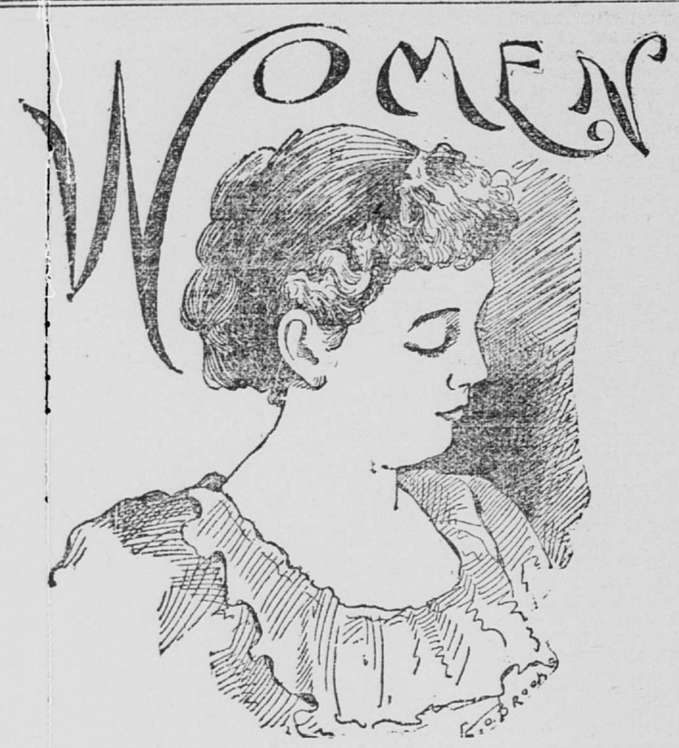

One of the most hopeful charities of the many in this city is that of the girls' industrial school, held every Saturday from 2:30 to 4 o'clock at the Bethel boat. Two years ago the school was begun with but few pupils, and more as an experiment than anything else. On the 10th day of October, 1892, the second year's school was opened with sixty pupils, girls from sixteen to six years old. They are all from poor families and of all nationalities, but very few being children of American parents. The number increased as the weeks crept by until it reached 104 in the last of January. During February and March the number decreased, and, on inquiry, it was found that the larger girls (from fourteen to eleven years of age) had begun to help to earn the family living. These found places to work in the tobacco factory, as strippers; in the harness shops, as makers of leather fly nets for horses, and in tin shops and stores. Through the assistance of Mrs. James Peek several secured places as nurse girls, and one apprenticed herself to a dressmaker. The pupils are taught to sew. First they are given a piece of cloth, and are taught to make stitches; after they learn these sufficiently well to satisfy their teachers, they are given a garment to make. This they are required to sew properly, taking out work that is not well done and doing it over again. When a garment is completed they can buy it for five cents. If the child cannot afford to pay five cents she may earn the garment by doing some work for the school, such as passing the books for a certain number of Saturdays or handing out the bundles of work that are placed in a big basket with the name of the seamstress penned on it. Thus they learn to sew and earn a part of their own clothing at the same time.

The expense of the school for material has been this year $19,201. Some of this money was raised by a reading given at the Bethel, and some by voluntary contributions from the women having it in charge. The bills are all paid, and no debts hanging over the school. After the sewing is done a little supper is served, while some one talks or sings to the children.

Yesterday was the last day of the year's school, and all the scholars were there. The exercises were of a little more than ordinary length, and began by a few remarks from Mrs. Jewett, superintendent, and a prayer from Rev. David Morgan, at the close of which the children repeated the Lord's prayer in concert. Mrs. Jewett, the efficient manager, introduced Mrs. R. M. Newport, who is the general superintendent of Bethel work, who said that she had not expected to talk to the girls, and would introduce Rev. John Paul Egbert, whom she felt sure they would far rather hear. Mr. Egbert said that, being a preacher, he must have a text, and took a remark he had heard a man make to a boy on his way to the boat a few moments before: "You are no account!" From this text he made a very good talk to the children. Then followed music by the McCoy Family Mandolin and Guitar club, a recitation from Miss Frye, and a talk from Rev. Morgan, and a nice little supper for the children, who seemed loth to say good-by to the teachers who had been so kind to them. The women who have this school in charge are: Superintendent, Mrs. W. P. Jewett; assistant superintendent, Mrs. E. B. Smith; general assistant treasurer, Mrs. James Peek; secretary, Miss A. H. Delano; cutters, Mrs. Wemott, Mrs. Yapp; teachers enrolled, 21; average attendance, 8; scholars enrolled, 182; average attendance, 84; number garments given out, 290.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A man in New York makes a specialty of matching lost buttons. His shop, a dingy, little, low-ceilinged room, is surrounded by shelves, on which are piled boxes of buttons of all sorts and conditions. While I was there a girl came in and asked if he had any like those on her jacket. He took down several specimens, and presently found one which he sewed on. She paid him 10 cents. This is the usual price, though rare buttons sometimes come higher.

