TRIALS AND TOILS OF WOMEN

A Short Sermon on the Moral Latitude of Both Sexes.

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.

The Lady's Man of To-Day, and the Three Little Maids — Fancy Work and Country Courtship — Feminine Notes.

The Dead Worker.

Poor hands! fold them over over her breast,
So hard, so brown, so cold!
They have done their work and have won their rest,
Tho' they won no gold,
Theirs was a battle for bread,
How they struggled and grappled and bled!

Poor hands! fold them gently, for they
Once lay in a mother's breast
All dimpled, and pink and cozily
As birds in a nest,
And a mother's heart once leapt
As in her bosom they crept.

Poor hands! give them flowers to carry
Down into the grave, for they
Were too work-worn and too world-weary
To pause by the way
And pluck them; bring lilies and roses
And fill the stiff fingers with posies.

Poor feet! when the way was cold
And winding and nettle-strewn,
We passed them by with only a sign
For the blood prints under the moon;
Now that the life blood is froze,
Bring the warm gaits and hose.

Poor eyes! close them too—how they stare—
Nay! place no gold on that brow,
It was lack of that made the furrows there,
She needs none now,
She goes to the mansion whose floor
Is paved with the costliest ore

Poor eyes! no leisure they had
To look up at the sky
And see if 'twas blue, as the poet said,
But now they see.
To-day they are not so dim
But that they will open on him.

Men Given More Latitude Than Women.

Fedora, in Pittsburg Dispatch: Can you tell why men are given so much more latitude than women? No doubt you know, but will not tell.

It is well known that men indulge in many things that women dare not under penalty of social ostracism, if not the loss of their souls I believe that some religionists hold that a woman's soul is much easier lost than a man's. If they do not teach it they at least believe it.

If common reports are to be relied upon there are very few men in this city, or any other, who are not guilty of offenses which would make an outcast of a woman, but the men do not suffer. Indeed, it seems to me that a man who has the reputation of being a little tough is more popular among all classes, woman included, than one known to be pure and good.

You know that some of the most popular society men get drunk, play cards for money, and go on larks, yet they are welcomed into the very best families. I know instances where men, noted for being fast, have married lovely girls, and were thought to be excellent catchers.

Am I saying too much? I don't think I am. To my mind there is too much difference between the standards of morality for men and those set up for women. The Bible sets up but one standard for both, and we are taught that both will be judged by the same law in the last day. Then, by what right do we set up a different standard for men?

You will understand that I do not want the standard for women lowered. If anything, let it be raised, because the hope of the nation lies in the purity and virtue of our women. What I do want is to have a higher standard for our brother man. At least let him toe the mark he has made for us. If he will do that we will let him off.

Another thing I would have him do, and don't see how he can consistently refuse, is to give his sister women the same opportunities for regaining lost reputation that are given him. She forgives and forgets again and again. Why should he not do so too?

Some may do so, but I fear they are too few in number to save us when we fall. But, worst of all, those whose lead we follow and whose honor we trusted are first to turn away and last to extend a helping hand.

Do you wonder that I complain?

Now, can you recall an instance where a girl, who was reported to have indulged too deeply in wine, or who had taken in the town, or staked her pin money on a base-ball game, was not tabooed? It is quite probable that some very nice ladies have done all these, and possibly more, without suffering any ill effects, but if so it was not found out. If caught in a flirtation a girl is liable to be hauled over the coals, and may even go to her grave with a stigma on her character.

Don't understand that I am asking that women be allowed these privileges. I merely ask that men be held up to the same moral standard.

Years and years of exemplary life will not atone for a sin committed by a woman that would not be thought of if committed by a man. I know men who are looked up to in the social world, and regarded as pillars in the church, whose escapades are notorious, or at least are generally known and freely commented on. As far as I can discover they are none the worse either morally or otherwise.

We all know good men, or those who are accountably good, who were notoriously bad in their younger days. They reformed, and were given a great deal for so doing. When was a reformed woman ever taken into the arms of society or into the bosom of the church?

It is not improbable that an application from a reformed woman for membership in some of our fashionable churches would be voted down by men who have been much lower than she ever was, and possibly no better when they cast the votes that send her back to the gloaming.

Women Who Work.

