

Concerning Men.

The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," in The Forum for September.

I have been asked to write one of two papers conveying the opinions of a man upon women, and a woman upon men, the reason urged for this being "that a woman who has for the purposes of literary art analyzed the mind of men and women, must have reached valuable conclusions as to the mutual limitations of each sex, and its supplementation by the other." It may be so. One cannot have written novels for forty years without much study and observation of human character, to say nothing of the inevitable experience which a long life brings. I may as well premise that all my observations and experience of life have confirmed me in one belief; that while, as a rule, the average woman is superior to the average man—more estimable, lovable, nay, often more capable and reliable—there are exceptional men nobler than any woman; for the simple reason that the masculine nature is larger and stronger, with wider possibilities for both evil and good.

All thy passions match'd with mine,
Is as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.

is a truth affirmed by a wise man, which should never be ignored in women's judgment of men.

Also, though we find continual exceptions—women as strong as many a man, and men tenderer than most women—still the creed that "woman is the lesser man" does, in the main, hold good, intellectually as well as physically. Morally, I doubt. In purity, single-mindedness, unselfishness, faithfulness, the ordinary man is distinctly below the ordinary woman. You would have but to look in, Asmodeus-like, upon any fifty households of your acquaintance, comparing the husbands with the wives, the brothers with the sisters, in their internal domestic, not their outside society life, to be pretty sure that such is the case. But, as I shall presently show, this is mainly the woman's fault. Much as has been said about the equality of the sexes, and great as is the indignation of some of us at being considered "the weaker sex," I am afraid that absolute equality between men and women is impossible. Nature herself sets her face against it. Nature, too, lays down limits beyond which women, in the aggregate, cannot pass. She means them to be not men, or, rather, imitation men, but the mothers of men. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that every girl's education, mental, moral, physical, ought to be primarily with a view to wifehood and motherhood, the highest and happiest destiny to which any woman can attain. But when Fate denies them this chief blessing, as, considering the large surplus female population in the world, must often be the case, she still leaves them the possibility of being the spiritual mothers of a new generation. While sufficient to themselves, able to do their own work in the world, solitary, but strong, unmarried women may still keep up, as many an old maid does keep up, the natural maternal instinct, by befriending or helping all helpless creatures, and becoming an ennobling influence to mankind in the aggregate, if not to the individual man.

This abstract universal mother impulse, absent in men (a man loves his own children, but seldom any other man's), is, I believe, the key-note of feminine nature, and has its roots in psychological laws distinct from those which belong to the other sex. Man is made of muscle and brains; by them he has to govern the world. His very selfishness—or say selfism—his hardness and masterfulness, are, in one sense a necessity, else he would never be able to fight his way, and protect those whom he is bound to protect. But woman's kingdom is the heart. A woman without tenderness, without gentleness, without the power of self-suppression to an almost infinite degree, is a creature so anomalous that she cannot fail to do enormous harm, both to her own sex and to the other. She ceases to be the guardian angel she was meant to be, and becomes a devil in disguise, working woe wherever she appears. For many of men's errors women have themselves to blame. First, their viciousness and coarseness; women being either too ignorant or too cowardly to exact from men the same standard of virtue which men expect from them. Secondly, their tyranny; because the laws and customs of many generations have placed women far too much in the power of men, and even were it not so, their own warm affections make them slaves. Thirdly, for the selfishness which—doubtless with righteous reason—is so deeply implanted in the masculine breast that a thoroughly unselfish man is almost a *lusus nature*. And no wonder, since from his cradle his woman-kind have adored him. Mothers, nurses, sisters, all join the sweet flattery, the perpetual love servitude, which makes a man think far too much of himself. Then, perhaps, comes a period of innocent tyranny from his sweatheart, which he soon repays by tyrannizing over his wife. Men from that large ego, doubtless implanted in them for useful purposes, have a tendency to see things solely from their own point of view, and to judge things not as they are, but as the world will look at them, with reference to their individual selves. Their sense of order, their power and inclination to take trouble, are rarely equal to a woman's.

