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THE SUNDAY SIDE.

The world has many a joy to give,
Many a token of balm and bliss,
Of refuge and rest for the troubled breast,
We blindly miss.
And in darkness and dullness we grope along,
Lamenting ever the light denied,
That would soon shine in did we once begin
To walk through life on the Sunday side.

The week-day trouble and week-day toil,
Like a dark miasma obscure the way,
And the gods we love, as we daily prove,
Are gods of clay.
But better things we may hope to reach,
If we follow the steps of a better guide,
For the life is vain that does not contain
A little bit of the Sunday side.

The houses we build may far excel
The costly palaces of the east,
And jewels most rare and blossoms fair
May grace the feast,
But it is not home in the sweetest sense,
If the doors and windows so long and wide
And the hearts that within their fancies spin,
Open not out on the Sunday side.

For 'tis all a folly and all a waste
To spend our lives, as it were, for naught,
The good to shun, and to have not one
Uplifting thought.
And where'er in the world 'tis our lot to dwell,
In rustic cottage, or halls of pride,
There's a chance, I'm sure, for us all to secure
A little bit of the Sunday side.
—Josephine Pollard, in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE DESERT TRAMP.

Incidents of Nomad Life in the Land of Thirst.

Plenty of Feed in Spite of the Aridity—Instructed in Applying for Work—Got a Beefsteak in Harsh Fashion.

Although tramps a-plenty can be found in all parts of the United States, the people of the desert mining camps that, like Daggett, California, are located on railroads, believe that three times as many can be found there in proportion to the population as in any other part of the country. Wretched as this country is as a site for human habitation, devoid of all human necessities—devoid, even, of water save at the stations—and cursed with a climate all but intolerable, a day never passes without a tramp coming to the doors of some of the houses and begging for food. Nor do they confine themselves to begging. They browbeat and terrorize women found alone in their homes and the Chinese cooks employed in restaurants and kitchens, very much as tramps do elsewhere, and this, too, in spite of the reputation which desert men have for taking the law in their own hands in dealing with such cases.

Then, too, the reputation of the average desert man as a man-killer is undeserved. There are desperadoes on the desert, and they do the killing, as a rule. The men who have wives and kitchens are not desperadoes. They are respectable citizens, willing to endure great privations in the hope of a future competence. They are like respectable citizens elsewhere in their slowness to take a bloody revenge for a personal injury. The tramp knows this very well, and acts on his knowledge. In a journey that included the wildest towns on the Mojave desert the writer did not hear of a single tramp who had been killed for his temerity nor did he find more than one house that was at all free from their visits, and that house did not enjoy entire immunity. It was left comparatively free, however, because of the vigorous treatment which the nomad received at the hands of its master.

Mr. J. W. S. Perry, of Daggett, is the superintendent of a borate of lime mine in the Calico mountains, nine miles from there. His office is in his house there, where he lives with his wife, who, during most of the year, keeps no servant. When they first came there the tramps swarmed about the house. Mrs. Perry is a California girl, and could not bear to refuse a man who asked for food in respectful language. But one day came a tramp to the kitchen door who was not respectful. He walked right in without a word. As luck had it Mr. Perry happened to walk in at the dining-room at the same instant.

Superintendents of desert mines are accustomed to dealing with all kinds of men and are particularly prompt in action.

"What do you want?" said Perry to the tramp.

"I came to see you about getting a job," replied the tramp, who was trying to make the best of a bad case.

"And you thought the way to get work was to come around to the kitchen door and enter without knocking, did you?" The tramp made no reply, and Mr. Perry continued:

"I will conduct you to the office door and show you how to get in there in a proper way."

At that Perry turned the tramp around, kicked him out the kitchen door, kicked him around the house to the office door and stood him up there and said:

"Now knock on the door."

The man knocked and Perry opened it and entered.

"Come in," he said, and the tramp followed.

"Do you want work or have you got rather more than you wanted?" Perry continued.

The man glanced up and then fled. Perry is a six-footer, who can kick like a desert mule.