St. Paul Globe: It is a very curious reason that a young man who has evidently read his Globe to good advantage advances as an explanation for the ever-increasing number of bachelors. He ungallantly asserts that by entering into competition with men for employment and asserting her willingness to work at less than the usual rate of compensation lovely woman has so intruded upon occupations anciently regarded as exclusively masculine and has lowered the standard of wages to such a degree that the young men either find themselves without occupation or in a position financially where marriage is as far as the North Pole. The unchivalrous youth further alleges that woman's proper sphere is to stay at home and acquaint herself with household duties, that she may become a loving and capable wife, instead of entering the field of labor in offices and shops, where she is apt to acquire a doubtful reputation, and where once established, she must relinquish all hopes of marriage. The arguments of our somewhat petulant young friend are very poorly founded. He forgets that it is not within the power of all women to remain quietly in the enjoyment of a comfortable home. Many, too many, of them are compelled by stern necessity to fight single handed the battle for bread, and, like the good, brave girls they are, they set resolutely about it, seeking whatever honest employment may come to hand. If in the contest they enter upon a field hitherto exclusively occupied by men, and maintain a footing there to the latter's advantage, so much the more credit is due them for their persistence. There is no law of nature or of man that gives the latter exclusive right to existence or prescribes the manner by which it may be procured. The women have just as good a right to make the fight as the men, and if the latter are crowded to the wall it is a state of things which merely tells of their weakness. The world is broad enough to give all a living, and the man who asserts that his is being taken from him by the infusion of female competition in his chosen calling is very apt not to be deserving of it. So far from the competition of women lowering the wages scale, it is a notorious and disgraceful fact that women are paid much less for the same work than men, and often much better performed than it is by their masculine competitors, who nevertheless receive, because of an inexplicable prejudice, the higher rate of pay. The consideration which should actuate an employer should be neither sex or prejudice, but capability alone. The slurring intimation that a girl with difficulty maintains her reputation free from calumny when serving behind the counter or in the office is unworthy of an American youth at all gifted with the power of observation. The experience of all employers has demonstrated that virtue and self-respect are as apt to be found clad in the calico gown of the shop girl as with the silk and satin whose glimmer and show make bright the fashionable drawing room. The young man who doesn't marry through a base fear that feminine competition is overcrowding the ranks of his fellow workers is probably affording some girl a lucky escape.

The Lady's Man of To-day.

Brooklyn Eagle: The modern lady's man is radically different from the old-timer. Not very long ago the term lady's man suggested a gushing sort of a chap, who dressed foppishly, displayed a tendency to sport sky-blue neckties and affect effeminate manners, squeezed his feet into small boots and went to a vast amount of pains to render himself objectionable to other men. He chatted about dancing, was full of small talk, loved to carry a fan or a bouquet, bowed perpetually, daintily and on the slightest provocation, and was altogether a useful sort of a fellow to have around luncheon, sewing and commerce parties. Occasionally he had a violent rival in a lady's man of the Major Bagstock type, who was as masculine, dashing and abrupt as the other was the reverse of it all. One seldom sees an old beau of the dashing military type now, however, and the gushers among the male sex are not popular. Ladies' men have changed amazing—their manners are subdued, dignified, and exclusive, they seldom dance, their brows are heavy, and they only smile after due deliberation and with a high regard for effect.

The most solemn, earnest and apparently abstracted man of my acquaintance is a tremendous masher whose sway is acknowledged from one end of New York to the other. He wears loose fitting clothes of an unconspicuous pattern and cut, makes no pretensions to foppery, and is not particularly handsome. He is exceedingly careful of the small courtesies of life, his bill with florists averages $300 a month, he is continually making inexpensive but interesting presents, and he is the soul of discretion. Everywhere he goes he is besieged, but his sallow face never lights up, and he pursues the business of subduing the feminine heart with analytical care, determination and skill of a chemist conducting a series of dangerous and important experiments.

"Three Little Maids."

Life.

THE MAIDEN OF SISTERLY LOVE.

Thy maidens fair, on Quaker Town,
E'en those of low degree,
Are at their best when talking of
Their lengthy pedigree.

THE NEW YORK MAID.

Well, this one's strong on many points,
But especially is skittish,
When you can get her harping on
Most anything that's British.

YE BOSTONESE LASSIE.

'Twould take four columns to put down
On what this lady gloats,
But she's a dazzler when she speaks
'Bout Buddha, Beans and Boats.

ENVOI.

But they are all nice girls.

Too Much Time Wasted on Fancy Work.

Boston Globe: The term "fancy work" is at times only too truly descriptive of the things to which it is applied, for they often seem to have been made under "the light that never was on sea or land." When these objects are worshiped by their makers, as is frequently the case, no sin of idolatry is committed, for they do not come under the heads mentioned in the commandment, since they are not, whatever may have been intended, the image of anything in the earth, in the heavens above, or in the waters under the earth. Besides being meaningless they are absolutely useless; and under the head of useless articles it is not intended to include those which are purely ornamental, for "beauty is its own excuse for being," and the beautiful is useful in the highest sense. But what possible use or beauty is to be found in the straw or isinglass "air castles," for instance, which were so popular a short time ago? Or in the worsted or feather flowers, which are at best but poor travesty upon nature? Or in a dozen other things of the same general character which will at once occur to the reader?

It is enough to make one weep sometimes to see women putting hours, days, yes, even weeks, of precious time into some bit of useless nonsense of this sort; ephemeral "fashion" of the moment which in a few months will be worn out or cast aside as useless. American women do too much fancy work. The tendency among too many of them, especially unmarried ladies and young matrons whose household and family duties are light, is to spend hours over some "fascinating" piece of work, which had far better be spent outdoors in riding, driving, or walking, playing tennis or croquet, rowing a boat or practicing archery, geologizing or botanizing, or even in reading. Fancy work should be not the main object and occupation of life, but merely an "incidental divertissement," as the opera programs say. Much can be accomplished by having some light, pretty work on hand, into which one can work the odd, spare moments which would otherwise run to waste. Only remember that even these moments of time are far too precious to be put into anything that doesn't "pay," and choose your work carefully, that they be not wasted.

Rings for the Fair Fingers.

Finger rings are again worn in large numbers by ladies.

The large ball rings now worn in Paris will be ready here for the fall trade.

The puzzle ring in platinum and gold continues fashionable, while the ram's head leads the style just now in rings for gentlemen.

In gem earrings the solitaire rings continue to take the lead, being at once the most effective and costly. But there are also earrings where the gems are set in clusters.

A charming fancy in rings is the one that employs three very light, slender, and separate gold shanks set with single stones. These are worn on one finger, so that the stones slip past each other and appear like a single ring set with three gems.

The fancy for fine gems set in a silver or platinum ring, especially among gentlemen who possess a great yearning after English styles, continues to a limited extent. A usual arrangement is that of a hoop with one or three gems imbedded in it. Occasionally one sees a gem set high in these rings.

A new ring is that in which the ends of the shank pass with closing. These ends turn in opposite ways and are set with different stones. One seen contained a sapphire and a diamond. Not only is the result pleasing, but as the ring is not closed, it will fit any finger without being cut or soldered.

The marquise ring is in favor. New examples seen recently were made with slender shanks and in medium size. One ring had an opal for a center stone, the remainder of the setting being filled with rose diamonds. Very pretty effects are gained in marquise rings set with small gems of uniform size and color, small as diamonds or rubies. Occasionally the gems are made to go partly around the shank, so that no gold shows, and the ring appears to be made entirely of gems.

A Rural Courtship.

Tid Bits.

"Sweet lady of the rural grove,
Whose cheek allures, whose smiles attract,
O, wilt thou let me swear my love?"
—And the goose quacked.

"These sylvan shades have grown most dear
Since here thy spirit mine entralled:
Wouldst thou a lover's pleading hear?"
—And the cow bawled.

"The love awakened in my breast
Can never, never be concealed:
O, wilt thou spurn it when confessed?"
—And the pig squealed.

"Beneath these soft, unclouded skies
My strolls with thee have made me glad:
O, wilt thou hear and heed my sighs?"
—And the calf bah'd.

"The city's turmoil called for me.
But here my heart my steps delays:
Ah! wouldst thou grieve if I should flee?"
—And the mule brayed.

"I ne'er have met so fair a face,
Nor with a sweeter angel walked:
How can I leave this place?"
—And the hen squawked.

"The roses all of these proclaim,
By limpid stream or winding road:
All sylvan sounds they breathe thy name."
—A rooster crowed.

"I hear a voice in whispering airs
About these landscapes fair and broad:
My heart doth pave thy path with prayers."
—And the crow cawed.

"O, maid of rural haunts divine,
So far above all guile or craft,
Wilt thou not promise to be mine?"
—And the flirt laughed.

Bangs, Puffs and Braids.

Detroit Free Press: "What are the latest kinks in relation to the dressing of our wives', daughters' and sweethearts' hairs?" asked a reporter for the Free Press of Mrs. Allen who had just returned from New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

"Well, one of the most noticeable facts of the hair market at present is that the demand for cheap qualities of hair has absolutely and entirely disappeared. Nothing but the best grades of hair are called for now, and those dealers who a few years ago made a specialty of Chinese hair, jute and other cheap substitutes, have either failed in business or have left it for some other occupation."

"Why is that?"

"Because the fashion of wearing vast quantities of hair has become obsolete. It used to be that everybody wore puffs, braids, 'rats', coils, frizzes, and so on ad lib. Then the poorer classes of people, bound to keep in style, were forced to use the cheap substitutes."

"What are the fashions now?"

"They are not definitely settled yet, because the latest styles in bonnets are not yet announced. Styles in hair are governed by styles in bonnets. If the new bonnets call for more hair than has been worn recently, then styles of dressing hair to match the bonnets will be designed. If the bonnets say less hair, the hair-dressers will follow the suggestion. There is one style already fixed, however, and it's a pretty one. It is called the Russian or V bang."

"What's that?"

"It is dressing the bangs high and free from the temples and down in a V-shape over the brow. The pompadour puff will be worn in the same outline also. The Dutch braids, too, will continue in style, more so, perhaps, than ever before."

"What are Dutch braids?"

"Small braids of hair pinned close to the head in coils and other forms. This style is particularly adopted to well-shaped heads, and has proved quite popular. There is a feature about the present style of hair-dressing which gives those ladies who are not able to spend much money an equal chance with their wealthier sisters. I have observed during my years in the business that the poorer classes have the most luxuriant hair."

"How do you account for that fact?"