Her very narrowness makes her more conscientious and reliable in matters of minute detail. A man's horizon is wider, his vision larger, his physical and intellectual strength generally greater than a woman's; but he is as a rule less prudent, less careful, less able to throw himself out of himself, and into the interest of other people, than a woman is. In physical courage I think very few men are equal to women. Mercifully for the world, very few

women can in the least understand that side of men's nature in which the senses predominate over, or are perpetually fighting with, the soul, so that an originally noble human being can sink down to the level of Calypso's swine. I question if even an ordinary woman, being a good woman, can realize the state of mind which results in a man's making some wretched messianic or sinking under the unlawful thralldom of a Cleopatra, an Aspasia, or a Phryne. Such things are, but most of us women can hardly comprehend them. We may, under some extraordinary self-delusion, fall in love with a bad man, and cling to him, from duty or tenderness, long after love has departed; but we seldom plunge, as a man does, open-eyed into the nets spread by a bad woman, whom he knows to be a bad woman, and yet cannot help himself. The story of Sampson and Delilah, repeated age among men, is not often told of us women. But, I repeat, some, nay, many men are found, nobler than the very noblest of women. The relation between men and women ought to be as equal and as righteous as their love; also as clear-sighted, that by means of it each may educate and elevate the other; both looking beyond each other to that absolute right and perfect love, without which all human love must surely, soon or late, melt away in disenchantment, distaste, or even actual dislike. For love can die; there is no truth more certain and more terrible; and each human being that lives carries within himself or herself the possibility of being its murderer.

An Unwritten Law.

Another verdict has been rendered in Louisiana upholding the great unwritten law that Louisianians insist on, that the seducer can be killed with impunity by any of the relatives of his victim, and that it does not require a challenge, or even a notice, but the avenger can lie in wait and shoot down the wrong-doer from behind, whenever they see fit. In April last, the parish of Grant was excited over the killing of N. C. McNeely by the Shackelford brothers, boys aged seventeen and nineteen, respectively. All the parties stood high in the community, McNeely being connected with some of the most prominent families in Rapides and Grant. He was shot down while walking along the street, the assailants being concealed in a law office of his father, Judge H. Shackelford. From this ambush they poured thirty bullets into the victim without warring, killing him instantly.

The affair aroused much excitement in the parish on account of the standing of all parties and the circumstances of the killing. McNeely had seduced many months previously the sister of the two young men who slew him. The brothers warned him to leave the parish or they would kill him. McNeely left and was gone many months. Finally he returned to the town, Colfax, the parish seat of justice, spent a day or two there and began returning regularly, and finally took up his residence there. Everybody expected the Shackelfords to shoot McNeely, but for some reason they failed to do so.

All the parties in the affair, as well their friends, went armed, and the community ever expected to see a disturbance, but as weeks went on and nothing occurred, it was concluded that the affair had been dropped and that nothing would be done. In the midst of all this peace came the news of the shooting of McNeely. It aroused much excitement, and called forth not a little disapproval from many who didn't like this way of carrying out the higher law, and who thought that the killing of the seducer might have been done at once, and in fear of a possible lynching the Shackelfords were carried to Alexandria and confined in jail there.

A jury, however, took a different view of the case. The arguments of the counsel for the defense were that there existed in Louisiana, a law higher than any the Legislature could frame justifying the slaying of the seducer, and they quoted the late letter of Gov. McEnery in the case of Dr. Ford who killed the seducer of his wife wherein the Governor expressed his approval of this higher law. The jury retired and remained out just long enough to write the verdict of "not guilty" which was received with shouts of approval by the audience. It now stands on record by the decision of this and other juries, that the seducer can be killed in Louisiana, by the relatives of the woman he has injured at any time or under any circumstances, and that to shoot him down from ambush months after his offense has been made known is no crime. In the Ford, Shackelford and other cases this "higher law" has been officially recognized and accepted as the law of the country.

Chinese Need not Apply.

A lady in Brooklyn has just had a singular experience. She engaged a Chinese servant to do upstairs work. He appeared in the afternoon, was all bows and smiles, and at dinner that evening waited on the table in excellent style. The lady thought she had a jewel of a servant. After dinner he requested to be allowed to go to New York to see about some clothes. He went and that was the last seen of Chinaman No. 1. She tried another with the same result. A third was tried. He stayed two days and then left early one morning before breakfast. The lady told a friend who had been in San Francisco the circumstances. This friend said that housekeepers there had found that when a Chinese servant led a place he didn't like he would put some mark, usually of a character so slight as not to be noticed, on the kitchen wall. The next one, of course, would see it, and thus learn what his predecessor thought of the place and act accordingly. The first servant the lady employed didn't like the situation for some reason and so left the place and probably his mark. The others saw it and left on account of it. The lady says she is through with Celestial servants.