* * *

Among the latest importations from Japan are screens for the summer home. They are of light-weight white wood set with panels of fine natural bamboo or reeds, and recommend themselves at once as desirable additions to any room. Like all the Oriental manufactures, they are singularly well adapted to warm weather use and suggest refreshing coolness by their very tones, but they are at the same time sufficiently attractive to find a place at all seasons of the year. They are about five feet high and are shown in fourfold at $5 and threefold at $4.25.

* * *

Cleanliness is beautifying. Cleansing the body is the first step towards refinement. Clean people are better able to resist disease than those who are untidy. Frequent bathing prolongs health and retards age. Next to sleep, there is nothing more restful than a bath when the body and mind are fatigued. Actors and public men who are busy all day and have exhausting duties to perform at night find the best stimulant in water. Rose Coghlan will rehearse from noon until 5 o'clock and look as bright as a dollar at 8 o'clock—after a warm bath, a hot dinner and a cat nap.

* * *

If the little vein of a man's temple stands out, says a woman writer, and looks red, you may be sure he is of quite hasty temper, and that he is apt to behave very badly if you refuse him. Such a man you had better let down very easy, and it will never do to make fun of him. At the same time, he is more apt to care about the hurt to his vanity than about not getting you. I would never take such a man unless it was an imperative matter of money. If the little vein stands out blue and tremulous, he is apt to be a very nice fellow, and would hardly be proposing if he did not think himself very fond of you. But he is likely to get over it, for all he thinks he won't. This little vein almost always shows a little, if not on one side then on the other.

SELECTED RECIPES.

It is almost impossible to give the exact time things take to cook, as so much depends upon the temperature at which the article is cooking. It is one of those things only to be learned by actual experience.

* * *

Strawberries eaten after meals make the best dentifrice known. Besides cleaning the teeth there is just enough acid to make an antiseptic. One berry crushed and used on the brush will leave a deliciously clean taste in the mouth.

* * *

The recipe for baked plum pudding is as follows: Three-quarters of a pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half pound of Sultana raisins, the grated rind of half a lemon, one-quarter of a pound of beef suet chopped fine, a little citron and a pinch of salt. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and then stir in a gill of milk, into which an egg has been stirred.

* * *

For a sponge cake separate the yolks of four eggs from the whites. Add to the former the finely chopped rind of half a lemon, and with a wooded spoon work the two together for ten minutes. Add six ounces of sugar, work for ten minutes more, and then pass through a sieve. The whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, should now be added alternately with a quarter of a pound of flour, which has been warmed. The mixture should be stirred lightly while the other ingredients are being added, a tablespoonful at a time. The cake should be baked in a slow oven.

* * *

Puff pastry requires equal amounts of butter and flour. Sift the flour carefully and moisten it with water to which the juice of a lemon has been added. The dough should be well worked until no portion of the flour remains dry, when it should be rolled out, and the butter, from which all moisture has been previously pressed, be placed in the center. The dough should be put aside for an hour in a cool place and then rolled out. This operation must be repeated three times. Puff pastry should be placed on wet tins and be baked in a quick oven.

* * *

Some night when it is cold and rainy and eggs are 40 cents a dozen, and you don't know what to have for tea, put iron gem-pans to heat on the stove, and while they are getting hot put two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of granulated sugar and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in your sifter and sift three times. Then add one cup of sweet cream, perhaps a trifle more, and mix thoroughly; put in the pans and bake. If John don't think them good he doesn't deserve to have an economical Mary.

ABOUT WOMAN.

Miss Belle Pierson, a compositor on the New Albany Ledger, has been appointed state organizer of the Federation of Labor for Indiana. It is her duty in her new office to travel from town to town in Indiana, call mass meetings, make speeches and organize associations of working people. Miss Pierson has pluckily supported herself at typesetting since the age of sixteen. She now supports her mother also.

* * *

A remarkable instance of official regulation of morality in women has been reported from New Zealand. An important bill has been brought before the house of representatives, which, if it is passed, will make it necessary for washerwomen to show to the minister of public works a certificate of character signed by four justices and a policeman. This certificate, having been indorsed by the censors of feminine morals, and the woman's premises having been inspected, provided the august authority is satisfied, she will receive a certificate of merit to scrub out soiled linen.

* * *

A Covington girl has won a prize for this essay on the kind of man to marry: "If I wished to marry—which, of course, I do not—I would desire a man too noble to commit a mean act, but generous enough to forgive one. A man as gentle as a woman, as manly as a man; one who does not talk scandal or tell disagreeable truths. A man whose name I would be proud to bear, to whom I would carry my doubts and perplexities, and with whom I would find sympathy and joy."

* * *

One of the women in Washington distinguished for intellectual gifts is Mrs. Newcomb McGee, daughter of the noted astronomer, who has the honor of being the second woman elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and also a member of the Anthropological society. She was graduated in medicine from the Columbian university, and is now at work in the Johns Hopkins hospital. She has visited with her father all the great observatories of Europe, and accompanies her husband on his geological expeditions, on one occasion making the trip from New Orleans to Kentucky on horseback. Her scientific writings are numerous and profound.