"I think it is because the wealthy people, as a rule, are invariably experimenting with their hair—combing it too much, washing it with this or that mixture, and in various ways trying to force the growth, increase the quantity or change the color. The poorer girls and women let nature do its work without interruption. With the present style of wearing a moderate quantity of hair the poorer people may shine equally with the wealthy ones in that respect."

"How about hair ornaments?"

"Shell ornaments are to be most popular, I think, and the old-fashioned combs of tortoise shell, etc., are coming in favor again."

"Is it the proper thing for ladies to 'shingle' their back hair?"

"Not now. That was an English innovation, which served well for hot weather and seaside resorts, but it does not last in favor, except with actresses, for whom the style is a great convenience in putting on wigs, traveling and the like. I believe the Canadian ladies are still shingling their back hair, but after all it is a style which suits only small girls or ladies with peculiarly childish faces.

Women of the World.

Mme. Mary Sosse, the original Selika in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," has retired from the stage and will devote herself to teaching.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is about to build a handsome and well-appointed hospital for old men and women in Albany in memory of her parents.

The idea of placing expert type-writers in hotels to attend to the correspondence of guests originated in the fertile brain of a woman. It bids fair to become an institution.

A large library could now be gathered of works written by women. It is stated that Count Leopold Ferri, an Italian, who died at Padua in 1847, left a collection of 32,000 volumes written by women.

Miss Stanley, a Dakota girl, spent the summer entirely alone, without even a cat for company, on her claim four miles from Waterbury. She had ten acres of grain, a fine garden, and a watermelon patch.

The employment of women in navigation is looking up. Ellen Maguire, a California matron, has been granted a franchise running a term of ten years to maintain a steam ferry between Vallejo and Mare island.

One of the largest mail contractors on the Pacific coast is Mrs. I. B. McClain. She has accepted this year some twenty-three contracts, and her stage lines penetrate Idaho and many parts of Washington Territory.

According to the reports of the savings banks, workingwomen save more money than men similarly situated. As they are paid little more than half the wages received by men the fact is generally to the credit of women.

The National Nursing association, of London, provides trained nurses for the sick poor at their homes. Several philanthropic women of this city have organized a charity of the same sort. Let them have due encouragement.

Mrs. Marion Lonsbury, at Lagrange, Ind., has 10,000 silk worms and many thousand cocoons of good silk that are marketable at the rate of $2 per pound. The worms were produced from eggs about the first of May. For the reeled silk she will receive $8.75 per pound.

It seemed a little too bad that after all these years Mrs. Washington was known to have been a shrew, and the Father of his Country a hen-pecked husband. Nevertheless, he never lost his dignified personal bearing with all his curtain lectures; and Mrs. Washington was celebrated for her wit, beauty and high breeding.

The query, "Who introduced pink hunting coats?" which has been agitating London society, reminds one very much of the old puzze of childhood, "Who killed Cock Robin?" Mr. Yates' World gives the credit to Lady Hesketh, the fair Californian, but Life antedates it by several generations, and awards the palm to one of the daughters of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon.

It has leaked out that the position now occupied by Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland as editor of a Chicago magazine was not first offered to Miss Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, as has been stated. The owner of the magazine did indeed offer Mrs. Wheeler-Wilcox charge of one of the departments, and held out to her as a tempting bait that she would thus have a medium through which she could deal with her literary enemies. To her credit, be it said, she promptly declined the offer.

As long as 450 years ago Jewesses practiced medicine in Frankfort. They especially devoted themselves to ophthalmia. A female oculist who practiced in 1428 ventured to reside outside the Sudengasse, and believed she could claim exemption from taxes on account of her profession and the general esteem in which she was held. But the municipal authorities ordered that she and all other Jewish female doctors should leave the city or pay taxes like other Jews. In 1494, however, the tax was remitted in one instance to the immense advantage of the lady.

One of Chicago's many successful women artists is Marie Koupal-Lusk. Born and bred a peasant in Bohemia she began life in this country as a scrub-woman in a Chicago boarding house. Here her taste for drawing was by accident discovered by a boarder in the house—a female artist—who encouraged her by kind words, and introduced her to a brother artist who was able to give her more practical encouragement. A few years later Marie Koupal had saved money enough to enable her to go to Paris and study there. Now she has a picture on exhibition in the Salon of the French Capital.

FARMER JARBOE'S WICKED SON.

A Quaker Father Living in Mortal Fear of His Unnatural Son.

Across the hills in the Radnor district Josiah Jarboe, a Quaker farmer, aged sixty-five, goes about the township heavily armed for a most unusual reason, writes a Milverstown, Pa., correspondent of the New York Sun. Two weeks ago Friend Jarboe sold out his 225-acre farm and rocking-chair and basket factory, with his fine barn, stock, outbuildings, etc., and with his good wife went to board at the village inn.