IN THE GAS COUNTRY.

A Visit to the Wonderful Natural Gas Wells of Northern Ohio—The Growth of Findlay.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press writes a long letter from Findlay, O., descriptive of the "Gas Country" of Northern Ohio, from which the following is extracted:

Here in the heart of the "gas country" seems an appropriate place from which to say something of the wonderful new gift of nature, which apparently solves some of the most serious problems of the time, by furnishing heat, light and power—three of the great essentials of life—at the cost of tapping the surface of the earth. I have been astonished at the revolution that gas has wrought in the conditions of industry and population in Northwestern Ohio within the sixteen months since it was introduced. As a practical economic element, and I think it only in the line of the missionary duty of the newspaper man to describe natural gas and outline its work.

The Northwestern Ohio gas belt is certain to develop the most remarkable concentration of industries on the continent.

It may be well to define, at the outset, the gas territory of Ohio as it is now developed. A strip of about ten miles in width, beginning near the southerly line of Hancock County near where it touches the boundaries of Hardin and Wyandotte Counties, and extending almost due north to Maumee, Lucas County, eight miles south of Toledo, may be roughly accepted as its definition. There is an interval between Bowling Green and Waterville where the wells are not so strong, and where the gas seems not to underlie the surface of all points, but there are now thirty-three producing wells in the district, giving forth nearly 160,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily, and through a large portion of its extent gas may be surely obtained by drilling to an average depth of 1,200 feet.

The impression made upon the casual investigator is that it is very unlikely that the limit of the gas territory has been reached, any more than that of the oil territory of Pennsylvania was defined in the early days of the excitement.

Still, one who has never seen natural gas in use has a decidedly new sensation. Going to the comfortable and cosy Madison House—a hotel so nearly of the "family" order that a bachelor feels like an outer barbarian—on a beasty day, I ordered a fire in my room. The elevator boy produced a key from his pocket, turned on the gas, lighted it, and, leaving the key in my possession, told me that I could suit myself as to allowing it to burn or turning it off.

I suited myself. In twenty minutes the broken fire brick with which the grate was filled was aglow with heat. I turned the gas low enough to cut off the blue flame, and the most experienced person would have supposed the fire to be of coal.

The first experience of your correspondent in the actual presence of the great natural gas came upon a trip to Maumee, which is, at present, the motherly limit of the developed gas territory.

A month ago Maumee was a country town of 1,200 inhabitants, without an ambition beyond its limits. Now, while it has had no time to greatly increase and the prospect of its future is known only to a chosen few, it has incorporated street car lines, telephone and water companies and an electric light company. It has dedicated public parks and broad new streets; it has resolved to give gas and land free to all manufacturing establishments locating there; real estate offices are being opened, a fine, large ten pot-glass works is already building and will shortly be in operation, and many other factories, although the idea is so new, are "figuring" to come in.

My first experience in the way of intimate relationship with a gas well, was on a stormy night when a party of real estate, gas and newspaper men, accompanied by several ladies, after a hearty supper at Maumee, took a train for Waterville, four miles south, which was reached soon after 8 o'clock. As we drew near a light was seen dancing in the sky like an enormous will-o'-the-wisp, and after turning down from the road, through an orchard, it was seen that the light was flaming and tossing from a stand-pipe about fifty feet high which arose from a rude wooden shanty over the well.

After the spectators had been for five minutes on the ground, the light was extinguished and the blackness of Erebus fell upon the earth. It was said that this extinction was accidental, but it left room for the suspicion that those having the matter in charge did it deliberately, to make more effective the splendid coup de theatre which followed.

An oil lamp was attached to the pole and the well was ignited with a flame that held and was turned on full head.

Then there came a sight and a sound which for terrific grandeur can scarcely be surpassed. Such was the pressure that for more than ten feet from the mouth of the stand-pipe the gas was unimpeded. Above that it streamed fully 150 feet in the air flaming and with a light that could be seen for twenty miles and a sound that drowned all conversation as do the Falls of Niagara; it was as if a thousand railroad trains were going overhead upon a trestle work, deafening, almost appalling, but grand in the extreme.

This was only the full head of a well flowing 5,000,000 feet per day—the Karg well, at Findlay, flows three times that volume. While the Waterman well was thus wide open and burning a full head, the engine which is drilling a new well half a mile distant and which is run by gas piped

from the well on exhibition, and the lights in the drill house were entirely unaffected by the escape.