It was a long time before Mrs. Perry was troubled by tramps again; but, of course, there was no escaping them altogether. Even the purchase of a wonderfully intelligent and well-trained dog did not keep them away altogether. Mr. Perry had to drive to the mine, nine miles away, several times a week, and the wife was often left alone for several hours at a time. One afternoon something at the mine detained Perry so that he could not reach home until after dark. Mrs. Perry understood the matter, and did not begin to prepare supper until after nightfall. She was going to broil a steak that night, and, having lighted the fire and a lamp, was putting the broiler on the stove when a tramp stalked in at the open kitchen door, having in some way escaped the dog. The frightened look that came to Mrs. Perry's face at once showed him that he was master of the situation, and, sitting down at the table, he bade her go on and get the steak ready in haste and to fetch out the best of everything she had in addition. The bearing of the man was so terrifying that Mrs. Perry did not dare to refuse, and, greatly agitated, she brought the steak and put it over the glowing coals. The other work was also continued, the man meantime cursing her for being slow so continually that he did not hear the wheels of a buckboard that was driven up to the rear of the house, nor did Mrs. Perry hear them.

The buckboard contained Mr. Perry, and he could hear the words of the tramp very plainly. Dropping the reins he walked silently toward the kitchen door just as Mrs. Perry approached the stove with a quart shaker full of powdered salt. She poised the shaker, and by accident shook the cover off so that more than a pint of salt fell on the meat, glanced at the door and saw her husband coming, and then fell in a dead faint beside the stove.

Without a word Perry entered the room, and, walking to the table, picked up the carving knife, while the tramp fell on his knees and begged for life. That was the only move that could save his life. Perry could not kill a man who begged for mercy, but he could and did give him a frightful return for the misery Mrs. Perry had endured. For a moment he considered how he could punish the fellow, and then his eyes fell on the stove.

The steak was bubbling on top and scorching below over the redhot coals, while the salt in a browning heap lay on the middle.

"Hold out your hands flat," said Perry. The tramp obeyed, and with the knife and fork Perry placed the steak upon them. The man shrieked with pain, but dared not drop it.

"You ordered the steak 'quick,' and you shall have it," said Perry. "Now eat it."

With the ready knife before his eyes the tramp choked it down, salt and all, and then disappeared in the night. The eastern reader may think that after such an experience the tramp died on the desert next day, but he didn't, and the chances are that by exhibiting his burned hands and telling some pitiful story about them he obtained more square meals during the next week than he had had in three months before. That Perry was justified in his treatment of the man no one doubts who knows the desert and its nomads.

Although rarely if ever done to death by the citizens on whom they prey, more tramps die violent deaths in this country than elsewhere. Because the country is a desert they must ride on the cars in the hot months. There is a curious rule among the railroads of the whole Rocky mountain region that works to the advantage of the tramps. The Indians of the region are allowed to ride free on the outside of and between the cars. It is "great graft" for the tramp who finds a group of Piutes or Shoshones on a train. The trainmen do not notice the addition to the group, and the Indians are not unlikely to share their food with the tramp. But Indians are not often found on the railroads in this part of the desert, while tramps are as plentiful as sandstorms. A train never goes over the road without carrying tramps or without a fight between them and the trainmen. The utter recklessness of the tramps in stealing rides is enough to unnerve the inexperienced spectator. It is useless for them to try to board a train that is standing at a station in the daytime, so they walk up the track and wait there till the train has started and attained a speed at which it would be dangerous for an ordinary man to try to climb on or even jump from the platform, and then, grasping the rods that brace the floor timbers of a car, they swing themselves under and land on the brake beams. This is done to some extent by tramps in the east, but railroad men say that the tramps here can board a brake beam on a train going from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. The tourist hears this told so often and so candidly that he is obliged to believe it. But sooner or later the nerve or the muscle of the tramp fails, and he drops under the wheels. So many tramps are killed by the trains that the local papers give no more attention to events of the kind than New York papers give to the maiming of children by recklessly driven trucks. The stories of railroad accidents on the desert are telegraphed to the east only when the lives of passengers have been lost, so eastern readers do not hear about the killed tramps; but a railroad man told the writer that out of seven collisions involving freight trains, with the details of which he was familiar, tramps had been killed in four.—N. Y. Sun.

