if they were in the midst of the Atlantic. There are but two hundred and fifty houses on the place, mostly cabins, though there are several well-to-do planters, who, educated and refined, keep aloof socially from the poor and illiterate inhabitants. The women of the latter class are buxom but with no form to speak of. The girls are shy and retired, but still they are daughters of Mother Eve, and in their way they strive to keep up with the latest fashions. Their principal dress is of calico, cut straight, and many of them wear bustles, and as newspapers are scarce, they employ dried sea grass bunched in a knot.—[Forest and Stream.

Valuable Trousers.

The owner of a very valuable pair of trousers was lately advertised for in the French papers by the honest finder of the same, who allowed the individual to whom they belonged fifteen days in which to come forward. After this delay he stated he would consider himself justified in profiting by this strange windfall, which, as he was in poor circumstances and about to be married, would be very serviceable to him.

On the Place de Concorde, Paris, he stated he saw, one evening, a dark object on the ground, which he first took to be a sleeping dog. On closer inspection, however, he discovered his mistake, and picked up the garment then in his possession. He took the trousers with him on board a boat which he owned, and, on passing them in review, noticed that the buttons seemed different from ordinary ones. Prompted by curiosity, he undid the cloth that covered them and found, instead of wooden molds, gold pieces. Carrying his investigations further, he came across some bank notes stitched into the waistband, with other papers of value.—[Chamber's Journal.

Tobacco Made By Assassins.

Latakia, which gives its name to the famous tobacco, is a small seaport in northern Syria, which occupies the site of the ancient Laodicea, but the port has been blocked up with sand, so that only small, light laden boats can enter. Behind the town extends a vast plain to the south beyond Jibleh as far as the range of hills in which live the Ansarieh, the descendants of the sect of assassins so famous in the time of the Crusades.

This tribe is specially engaged in the cultivation of Latakia tobacco. At the end of December the ground is irrigated, and the sowing takes place in January, ten or twelve seeds being placed in a single hole made with a stick. As soon as the spouts appear above the ground they are covered with mats, which are raised only when the sun is up. The women and children are employed in keeping off the birds and in weeding out the weaklings. In February the sprouts are transplanted to another field, where the earth is piled up well about them; in March they are kept well watered, and in April the harvest commences. The first leaves form what is called the new tobacco, and is smoked with delight by the fellahs themselves, it being stronger than that obtained subsequently. From April to August the plants must be watered according to the state of the weather, and must receive general attention. The real harvest takes place in August and September. The plant is cut, the leaves removed, tied in bundles, and placed on mats to dry in the sun. In November this process is finished, the tobacco is placed in horsehair sacks, and put on the market. The merchants subject the leaves to a new drying, and then sort them out according to color, perfume, and general quality. There are in all three qualities, of which the finest is obtainable only from the more elevated plantations of the Ansariehs.

BURMESE OIL WELLS.

Primitive and Dangerous Method of Securing Petroleum.

Dr. Noetling, of the Indian Geological Survey, gives an interesting description of the Burmese method of digging the wells. As soon as a native has made up his mind where he is going to have a new well, the workmen, usually four in number, begin to dig a square shaft, the sides of which measure between 4 feet and 4 feet 6 inches. Over this pit a cross-beam, supported on stanchions on either side, is placed, in the centre of which is a small wooden drum or cylinder, which, with its axis, is made of a single piece of wood, the latter running on coarse, fork-shaped supports. The leather rope used in hauling up the oil passes over the drum, and on it is fastened the workman who is going to be lowered down, as well as the common earthenware pot in which the oil is drawn up. If possible, the well so placed that the men or women drawing the rope walk down an incline plane along the slope of a hill. The tools employed in digging are quite primitive, and can only be used in soft strata. Timber is used to support the walls of the shaft, and the latter is lined with wood. This wooden wall has considerable strength, but it has to be carefully watched lest it should give way.

The workmen are lowered in an ingenious way. The man sits on two slings formed of strong rope, running between his legs and knotted over his left shulder. To prevent sliding, a thin rope runs down from the knot, across the breast, underneath the right shoulder to the back, where it is fastened to the rope forming the slings. A second rope for the same purpose is fastened around the hips. On account of the explosive gas filling the shaft no light can be taken down; the workman, therefore, ties up his eyes previously to descending so as to enable him to see during the time he is in the well, otherwise it would take him longer to accustom his eyes to the darkness than he is able to stay down, on account of the gas, which renders breathing difficult. The data obtained by Dr. Noetling as to the time occupied in the ascent and descent, and the period during which the laborer stops below, show that not 25 per cent, of the total working time is really spent in extracting the oil. Two hundred and ninety seconds is the longest time any man, however strong, can remain below without becoming unconscious, while in some he can remain only sixty seconds. With increasing depths the difficulties in obtaining the oil after the Burmese methods become insuperable. Hence the limit is 310 feet, and the workers object to more than 250 feet. The drawing up of the oil is as primitive as everything else. The rope is fastened round the neck of the bell-shaped pot, and, being lowered, is allowed to fill by sinking in the oil below. The oil thus raised is poured into another pot of the same shape, but much larger, and twelve of these are packed on each country cart.