So much for Maumee. The description of the opening of the Waterville well describes in effect what I have seen repeatedly done in the beautiful city from which I write, which has twenty-two wells within its limits, all producing abundantly, and might have an indefinitely greater number were it not that it is not an object for any individual to drill down 1,200 and odd feet under the Trenton rock to reach nature's great resort.

I do not promise to go into detailed description of what I have seen in this city, the center of the great Northwestern Ohio gas and oil belt, and the first place of all to burn its bridges behind it and stake its all on the permanency and value of gas.

Two years since, Findlay took careful census, with a view to securing a city charter under the laws of Ohio and although, as one of its citizens said, every man, woman, child and dog in the place were counted, it fell about 100 short of the 5,000 population necessary. A year ago last June natural gas was first applied to mechanical arts in Findlay, and it now has a population of 15,000 according to the most conservative estimate.

This is the condition of things, with but very few of the new features attracted by the gas, actually in operation. There are altogether seventy-two factories, either completed or actually in process of building, with a capacity which will demand nearly or quite 4,000 men at the outset, representing a total population of 20,000, and a fair increase of population to 30,000 within a few months. There are two or three families in nearly every house, the hotels are crowded, and 2,000 persons are boarding in the town. Scores of families will be brought here as soon as houses are ready for them, and the rents, which often reach fifteen or twenty per cent. on the cost of the property, are cheerfully paid.

It is a city of 15,000, where not a cord of wood or ton of coal is burned or sold for any purpose. In the progress of improvement acres of woodland have been cleared within the city limits and the wood, which would delight the heart of the poor of Detroit, cannot be given away, for no one has use for it. Gas does all the heating, furnishes all the power, and does the lighting of the city. The gas works are rusting in innocuous desuetude, while a man may obtain gas to run a cooking range for 15 cents a month, and may heat and light his whole house for a dollar a month.

In many stores the gas has not been turned out in a year; no one counts the cost; the streets blaze with flames from unmuzzled inch pipes, burning "as big as a barrel," and enough gas goes to waste in this way in a single block to run the engines of all the electric light companies in Detroit and a score more like them.

Glass making is now the principal industry, although gas has been applied to every business where power and heat are needed. The city has extended until its limits are coincident with those of the township and itself owns twenty-two wells, from which it guarantees to manufacturers, free gas for all time, and thus proposes, as do the Maumee people, to keep the Standard Oil Company out.

Natural gas, as applied in Findlay, is found to be the cheapest and best means of welding iron and steel yet discovered, and seems to have solved the problem of reducing aluminum.

Philip Barton Key's Son and General Sickness.

New York Truth.

A singular reconte took place at the Fifth Avenue Theater the other day. Mr. Stokes, the polite ticket-seller, and father-in-law of John Stetson, wanted to leave the box-office for a few moments, and he left in charge of it James Barton Key, who said he would attend to the business in his absence. Barton Key is the personal manager for Mrs. Brown Potter. He had been there only a moment when there bobbed up to the ticket window the familiar form of General Dan Sickness, who asked for two seats for one of the Potter nights. There was no way out of it, and Key very properly put up two tickets and handed them out to the General. The latter took them and held out the money, when for the first time he looked up and saw who he was talking with. His hand trembled and his face blanched. Then he moved away as quickly as his crutches would permit him. I have seldom seen anything more really dramatic. Barton Key is the son of the man whom Sickness murdered in Washington thirty or thirty-five years ago. I did not ask Key how he felt over the matter, but I could not help wondering.

Puzzled by the Loss of a Car.

Denver Republican.

About two months ago an east-bound freight train over the Union Pacific broke in two near Laramie City while going down hill in the night time. The front half, going around a curve, whipped of the rear car, which went rolling down a steep embankment. The car was filled with choice silks, and yet its departure from the front end was so clean and unattended by any unusual shock that the train men did not notice it. They coupled up again and went on to Cheyenne, where the loss was discovered. Since that time search has been made for the car along the whole line without avail. A few days ago a cowboy found a car lying behind a big pile of rocks and covered with bushes down a deep draw. He chanced to be going to the nearest station, and casually asked the agent why the company didn't clear up that wreck. The agent accompanied him back, and discovered that it was the missing car. Aside from being broken in at the sides slightly the car was not damaged, and its valuable contents were found intact.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's is the only Baking Powder that does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in tins.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.