A Great Discovery.

William Gilbert, who lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the most distinguished English scientist of his time. He was a physician of great skill and had an extensive practice, but found time to pursue studies not directly connected with his profession. Magnetism received much attention from him and he wrote a Latin treatise on this subject which gave him enduring fame. The theories advanced in it were new and most of them correct. The one of greatest importance was that the whole earth is itself nothing but a large magnet and that it is this which explains both the direction of the magnetic needle north and south and the variation and dipping or inclination of the needle. This was before Gilbert's time never suspected, and he is therefore to be credited with having made a discovery which marks an era in the history of magnetic science. Fuller included Gilbert among the "Worthies of England" and predicted truly how he would be afterward saved from oblivion. "Mahomet's tomb at Mecca," he says, "is said strangely to hang up, attracted by some invisible loadstone, but the memory of this doctor will never fall to the ground which his incomparable book, 'De Magnete' will support to eternity."—Chicago News.

THE PHONOPHORE.

The Sending of Simultaneous Messages on One Wire.

To be told that a telegraph wire which is busily transmitting a long message can at the same time be made to convey half a dozen other messages in opposite directions sounds like a fairy tale, but that the thing has been done and is daily being done is attested upon the most respectable authority. The discovery which renders these astonishing results possible is due to C. Langdon-Davies, who has for some years been engaged in rendering it practically workable and in adapting it alike to telephonic and telgraphic use.

It is difficult to convey to the lay mind an accurate comprehension of a process so exceedingly technical; but it may briefly be said that Langdon-Davies in the "phonophore" utilizes not the electric current but the noise caused by induction. The signals are transmitted by a series of induced electric impulse, and the success of the system is found in the ability of the inductive force to pass through insulations which electric currents can not penetrate. A wire may be blown down and in contact with the earth, yet so long as it is not broken it will carry a phonophoric message.

By means of the phonophore messages can be transmitted with extraordinary rapidity, and there is practically no limit to the number of messages that can be sent simultaneously upon the same wire. And, as we hinted, Mr. Langdon-Davies' system is as useful telephonically as it is telegraphically. A wire which is conveying electric signals can at the same time be used for telephonic conversation without either the message or the conversation suffering in the least.

For some considerable time past experiments in both directions have been proceeding with most gratifying results, which are vouched for by such high authorities as Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, Conrad Cooke and Latimer Clark. Three of the principal railway companies have already adopted the phonophore, and it must be obvious, even to the unscientific mind, that phonophoric telegraphy and telephony, which so vastly increased the electrician's power over the wires, has before it a very great future.

The phonophore, indeed, increases almost to infinity the number of words that can be transmitted in a given time. It is obvious, therefore, that it opens great possibilities in the way of cheapening the cost of telegrams. So long as the number of words that could be carried by a wire in an hour was rigidly limited it was hopeless to look for any substantial reduction in the cost of telegraphing, but the phonophore at once increases the capacity and speed of every wire to which it may be fitted.

INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.

The Meaning and Limitations of That Dogma Explained by a Catholic Writer.

Papal infallibility is defined by Catholic theologians to be a supernatural assistance of the holy ghost, whereby the pope, as the head of the whole church, is preserved free from error, whenever he defines a doctrine that belongs to the faith or morals. Hence the reader will easily understand that, in Catholic theology an infallible pope does not mean one gifted with inspiration or commissioned to reveal to the Catholic world new dogmas. The gift of inspiration is chiefly positive, while the gift of infallibility is negative; infallibility is only an assistance securing the pope from the possibility of declaring error to be truth and truth error.

Moreover, all Catholic theologians agree in denying the existence of any new Catholic revelation after the time of the apostles. The special assistance of the holy ghost is given to the pope for the only purpose of preserving, explaining, and defending the revelation already made to and through the apostles. Nor does an infallible pope mean one who is confirmed in the happy state of sanctifying grace, and who, therefore, is sinless or can not sin.

Impeccability and infallibility are two gifts entirely distinct. Impeccability is a gift of the will, infallibility is a gift of the understanding; impeccability implies a permanent gift that makes the receiver agreeable to God, and is given chiefly for the good of the person that receives it; while infallibility is a transitory gift, gratuitously given for the good of the universal church, and only then when the pope, as its supreme doctor, is teaching the church.