A STEAMER'S LARDER.

What Its Passengers Eat in Crossing The Atlantic.

Ocean steamers are now engaging the attention of the whole civilized world with their quick passages from shore to shore, and to hear of records being broken and the time necessary to cross the vast expanse of water, the Atlantic ocean, being shortened, has ceased to be considered phenomenal, so quick is the human mind to accustom itself to such matters.

But people generally, in commenting upon these boats, talk about the great head work displayed by the captain and engineers and the other officers, and of the staunchness of the vessel and the reliability of her engines, but seem to forget that the stewart is also an important factor of a ship's make-up. While others are taking care of the outer things he must provide for the inner man, and when the voyagers sit down to a meal on shipboard they seldom think of the amount of forethought exhibited before leaving the shore necessary to provide for the dinner they are enjoying and at which their palates are tickled with all the delicacies they would have at home.

The steward is sorely puzzled time and again to know how to provide, having so many different tastes to provide for. Victor Petry, of Philadelphia, has recently returned from a trip abroad, and being anxious to form some idea of the amount of supplies used on shipboard, secured the list printed below. The steamer for which the supplies were purchased was the Umbria, and were for her return voyage from Liverpool to New York. They were purchased for 630 passengers, and for an eight days' voyage, which was completed, by the way, in six days and twelve hours. The following is the list:

Eleven thousand five hundred pounds fresh beef, 600 pounds corned beef, 4,500 pounds mutton, 620 pounds corned tongue, 766 pounds lamb, 250 pounds veal, 200 pounds pork, 150 pounds venison, 2,000 pounds fresh fish, 12,000 eggs, 60 boxes dried fish, 500 fowls, 240 spring chicken, 1,600 pounds turkey (80), 64 geese, 130 ducks, 520 grouse, 300 Bordeaux pigeons, 640 pounds coffee, 130 pounds tea, 2,400 pounds sugar, 1,800 pounds ham, 600 pounds bacon, 425 pounds cheese, 23 boxes oranges, 18 boxes lemons, 26 boxes apples (dessert), 21 boxes apples (cooking), 131 tins fancy biscuits, 35 tins water biscuit, 60 tin pate do foie gras and caviare, 200 bottles pickles and sauce, 120 bottles salad oil, 110 jars jams and jellies, 750 pounds of dried fruit, 26 barrels flour, 500 pounds butter, 2,000 quarts of milk, 7 tons potatoes, 700 quarts fresh fruit, 30 boxes pears, 2,594 bottles ale and porter, 2,780 bottles mineral water, 559 bottles wine, 247 bottles spirits.—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mrs. Mackay's Parrot.

Mrs. Mackay, the "Bonanza Queen," has, writes the London correspondent of the Manchester Courier, provided during her absence, the public of London with a gratuitous entertainment of a most diverting nature. At her open window in Buckingham Palace Gate is a wonderful green parrot, which attracts hundreds of people every day to hear him talk. The crowd on Sunday was so great that the policeman had to request the people to "move on." "Move on," echoes the parrot, to the intense delight of the mob. "Polly, what is the clock?" asks a man. The parrot, pretending to look at the clock, cries out in answer: "Half-past five," and he was right. I asked him how his misses was. "Coming over soon, all right," replied the marvelous bird. "How old are you, Polly?" "Don't know; how old are you?" was the answer, which, of course, provoked great merriment, in which the parrot joined. Asked what day of the week it was, the wretch hopped about screaming, "Sunday. Go to prayers. *Ora pro nobis.*" And fell into a paroxysm of laughter, which was quite contagious.

You may sing of the beauty of springtime
That glows on the cheek of the young,
But I sing of a beauty that's rarer
Than any of which you have sung.
The beauty that's seen in the faces
Of women whose summer is o'er,
The autumn-like beauty that charms us
Far more than the beauty of yore.

But this beauty is seen too rarely. The faces of most women lose the beauty of youth too soon. Female disorders are like frosts which come to nip the flowers which betoken good health, without which there can be no real beauty. If our American women would fortify themselves against the approach of the terrible disorders so prevalent among them, by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; their good looks would be retained to a "sweet old age." This remedy is a *guaranteed* cure for all the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

—Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c. and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

—Never think the worse of another on account of his differing with you in politics or religious opinions.

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—Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem to be such, however absurd they appear to be.

None equal "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

—Never dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor a woman, young or old, nor an enthusiast.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell 25c. per bottle

—Never court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or vices.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle *Free*, that they may try it before purchasing. The Large Bottles are 50c. and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

—Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it.

Millions of women use Dobbins's Electric Soap daily, and say it is the best and cheapest. If they are right, *you* ought to use it. If wrong, *one trial* only will show you. Buy a bar of your grocer and try it next Monday.

—Say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near to you. U49.

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According to recent investigations is caused by excessive lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and causes the local manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders, and in the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying and vitalizing action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also strengthens the whole body.

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Anstad, Minn., Sept. 25, 1888.

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C. P. STAVE and Family.

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