

OVER THE WIRE.

A Telephone Flirtation and Its Happy Result.



HE hath a lovely little, HE hath a lovely little, HE hath a lovely little...

"You fellows ought to warn you 'Diana' of the cross wires to be more careful," growled Barker, head clerk and general Diogenes in the famous law office of Lastwill & Testament.

"Bah, Jove!" ejaculated Simpkinson Potter. "Of course she refused."

"My dear Charles," said Barker, "I trust you are not going to do anything rash."

Dennison glanced around the office with ill-concealed triumph. "I am going to take our telephone girl, Miss Mellerby, out driving," he observed, giving every syllable full emphasis.

"I do believe," he said at last, "that you know all about it beforehand."

Arrived at No. 1600 Smith street, Charles Dennison found the house to be a model suburban cottage, looking sunnily southward, and overrun with flowery creepers.

laughed gayly and said: "Well, Charlie, which shall we talk about first, the weather or your dog cart?"

"Very well," replied Mrs. Mellerby. "Under those circumstances I fear I shall have to begin with a disappointment. The fact is, dear boy, the girl who was to have taken my place is sick and I am obliged to go to the office this afternoon. I am very sorry to break off our engagement, but you see it is impossible for me to go out driving today."

"To say that Charlie Dennison jumped fully a foot from his chair at this speech would be no exaggeration."

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "If Mrs. Mellerby noticed his startled expression of countenance she mistook or pretended to mistake its cause."

"I know it's a shame," she said, deprecatingly, "but what can I do? You are very strict at the central office and I am obliged to go. When you called me up yesterday, Charlie, I felt sure of getting off this afternoon. Now I am compelled to answer 'hello's' from all parts of the city for six weary hours. After all, it is just as hard on me as on you."

By this time Charlie Dennison had managed to collect his thoughts. But what thought! So this old woman was the "Laura" of his dreams, the fair telephone ingenue whose flirtations seemed buoyant with breezy girlishness. How the boys would laugh if they knew, but they must never know. It was a kindly fate which had saved him from this affliction. His heart he blessed the other woman who had fallen sick at such a propitious time.

"Please don't be mad about it, Charlie," said Mrs. Mellerby. "Charlie was obliged to say something. 'A man can't help being a little dishonest,'" said Mrs. Mellerby.

"My dear Charles," said Barker, "I trust you are not going to do anything rash."

PITH AND POINT.

"I can't help but rejoice on account of your downfall," said the parched grass to the rain.

Algernon (who is much given to talking in phrases): "Angelina, I love you with a fervor—a fervor—worthy of a better cause!"—Tit-Bits.

"Silence gives aspect, you know," he urged gently. "Does it?" she replied, waking from a reverie. "Then I'd advise you to propose to a deaf mute."—Washington Star.

"Whenever I am in doubt about a matter I stop and collect my thoughts."—Jessie. "I thought your man attended to all the disagreeable little odds and ends."—N. Y. Truth.

"You are in rather a demoralized condition," said the Oleomargarine to the Cracked Ice. "Yes," replied the latter, "but I'm what I'm used to be, anyway."—Detroit Free Press.

"The Difference—Your practice will kill you," said the doctor to the young woman suffering from too much piano playing. "That's all right," she responded spitefully, "yours kills other people."—Detroit Free Press.

"A Check and a Check—Wife: 'Charles, I want some money.' Husband: 'I can't let you have it. I gave you a check yesterday.' Wife: 'Well, that's no sign you should want to give me a check today.'—Detroit Free Press.

"Miss Lakeside—'Oh, you may think I never had an offer, but I'd have you to know that in some scores of men every day at my feet.'—Miss St. Louis. 'I don't doubt it. I should say that there was room enough there for at least a score.'—Boston Transcript.

HABITUAL HURRY.

The Nervous Tension That is Killing Off Ailments.

The number of sudden deaths which occur every year as a consequence of running to railway trains and ferry boats is not inconsiderable. The victims are mostly persons, middle-aged or older, who without knowing it, have some disease of the heart.

This kind of over-exertion, however, does less harm than the common habit of being continually in a hurry. A habit which keeps the nervous system at a perpetual tension leads to excessive vital waste, undue susceptibility to disease, and in extreme cases, to nervous exhaustion. Under its influence persons naturally amiable are transformed into petulant and hoarse scolds.