Hence an infallible pope can not be said to be one who can never err in his private conversation or teachings or who cannot make any mistake in politics, government, etc. For the gift of infallibility, as held by the Catholics, belongs to the pope only in his official capacity as supreme teacher of the church, and only when, in virtue of his apostolic power, he defines a doctrine that belongs to faith or morals. This and no other is the subject matter of the pope's infallible teaching.—Rev. S. J. Brandt, in North American Review.

Tantalizing.

He—I beg your pardon—might I ask your name?

She—Smith.

He—Would not you like to change it?

She—Yes; what is yours?

He—Smith.—Life.

—The following pretty experiment is suggested by Charles Wetterer in the American Machinist: If iron or steel filings be corroded in a damp atmosphere, and this rust added a little at a time to a jar of diluted sulphuric acid, the crystalline carbon particles that existed in the metal unite to form large crystals; these same will be of the hard diamond form.

—Fog and rain have given a boom to London electric lighting companies recently. Forty miles of wire for incandescent electric lights have been run in Smithfield markets and the current was turned on for the first time not long ago. The lord mayor was present, and the inaugural ceremony was quite imposing.

HE WOULDN'T EAT BUTTER.

It Was the Landlord's Only Luxury, but the Drummer Refused It.

Hotel keepin' pay?"

"Well, yes, sorter. Heap er trouble tached to it though."

"Drummers perticklar?"

"Yes, dem 'em, they be."

The landlord of the Southern hotel bit viciously into a twist of homespun tobacco.

"No, they don't kick 'bout the price, but ther always a-wantin' somethin' extra though. Now, that chap et come in on the ten-thirty last night kicked cos he couldn't get a room to hisself with a stove in it. Said the fire in the fireplace burned his shins while his back was freezin'.

"Kicked cos the winder wouldn't shet tight, hadter have a clean towel and said he'd be durned if he was gwine to use soft soap. Then he raised Cain cos ther want split fire clean piller slips and sheets on the bed.

"He kept me en Sam on the trot for an hour, en then couldn't satisfy him. He jest sat in a chair and cust like a pirut.

"This mornin' he kim dowd to breakfust lookin' like he'd tuck a dost of persimmons afore the frost teched em, en tuuk he's seat.

"The fust thing he ast fer was a napkin. I tole him we was jest out of napkins, but jes make hissef ter home an' wipe his mouth on the table cloth.

"Sam fotched him his coffee.

"'Cup er koker, please; I cant drink coffee,' says he, sorter snappin' like.

"'Termorer's our koker day,' says I. 'Try some poke en co'n bread; it's powerful good these cold mornin's.'

"'Thanks,' says he, but he didn't tech 'em.

"'Let me have a couple er rolls en er cup er tea,' says he ter Sam.

"'Sassafack tea or sto' tea,' says Sam.

"'Sto' tea.'

"'Black or green?'

"'Either will do,' says he.

"'Haint got enny,' says Sam.

"'Gimme the other kind, then,' says he.

"'Haint got enny of that either, boss.'

"'Well, the rolls en a glass er water.'

"'Ther's biskit, sah, better'n rolls,' says Sam.

"Well, the blamed fool groaned jest for all the worl' like he was a gettin' religion.

"Then he tuck a biskit, en pintin' ter the butter, says:

"'Pass me the smearcase, please.'

"Sam had ter explain ter him that 'twas butter, fresh country butter. Then he wouldn't have it.

"I was thet mad thet if it hadn't bin fer fear I'd hurt the reputation of the house, I'd a tuck an' frailed him right there.

"Whad I charge him?

"Dollarn quartah fér bed an' breakfast." And with a sigh for man's inhumanity to man the landlord arose from his split-bottomed chair and sauntered to the depot to meet the noon train.—N. Y. Herald.

HE WENT ALONE.

He Could Not Take His Wife Along on His Last Mission.

It all happened in one of ocean's caves, where the star-fishes love to linger and sea weeds cling effectionately to the insensible rock.