John Hauenstein, BREWER and MALTSTER.

Our brewery is fully equipped and able to fill all orders. Mr. F. Grebe has charge of the bottling establishment.

New Ulm, Minn.

R. Pfefferle, Dealer in Groceries, CANNED, DRIED & GREEN FRUITS, Flour and Feed. STONE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE. NEW ULM, MINN.

Fr. Burg, Manufacturer of and Dealer in CIGARS, TOBACCOS, PIPES. Cor. Minnesota and Centre streets. NEW ULM, MINN.

Jno. Neuman, Dealer in DRY GOODS, Hats, Caps, Notions, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery and Glassware, Green, Dried and Canned Fruits, etc., etc.

I will always take farm produce in exchange for goods, and pay the highest market price for all kinds of paper rags.

In connection with my store I have a first-class saloon furnished with a splendid billiard table and my customers will always find good liquors and cigars, and every forenoon a splendid luncheon.

All goods purchased of me will be delivered to any part of the city free of cost. Minnesota Street, - - - - - New Ulm, Minn.

Meat Market, M. EPPLE, Prop'r. MINNESOTA ST. NEW ULM, MINN.

THE undersigned desires to inform the people of New Ulm and vicinity that he has re-established his meat market and is now prepared to wait on his customers and friends with only the best fresh and cured meats, sausages, lard and everything usually kept in a first-class market. The highest market price will be paid for FAT CATTLE, HIDES, WOOL, ETC.

M. EPPLE. Meat Market. JOS. SCHNOBRICH, Prop'r., New Ulm, - - - - - Minn.

A large supply of fresh meats, sausage, hams, lard, etc., constantly on hand. All orders from the country promptly attended to. CASH PAID FOR HIDES. THE NEW ULM CITY PLANING MILL MANUFACTURES DOORS, WINDOW SASH, VENETIAN BLINDS, MOULDINGS AND FRAMES. Planing, turning and all work with rib-saw promptly and neatly executed. All work guaranteed. Rates reasonable. C. ZELLER, Prop'r.

Brown Co. Bank.

O. H. CHADBOURN, President. C. H. ROSS, Cashier.

Cor. Minn. and Centre Sts. NEW ULM, - - - - - MINN. collections and all business pertaining to banking promptly attended to.

Individual Responsibility, \$500,000.

Eagle Mill Co. Manufacturers of ROLLER FLOUR BY THE Gradual Reduction Roller System, NEW ULM, MINN.

PATENTS Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON. Send MODEL, DRAWING or PHOTO of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State, County, City or Town, write to C. A. SNOW & CO. Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Bingham Bros., DEALERS IN LUMBER

LATH, SHINGLES, DOORS, SASH AND BLIND. Lime, Cement and Coal. Lowest prices always. Opposite Railroad Depot, NEW ULM, MINN.

HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC WILL purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH, Dyspepsia, Weakness of Appetite, Indigestion, Loss of Strength and Tired Feeling, etc. It is a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeits only lead to the opposite result. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST. DR. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS (Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Bilious Headache. Sample Dose and Directions Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.) THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

H. Rudolphi, MANUFACTURER OF & DEALER IN BOATS AND SHOES!

Minn. & 3d N. Sts., New Ulm, Minn.

A large assortment of men's and boys' boots and shoes, and ladies' and children's shoes constantly kept on hand. Custom work and repairing promptly attended to.

THE CHICAGO and NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

Penetrates the Centres of Population in ILLINOIS, IOWA, WISCONSIN, MICHIGAN, MINNESOTA, DAKOTA, NEBRASKA and WYOMING.

Its TRAIN SERVICE is carefully arranged to meet requirements of local travel, as well as to furnish the most attractive routes for through travel between important TRADE CENTRES.

Its EQUIPMENT of Day and Parlor Cars, Dining and Palace Sleeping Cars is without rival. Its ROAD-BED is perfection, of stone-ballasted Steel. The NORTHWESTERN is the favorite route for the Commercial Traveler, the Tourist and the Seeker after New Homes in the Golden Northwest. Detailed information cheerfully furnished by C. W. H. HEIDEMAN, Agent, New Ulm, Minn. MARVIN HUGHIT, L. C. WICKER, Vice-Pres't and Gen. Mgr.; Traffic Manager. E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent.