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Try BLACK-DRAUGHT

Con Alexander
Texas, is here on

A ten-year-old
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Nannie B
t but is

SMITHY SONG.

When I am half a-dreaming,
And only half asleep,
When daylight's grayest gleaming
'Gins through the blinds to peep,
Oh, then I hear the dinging
Of the smithy hammers ringing,
Ching ching, ching, ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

At eve when I'm returning
From labors of the day,
Their forges yet are burning,
And still their hammers play;
And oft the smiths are singing
To that measured, merry ringing,
Ching, ching, ching, ching,
Ching, ching, ching ching.

Often with rhythmic bending
Of bodies to and fro,
They toil in couples, sending
The sparks out, blow on blow;
One hammer always swinging
The while the other's ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

O merry anvils sounding
All day till set of sun!
It is by steady pounding
That noblest tasks are done.
By sturdy blows and swinging
That keep the world a-ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

—George Horton, in Century.

TWO MOUNTAIN LIONS.

Their Magnificent Courage When Brought to Bay.

They Fight to the Death with a Pack of Bloodhounds, Backed by Armed Hunters, and Bravely Meet Their Doom.

There had been great excitement among the ranchmen of the valley of the Sierra Madre for some weeks over the depredations committed upon their flocks of sheep and herds of cattle by some beast of prey. What this robber was no one could say with any exactness, for, uniting an extraordinary degree of cunning with great speed of foot, the rogue invariably managed to elude all pursuit. Morning after morning some herder would report a cow, calf or sheep done to death with a cruel wound in its throat from which the assassin had drained its warm life's blood. But the dead carcass was all that remained to tell the story of the coming and going of the spoiler, for no shadow left less trace of its presence.

This enemy of their herds was all the more feared by the cattlemen, as there was no guessing where the next victim was to be found, for with incredible rapidity of movement the animal seemed to scour the country for miles in every direction, seeking with all the fastidiousness of a true epicure the tenderest lambs and choicest brand of cattle. The herds themselves seemed to know that some foe lurked near, and at night would huddle together as if for mutual protection.

At last matters reached a climax when the fine imported Durham cow, "with a long pedigree," of one of the wealthy stock-owners of the vicinity strayed away from her comfortable stall, and, with the curiosity of her sex, was investigating the country, when she was set upon by the mysterious beast of prey. She was found literally torn to pieces, and it was evident that the cow, a young one, had endeavored to make some fight for her life, for her horns were stained with blood, and a trail of blood leading to a small thicket close at hand indicated that the animal that had killed her had not escaped without a wound.

It had been believed from the first that the depredator had made its den not far from the mountains, to which it would return after each orgy, and, on bloodhounds being sent for and placed on the trail, the dogs led at once toward the rugged peaks that frown down on this fair valley. The bloodhounds ceased with the thicket, so it was concluded that the animal had not been very severely wounded, and no further traces of its passage were visible in the open country, though the dogs showed no hesitation on the trail. The hunting party numbered nearly a score and was composed of local Nimrods, who scented fine sport on the occasion, and stockmen, each of whom had the loss of one or more fine blooded sheep or cows to avenge.

After some ten or twelve miles of steady travel, facing the chill mountain that frosted the air and spurred the wiry little Mexican ponies into a brisk trot, the party reached the little station of Rio Namiquipa, where the dogs paused. Here they seemed puzzled at some sudden turn the trail had taken, for they ran here and there for some minutes, finally breaking away up the river. But after a run of a hundred feet or so the old Chihuahua hound Miguel made a stand, and then, with a warning cry to his mates, turned and sped back to where the hunters waited. The pack followed him, though with some hesitation, until, pressing him close as he went leaping from one to the other of the stepping stones that crossed the stream, they seemed all at once to understand his maneuvers and leaped forward up the shelving bank with a joyful cry of certainty. Old Miguel's master, an aged Mexican, by name Leander, explained that the dogs had here struck the trail of some other animal that had come down the river to drink at that spot. He had, he thought, joined the one they sought, and the two had struck out together for the mountains. With renewed interest the hunters walked their horses across the shallow stream and followed the dogs, which were now only dark specks on the golden sands that washed the foot of the grim and mighty Sierra.