An oyster rushed wildly into the humble home his industry and frugality had provided. He was very much agitated.

"Oyster alive," she gasped, "what has happened?"

"My darling," he impressively exclaimed, good-by!"

She sank into a seat with a low moan. A terrible fear gnawed at her breast.

"Are you called to the upper world?"

Her voice died on her lips. She read in his face that her worst fears were confirmed.

"Merciful Heaven!"

Burying her face in her hands she wept copiously. Hastily gathering together a change of underclothing, the oyster stood at the door and cast about him one last glance at the beloved place he would see no more.

Suddenly his wife sprang to her feet.

"My life," she cried, "I will go with you."

He shook his head.

"No," he groaned, "I must go alone am wanted for a church sociable."

Dashing a tear from his eye he kissed her cheek and was gone.—Chicago Tribune.

Sharpening Knives.

The itinerant knife-sharpener is not a good man to trust with a finely-tempered or really good knife. His father used to carry round a good supply of water, and with this he kept his wheel wet, so that it could not possibly heat or destroy the temper of the knife. That this is necessary can be testified to by anyone who has tried to sharpen a knife on a stone without either water or oil to moisten it; and the farmer would never dream of rubbing his scythe with a dry whetstone. But the modern itinerant knife-sharpener does not use water at all. He sharpens the knife on the dry stone, and by means of a little rubbing he gets a feather edge which has every appearance of sharpness, but which breaks off the first time the knife is used, leaving a ragged edge much worse than before the muddler took hold of it. To sharpen a knife properly it is necessary to keep the stone wet all the time, and any arguments to the contrary are the result of a desire to save trouble and time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Price He Paid for Peace.

Husband (impatiently)—Is it possible, my dear, that you can not keep those children quiet for a moment?

Wife (soothingly)—Now, John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent things; it is natural for them to be full of spirits, and they're doing the best they can.

Husband—Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that check you've been bothering me for.

Wife (sternly)—Children, upstairs at once! If I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Mrs. McCanty—"An' ye've raised quoite a big family, Mrs. Murphy?" Mrs Murphy (with pride)—"Seven polacemin, Mrs. McCanty."—Tit-Bits.

—Something Important on Hand.—He—"You seem to be very happy. Anything on hand?" She—"Don't you see that ring?"—Brooklyn Life.

—Wilkins—"Mr. Swelup looks upon himself as a great man since he was elected." Bilkins—"He must wear powerful glasses!"—Optician.

—Kate—"I really couldn't have refused Jack—he proposed so gracefully!" May—"No wonder! He has had lots of practice, you know."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—At Dinner.—Bronker (as the first course comes on)—"By the way, how is the course of true love served?" Dronker (scoring one)—"With a spoon, of course."—Des Moines Argonaut.

—Fin de Siecle.—Justly Irate Party—"Robert, you are a naughty boy. You want a jolly good hiding." Robert—"Pardon me, father. I may need chastisement, but I do not want it."—Judy.

—"O," said Johnny Beauchamp
To little Sadie Grosvenor,
"When I grow up I'll teach 'em—
I'm goin' to be a guy'nor"
—Chicago News.

—Myrtle—"Don't you think Mr. Bolston has improved very much since his trip?" May—"O, my, yes. Why, last night he was able to wear two chrysanthemums in his buttonhole."—Inter Ocean.

—"Father," said the banker's daughter, "I want you to bring me a large bunch of violets from the florists." "Can't afford it, my dear. How would a nice diamond ring do instead?"—Buffalo Express.

—More Noise to It.—Cumso (laying down a fashion magazine)—"So woman's dress is to be louder than ever." Mrs. Cumso—"How so?" Cumso—"I understand the bell skirt is giving place to the cornet skirt."—Detroit Free Press.

—Husband—"Mercy! what have you got all the gas turned on full force for?" Wife—"As a matter of economy, John. I want to consume a thousand dollars' worth this year so's to get the discount of ten cents a thousand."—Boston Transcript.

—"It is always best to be earnest," said the man who loves to lecture. "If you do anything do it in italics." "Yes," replied the youth, "I have several times seen a man fail because he went into business with a small capital."—Washington Star.

—The Clock Struck One.—Knowles—"For what peculiar reasons are some divorces granted! An actor has been granted one because his wife caused her clock to strike." Bowles—"That's a trivial enough reason." Knowles—"Well, not exactly so. You see the clock struck his head."—Jewelers' Circular.

—"What's the matter, Bill?" said one representative of the crooked gentry to another. "Wasn't business good in Chicago?" "Too good. No sooner would I get through sandbagging a man than some feller 'ud come along and sandbag me."—Washington Star.

YOSEMITE VALLEY IN WINTER.

It Presents a Picture of Scenic Grandeur.

Snow-storm follows snow-storm. Winter has spread his icy mantle over the Yosemite. The mighty cliffs and domes look down upon the valley as in the summer months, but it is with forbidding stateliness and with threatening aspect. How changed the scene and different the attractions! The smiling vale is no longer gay with gorgeous bowers and bright with green meadowlands; no longer is it resonant with the hum of busy insects, the murmuring lullabies of slumbering streams and the joyous songs of summer birds; zephyr no longer whispers to the pine fronds as he floats softly through the forest; and echo no longer repeats the exclamations of glad visitors. The Merced rolls its swollen current impetuously through the valley, flooding many an acre of the meadowland—for rain as well as snow has fallen; the woods are hoarse with protesting against the fierceness of the storm blasts; the snow-slide holds the beholder in awe as it races with the waterfall in its downward plunge, and slabs of talus and unshapely chunks of rock loosen their hold of their parent cliff as water and weather do their work and are washed with din and headlong speed down into the valley. It is true that such terrifying storms do not occur with frequency, but one such was witnessed by Mr. Hutchings and his family during the winter of 1867, when they were the only residents in the valley. On that exceptional occasion the rain poured down incessantly for ten successive days; all the meadowland was covered with a surging flood; large trees were swept over the ridge of the Upper Yosemite and shivered into fragments on the granite rocks, and pines and cedars were blown down and piled in confusion upon each other by the wind-storm that followed the rain.—Californian.

Nutmegs as a Soporific.

Nutmegs have strong narcotic properties. A drink that used to be made by our grandmothers was nutmeg tea. One or two nutmegs would make a pint or a pint and a half of tea, and the invalid would drink it, producing a sleep of many hours' duration. The symptoms would be about the same as opium. Nutmeg in the quantity of two or three drachms will cause both stupor and delirium.—Chicago Times.

A Wet Moon.

Lawrence—I heard you say that there was a wet moon last month.

Farmer Cropsey—Yes; that's what I did say.

Lawrence—And now that I see the moon in the middle of the day, I suppose that it has been hung out to dry, hasn't it?—Harper's Young People.

Left in the Cold.

"Is that Ralph Hownow, who was mentioned in his late uncle's will?"

"Yes; one million dollars went to charity, and what was left of the estate went to Ralph."

"Indeed; and what was left?"

"Ralph."

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

GIFTED AMERICAN WOMEN

Who Figure Prominently in English Social and Political Life.

The American chatelaine, despite her deplorable lack of grandfathers, is recognized as an important feature in London society. She rules by right divine of beauty and tact and talent where the English my lady reigns by prerogative of birth. The custom of choosing American wives is not a modern departure. In olden times the predilection seems to have predominated, for did not the marquess of Carmarthen make fair mistress Caton, of Maryland, duchess of Leeds, and did not the duke of Wellington's clever brother at sixty-three wed a Mrs. Patterson, of Baltimore, before she had turned thirty. And there was Lord Stafford, who rescued a fair American from peril in Richmond park, and afterward fell in love with and married her at last, like the hero of the old three-volume romance. Of the American wives now gracing ancestral homes in England, Lady Randolph Churchill is best known and most popular. It was at a dinner in Paris that Miss Jerome met this younger son of the old duke of Marlborough, and so fascinated the young man that when the ladies withdrew, he turned to his host and said: "That is the cleverest and wittiest woman I ever met; I mean to marry her." In appearance Lady Randolph is decidedly southern. Her coloring is warm and dark, her face classically modeled, and her dusky hair waves naturally back in soft curves. It is a significant fact that previous to his marriage Lord Randolph held no place of prominence in the political arena, but from the earliest days of her marriage Lady Randolph has identified herself with her husband's interests, and by her gifts of persuasion, her good judgment and reserve force not infrequently turned the scale in his favor. A memorable speech of hers has now become the Primrose league motto. "To sustain to the utmost all that is dear to England, religion, law, order and unity of the empire." The dowager duchess of Manchester, who was Miss Yznaga is a great favorite with the prince and princess of Wales, who were among the first to welcome her to Marlborough house and Sandringham, and also with the Gladstones. She is an ardent lover of music, a brilliant performer and a great friend to musicians. In manner she is cordial, frank and simple, and her ready wit, kindness of heart and generosity in charities have endeared her to those with whom she is associated. Since her husband's death she has devoted herself to the education and training of her only son, the present duke, a boy of fifteen, and her twin daughters.