* * *

The president of the Mount Pleasant (Tex.) National bank is a woman, Mrs. Annie Moore.

* * *

Mrs. Beazley, a Philadelphia woman, invented the cooperage machine, which turns out thousands of perfectly finished barrels every day. She is also the inventor of a life-raft which may be tossed into the sea in any shape, but it will always right itself instantly and float safely. It contains pockets which the sea cannot enter, that are always filled with water and provisions for use of the shipwrecked.

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE.

Very many times redness of the nose is the result of bad circulation. Nearly all the English women disfigured in this way are inordinately laced. All the clothing, even to the gloves, should be loosened and worn so until the color disappears, and the feet should be kept warm day and night. Frequently a hot foot bath will cure a red nose by drawing the blood from the head. The color may arise from congestion or inflammation of the nostrils, in which case washing with warm water is recommended. When healed the use of fine snuff may help matters. A woman with a red nose should avoid taking cold, as a cold in the head will often tint the nose of an African. The simplest foods are needed to nourish the body, and at the same time cool the blood. But, on the other hand, cold temperatures and cold applications are to be avoided as much as possible.

A red nose is a mortifying feature, and almost as hard to cure as freckles. If the unbecoming color is caused by drinking, nothing but the principles of the W. C. T. U. will remove it. Frequently a taint of scrofula will proclaim itself in a beet-red or purple coloring of the nose. Then the greatest care should be taken to purify the blood and improve the health. Such articles as salted and pickled meats, smoked fish, spiced and greasy dishes, every variety of gravy, and pork in every form, should be strictly forbidden. Bathing in cold water is prescribed daily with vigorous rubbing, and from eight to ten hours' rest. Another important factor is a clean atmosphere night and day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jennie A.—The Arkansas building at the Chicago fair was planned by a young lady, Miss Jean Loughborough, who also had charge of its construction.

Minnie X.—Washing the head twice a week in soapsuds made of common brown soap has a tendency to lighten the hair. Borax added to the water also produces this effect.

Anxious Inquirer—A few drops of myrrh in a wineglassful of water will make the breath delightfully sweet if used whenever the teeth are cleansed.

H. H.—Gloves are not generally worn by men either at weddings or receptions. If, however, you choose to follow the example of a few ultra fashionables, white or pearl gray ones with black stitchings are the correct styles to select.

Helen—Aromatic vinegar is excellent for excessive perspiration of the hands. Rub it into the palms and then powder them with violet powder, being sure it is a pure preparation.

Betsy—The points of pure Angora cats consist of a small head, large eyes and ears, a thick ruff around the neck, long silky hair, fine and loose texture, and a long tail with an upward turn at the end. Angoras are quite rare. Persian cats have large heads, small ears, large eyes, square, strong bodies, and generally a longer and thicker tail than the Angoras.

THE TROUTER'S INVOCATION

Come, Rusticus, let us meander
To brook where the branchlets do tangle,
Where we to our hobby may pander,
And practice our favorite angle.

The almanac certifies plainly
As stars that the heavens bespangle
That this is the season we mainly
Indulge in the trout-seeking angle.

The buds on the brakes are excrescent,
The catskins from hazel twigs dangle,
The peeper now peepeth incessant
And beckons us forth to our angle.

The vernal ozone sets a-stirring
The blood in our portions phalangal,
And prompts us to instant concurring
With the popular purpose to angle.

So get out your flies,
And your trouting disguise,
And the things that comprise
Your outfit in this wise,
Not forgetting the rye's
Distillation we prize,
And the booklet of lies
That each season supplies,
And then, oh, for the annual angle!

—Boston Courier.

$18.50 and $10.

Commencing April 25 the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell round trip tickets to Chicago for $18.50; single trip tickets for $10. Hotel and boarding house accommodations secured in advance for visitors to the world's fair City ticket office, 364 Robert street, corner Fifth

What Grant Said.

New York Advertiser.

Gen. Horace Porter says that Gen. Grant had no warmer, closer friend in the army than Gen. Rufus Ingalls, the quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, who died in this city Sunday morning. They served in the Mexican war together. Gen. Porter tells how, on the evening after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, the people at Grant's headquarters were all anxious to hear what the victor would have to say. He was silent at supper, but after the "mess" had gathered around on camp stools outside the supper tent smoking their cigars, Gen. Grant turned suddenly to Gen. Ingalls and said: "Rufe, do you remember that gray mule that old —— used to ride down in Mexico?" Ingalls replied that he did. Then Gen. Grant let himself loose on Mexican reminiscences, which both he and Ingalls enjoyed. And this is all that Grant, the conqueror, had to say that evening about the surrender of Lee.

THE OLD DOLL TO THE NEW ONE.

So you're the latest victim—no,
I beg to make polite correction—
You're Dot's new doll, of course, and so
You have a beautiful complexion.

It's very easy, Miss, to praise
Those blushing cheeks, for one supposes
You've not been placed before a blaze
That mixed your lilies with your roses.

You've not been toasted for an hour
To teach you beauty's a delusion;
You've got to learn that fire has power
To leave one's features in confusion.