The dogs were observed after awhile to gather about a clump of cactus plants that marked the first rise of the mountains proper, then to go on and finally disappear behind a mass of fallen bowlders. At this the party urged on their ponies, as it was evident that the game was near at hand. Old Leander at the clump of cactus dismounted, and after a brief examination of the disturbed sand declared at this place the wounded animal had lain down to rest, while the other, probably its mate, had stood by. As the hunters paused here the loud barking of the dogs was heard at some little distance, so clapping spurs to the ponies the party went forward at a gallop.

The hounds were found to have gathered about a small heap of earth and stones, on which stood an enormous mountain lion defying them with blazing eyes and waving tufted tail. He was a magnificent male, with tawny skin marked with velvety black, a bearing as full of pride as any monarch of Arabian desert, and a roar that woke the echoes in the mountain gorges far above his defiant head. The yellow smoothness of his side was broken by a jagged wound outlined in dark clotted blood, but his courage was undaunted by the yelping pack of dogs that surrounded him, making false starts at him, yet afraid to attack him.

Of his mate nothing was to be seen. The hunters, each anxious to claim the lion as his trophy, pressed forward and, aiming over the surging mass of hounds, fired upon the majestic creature facing death so resolutely. Wounded in half a dozen places, the lion sprung into the air with a scream of agony and rage, then fell, to be instantly covered by the dogs, barking in triumph over a defeated foe. But they had flattered themselves too soon that the prey was theirs, for with a desperate courage the lion struck out right and left, sending his enemies heels over head with blows of his powerful paws and ripping and tearing with his unsheathed claws and giant molars. Their red blood mingled with his own and dyed the sand crimson, and they gave back for an instant, until, seeing that the mountain king was dying even as he fought, they returned to the battle.

But as they fell upon him a roar from the frowning heights of the mountains proclaimed that another foe was at hand. The mate was returning and had scented the battle from afar. In another moment she leaped into view, pausing on the pinnacle of a tall spire of rock and surveying the scene below with an angry cant of her sleek, cat-like head. Outlined against the tender blue of the morning sky she seemed a yellow carving of yellow marble, but only for a brief moment, for as her topaz eyes caught sight of her dead mate and the frantic dogs, she sprung down to the crag next beneath her, just as a volley of shots shattered the extreme end of the one she had that instant left. She descended with magnificent bounds that sent her lithe body from peak to peak with incredible rapidity, paying not the slightest apparent attention to the dogs or the hunters and seeming only to see the fallen monarch below. She reached the little gorge where he lay. A second volley had failed to stay her as she came bounding down, but now a third greeted her as she sprung from the last spur of rock, and a gush of crimson blood marked where some bullet had found a home in her quivering flank.

Then for the first time she seemed to notice her human foes, and leaping to the side of her dead mate faced them with a roar of defiance, even as she bent her head and licked the bloody carcass at her feet. The dogs, taking this for a sign of timidity, flew at her ferociously, but the lioness, rendered furious and reckless by her mate's death, met this attack with a savage determination that sent sever al away yelping, wounded severely, and stretched others dead, while all hesitated to continue the fight.

Turning once more to her dead companion she bestowed one loving caress on his stiffened form and then faced the mountain, and would have sprung away had not the hunters, who had feared to fire upon her before lest they wound the dogs instead, here succeeded in breaking one of her shoulders by a single shot out of a score. She fell forward with a cry and rolled over on the yellow sands that drank her blood. Once more the dogs attacked her, and though she fought like a fury with tooth and nail they mastered her.

Again and again she endeavored to right herself, only to fall forward on the broken bone, while her determined foes tore at her limbs and sought her slender throat. The hunters endeavored to call off the frantic hounds, but they could not be induced to leave their prey, to which they clung until the beautiful wild creature lay dead and mangled beside her mate.—Galena (Mex.) Cor. of Philadelphia Times.