Jarboe's entire life has been one of peace, quiet, and respectability. His wife, Phoebe, is an amiable, Christian lady, aged fifty-six, kind and charitable, and, with her husband, has the love and respect of the entire neighborhood. They have been thirty-eight years married. One child, a son, now twenty-five years old, was born to them. For the past five years Jonas Jarboe, the son, notwithstanding the best of bringing up, has proved to be a terror to his parents and to the neighborhood. Up to the time when he reached his majority he was a faithful farm lad and obeyed his parents. A peddler came along, however, and told Jonas all sorts of cow boy stories, and induced him to become a tough. Jonas left home and studied crime for two years in Chicago, and shortly afterward appeared on his father's farm and "tore up" the neighborhood. His father gave him a nice horse and carriage, but Jonas did not settle down. He did no work, got spending money from his mother, and was allowed to sleep as long in the morning as he wished. One morning he got up at 11 o'clock and compelled his mother to send two of the maid servants in all directions among the farmers to hunt up a whole sponge-cake for his breakfast. He raved and swore for an hour before they came back with the desired cake. Then he went out where his old father was cutting down a willow tree that was an obstruction. He objected to the cutting down of the tree, and then raced his father around the farm, a butcher-knife in his hand. The elder Jarboe had a narrow escape, reaching the house first and locking the door.

These and many other outrageous acts on the part of the son finally determined the father to conquer his boy. He gave him a last lecture in kind words, but in vain. Then one day, when the insolent son ordered away a steam-thrasher that the father had engaged, the old man caught his offspring by the back of the neck and rushed him to the barn, where he had all things prepared in advance. The old man is strong. He tied his son with ropes to a big ladder, and with his blacksnake cart-whip whipped him within an inch of his life. That night he put bread and water near the young man, but still kept him tied. Next day old Jarboe triced the boy up again and gave him such a severe flogging that his howls were heard in the house. The mother wanted to interfere, but the old man sternly commanded her to go to the kitchen and interfere no more. For four days the floggings were continued, and at the end of each day's whipping the young scapegrace swore to kill his father. All the whipping did as little good as prayer and kind words had done, and when the young man was finally liberated his spirit was unbroken.

Old man Jarboe was broken-hearted. Afraid that his son would burn his property, he sold it all and went to boarding with his wife at the inn. The son departed. Where he went is not known, but before he left he said he would take a few months to study up the most horrible, cruel and diabolical punishment, and then come back and mete it out to his father. Farmer Jarboe said:

"It is too bad, too bad. I wanted my boy to be a minister or a lawyer, but he would not go to school. We made a pet of him, gave him everything. He was our idol, our hope, our all. We expected so much of him. Now I live in constant fear and dread. Wherever I go I constantly think of my boy, and the probability that I must kill him on sight or suffer death myself. Probably when I meet him I will just stand still and let him do his worst. I have instructed the sheriff to arrest him, but he will evade the officials, I know. I never go out at night, and we never have a light burning in our room. We change our room often, and I never sit at the windows at night for fear of being assassinated from without."

Old man Jarboe always goes armed. The local constables have several warrants for the young man, and, as they believe he will turn up when least expected, they are keeping close watch for him. When the weather is cooler Mr. Jarboe and wife will go to California to escape their son.

He Got There.

Somerville Journal: "Shay, conduct'r," shouted the intoxicated passenger on the L road, "Why don't you call th' stations plainer? How d'you shpose I'm goin' to know where I'magoin'? What 'shnext station now?"

"Police station!" proclaimed the conductor, in stentorian tones, as he landed the intoxicated passenger on the plat form. And as there happened by some strange chance to be a policeman there, it was.

MISFITS IN MATRIMONY.

Ties That Bind and Slip Knots in the Domestic Harness.

KISS OF THE WIFE THAT'S TRUE.

Thoughts on Marriage and the Management of Husbands—Women Who Deserve to be Honored and Respected.

Kiss of the Wife That's True.

New York Mail and Express.

There's the kiss pressed on the lips of the child,
Of lovers when parting at night;
The kiss of mother our sorrow beguiled,
Making the face cherry and bright;
The kiss so silly of girls who meet,
Who so blisslessly kiss in lieu;
But the kiss that lasts and makes life sweet,
Is the kiss of the wife that's true.

Kisses in kinds as countless as sands—
Of friendship, betrayal, deceit;
The kiss on the eyes, the forehead, the hands,
The kiss that is awkward and neat;
The kiss that is given—the one we steal,
The kiss that awakens us all through;
But the sweetest kiss that lips can feel,
Is the kiss of the wife that's true.

There's the kiss of youth and the kiss of years,
And the kiss we lay in the grave;
The kiss we press in sunshine and tears—
The kiss for the brow of the brave;
But the kiss that is the kiss of life,
To him whom the gamuts run through—
That bring surcease to anguish and strife,
Is the kiss of the wife that's true.

The Successful Wife.

Philadelphia Record: It is a foregone conclusion that the chief end of woman is to marry. And it is no less true that the question of marriage is one in which the women of the world are more nearly interested than in any other. This being the case, the wonder grows that there are so many ill-sorted marriages and unhappy homes. The cause for many misfits is readily accounted for, it is true, in the innumerable mariages de convenance which are contracted every day, but there still remains a vast number for which no reasonable excuse can be found. Let us peremptorily exclude all such marriages as are made from policy, or from any motives other than pure and unqualified affection. It is to be presumed that the girl loves the man she marries, or at least thinks she does, which at the outset means very much the same thing. And it is to be presumed the man loves the girl he marries. The matter of choice being so much on his side he is far less likely to deceive himself on that point than the maiden, who waits for the coming of Sir Galahad, and who generally is so eager for his coming that she is prone to error in his identity.

The knights of old Europe made a special business of protecting women, especially such as had no natural protectors, and as a consequence devoted a large share of their time to love-making. Some of the exploits of these amorous cavaliers, as recorded in history, seem to us in these latter days to be the extravagance of folly. For instance, one tells how he never sees his lady-love's face without crossing himself. Another burns lamps and tapers before the altar of the virgin that his mistress' heart may be softened. Another performs penance, and says a hundred masses a day to the same end. One turns preacher, and in the pulpit recites the praises of his lady, the listeners mistaking his rhapsody for a tribute to the virgin. One turns pilgrim, and walks barefoot and bareheaded through Europe; another curses himself, wishes that he may fall from his horse and never rise; that his helmet may wear a hole in his head; that his bridle reins may be too long and his stirrups too short, and that his horse may trot forever if his lady is not the most beautiful woman in the world, and so on through innumerable extravagance. The days of such chivalrous wooing are no more, but there is no record to show that the lover who indulged in such hyperbolical love-making was any more devoted or affectionate as a husband than he of modern times who sets about winning his wife in a less exaggerated manner. Neither is is there any reason to suppose that the words of knightly courtiers were any more endearing than the simple phrases now whispered into maiden's ears. At all events the result is the same.

Doubtless one of the greatest errors made by young persons is that blindness which glorifies the object of their affections into a supernatural being. Many a girl has had her whole life-happiness destroyed because she obstinately chose to form her estimate of the character of a lover exclusively by his behavior toward her, and by his professions of devotion rather than by his conduct toward others. It is a pretty safe rule that a man whose whole life is but an exemplification of selfishness will not for any length of time continue generous in his bearing toward his wife. Character is rarely revolutionized by marriage. And men suffer as well as women by marrying an ideal. The girl of his fancy may be pretty, bright and entertaining, but if she is not possessed of those qualities which fit her to be his companion, confidant and friend his chances of happiness with her as his wife are very meagre. A little common sense in matrimonial affairs, although it may despoil the courting days of something of their romance, is a very good thing.

But courting days, no matter how delightful, cannot last forever. The young people are married; alack and alas! that they are not more often mated. They go with the blessing of the parson and the good wishes of friends, and begin like the birds, to gather twigs and construct the home. The woman, being naturally the more romantic, builds little air-castles for her hero. All the joy of the new life and the power to do for him comes with a force which is almost absorbed in buying and selling, scheming and planning. It is at this time that the woman runs the greatest risk of her life, endangering what is loveliest in her by being too liberal with it.

Man, of all animals, is the most susceptible to creature comfort.

A loving heart and a caressing hand are very alluring, but they lose some of their enchantment if they forget to season the soup and show and utter disregard for shirt buttons and sock heels. Love, even when bound by the enduring chains of matrimony, is very much subject to external influences, and the machinery that governs the domestic economy must be kept in perfect running order.

A man has an eye for beauty in his wife. He notices the soft wave of her hair and the fit of her gown with a sort of pleasurable pride, even after time and trials have dimmed the glamour of first love. The successful wife must represent to her husband all the virtues; must be sympathetic and at the same time sensible. She must be bright, entertaining and agreeable at home as well as abroad, and she must know how to preserve silence when it is desirable to hold her tongue, even though she is ready to burst with indignation. If she does not possess these qualities let her cultivate them most assiduously. And there is no trait that is such a powerful factor in household harmony as assimilation—to become one in thought and purpose, to have kindred tastes and kindred wishes. The theory of the affinity of opposites was hopelessly exploded long ago. The picture of a petite blonde Desdemona clinging to a swarthy Othello is very pretty, but if Othello's mind is out of tune with Desdemona the affinity cannot exist.

A woman's natural impulses lead her to choose a ruler and guide in her husband. Very few women desire to rule the man to whom they link their destiny. The true wife gives to her husband her heart's best gift; she rejoices in him, is proud of him and wishes the whole world to be in sympathy with her. But let her not err in thinking that her love can hold his. The love which prompts unselfishness, thoughtfulness and consideration is very good, so far as it goes; but it must be tempered with common sense so that in its absorption it does not neglect the comfort of the house and forget to be agreeable and dainty. The women who live for the sake of home and happiness will find in this the secret of success, and the women who want to rule may thus become rulers in the best acceptation of the term, and with no fear that their lords will be called hen-pecked.

A Few Thoughts on Marriage.

Health and Home: Thinking people who have at heart the best interests of society recognize a growing tendency among what is termed the middle class in this country to shirk the duties and responsibilities of married life.

They deplore the evil consequence as a social and national misfortune. Nations are composed of individuals, and it goes without saying that as a rule the man who is bound by family ties is more patriotic and more willing to render assistance in the hour of his country's need than he who has no home of his own to defend. Marriage is also a divine institution, and a duty every one owes to nature. But not only is celibacy on the increase, but it is strongly asserted that as a people we are degenerating physically.

Many causes contribute to this latter result, such as ignorance of nature's law and improper living, while the former is due in a large measure to the false ideas of the times in regard to connubial happiness.

Formerly, among the happiest class, those with "neither poverty nor great riches," it was customary for a young couple commencing the voyage of life to work together, the wife doing her own housework, cooking, mending, etc., while her husband provided the means. Thus mutually helping each other, the daily tasks became a pleasure, expenses were at a minimum, the founding of a home was the object and the family circle the shrine at which they worshipped. Sweet home. "Where the treasures are, there the heart will be also." Such lives were not failures, even though fortune knocked not at the door; but, if perchance it did, and success rewarded their efforts, and the goal for which they had striven was reached, that was the crowning glory of it all, and they could afford to take life easier.

But now all that is changed. A young man is expected to accumulate enough before marrying to support a wife in idleness and luxury. She is not to be a helpmeet to him, but a sort of dainty pet, dressed in fine and costly raiment, waited on by servants, constantly in pursuit of pleasure, and without any conception of the sterner realities of life. She may speak French and German fluently, but she has no practical knowledge of housework; paint on china, but has no culinary skill; and, although she plays difficult music, cannot darn a stocking, nor does she know what economy means. Not that the so-called higher accomplishments are undesirable, but they should not take precedence in rank over the more useful ones.

Often no attempt is made to establish a home at all; they simply board at some hotel.

The young man is afraid he cannot support so expensive a creature, and is it any wonder he hesitates to assume the responsibility? Is there a remedy? Yes. Teach young ladies the importance of thoroughly understanding domestic duties and putting them in practice. Let them remember that the greatest employment does not arise from the pursuits of pleasure, but in having some definite aim in life and realizing that they are nearing its object as time elapses, and that woman's first duty is to her family. Further, one sees on every hand girls belonging to the intelligent working-class, who, from necessity, have been compelled to learn at home the useful art of housekeeping and other domestic duties, who, moreover, are blessed with physical health in a high degree, induced by their more simple mode of life and abundance of exercise, and many of them possessing withal at least equal beauty with their more delicately reared sisters.

Men are naturally attracted by female beauty, and if they find intelligence, refinement and true worth associated therewith they do not care for one's ancestry, whether they were bankers or literary people, or working men and women, knowing that worth is the result of individual conduct and not of royal blood.

But, alas! the majority of the class of girls referred to are of limited education and uncultivated manners. Veritable diamonds in the rough. Why can't they appreciate the situation, and with the advantages afforded by free schools, public libraries and the general freedom of society polish up, think less of dress and show, and any man whose attentions are worth having will entertain more respect for them than for the butterflies of fashion. Many an independent, sensible, high-minded merchant, professional man or others well-to-do would be only too glad to get such a girl for a wife.

Women Who Should be Honored and Respected.

Miss C. Y. G., in Pittsburg Dispatch: In your recent article on matrimony you say: "Women have an idea that there is nothing in this world for them but to marry. They are brought up to think so, and are so raised that they dare not feel independent, but are constantly harassed by the thought that if they allow a chance to go by they will be left to grow up and die old maids.' Now I should like to ask who is to blame for women holding this idea but the men. Where are the men that—although they may in their own minds honor a girl who is brave enough to defy the opinion of the world and undertake to make her own living in place of sitting idly down and waiting for the "coming man"—will come out boldly and say so? No, the majority of them say that woman steps outside her confines of her own home for the purpose of earning money in one of the many avenues open to her she loses all her delicacy and womanliness. And yet such men claim that women look forward to nothing in life but marriage. I deny the assertion, as I know there are plenty of brave, true women, who, although they would possibly accept the love of a brave, noble man, if he came "up to the standard," and they could give their own love in return, do not consider it the sole aim of their life to "catch a husband," and accept the first offer lest they be left to die old maids. Why do not the men who wish women to think of something else besides marriage as their destiny come forward with their help and sympathy for those who have the moral courage to enter the business area of life, instead of calling them strong minded women, and who would do all they could to keep them in the background rather than lend a helping hand, or extend to them their sympathy in brave, cheering words? Oh, no, the men of to-day would rather seek for wives and friends among those who have no will of their own, and whose highest ambition is to dress, flirt, and finally accept a "good catch," lest they should become old maids, or because it is just what they are expected to do. Let the men show that they honor and respect the women who are courageous enough to fight their own battles with the world, and many who stand back for fear of what the world will say will come forward and take their places among the ranks of the earnest, true hearted women who are to-day battling bravely to win independence.

Managing Husbands.

Cleveland Plaindealer: A man of position and wealth is not always a pleasant fellow about the house. I have a friend, a lovely, intelligent woman, who has an elegant home and wearing apparel, but I happen to know that she dare not invest 50 cents without consulting the lord of the mansion. Another, the wife of a millionaire, as she has no purse of her own, gets what she wants and sends the bill to her husband to storm over at his leisure. And Belle, do you know I believe Eve ate the apple because she wanted it and she liked it just as well as Adam did, only she had too much honor to slip around and throw the blame on some one else. It is the lover's place to manage to get the girl he loves for a wife, and if both are what they should be there will be no more effort in that line needed to live happily together as long as life shall last.

No, we did not promise to manage our husbands; neither do many of the present generation promise to obey. My lover spoke to the minister himself, saying he wished that word left out, as he was marrying a woman, not a child, and I assure you it has always been my delight to please him in every way I could. Besides, I believe there are few women nowadays, if they find themselves bound to a stake with a log chain, but would be glad to liberate themselves with a sly fib if they could. Then I don't believe that husbands have more care than wives do. I think these things are generally very fairly balanced, and if trials must come they should be borne by both unflinchingly. Yes, let us make home bright as possible, and with happy, sunshiny tempers keep the gray hairs out of both our heads, that is, if we don't like gray hairs, but I for one do and gladly say let them come. There is one thing Soloman can remember—nearly every man who is worthy of a crown gets it. How is it, dear Pauline, that at the end of that stirring appeal should come in the just and natural but bitter cry against the laws that man has made? Does that husband you reverence so much believe that a woman who must obey the laws should have a voice in making them? If not he needs a little managing.

A Chat About Shopping.

Good Housekeeping: A fault, not so much of form as of substance, in shopping is that foolish, inconsiderate, indiscriminate purchasing that gets a poor return for money expended. Probably no feminine fault in shopping is so glaring as this one, where it is found at all. Some women are conspicuous for constantly buying something, and yet for having little at home to show for it. Their purchasing is ill-directed. They buy a gown or some other article of dress, but the selection is made so incompetently that the color soon fades, or the fabric falls to pieces, or the garment is unbecoming. If this housewife does the marketing she will get such pieces of meat as she does not know how to cook economically, or she will buy vegetables that somehow or other are considerably wasted. If she gets perishable articles she will buy too large a quantity of them, so that a portion must spoil. There will be a want of discrimination as to quality and the merchant will succeed in selling to her goods of inferior quality, which are deceptively prepared, and which the good shopper is on her guard against.

The best shoppers in this country are found among the middle classes, who live in comfort, without much luxury. They commonly show an ample equivalent for every dollar expended. The large majority of the women of this class are excellent shoppers, and the men, too. Among more wealthy people there are associated both extremes in excessive form. The traits that have made a person wealthy are quite likely to be the same that make a skillful buyer; his possessions may represent wealth saved as well as wealth acquired. On the other hand, the riches may have been got by good fortune by a *person who has few of* the characteristics that tell in wise shopping, and hence the other extreme. The shopping of the wealthy is either the very best or the very worst.

The poorest classes do much to keep themselves in poverty by their almost invariably uneconomical shopping. Among both men and women improvidence shows itself on every hand. The housewives of these families are generally intrusted with the duties of purchasing the family supplies, and they make a spectacle of misdirected efforts. There is no idea of the fitness of things, of differences in quality, of long use. It is a feast at times, to be followed by long deprivation, just as members of the lower races—Indians, aboriginal Mexicans and the like—when they have earned a few dollars, will feast on canned oysters and other delicacies, and then go on short and poor rations for weeks.

A Breeze to Order.

Boston Record: A fresh-looking western man, who said he was from Peoria, Ill., and was on his way back from the White mountains, stopped at the office of the Fall River line, in the old state house; the other afternoon, and said:

"I want a stateroom on the steamer for day after to-morrow night."

"Yes, sir."

"I want an outside room, up stairs."

"Yes, sir."

"For'ard end of the boat."

"Yes, sir."

"Wind'ard side."

"Windward side of the boat? How do we know which will be the windward side of the boat day after to-morrow night?"

"Can't help it The nights are hot, and if I can't get a room on the windward of the boat I'll go on the train," said the western man.

"Ah, very well," said the clerk, "I'll wire right on to Washington and have a northeast breeze ordered for you for day after to-morrow night, sure."

The Peoria man bought his state-room ticket and went away perfectly satisfied.

Glad He Was Not in Chicago.

Estelline Bell: "Nasillovitch," said czar of Russia to a servant the other morning, "have you looked under the carpet for nitro-glycerine, and examined the hair brush for dynamite bombs, and tested the coffee for strychnine, and made the cook eat part of the rolls, and locked down cellar for barrels of gunpowder, and sent orders for all the suspicious arrested around