Your form's as trim as trim can be;
Your share of sawdust not denied you;
No one's unpicked your seams to see
Just what it was you had inside you.

You've all your hair on, light as tow;
You've both your eyes, of blue most tender,
You've not been scalped, and well I know
You've not been dropped upon the fender.

Your squeak's not broken, I'll be bound;
You're not condemned your woes to mutter
When you are banged about; a sound
Of protest you can shrilly utter.

But wait a little while, my dear;
You'll not escape the fate of others,
Stop! let me whisper in your ear—
Dot, you must know, has two small brothers.

—Felix Leigh.

ANOTHER WILL.

Boston Globe.

Poor old Uncle Grey-Genton that's dead and gone was, as every one knew, a very queer handful indeed. He was a strange conglomeration of cynic, bigotist, practical joker, but withal a thoroughly good fellow.

He had several cross grains in his character, and the worst of it was, from our point of view, one could never tell where these would crop out next.

His estate marched with mine—or what had once been my mother's—and it was always an understood thing that on his death the ring fence was once more to be restored.

"There's much in your character, John," said he to me once, "that might be improved upon. I shall take you in hand one of these fine days and see if I can't educate you a bit more up to what I think you ought to be."

I asked in what direction he thought my principal imperfections lay.

He replied that it was eight thirty then, and as he invariably went to bed a little after twelve, it would be useless to begin cataloguing them at that absurdly late hour, but if I could come to breakfast with him next day he would see what he could do for me with plenty of time before him.

"But the worst of you is," said Uncle Grey-Fenton, "your's so confoundedly pig-headed."

"Firm," I suggested.

"Pig-headed, my dear nephew. I see it, and being a kindly dispositioned relative, I'll not be over-delicate and hide it from you."

I will own that I was a trifle savage at first, but then I shrugged my shoulders and remembered Uncle Grey-Fenton's little ways, and had got over it before I was inside my own door again, and went across again next morning to hear and laugh at the list of my transgressions.

But lo, no list was forthcoming.

"We'll let 'em stand over for the present," said Uncle Grey-Fenton. "I don't feel equal to the strain of talking so long today. Fact is, I'm not very well. You know how trivial things upset a man of my time of life.

"Well, I've had my study shifted to the end room at the other side of the hall yonder, and now I find the direct view of the valley blocked up by a great sprawling oak tree just inside your boundary. There, that one. Give orders for it to be cut down as soon as possible, there's a good fellow."

"But, my dear uncle, you must be joking. That's a show tree, an historical tree, and I don't know what beside. That's the Lollard's oak."

"Lollard's grandmother."

"I assure you I'm not joking. That tree is a most valuable and interesting relic. A Lollard was hanged there or else a Lollard hanged somebody else on it, or else—well, anyway, it's something to do with a Lollaad and hanging, as you must know as well as I do. No; I couldn't cut that tree down. The wife would never forgive me if I did."

"Oh, that's right; shove the blame on your poor wife."

"Uncle, you're unreasonable. I'll cut down any other of my trees to please you."

"Nephew, it strikes me that you are mighty unreasonable. What on earth is the use of your offering to cut down the other trees for me? I wonder you didn't offer to take the tiles off your house and roof it with corrugated iron."

"Uncle, you're mighty unreasonable."

"No, I'm not a bit. I want a tree removed which blocks my view. You can do it if you will, but you won't. You're pig-headed."

"I repeat to you that it would be nothing short of sacrilege to do this thing. The historical associations which are linked with that tree ——"

"Historical fiddlesticks. Tell me, who were those Lollards?"

"I forget. But that doesn't matter."

"Oh, of course not; but you apparently don't know whether they were tinkers, tailors, or typewriters, and yet persist in keeping up that humbugging tree to their memory."

"We don't argue further over the matter. Any other tree—"

"Yes, or a corrugated iron roof. Well, I see you won't give in, but I suppose you're willing to own now that you are just a wee bit pig-headed?"

"I'm not vacillating, sir. I am merely firm. I wish you a very good morning."

"Good morning to you," said Uncle Grey-Fenton.

That little scene happened in '75, and we had the tree question up about once a month on the average till the summer of '86, in which year my Uncle Grey-Fenton died.

But I did not think that the old gentleman would take the matter in the way he did, for after his death a will was found which deeded every stick of the estate away from me. It was to be put into the hands of trustees, who were to apply the income to a certain charity.

I own that the will came as an awful blow to me. I never thought that he would perpetrate a piece of rank injustice like that to satisfy a spite that was, to say the most of it, petty.

And I saw, too, that the will came as a surprise to our old family lawyer, who read it, as well as to myself.

"There's something wrong, Mr. John," said he when I called in at his office the next day, "and I can't understand it anyhow. My late client intended you to have everything, as I thought. Indeed, I may go so far as to say that I made out a will myself to that effect in '76, which, on referring to my office diary, turns out to be dated the very day after the one we have just acted upon.

"I know you and he had some difference about a tree on your place, but I never imagined that he intended to disinherit you for it.

"Indeed, he used to chuckle over the matter whenever he mentioned it, and I always thought he had got some mild practical joke in hand, such as burning it down himself, or perhaps blowing it up."

"Then what became of the later will?" said I.

"Ay, there's the rub. But still it isn't to be found, and I've looked everywhere. I'm afraid, Mr. John, that this other document will have to be proved."

"And it would be no use contesting it!"

"Not a bit. You wouldn't have a leg to stand on unless you can lay hands on the later will."

Every one in our neighborhood will recollect the terrible storm in the hot summer of 1890, when the lightning played such awful havoc. The church tower went, and Smith's saddle room chimney and the eastern gable of the Fenton Arms were both badly damaged.

But the greatest blow to the beauties of the village was the loss of the Lollard's oak. It had been getting decrepit for several years, and this last attack killed it.

The lightning had divided the great trunk as though it had been struck by some colossal ax, and one-half lay twisted and torn on the ground.

With others, when the storm was over, I went out to view the ruin. The destruction was most complete.

The solitary splinter which remained erect must come down like the rest.

As I looked gloomily at the scene of havoc, the ruddy tinge of rusted metal caught my eye.

I went nearer the spot to see what it was I made out, and found a tin tobacco box which had evidently been thrust into a cleft, and partly overgrown by the wood.

I had half a mind to preserve it as it was as a relic. Such a thing would look well hung in one's hall, and I always had been fond of historical associations.

But of a sudden an idea struck me, and unheeding what further destruction I might cause, I whipped out my knife and hacked and splintered till that rooted tin box came free.

I noted that the lid was fastened with sealing wax, and I grew more excited as I wrenched at it. But the thing was too tightly fastened on to come free that way, and I had to go back to the house for a sardine opener.

But inside was the will, the will which left me the whole of the estate. And there was no comment.

I suppose that Uncle Grey-Fenton thought I could make all requisite comments for myself.

TIMBER VANISHING.

Necessity of Taking Prompt Measures for Its Prevention.

An article full of facts regarding "The Timber Problem in the South," from the pen of Charles Mohr, appears in the current number of the Engineering Magazine. It concludes with the following reflections:

The facts disclosed by the investigations of our Southern pine forests, and the management of their timber resources, cannot but lead to the conviction that we have already entered upon an era involving their complete extinction. Stupendous as these resources appear, as illustrated by the figures quoted in this paper, any doubt about their depletion within a comparatively brief period will be removed if, on the other hand, those figures are considered which relate to the ever-increasing draft upon the forests. No one is more aware of the inevitable result of the present treatment of these forests than those actively engaged in reaping the harvest of timber, to mature which nature required centuries of time.

There is no need to dwell here on the calamities which would follow the extinction of the industrial and commercial interests connected with the forests, upon which so many thousands of our people are dependent for their existence, or to contemplate the evil consequences of the destruction of the high forests over large areas, in affecting existing conditions of climate and soil. These themes have become truisms, which in our day can escape no one taking an active interest in affairs affecting our material welfare. Still, with all the light afforded by science and the teachings of national economy, there exists a popular disregard for matters pertaining to forestry, and little headway has been made in the attempt, through state action or otherwise, to secure to posterity some of the advantages of forest wealth now enjoyed in this country, and considered so indispensable to our prosperity.

Certain it is that the preservation and economical management of the forests is beyond the power of private efforts, aiming necessarily rather at the promotion of the interests of coming generations than tending to contribute to the profits of the present. This period of Columbian celebrations is particularly opportune to induce reflections bearing upon this problem, and to remind one of the time when this new world, robed in the garb of its virgin forests, was opened to afford homes for the toiling masses in the old world. Proud as we have cause to be of the achievements of our time, and of the glorious success in the struggle for their attainment in our country, it must not be lost sight of that in the heedless despoliation of the inheritance bequeathed to us in its forests a danger has been invoked which threatens to arrest the flight to that acme of national prosperity to which we are aspiring.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

Adam Fetsch, wholesale and retail dealer in cigars and tobaccos, will remove from Third street to Fifth and Robert streets.

HE CALLED THEM BIRDIE,

And Found Out That It Meant a Trip to Canada.

Detroit Free Press.

A very anxious young farmer, rigged out in his Sunday clothes, and his red necktie visible half a mile away, called at the Twelfth street police station the other day, and asked the sergeant in charge if he would answer a legal question for him.

"Perhaps so—what is it?" was the reply.

"Well, what is a breach of promise?

"It is going back on the girl you are engaged to be married to."

"But what is an engagement in law?"

"Leading the girl to think you intend to marry her."

"Haven't you got to ask her to have you right out?"

"No. What is your case? How far did you go?"

"Well, I said to her that I thought we'd make a good team if we hitched up, but that wasn't nothing."

"It wasn't, eh? It was the same thing as asking her to be your wife. Ever call her pet names?"

"I think I called her Birdie a few times."

"Ever write any loving things to her?"

"I began my letters: 'Darling One,' I think."

"Well, you are stuck, and if you want to go to state prison for fourteen years you just try to give that girl the shake! Better go right home and marry her."