SWINDLING IS UNIVERSAL.

But It Generally Gets Its Compensation in Its Own Coin.

Each season has its peculiar swindles too numerous to mention. In summer the iceman, who is very far from being a nice man, reaps his little harvest. The iceman's bills, even in July or August, may be called a cold steal. In winter the plumber challenges our admiration. Strict, honest and square dealing is not obtained even in the administration of justice. A colored gentleman who adhered too closely to a valuable dog, on which he had not even a mortgage or builder's lien, got two years at Sing Sing, while the average boodle alderman gets a new trial, or an acquittal. The man who steals a dollar is called a thief, while the man who feloniously absorbs a million is called a brilliant financier; and so he is, but he is simultaneously a thief, all the same. However, there are compensations. For instance, the alderman who boodles, in turn is severely boodled by the legal gentlemen who attended to his (the boodler's) vindication. The merchant who fines his clerks, and otherwise robs them, is victimized by the fashionable female kleptomaniac, who has such taking ways. The American exile in Canada has to pay a quarter for a drink of whisky. The wealthy coal dealer or the Wall-street broker inadvertently visits a church fair, and when he comes out he feels as bad as if he had been interviewed by the Pullman car porter. As a boodler, he is the boss. Of all the boodlers he does the biggest business on the smallest capital.—Texas Siftings.

SANITARY CODE OF MOSES.

Extract From a Lecture by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

We sometimes hear about the "mistakes of Moses," but no one has ever shown that Moses made any mistakes in his sanitary code. It has been accepted as correct from his time to ours, and no very important improvements have been made on it. It is now better understood than it was half a century ago, even. The wisdom of the principles laid down is simply marvelous; no law-giver ever formulated a code of health so far-seeing and so correct. It was the first employment of the quarantine. The reason therefor was doubtless not understood then, nor was it a hundred years ago, or even twenty years ago. We now know that leprosy is a germ disease. You will remember the good Catholic Father Damien, who labored in a leprous colony on one of the islands of the Pacific. He took great pains to protect himself from infection, and mingled with the lepers for many years without contracting the disease; but by and by, happening to have a little erosion on a bald spot on his scalp, a fly which had just visited a leper perched on this spot and infected it with the dread disease. The fly is a dangerous scavenger, and should be kept out of our houses.

In the time of Moses, if a house was infected, it was treated in the most radical manner. When an outbreak of leprosy appeared on the wall, the people had to move out, the plastering was torn off, the house was shut up and the rubbish all taken way. And what was done with the rubbish? It was not put into a neighbor's back yard nor emptied into the street, nor hauled off and dumped on a vacant lot. It was taken clear out of the city so that it would not affect any other house. They did not whitewash the infected spot over and then move back; nor did they newly paper the walls as people treat such houses nowadays. The house was cleansed and shut up, and, if after a week, the leprosy mold was found breaking out again, showing evidence that the leprosy was deep in walls, then the whole house was destroyed and the bricks were all carried off. By this means houses were kept free from mold and germs. A house in the condition that germs will readily develop in it is not fit to live in. Moses did not understand all about the nature of germs, but he understood cleanliness and quarantine and these are the best possible means of disinfection.—Reported by Helen L. Manning.

A KITCHEN NECESSITY.

The Heating Closet and Its Various Uses.

The heating closet of a stove or range is a part of its furniture which the ordinary cook often ignores. In nine kitchens out of ten, one will find it cluttered up with ashes and dust, or used as a depository for the kindling wood, if it is used at all. In point of fact, the heating closet of a range is second in importance only to the oven in its usefulness to the cook. Here is where hot dishes, compelled to wait a moment while a meal is being served, should be left. In extreme cold weather it is one of the best places to set rolls or bread to raise in the pans. If the bread is well covered up, it will not become dry on top kept in this way, and will rise rapidly and evenly. This is an excellent place in which to dry stale bread before rolling it and sifting it. A quantity of stale bread broken up and laid on pans for twenty-four hours in the heating closet will be dry enough to be crushed easily to a powder by the end of that time. It is a good place in which to dry noodees if there is not a large fire in the stove and it is not too warm. After the plates for any meal have been heated, as they should be by dipping them in boiling water, they may be wiped and kept at an equable temperature in the heating closet without danger of their becoming superheated and the enamel becoming cracked. Slices of pumpkin and fruits of various kinds may be dried for future use by setting them on plates in this closet. The good cook will find that the use of the heating closet will save her many steps and much inconvenience when she once learns its value.—N. Y. Tribune.

Fabrics for Winter Gowns.

The fashionable modists who have recently returned from Paris commend warm-looking rough woolens for street dresses, such as vigogne woven in wide diagonals, that are sometimes of two colors, as light blue alternating with black; also fleecy camel's hair stuffs, both plain and figured, and serges that are very broadly twilled. They also use winter crepons more deeply twilled and of heavier weight than those worn in summer, and many new plisse fabrics with dark pleats or tucks woven on a light background. Dotted stuffs are still shown in great variety, some having plush spots securely woven in fancy diagonal grounds of a contrasting color, as a wood brown ground woven like plaited braid and powdered with pale violet plush spots the size of a pea, and another with royal blue ground dotted with petit pois of natural green shade; besides these are many tiny "pepper" dots of silk woven in wool of the same shade.—Harper's Bazar.

Glassware Superceding Silver.

Glass has largely taken the place of silver on some of the most elegant tables, many housekeepers collecting and prizing cut-glass as they would jewels; but the woman of moderate means and good taste will find it possible to set her table with a plain, clear glass of dainty and elegant shapes which will add brilliancy to the entire table-service. Water-bottles, or carafes, as they are commonly called, are much used and are a great convenience. Individual salt-cellars are again used instead of the salt-shakers which were so popular for many years. These salt-cellars come in glass, dainty china and silver. A small silver salt-spoon is placed by each one. The china and silver are by all odds the most effective on the table. Pepper bottles of odd designs are placed by the salt. Castors are not in favor.—Ladies' Home Journal.

HUNTING RUFFED GROUSE.

A Bird of Peculiar Ways—Taxing the Markman's Skill.

The flight of the ruffed grouse or partridge is sometime so peculiar and varied that there seems to be as much difference in individuals (and perhaps with these same individuals at different times and under different circumstances), as there is in the gait of certain animals.

If, in thick clover, we happen to suddenly come upon a bird we see it for a moment before it flies. It seldom allows us to watch its movements long, however, if the bird is upon the ground. Almost as soon as discovered the bird makes a movement to get out of our sight, but when this movement is first made, who can tell what is coming next? It may take two or three short flaps with its wings and "scoot" not more than two or three feet from the ground, through the underbrush for thirty or forty yards, then drop and sneak away as silently as the fall of night. Again, it may hop up into the air, spread its wings and sail into the lower limbs of some tree thirty or forty feet away, alighting near the trunk and standing there as motionless as a statue. I have seen them start in this noiseless manner and sail out of the underbrush on a ridge, then take a turn and fly away into the valley below, some three hundred yards, and had I not been looking at the bird I should not have known that it started. This is often their mode of procedure when they are little disturbed, or as have sometimes thought when the weather was favorable for this kind of flight. I have noticed this more when there was little or no wind, or when the woods were quieter than at other times, and have often seen them sail out of the underbrush in this noiseless manner, on the crest of a wooden hill, set their pinions and sail with hardly a flap of the wings, away down to the bottom and alight in a pine or other evergreen tree.

But let us go over the ground again to-morrow and note the result. The bird is seen running along the ground, perhaps in an old wood road. It runs for ten or twelve feet and then breaks away with a roar, leaving a cloud of leaves behind it that would almost blind one, were he in their midst. The bird continues its mad career, slaps and tears through the twigs and branches for fifty or sixty yards, and alights upon the ground again. A great deal of noise and fuss has been made, but the bird really seems to be less alarmed than before, and nine times out of every ten I have found it an easier task to find the bird than when it sneaked away so quietly. I have found, as a rule, that the old cocks make a great deal more fuss and racket in their flight than the hens; they seem to take a fixed course and keep it, while the hen may double upon her flight two or three times before she alights, and then probably go into a tree, while the old cock seems to think the ground good enough for him. Their flight is apt to be longer late in the season unless cover is found at once, as in pine or hemlock swamps, and if snow is on the ground the bird is apt to tree.

Their habit of flight differs somewhat in different localities, and I have known persons that were expert in hunting and finding them in the southern part of New England to find themselves "all at sea" when they tried it in the north.

Their food supply is the one thing to study in the morning and evening, and is considerably varied. When we kill one and find the crop filled with grapes and thorn apples we do not look for them upon the hardwood ridges, but if we find their crops full of beech nuts we expect to find the bird on high ground in the latter part of the day. When about to choose its roosting place for the night the bird is apt to make a long flight, and then a short one to its perch, which may be in a low pine, not more than six feet from the ground, or may be near the top of a small hemlock or spruce, many feet away from the earth below. While I have made many observations on the flight of this bird, I have found nothing that could be put down as an "ironclad" fixed rule and their habits vary so in different localities that it is somewhat difficult to tell what a bird is going to do even after it has its flight well started. If alarmed we seldom know where to look for it unless marked down; but if not, an idea may be correctly drawn regarding its flight, if one is familiar with the ground.—Chicago Press.

Plaster for a Sprain.

The ordinary sprain as a rule receives but little attention, and the indifference with which it is regarded often leads to serious after effects. If the stream of running water which most people know enough to have recourse to in case of sprain be supplemented by the application of a plaster composed of one part of carbonate of lead and two parts of olive oil in ordinary cases very little subsequent trouble is likely to arise. So effective is this plaster that Dr. Duhamel, who has been trying its effects in Paris on a number of hospital patients, most of whom were suffering from sprains of the ankle, states that his patients were able to walk as soon as the plaster and retaining dressings had been applied.—Chicago News.

A Floor Walker.

Two traveling salesmen meet in New York when they exchange the usual social salutations, which are not unmixed with trade matters, they not having seen each other for many months.

"Hallo, Charlie! Haven't seen you in a long time. How are you?"

"Tired—awfully tired."

"How's the wife?"

"As well as can be expected."

"Your'e still on the road, I suppose?"

"No—I've become a floor walker."

"What!"

"Yes—Got another baby."—N. Y. Herald.

—"I can not understand why you should claim that Madge Flyppe is such an artless creature. She strikes me as rather knowing." "That's just it. She is not knowing enough to conceal what she does know."—Indianapolis Journal.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—He that lives by faith shall never die of fear. The more you trust God, the less you will torment yourself.—Flavel.

—Rev. Dr. Harrison, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is said to have translated the Bible into fourteen languages.

And if, in love and wisdom, He
Should take the things most dear to me
Yet I, resigned unto His will,
Would praise His name rejoicing still.

—Joseph A. Torrey.

—Mr. Gladstone, writing in reference to the church attendance census taken in Liverpool, says that to have only 63,090 out of half a million people attending church at any one time is a dismal spectacle and great reproach.

—Marie S. Kemp, who has been chosen as professor of German literature in Swarthmore college, has prepared herself for her new duties by studying in Germany, and is well versed in her branch of learning. Prof. Kemp is still in the youthful period of life.

—God takes a thousand times more pains with us than the artist with his picture, by many touches of sorrow, and by many colors of circumstance, to bring man into the form which is the highest and noblest in his sight, if only we received his gifts and myrrh in the right spirit.—John Tauler.

—The university of the Great Masque of El Azar, in Cairo, is resorted to by more than 10,000 Moslem students, not only from Egypt and Turkey, but from Algeria and Morocco, the Soudan, Darfoor and Zanzibar, Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, India and Malaya. Nothing is taught except the Koran and the literature relating to it.