Less markedly before the public, but well known in philanthropic work, is Lady Waterlow, who was a California girl, daughter of Mr. William Hamilton. Hospitals and the training of nurses, soup kitchens and blanket clubs are her chief interests; while Sir Sydney supplements her work by furnishing wood cutting on his estates to hundreds of men. Her great hobby is for needlework, and her collection shows some rare and interesting specimens of the gentle "craft of broiderie."

Hon. Mrs. Carrington dispenses charming hospitality from her residence in the royal court of the house of lords during the season. Though by birth an American, and loyal to the stripes and stars, Mrs. Carrington in address is decidedly French, owing to having been brought up in France. She was the only daughter of Mr. Francis Warden, a gentleman of wealth, who preferred life in Paris to New York. In politics Mrs. Carrington takes little part, and her charities are unostentatious, though generous. She is a great reader, a most accomplished linguist, and a delightful hostess.

Mrs. Frank Evans is a woman of more than ordinary ability and strength of character, a writer of talent and a strong supporter of the liberal cause. Four years ago Mr. Evans was in the States when a by election suddenly became necessary. Mrs. Evans went down to Southampton, fought the battle for him, and had the happiness of welcoming him as the liberal member by nearly a thousand majority. In the last general election she played almost as important a part. Her favorite residence is a quaint old home in Kent, where, surrounded by her children, Mrs. Evans busies herself with charities, with schemes of relief for the poor, and with her pen, of which the most pleasing product is her south African folk-lore tales.—London Queen.

IN CHICAGO SCHOOLS.

Women Figure Prominently as Teachers in All Departments.

A Chicago school-teacher wrote to the Nation, complaining that so many of the teachers and principals of the Chicago public schools are women. He conceded the fitness of women to teach "six-year-olds how to spell cat," but that large schools of a thousand or more pupils should not be managed by women entirely, many of whom he pronounced "elderly, nervous, and destitute of broad ideas," and he thought this accounted for the small proportion of boys remaining in the schools until completing the course. A reply to this letter brings out the following facts:

Chicago has 106 grammar school principals; 41 are women, 65 are men. From those schools in charge of what "E. L. M." speaks of as college-bred, men of broad ideas, working for small pay and small appreciation (save in their own inner conscience), 38 per cent. of the graduates last year were boys, while those in charge of fussy, figety, elderly, nervous, unliterary, unscientific old women, destitute of culture or broad ideas, but with a good political pull, 48 per cent. of the graduates were boys. The 12 largest grammar schools of Chicago have an attendance of 1,500 pupils and upward; six of these have a man at helm, 38 1-2 per cent. of whose graduates were boys, while the other six, towed along by these same old women, enfeebled bodies and uncultured minds, graduated classes of which 45 per cent. were boys. In 10 grammar schools more boys than girls completed the course; six of these were in charge of women. four of men. The school which graduated the largest percentage of boys, 60 per cent., was in charge of a woman. The schools presided over by the gentleman whom the democrats honored with the nomination for county superintendent and who stands admittedly high in his profession, graduated one boy and 15 girls.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

WOMAN RIDING MASTER.

She Illustrates Her Teachings by Her Own Fine Performance.

London has a woman riding master, a Mrs. Hayes, who insists, notwithstanding the traditional supremacy of the English woman's horsemanship, that you rarely see an English woman sitting gracefully and firmly in her saddle, and that French women are really the more graceful equestriennes. Mrs. Hayes teaches in a modest boyish costume without a skirt, and takes a five-foot gate on her lively charger without holding her reins at all. Her theory is that a riding master can not teach a woman to set well on a side saddle because he doesn't know how himself except theoretically. She is taught to rely first and foremost on her reins, when it is not her reins at all that save her when her horse shies or falls. The reins should never be given to the pupil at all until she is perfectly secure in her seat, and has learned that it is the grip on the crutches of the saddle by the muscle of the knees and ankles that gives her the firm seat. The reins are simply to guide the horse. The stirrup should be shortened until the knee presses firmly against the leaping head. It is to teach the position of the legs that Mrs. Hayes rides in the boy's dress, and when a woman learns to use these members properly, Mrs. Hayes claims that her seat is more natural, more graceful and more secure than if she rode astride. This lady riding master is a daring rider, accepting most vicious mounts with fearlessness, and stopping short of nothing, not even a zebra, in her experiments.

On one occasion when they brought her a wild zebra from the menagerie in a cage, she tamed the creature in two lessons so that he was sufficiently subdued to stand, with her on his back, while the pair were photographed.—N. Y. Sun.

TWO BUSINESS WOMEN.

One Runs a Coasting Schooner, the Other Carries on a Manufactory.

One of the many great schooners plying between San Francisco and the ports on the opposite side of the bay is owned and managed by a woman. Some years ago Mrs. Sims' father became an invalid and was obliged to put his shipping business in the hands of an agent. Through the dishonesty and carelessness of agents the business had ceased to be profitable, when Mrs. Sims determined to go on deck herself, and since then has personally superintended the stevedores and truckmen, bossed the gang of sailors, given orders to the captain, and managed the entire business to keeping tally of the raw hides that not infrequently form part of the cargo, negotiating for the tugboats and superintending repairs at drydocks. Syracuse has another successful business woman, in rather a different line. Several years ago this woman's husband failed in business, and on account of poor health was unable to support his family. Assuming the burden of the family, she began in a small way to knit goods for the wholesale trade, and is to-day, through good management, a prosperous manufacturer, employing 1,000 women at work which may in most cases be done at home.

The Greenhouse Trade.

How many women are studying the greenhouse trade in this country? None, so far as we know; yet what a peaceful and happy, as well as profitable field it is! It is one which is specially adapted to women, also, as the large feminine correspondence of horticulture journals shows. There is a ladies' horticultural college at Swanley, England, where a few students are taking a careful course in this work; but they are so few that several recent applications for ladies to take the entire charge of greenhouses, hothouses and flower gardens could not be entertained.—N. Y. Tribune.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WAYS.

FEMALE stenographers are to serve the parliaments of Norway and Sweden.

AT Lexington, Miss., the postoffice and telegraph office are in charge of a woman; the chief express agent is a woman, and her two assistants are women.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET is to visit India as a delegate to the World's Women Christian Temperance Union, and she will teach total abstinence to the native and foreign residents of that country.

MADAME DIAZ, the wife of the Mexican president, will, at her own expense, send to the World's fair next year a woman's band of forty-five musicians. It will comprise the most expert musicians in Mexico.

FROM St. Petersburg comes the surprising information that women may be employed upon the state railways in the future to the proportion of 20 per cent. The nature of the work they are to do is not specified, and probably will be clerical. The concession is a remarkable one for the czar's dominion.

THE Elizabeth Gamble Deaconness Home in Cincinnati, which was dedicated four years ago, now has thirty-three deaconnesses who give their lives to benevolent work, without salary, and who accomplish great good by visiting prisons, the poor and suffering, and by conducting special mission work among the children.

WOMEN are more ardent globe-trotters than men when once the craze asserts itself. Elizabeth Taylor started alone from Winnipeg early last summer, made the trip alone as far as the most northern posts of the Hudson Bay Co., and stands on record as the first woman explorer to venture into the Polar regions on her own account. And now a zoologist and his wife, an accomplished taxidermist, have started out to explore Melanesia in the interest of science.