"Jupiter! But I've got to! I kinder thought she had the lift on me, but wanted to be sure. I've offered her a hoss to give up my letters and quitclaim on me, but she wouldn't do it. I'll add twenty-four sawlogs and four cords of wood, and if she still refuses I'll have to toe the chalk-line. So callin' a gal Birdie is askin' her to marry you?"

"About the same thing."

"Sait-peter! But if that's the case I'll have about twenty of 'em in my hair. Which street leads to Canada?"

"Keep right down this street."

And he was walking in the snow in the middle of the road as far as they could trace him.

Standard Excellence

The place that Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts have won in the public estimation, sustains us in the assertion that for standard excellence, they have no equal. Every housewife who has used

DR PRICE'S DELICIOUS Flavoring Extracts Vanilla Lemon Orange Rose, etc.

will endorse the above statement. In using them you have purity, uniformity, strength, and fine flavor.

THE FALLEN WOMAN.

Is It True That She Is Always Stoned While the Man Goes Free?

The Poetess of Passion Decides the Question in the Negative.

Recalling Instances of Men's Keen Sufferings for Sins Committed.

Men Will Be Compelled to Suffer More and More for Their Sins.

The settled impression of the world seems to be that erring woman is always crushed under her own shame and the scorn of mankind, while the erring man goes free, favored by women and admired by his own sex.

Authors, preachers, poets and orators unanimously express the opinion that woman once fallen from her high and chaste pedestal is never allowed to rise, while man escapes all punishment for a similar sin.

I have read many books wherein a fallen woman figured, and I never yet read one which allowed her any future save death or the convent, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the New York Recorder. If the male sinner of the same kind receives any punishment at the hands of the novelist, it is after a long and successful career of pleasure and prosperity, and is usually a sudden death in a railroad disaster.

All this, of course, so far as the woman goes, is an excellent warning to good young girls; but is it fair to the many women who have already made one misstep? and is it moral reading for the male young person?

It certainly is not true to the life of today. Take any community of 10,000 inhabitants, look closely into the lives of those people who form its "best society," and you will find women who have erred and lived down their errors, and men who have suffered for their sins.

While my sincere sympathy must ever go with the woman in these matters, since by nature on her falls the greater penalties, yet observation and a sense of justice have compelled me to modify former sweeping assertions, which I, like the world at large, have made upon the subject of relative immoralities of the sexes.

No just and thinking person can reside ten years in a large city, or move about among people, and not acknowledge the fallacy of the idea that one error debars a woman forever from association with respectable society. While he who has any faculty for inspiring confidence or any ability to read human nature, must learn that men suffer far more for their sins than the world at large imagines.

A young man of my acquaintance lost the girl he dearly loved by having his name associated with an immoral affair wherein he was really guiltless of any sin.

Both were intimate friends of mine, and I witnessed the agony and despair of the man during many months. The fact that he had associated with the immoral people who caused the scandal served, at least in this one case, to damage the man as greatly as it would have damaged his fiancee. He has since married another woman, and is a prosperous citizen. It will be urged by sentimentalists that had it been a woman whose reputation was thus marred, no future marriage and success could have been possible. But this is true only in story books, or in cases where the woman is peculiarly sensitive, and whose nature and environment shuts her away from distraction and the possibilities of a new life.

Some years ago a young girl, dwelling in a town not many hours' ride from the metropolis of America, was wooed—seemingly with honorable motives—by a man of high social position and of great personal attraction; but by and by the young man disappeared, leaving a brand of shame upon the brow of the poor girl. She was taken away, and years of bitter sorrow, sharp agony and blinding remorse for her and hers followed. The man in the meantime married a lady to whom he had long been affianced; but when one day accident brought to the knowledge of the young wife the base action of her husband during their betrothal she left him, taking with her the child he worshiped. Deserted and disgraced, this man surely tasted some of the bitter dregs of sin. Meanwhile the wronged girl married, and is a respectable wife today.

This is woman's century: and in the light which it casts upon her pathway she finds that she, as well as man, can progress up and out of error. It is undoubtedly more difficult for her to live down past folly than for her brother man, unless she is endowed with a certain aplomb which belongs to the adventuress type of woman.

We speak of all erring women under one category; but they differ as widely as the falling stars differ.

There are girls who go wrong because they have no one to show them how to go right; girls who are housed up like nuns, yet without a nun's occupations or devotions, and who finally break through the false restrictions surrounding their lives as pent-up rivers break through a dam.

Again, others, whose licensed freedom of action, together with inherited tendencies, lead to their downfall—tendencies which, properly directed, might have proved the anchor for a happy home; many fall through ignorance and curiosity; more through moral viciousness, mixed with vanity and avarice; hundreds through starvation prices paid by monopolies for labor; and a few, a very few, through misplaced love.

It is the mercenary and vicious sinner who becomes most widely known to the world, and who most frequently poses as a victim of man's perfidy. But the woman who really deserves our deepest sympathies for having been blinded by her love and led into sin bears her sorrow and shame in silence, and never appeals to the public for sympathy. In olden times such an error was supposed to end a woman's career forever; but, I repeat, if we investigate the lives of society people in any city today we find among its rank women who have lived down serious follies.

In a Western town famous once upon a time for its beautiful girls two young women vied with each other for the palm of belleship. Both were beautiful and bright; one was weak, sweet and full of affection; the other ambitious, mercenary and designing. The sweet, weak girl was led into disgrace, and her name became a byword in her own town. The other married a rich man, ran through his fortune in two years, deserted him and entered upon a life of adventure, which for years was a record of gilded vice and folly. Finally, tiring of this life, she was received by her husband, whose restored fortunes made a reconciliation seem desirable to her. She moves in excellent society today, entertains and is admired by a large circle of friends. Her early rival, after years of repentance and sorrow for her past, married a noble and wealthy man, removed to a distant city, where she is beloved and respected at the present time.

It may be urged that the recital of such cases will have a pernicious effect upon young girls; that they will discourage good women and encourage the viciously inclined. I do not believe there is a girl in the land who would consciously or willingly face the career of either of these women. I believe any good woman, however lonely and unloved, would shrink from exchanging lives with them.

Out of the palace of love and peace they must often be led into the inquisition chamber of memory. When a woman once loves, the recollection of past familiarities, however slight, with other lovers becomes a source of regret to her; how much keener must this regret be when memory brings past shame to view; for to woman love ever brings a desire of self-immolation and soul surrender impossible to a masculine nature. Alas for the woman between whom and this sacrament of surrender stands memory with a lifted sword! This is the eternal punishment which she must suffer, however lenient and forgiving the world may be.

Woman has ever been man's teacher. For centuries she has taught him to believe that he must plunge into all sorts of excesses and immoralities to be attractive to her, and as reward he should take a spotless creature to wife, and, if he reformed after marriage, he should be canonized. But during the last century she has begun to teach him that self-restraint is quite as possible for him as for her; and slowly but surely is man coming to realize that he must not demand so much and give so little in the way of morals. Whatever the cynic may say to the contrary, a higher and broader idea of morality and justice is taking hold of the minds of men.

When we say that "the world countenances man's immoralities," we seem to forget that the world is composed of women as well as men. Women have never before educated the conscience of men in the matter of the social evil, and conscience in these matters is almost entirely a thing of education. Therefore, while only the exceptionally refined man suffers in any degree from the pangs of conscience, he certainly suffers in many other ways for his immoralities. I have known a man to lose his position in the business world, his social standing, and to be expelled from his club as the result of a fall from virtue. His wife obtained a divorce, and took her children to his mother's home. He married the girl who had been the cause of his fall, and the two lived a life of absolute social ostracism in their native city. He died in the prime of life, a victim of remorse; and even his own family refused to attend his funeral.

It is a strange fact that a woman who has retired from the lists of folly into the shelter of a respectable home is seldom molested by her former male comrades in sin; while the man who attempts to reform and become a loyal husband is almost invariably persecuted or tempted by the women who have participated in his past.

I never heard of but one man who was base enough to attempt to destroy the marital happiness of a reformed woman. She shot him dead, and the verdict was, "Served him right!" But the cases are innumerable where women attempt to lure married men back to their old follies and to destroy the wife's peace. Certainly, in this respect, the reformed woman has the easier time of it. Of course, we must make the allowance for the woman having been wronged in the beginning; yet the girl who falls through blind love is not the one who revenges herself upon an innocent wife afterward. It is rather the act of the balked adventuress, cheated of her golden prize.

There are scores of men today all about us who are being slowly tortured by the demand for hush money to hide some old sin—men who never open the morning paper without a chill of apprehension, and who never hear the doorbell ring without a quiver of the nerves. Men who seek political laurels can testify to my words. Yet those who know of the stain upon the honor of these men say, "Behold the injustice of the world, which metes out no punishment to erring man!"

There are hundreds of men who suffer year after year the tortures of disease, conscious that they are reaping what they have sown. God is not so great a respecter of sex as the world at large supposes; and men are punished more frequently and thoroughly for their sins than is imagined by those who see only the surface of life.

There is a spiritual wave sweeping over the world, which will compel men to suffer more and more for their sins, just as there is a growing liberalism of thought which compels the public to give woman a chance to live down her mistakes. Slowly but surely the world is coming to the knowledge that there is no sex in sin, and that a universal standard of morality must be adopted for men and women, and that the mantle of charity must be stretched out wide enough to cover the fallen women, as well as the fallen man.

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DIED.

SCHISSLER—In Minneapolis, Saturday, May 6, at 10:50 p. m., Peter J. Schissler. Funeral from family residence, 818 Emerson avenue north, Minneapolis, Tuesday, May 9, 9 a. m.

HALLOWELL—In St. Paul, Minn., May 7, 1893, at residence, 787 Cedar street, Francis Clement, youngest son of Charles A. and Katie N. Hallowell, aged four years eleven months. Funeral private.

KIMBALL—In St. Paul, Sunday, May 7, at 2 a. m., at the residence of her son, 228 West Sixth, Mrs. Esther Kimball, aged sixty-three years. Interment at Waterville, Minn.