The man of business suffers in much the same manner. The hurried breakfast and the hurried skimming of the morning paper are but the beginning of a hurried day. Yet it is unsafe for him to act in a hurry, or in the spirit generated by it. The uncertainties of his calling make entire self-control of prime importance.

School children are victims of the same evil. They must be at school exactly on time. But in thousands of cases the favor punctuality is not such as to favor punctuality. The child hurries against as one of the surest promoters of ill-temper and ill-health.

Occasional hurry is hardly to be avoided, society being what it is; but the habit of hurry should be guarded against as one of the surest promoters of ill-temper and ill-health.

It is necessary, less cases should be done; but in many cases nothing is needed but a wiser economy of time. Some of the worst victims of hurry are men who daily with their work until time pushes them, and then crowd themselves into a fever, pitying themselves meanwhile because they are so sadly driven.—Youth's Companion.

AN ALABAMA HERO. His Fight With Seven Indians in a Canoe. Samuel Dale, or "Big Sam," as he was familiarly called, a Georgia pioneer who died May 24, 1841, was the hero of one of the most remarkable hand-to-hand fights with the Indians on record.

A MIXED-UP FAMILY.

Extraordinary Domestic Complications That a New York Lawyer Ran Against.

"I have heard of a good many singularly complicated family ties," said a lawyer of this city, "but I happened to be present at a murder trial in Pennsylvania once, in the course of which was developed a mixed-up condition of filial relationships such as was never before put on record. A man named John Lefevre was being tried on a charge of murdering his wife. The prisoner was a man sixty years of age. The wife he was alleged to have killed was his second one. Twenty years before she married Lefevre she had married a man named Samuel Cooper, from whom she procured a divorce. She took their three children with her and married Andrew Grabe, a neighbor. The wife Lefevre had then was a relative of Grabe, and the two families lived near neighbors. Not long after Mrs. Cooper married Grabe he became common talk that she and John Lefevre were illicitly intimate. Finally Lefevre's wife died. Then Mrs. Grabe obtained a divorce from her second husband and again taking the three children of her first husband; Samuel Cooper, with her, married John Lefevre. Samuel Cooper, by the way, had remarried soon after his wife got her divorce, and he and his second wife lived within a quarter of a mile of the Grabes and Lefevres. Lefevre and his new wife, did not live happily together, but they were on cordial terms with the Grabe family. Andrew Grabe having married again immediately after his first wife was divorced from him, his second wife being a sister of John Lefevre. Samuel Cooper's second wife was a sister of his first wife. Thus Mrs. Lefevre lived with her third husband and her first husband's children close neighbors to her first husband and her second husband, each of whom had become her brother-in-law. Samuel Cooper had also become by his second marriage uncle to his children by his first wife.

"John Lefevre lived unhappily with his third wife, for he shared the belief of others that she had become intimate with Samuel Cooper, her first divorced husband and father of her children. At last Mrs. Lefevre was found dead with her neck broken and her skull crushed, at the foot of a long flight of stairs in her house. Her sister, Susan Habbercorn, suspected that Mrs. Lefevre's husband had murdered her. On her charge Lefevre was arrested and placed on trial. Andrew Grabe, the dead woman's divorced second husband, was drawn on the jury, and Samuel Cooper, her first divorced husband, was a witness in the case, but, of course, Grabe was not impeached. On the witness-stand it was elicited from Miss Habbercorn that she herself had been twice married and twice divorced. Her first husband was a cousin of Andrew Grabe. Her second husband was a brother of John Lefevre's first wife. Miss Habbercorn admitted also that she was engaged to be married again, that time to a brother of Samuel Cooper, her dead sister's first divorced husband. The jury disagreed on the murder trial, and I don't know how it resulted finally; but that was a mixed up family, wasn't it?"—N. Y. Sun.

AN ATHLETE'S BOAST. A Wager Made in London Forty Years Ago. Richard Ribley Carlisle, better known as "Prof. Ribley," made a notable wager in London some forty years ago. He was then at the height of his fame as an athlete and a marksman and had just returned from a successful trip to France and Russia. At a dinner given in his honor in the English metropolis he made a bet that he was the best shot, the toughest wrestler, the longest jumper, the farthest thrower of the hammer and the finest billiard player in the city. This was looked upon as a idle boast, but the challenge was accepted and the very next day he was pitted against the best marksmen in London. He hit the bull's-eye oftener than any of them. Then he vanquished the strongest wrestler at that time in London, made a standing jump of thirteen feet one inch and beat the champion hammer-thrower of the town by fifteen inches, though he allowed him ten feet. When it came to the billiard match, however, he found in Roberts a player who was wiser than his match and he lost his wager just as it was nearly won. After this time the professor had a change of fortune and he gradually went downhill. Though he had made a large amount of money in the early part of his career he lost it in unlucky betting and disastrous theatrical ventures. He died May 25, 1874, in the insane department of a Philadelphia almshouse.—Chicago News.

The Pentecost Conductor. Railway Official—Mr. Beetus, you are the oldest conductor on the road and I am sorry to have to say that you are more than suspected of knocking down fares. The evidence against you is conclusive. After next Monday you will be out of a job and I trust this will be a lesson to you as long as you live. Conductor—Yes sir. You have always been very kind to me, Mr. Beetus. May I ask one favor before I go—just one? "Then I favor you'll tell me where I can buy about a hundred shares of stock in this blooming road. I've got a heap of money that ain't earning anything."—Chicago Tribune.

Quite a Difference. Charlie—Oh, Jack, you said a bad word just now. Jack—You have just hit his hand with a hammer—I don't care if I did. It hurt awfully. Charlie—But you said a cuss word. Jack—Well, grandpa does, often. Charlie—Oh, Jack, he doesn't; but it wouldn't matter if he did, because he's deaf and can't hear himself.—Brooklyn Life.

An Angler who went to Sebago Lake, Me., after trout the other day fished four hours without a single catch, but his companion finally landed a beauty. "It will weigh eight pounds if it weighs an ounce!" exclaimed the lucky fisherman, to which the other responded: "I haven't caught any fish, but I have a box of good cigars here, and I'll give them to you if that fish weighs eight pounds if you'll give me the fish if it doesn't." The trout weighed two pounds and a half, and so the man who caught no fish got the only one that was caught and saved his cigars besides.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

OUR COMING WOMEN.

What They Will Be Like and How We should Accept Them.

At the commencement of the Chicago Girls' Higher school, the senior principal, Miss Rebecca A. Rice, A. M., says the Chicago Herald, took a rather new and more practical view of the new woman's duties with her new opportunities. Miss Rice said in part: "On occasions like these it used to be the custom to talk of the school days as being over. Happily for the world, happily for women as women, happily for you and for those to whom you will give, and from whom you will receive loving service in the years yet distant, this is no longer the case. To-day is, indeed, only commencement day for you, for I believe everyone of you are ready to go on with some regular study, and some of you are well on your way toward that study. Four of you have borne college examinations and favorable reports are coming in from those examinations. In the cases of three of you these examinations have been as severe as any given in the country. In entering upon your college work you will know that you have a right, sturdily won, to the best instruction the country affords. You are ready for it. I hope most of your classmates will follow your example. Seek the highest opportunity, and then do not be satisfied without the most perfect attainment.

Within the last short generation a great advance has come in the opportunities given to woman, and the demands made of her in duties have kept pace with her opportunities. Those who looked to see her fall in meeting the expectation of her advocates are surprised to see the buoyant energy with which she rises to every emergency. It is as though a new flood of vitality had been poured into her heart and life. Business men recognize with surprise the business capacity of the woman who, a little while ago, seemed only the petted idol of society. "She considered a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good." Here and there she is finding her way into a chair in some high institution of learning. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom." She not only stretcheth out her hand to feed the poor, but men are learning everywhere that she is a safe counselor and a fruitful originator in the broad philanthropies that never so much occupied the world before. "In her tongue is the law of kindness."

Will the women of the coming generation be like the women of a generation ago? Fathers and mothers, sending away their daughters for a long course of university study, ask this question anxiously, for there has been a great deal that was lovable and beautiful in the old-fashioned American women. We shall not want to miss a virtue nor a grace in the new generation. We shall not want the eyes dim and absent from poring over books that should be bright with home-love; nor the mind on a visit to the stars when it should be shedding its own light upon a household. But, friends, the coming woman, if you send her to college and do all you can to let her find out what she was made for, will not be quite what the passing woman is. I do not think you will like her less. She will be freer. You may have to adjust yourselves a little to accommodate her. I do not think it would be quite fair of you to expect, when she comes from college with honors equal to those of your son's, and besides these with new ideas to which you have not changed to give attention, all the adjustment to come from her side. If she is true she will come back to you wrothier than when she went away; but you will find it wise to give the newly awakened abilities room to grow and bloom. You may find her more worthy, even in the old way of love, than ever before.

She will want "to do something." As I said before, she will feel it a duty to do something, I hope. Make room for her and welcome her efforts. She will not do her work like a man. She will arrive at her ends in a different way, which will probably be quite as good. Expect it, and she will add wisdom to thought, new meanings to research, new powers to expression and set us as examples that already we need wisdom to the administration of the large philanthropies to which you have so fully admitted her. Do not be afraid of the future of our women if you educate them. A woman crammed with knowledge only is as much a monster as a man under the same circumstances. Such monsters are made easily; it does not take much knowledge. Education presupposes digestion of knowledge—wisdom made from it—a growth and exaltation of the best powers by it. As all other things being equal, the educated man is more a man than the uneducated, his natural abilities having been thereby developed, so, by parity of reasoning, the educated woman, all other things being equal, ought to be more of a woman than the uneducated, her natural abilities being thereby developed. So far the experiment of wider scholarship for men and women has seemed only to differentiate them the more and to make each more truly and nobly attractive to the other.

Women will leave much of their narrowness and prejudice behind them in the higher halls of learning; and this, if you have been observing the great facts of history, in which the two conservative character of women has played a great part, is a consummation often devoutly to be wished. It looks also as though from our colleges were coming the pupils that will make our women physically stronger and more enduring. The active brain demands the active body, but it also enriches it. Knowledge, and the conscience with which one always credits women, quickened by knowledge, have already begun their work of improving the physical condition of the children already growing up around our college women.

A Long List. Miss De Thump—What shall I play? Hostess—Play your favorite. Miss De Thump—Every piece I know is a favorite. Hostess—Then—play something else.—N. Y. Weekly.

THE CAMERA GIRL. They Earn Good Wages in a Very Pleasant Way. Truly it is of no use to attempt to chronicle the ingenious devices adopted by clever girls to earn a living and leave the girl with the camera out of account. Her latest happy thought is picturing the doings of children. She—the particular girl who takes the camera to whom this paragraph refers—takes of herself a portrait every day. She spends an hour, a half day, a whole day with a child, and by dint of successive shots at propitious moments with the handy little detective, looking for all the world like a lady's shopping bag, which she uses, she secures one picture, two pictures, twenty pictures of the urchin in unconstrained attitudes about its play. The doing mother sends the small boy and the girl with the camera to the park. The girl enjoys a morning's outing and returns gladdened by master boy riding in the goat wagon; skipping stones, rolling heels over head on the grass, smiling up at you over a handful of daisies, peeping through the bars of the monkey's cage. The mother engages the girl with the camera to preserve for her a chronicle from sunrise to sundown of baby's day. The girl comes to the nursery, watches the baby, catches the baby applying in its plump infantile nakedness on the floor, chewing her toes, laughing so as to show her first tooth, clutching at the rattle shaken in her face, screaming in colic pains, dressed for a turn in the perambulator, and laid away asleep in her crib. The doing mother sends post haste for the girl with the camera the day's long curls are to come off. The girl photographs baby in her first short dress and boy in his first knickerbockers. She photographs baby and boy together, baby riding about the nursery on boy's back. It is profitable work, for the girl—she is the only one I know who does it—charges from \$3 to \$4 a day for her time, besides the price of the finished photographs. She is seldom without engagements, usually having her time occupied for a week or more ahead. The pocketbooks of women are at her mercy, for her pictures, showing urchins in ordinary dress and baby in plump infantile nakedness, are prized and lifelike, and mothers like to make souvenir albums of them, as records of growth to preserve for other days.—N. Y. Advertiser.

EDUCATION AND BEAUTY.

An Englishman Declares the Female Brain to be Feeble.

Sir James Clerk Maxwell is a man of decided courage. In an address to the Medical Society of London he attacks the abuse of the education of the female brain as smaller in proportion to the size of the body, and as the specific gravity of gray matter is less in the female brain than in the male brain, therefore the woman should not pursue her studies assiduously. This argument is not, however, of as serious importance as the grave charge brought by Sir James against high schools for girls. "Some of their methods are capable of leading to great evils."

He saw lately a score of graduates from a celebrated college. "Many of them had a stooping gait and withered appearance, shrunk shanks and spectacles on nose." And he then makes this impassioned plea: "Let us conserve the beauty of our English girls very jealously. I would rather they remained ignorant of logarithms than that they lost a lot of it." Sir James is evidently one of those fine old conservatives who believe that women were created solely for the decoration of the cover of a book. A glance at the girls of our high schools and colleges would show him that his experience was a painful exception, for education does not necessarily turn a thing of beauty into an insipid of horror.—Boston Journal.