—Chili is a great country for newspapers. There are more than forty of them in Valparaiso and Santiago, and there are others in all the head towns of departments. Chili has many literary men, including a regiment of poets, and also many scientific men, and a multitude of statesmen and generals. The schools are free, and the educational system provides for provincial lyceums, normal schools, an agricultural school, schools for the arts and trades, military and naval academies, and a national university, all supported by the government. In some years there have been 1,000 students at the Santiago university.

—After two missionary sermons in Melbourne recently a hard working man who was present at the services sent in the title deeds of ninety-three and a half acres of farm land, worth about £500, to be divided between India and New Guinea. Being asked afterwards about his gift, he said: "This is how I look at it. Supposing I were a boy and my father gave me £1, and afterwards he wanted part of the money back again to help him in some work he was doing, and he came to me to help him. Supposing I gave him a threepenny piece, what sort of son should I be? The least I could do would be to give five shillings of his own pound.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—If the memory of an injury is cherished it is not forgotten.—Ram's Horn.

—The poorest education that teaches self control is better than the best that neglects it.—Sterling.

—Every minister who has had even five years of experience knows that it is no earthly use for him to try to convert a woman who has to wear a last year's hat to church.—Somerville Journal.

—Thompson is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

—Mr. Emerson (of Boston)—How rapidly Clytemnestra grows! Mrs. Emerson—Yes. The dear child will be four years old next week—quite old enough to put into eye-glasses. Will you select them for her, or shall I?"—Harper's Bazar.

—No Health There.—Mrs. De Fashion—So you were at Health Springs during the summer. How did you like it?" Mrs. De Style—Well, the place is pretty enough, but I didn't think much of the water. It didn't taste bad at all.—Demorest's Magazine.

—An Inauspicious Meeting.—Tom—You say you don't think Miss Bright pretty? Jack—That was my impression when I first spoke to her. Tom—When was that? Jack—The other evening, when I begged her pardon for stepping on her train and tearing off two yards of it."—Yankee Blade.

—It is a poor relief from sorrow to fly to the distractions of the world. As well might a wearied and lost bird, suspended over the abyss of the tempestuous ocean, seek a resting place on its topmost waves, as a child of sorrow seek a place of repose amid the bustling cares and intoxicating pleasures of earth and time.—Dr. Spring.

—A man was complaining to some bystanders that he did not know what was the matter with his horses. He had tried everything he could hear of, but to no purpose. They would not improve in flesh. A stable boy of Irish extraction, whose sympathies were aroused by the story, comprehended the situation, and modestly asked, "Did yez iver try corn?"

It Was Late.

I had asked the colored porter at the depot if the train from Savannah was on time, and he replied in the affirmative, when another colored man came up and inquired:

"Did yo' want to know suthin', sah?"

"I was asking him if the train was on time."

"And what did he say, sah?"

"He said it was."

"Hu! Dat's all he knows 'bout it! Dat pusson, sah, ar' employed to sweep out de depot an' fill up de water-cans."

"And yon?"

"While I, sah, ar' employed to put de checks on de baggage an' put de baggage on de kyars! Yo' wanted to know if de train was on time, sah. No, sah, it hain't sah. De train ar' jist exactly two seconds late, sah!"—N. Y. World.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

CLUBS FOR THE WORKERS.

The Class of Women and Girls Who Need the Aid of Such an Organization.

The history of labor in this country had included from the beginning, organization for men. This was accepted as necessary and inevitable, and the workmen, even when the most discontented and unreasonable, had come to represent something firm, self-reliant and loyal to his class. The consciousness of his manhood and his rights as a man were ingrained facts, but since the knights of labor sent out the "Preamable" woman had no share in the scheme. Under the old regime, all workers had been part of the family. The apprentice system included this, but the sudden broadening of all avenues to wealth, brought about by the enormous growth of the country, and the improved machinery which met the new demand for production, ended the old and brought in the new. Inevitably in this new, the individual dropped out of sight. Workers became simply "hands," and remain so. That bodies owning souls and brains are also to be included, forms no part of the consideration. Society has long concentrated its work principally on the criminal, and thus a mass of hard-working patient women and girls who also must earn, and who began the work untrained, undeveloped, and gaining their knowledge of both life and work through sharp experience, walked in our midst unregarded and uncared for. In the great cities a portion lived at home, but the the larger part were lodged in tenement-houses, or if a little higher class of worker, in narrow hall bed-rooms of cheap boarding houses, or clubbed together in a larger one.