ROTH—In St. Paul, May 7, at 4 a. m., Louis J. Roth, aged fifty-two years, beloved husband of Annie Roth. Funeral services at the family residence, 250 Midway avenue, at 2:30, Tuesday, May 9. Friends invited. Chicago and Milwaukee papers copy.

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PROPOSALS FOR MILITARY SUPPLIES —Office of Chief Quartermaster, Department of Dakota, St. Paul, Minn., April 10, 1893.—SEALED PROPOSALS, in triplicate, will be received at this office, until 11 o'clock A. M., May 10, 1893, and then opened, for furnishing 170,000 pounds oats, 50,000 pounds corn, 100 tons of hay at Fort Buford, N. D.; 10,000 pounds bran at Fort Missoula, Mont.; 30 tons anthracite coal at Fort Pembina, N. D.; 120,000 pounds oats, and 60 tons of hay at Fort Yellowstone, Wyo. Blank proposals, with full instructions to bidders, will be furnished on application to this office. —JOHN V. FUREY, Quartermaster, U. S. Army, Chief Quartermaster.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Ramsey—ss. In Probate Court.

In the matter of the application for license to sell the real estate of Otto J. W., Rudolph M. and Leo Hovorka, minors.

On reading and filing the petition of Mathias Nachbar and Wenceslaus J. Hovorka, guardians of the above-named wards, praying that license be to them granted to sell all the real estate belonging to said wards, and it appearing, by said petition, to the satisfaction of the court, that it is necessary for the maintenance and education of said wards, and that it would be for the benefit of said wards to sell said real estate:

It is therefore ordered, That all persons interested in said estate appear before said probate court, at a special term thereof to be held on Wednesday, the 17th day of May, A. D. 1893, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the court house, in said county, then and there to show cause (if any there be) why license should not be granted to said guardians to sell said real estate according to the prayer of said petition.

And it is further ordered that notice of such hearing be given to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the St. Paul DAILY GLOBE, a daily newspaper printed and published in said county.

Dated at St. Paul, this 21st day of April, 1893.

By the Court:
[L. S.] JOHN B. OLIVIER, Judge of Probate.
J. L. MACDONALD, Attorney.

PROPOSALS—[2—198]—FOR ARMY SUPPLIES.—Office Chief Commissary of Subsistence, Army Building, corner Second and Robert Streets, St. Paul, Minn., April 19, 1893. —SEALED PROPOSALS, in triplicate, subject to the usual conditions, will be received at this office and at the office of the Acting Commissary of Subsistence at each post in the Department of Dakota, until 11 o'clock A. M., May 9, 1893, at which time and places they will be opened in presence of bidders, for supplying the military posts in this department with fresh vegetables from July 1, 1893, to June 30, 1894, or such less time as the Commissary General of Subsistence may direct. The following are the probable quantities that will be required: 230,000 pounds of potatoes and 15,000 pounds of onions for Fort Assinniboine, Mont.; 112,000 pounds of potatoes and 26,000 pounds of onions for Fort Buford, N. D.; 125,000 pounds of potatoes for Fort Custer, Mont., or Custer Station, Mont.; 260,000 pounds of potatoes and 30,000 pounds of onions for Fort Keogh, Mont.; 150,000 pounds of potatoes and 20,000 pounds of onions for Fort Meade, S. D.; 84,000 pounds of potatoes for Fort Missoula, Mont.; 20,000 pounds of potatoes and 5,400 pounds of onions for Fort Pembina, N. D.; 60,000 pounds of potatoes for Camp Poplar River, Mont.; 165,000 pounds of potatoes and 5,300 pounds of onions for Fort Snelling, Minn.; 60,000 pounds of potatoes and 14,000 pounds of onions for Fort Sully, S. D.; 89,000 pounds of potatoes and 26,000 pounds of onions for Fort Yates, N. D., and 30,000 pounds of potatoes and 7,500 pounds of onions for Fort Yellowstone, Wyo. For further information apply to this office, or to the post commissary for vegetables for his post. Preference will be given to articles of domestic production or manufacture, conditions of quality and price, (including in the price of foreign productions or manufacture the duty thereon,) being equal. With the consent of the bidder to whom award is made, an increased quantity may be accepted at time of award. The government reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Proposals should be enclosed in sealed envelopes, and marked "Proposals to be opened May 9, 1893."—JNO. J. CLAGUE, Captain and C. S., Chief C. S. Dept. of Dakota.

PROPOSALS FOR PRINTING. — Office Chief Quartermaster, Department of Dakota, Saint Paul, Minn., May 2, 1893.—SEALED PROPOSALS, for doing the necessary printing for Headquarters Department of Dakota, during the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1893, and ending June 30, 1894, will be received at this office until 11 o'clock a. m., the 31st day of May, 1893, and opened then. Blank forms of proposals, and full instructions to bidders, will be furnished on application to this office.—JOHN V. FUREY, Quartermaster, U. S. Army, Chief Quartermaster.

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