SHORT CLIPPINGS. Mrs. HORATIO BROOKS is conducting an extensive foundry and locomotive building establishment at Dunkirk, N. Y., which turns out a locomotive a day. Mrs. Brooks is a Maine woman. WOMEN OF MERIDEN (Conn.) clubs, of the number of eight, recently met together for practice in the forms of parliamentary usage. They were carefully drilled in the methods of presiding, putting motions, voting and amending. Miss ANNE YOUNG WILSON SPENCER, daughter of a doctor of Linlithgow, passed the examinations of the pharmaceutical society in Edinburgh recently, and is now regularly registered as a chemist and druggist. She is the second woman in Scotland to attain this honor and position. Miss CONSTANCE JENKINS, of Somerville hall, Oxford, who is distinguished as being the only woman who has taken a first class in classical studies at Oxford this year, had a good part of her education at home. She is a pretty, piquant-looking young girl, with nothing of the typical scholarly air about her. A SWEDISH lady has for years been the engraver of medals at the Royal Mint at Stockholm, and many of her countrywomen are celebrated engravers on wood and glass. In wood-carving, lithography, modeling, decorative painting, designing of various descriptions, and art embroideries of the finest and rarest kind, the women of Sweden can not be excelled. Several have also gained fame as musical composers. Mrs. JOHN WANAMAKER'S maiden name was Mary Erringer Brown, and she was born, educated and married in Philadelphia. The Wanamakers have four homes: the residence in Washington, one in Philadelphia, a cottage at Cape May Point, called the "Penya Cottage," from the names of the two residents, and an estate, about fifteen miles from Philadelphia. With all the cares connected with the management of the numerous homes and numerous social duties, Mrs. Wanamaker has found time to do much benevolent work among the working-girls of her city, to whom she has proved a real friend, and simply a benefactor, and in the Bethany Sunday school, where she has a large Bible class of women.



"MY DAUGHTER GERTIE."

appointed, you know," he stammered, hypocritically. "I really e-counted on taking you out driving. Now I shall have to drive all alone."

Here, with something of his pristine spirit, he contrived to make a wry face suitable to the occasion.

Mrs. Mellerby laughed. Suppose, she said, "that I was to provide a substitute." It is curious that in all our long telephone talks I never remembered to tell you that I am a widow. But I am, and have the dearest little girl imaginable. I was going to ask you, if it would not bore you too much, to take her out for a short drive in my place. She is just wild to drive in something else besides a street car."

Poor Charlie's heart, which had almost resumed its normal condition, fell rapidly at this suggestion. It was certain a case of "wat of the frying-pan, etc." He had only escaped the horror of being obliged to squeeze Mrs. Mellerby through the city to find himself confronted with the even more obnoxious alternative of playing dry nurse to that lady's "dear little girl." "If you are not afraid of my mare," he said, with a painful effort at looking unconcerned. "I should be most happy. But I fear the brute is decidedly restive."

HE WAS GENEROUS.

A Shylock Who Was Willing to Help the Needy. He was hard up and wanted money so badly that he finally concluded to deposit a handsome diamond ring in the hock-shop.

"Can I borrow one hundred dollars here on a diamond worth two hundred and fifty dollars?" he said to the proprietor.

"Lemme see the stone," demanded the money-lender. It was handed over and examined. "Well?" inquired the applicant. "I guess you can have it."



"I KNOW IT'S A SHAME."

one of the gate posts. "I wish to goodness Gubbins and that lispin' idiot Potter were here to watch my meeting with Laura. I had better not call her Laura at first, by the way. Things that sound all right over a telephone wire may be quite startling when one is brought face to face." Here Charlie opened the gate, and strode in the short garden path. Everywhere in the little gravel he noticed the traces of a woman's tread. "And yet," he murmured, "they talk about telephone flirtation!"

His ring brought a pleasant-faced matron to the door. "Mrs. Mellerby, is it not?" asked Charlie, taking off his hat with his best air. He had a reputation for astuteness and was much gratified when the lady nodded a smiling assent to his question. "And you are Mr. Charles Dennison, I suppose?" she said. "We did not expect you quite so soon, but earliness is an excellent fault. Won't you come in?"