The report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor for 1884, on the working-women of Boston, their wages, lives and general conditions, was one of the first strong impulses toward betterment. As in all suddenly defined need of action, the movement began almost simultaneously at different points, Philadelphia taking the lead. The "Working-Woman's Guild" of that city, an offshoot of the New Century club, owes its life as does also that of the parent stem, to the wisdom and energy of a woman who has always ignored recognition, and gone her quiet way, bent only upon accomplishing her purpose, Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, the first president of the New Century club. It was to her that New York workers turned when the thought came also to them that the dreary lives of shop girls and general workers might be lightened, and there are points in the Philadelphia system still to be attempted in New York. There is small occasion for criticism of methods. All know the untiring energy and devotedness of Miss Dodge and her work, and the convention of working-girls' clubs held in New York in April, 1890, demonstrated the extraordinary change that six years of work had brought about.

For every city where the experiment had been tried, hundreds had learned two things that underlie the formation of any such organization. First, that there are means of happiness and of growth within the reach of all workers, and second, that out of such organization grows a feeling of mutual trustfulness, solidarity, and "a confidence in the power of concentrated action, which will enable the worker to make effectual claim to larger and juster share of the product of her labor." Seventy-five societies banded together to these ends met at the New York convention, and gave three days to general discussion of what had already been done, and of methods of enlarging the work. One of the most vital phases of effort connected with the movement is the White Cross society, and the special talk to girls, hundreds of whom have received from this source their first lesson in the laws of life. Classes of every variety, from languages to cooking, have been formed, and the Philadelphia Guild, an absolutely unsectarian one, has included light carpentering and other features of industrial training. Further detail of the practical side is unnecessary, since he who runs may read. That there is sometimes too evident an attempt to wipe out dividing lines, and reach the level of the lowest worker, is at least a venial fault. At best it is a task filled with difficulties. The sense of perfect equality—the "I'm as good as you are" feeling, is strong in every one. How to guide this personal independence so that it may keep the soul of wholesomeness within, yet learn that there is no equality save as souls seek the same things and those the highest, is the problem to be solved.

A myriad questions arise which only experience can answer. But one thing is certain. Of all the clubs forming on every hand, none are of such vital power, or essential to any growth for women, as a whole, as these for the worker. Her wage at best for the whole United States is, as given in the report of the United States Bureau of Labor for 1888, entitled, "Working-Women in Large Cities," a trifle under five dollars a week. The actual figures are $4.84. These mean sharp limitations; so sharp that when their possibilities are summed up, one has hardly words to praise, in just measure, the patience, the fidelity of the mass of these workers. Every influence from without tends to force them to a dead level and to keep them there. It is, then, a demand upon more fortunate women, to lighten hard conditions, and give to all the knowledge in which lies their only hope of escape.—Helen Campbell, in Arena.

MISS JANE M. WELCH.

As a Student of American History She is Far in the Lead.

John Fisk said of Jane Meade Welch: "I know of no one who so thoroughly understands American history." He might have added with perfect truth that what Miss Welch knows she is able to communicate in such a way as to inspire others with the enthusiasm for American ideals which led her to make this especial province of knowledge her own. In this last particular she is peculiarly gifted. Presented by her, historical facts glow with living interest, and in investing them with potent philosophical significance she becomes as truly an interpreter as any poet.

A slender, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman with a genial smile, Miss Welch possesses in a marked degree a pleasing and winning presence. Being a lineal descendant of John Alden and Priscilla—as there is much in the run of the blood—it is quite natural that she should have devoted her leisure to investigating the history with which her distinguished ancestors were so intimately connected.

Miss Welch was connected with the editorial staff of the Buffalo Courier for ten years, and it was during that time that, as a matter of inclination, she devoted her leisure to the study of American history. The zealous interest which was developed by her study led her to discuss the subject with her friends, who soon began to share her enthusiasm and to urge her to give regular informal talks in her mother's parlor. Soon the fame of these talks reached Chautauqua, and Miss Welch was invited to speak there. She was received with enthusiasm, and now has charge of the department of American history in the Chautauqua extension course.

Miss Welch holds that women will be especially benefitted by the study of American history, and quoting James Bryce as saying that no country owes so much to its women as does America, or owes them so much in the beliefs that govern conduct, she adds that America will owe a great deal more to its women when they have mastered American history.—Chicago Post.

A LITERARY FAMILY.

The Ability of Marion Harland and Her Talented Children.

Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, the talented daughter of Marion Harland, is wonderfully like her gifted mother. In appearance there is a marked resemblance, and the photographs which are taken of Mrs. Herrick might easily be mistaken for those of her mother. Marion Harland is a remarkably young woman for one who has grandchildren, and Mrs. Herrick has a manner which makes her seem more mature than her years. Although for several years a wife and mother she is still a very young woman, and during her brief literary career has made a fine reputation for herself. Mrs. Herrick's style is entirely different from her mother's, but it is just as catchy and just as readable and popular. To an interviewer Marion Harland once said that the joy which she experienced when first seeing her daughter's writing and her own in the same publication far surpassed the pleasure which she felt upon seeing her own work in print when she began writing many years ago. To this pleasure Marion Harland can also add the pride of having a son who writes well, a son-in-law who has a recognized place in newspaper work, another daughter who is gifted in expression and a husband whose ability as a preacher and writer is too well known for comment.—Chicago Post.

Women Prize Winners.

The place attained by women at the examinations of the University of London is regarded with particular pride by those interested in woman's educational advancement, for not only are the tests more severe than those of any other English examining body, but the men and women students meet on an equal footing, and prizes are offered for their competition without favor on either side. At the summer examinations the women students fairly held their own, although the distinctions between the subjects of study affected by men and women are strongly marked. In Latin but one woman's name appears, and that in the second class, while in English three out of four students who take honors are women. In mathematics, too, one woman figures alone, a Gerton student, who has obtained first-class honors. Altogether the Homeric list is a creditable record for women.

Recent Inventions of Women.

It is a mistake to suppose that women lack inventive genius. Last week one of them obtained a patent for a portable electric illuminating advertisement. Another woman has patented an improvement in umbrellas, a third has an improved guide for the wrists of piano-forte players. Another has improved corsets. Still another has patented a new way of sharpening pencils, or rather a new apparatus for sharpening them. A woman who has, no doubt, a fancy for finger rings, has got out an appliance for keeping them from slipping off, and the list winds up with a strong brained woman who has patented a new and improved means for inducing and increasing up-draft and preventing down-draft in fireplaces.

WOMEN IN THE FIELD.

ADDIE JOHNSON, of West Virginia, is a skillful machinist. For three years, she had entire charge of a grist and planing mill.

MISS HELEN SMITH, who edited the Bar Harbor Record last summer, is said to be the only editor who succeeded in procuring an interview with Mr. Blaine.

DR. AMY KIMBALL, of Jackson, Mich., has one of the largest practices in the city. She is consulted by all the leading masculine physicians, and is much beloved by her townspeople.

MRS. BLOOMINGTON, of Jackson, Mich., has been chosen treasurer of the school board of which she is a member, and the wealthy women of the city went on her official bond for twenty thousand dollars, just as if she weren't a woman.

ANNIE R. CHITTENDEN, of Osceola, Ia., has patented a road cart which is designed to support the weight of the occupants on the axle, relieving the animal of all strain, and obviating the disagreeable jar frequently found in carts as now constructed.

MRS. GEORGE BOWRON, of Chicago, has recently patented a car coupler of her own invention, whose simplicity and ingenuity have won the praise of all practical railroad men who have seen it. Experts say that by its help cars can be handled much more expeditiously, and with perfect safety.