POUTING PRIDE AND POVERTY

The Story of an Ambitious Young Wife With a Penniless Purse.

GIRLS, GET UP A "CORNER."

How a Stringency in the Matrimonial Market Would Work—Points from an Experienced Husband Trainer—Montana Bachelors.

Ever True.

Cassell's Magazine.

Joyous at heart as a summer day,
A lassie stands by the meadow way,
And looks at a face that is very dear,
And wonders in words that know nothing of fear—
"Will you be true, love? will you be true?
Will you love me as I love you?
Will love grow stronger as years roll on,
And be truest when youth and beauty have gone?
Will you be true, love? will you be true?"

Joyous at heart on their wedding morn,
Husband and wife walk home through the corn,
And each seems to hear the old-time song
As, hand in hand, they wander along;
"Will you be true, love? will you be true?
Will you love me as I love you?
Will love grow stronger as years roll on,
And be truest when youth and beauty have gone?
Will you be true, love? will you be true?"

Joyous at heart when their hair is gray,
Husband and wife together stray,
And hand clasps hand as they pass along,
And the heart of each is glad with song;
"You have been true, love! you have been true!
Loving me well as I have loved you!
And time and change, and good and ill
Have linked us closer and closer still—
Hearts ever true, love! hearts ever true!"

A Poor Man's Wife.

They were a happy and hopeful bridal couple. The life upon which they had entered was like a new and unexplored country, but Clarence meant to work hard and felt little or no doubt in regard to their future. He had been head bookkeeper for many years and had the promise of something better yet the coming season.

They rented a house in the pleasant part of the city, kept a servant, and Stella wore the handsome clothes that had been provided at the time of her marriage. But toward the end of the first year of their wedded life his firm was said to be under heavy liabilities and the anniversary of their marriage found the house bankrupt and Clarence out of a situation.

"I shall find something by and by," the husband said bravely.

It was at this trying time that a little speck of humanity was put into Stella's arms, and its feeble cry told that the responsibility of motherhood was hers.

"I am the happiest man alive," Clarence exclaimed, caressing wife and baby boy. "Let pride go to the dogs, Stella," he added, remembering that now his responsibility was greater than before. "They are in want of workmen at the new city hall. I'll take my hammer—it will give us bread."

He went out in the early morning and came home late at night, his handsome face glowing with love. But the very thought that her husband was brought down to the level of a common laborer hurt her. The little privations she endured worried her, and in a little while the sweet-tempered woman became moody and down-hearted.

"How can you expect me to live among such surroundings?" was her appeal when he begged her to cheer up. "It is cruel of you. I want to go home to my own friends."

The warm glow came to his face and he drew her tenderly toward him without a word, but there was a look piteous to see in his handsome eyes. Then came a day a little later when it did seem that matters had come to a crisis. The city hall was finished and Clarence must look for something new. They had moved about a great deal, hoping to find a place in which the fretful girl-wife would be contented.

"These people are all alike, you know, and I may as well be in one place as another," was her reply when he suggested that they move.

"I have heard of something new this morning, Stella, and I am going to New York on the next train."

"You are always hearing of something new," was the quick reply; "but what does it amount to?"

"I am hoping for something better, and think I have found it now. Are you going to kiss me good-by, Stella?" he asked. "I may be gone a day or two."

"No!" she replied coldly; "you'll be back soon enough."

"But I might never return, you know."

"See if you are not back again in a day or two with the same old story."

Clarence turned quickly and left her. She heard him cross the room, and knew he bent over Freddy's crib and kissed the little sleeper again and again.

"He'll come back before he's really gone," whispered she, going toward the door; but a turn in the street hid him from sight. He had gone without bidding her good-by.

"Well, we've been married long enough to be done with such nonsense," she said by way of consolation, yet there was a terrible pain in her heart.

She sat still till Freddy awoke, then with a cry of anguish she ran across the hall to the nearest neighbor.

"Please come, Mrs. Wilson; my baby is dying."

Mrs. Wilson came, for, though rough in manner, she was kind in heart.

"He is in a fit," she said the moment she saw the child. "Hold him so till I run home and get some medicine. Such women ain't fit to be mothers."

The hour for Clarence's arrival had passed, but only remorse came. At last the strain became too great, and the wife's chastened and softened nature succumbed, and good Mrs. Wilson had two patients. When Clarence came he found his wife rehearsing in penitent tones the welcome she had prepared for him.

When at last Stella awoke from the horrible dreams her husband was bending over her.

"Clarence," she said, very softly at first; "Clarence," she repeated, putting her arms about his neck, "if you'll forgive me I'll kiss you. O, so many times!"

Foolish fellow! He cried like a baby.

"Listen, Stella," he said, as soon as he could command his voice: "Listen: I did get the situation, and you can have everything you want," touching his lips to cheek and forehead, "and you are going to have such a pretty house in Brooklyn."

"All I want is your love," clasping him close, "and that Freddy gets well. I am ready to be a poor man's wife."

Women Can Afford to be Single.

Boston Record: The common talk is among young men that they cannot afford marriage, because wives are such an expensive luxury, and altogether such an impediment that no one can afford to have one unless he is very rich or is willing to remain very poor. This kind of twaddle is so much in vogue that it will probably seem heresy to take any other view of the case, but bearing in mind the innumerable stories of beating and mutilation, and even murder, inflicted upon women by drunken and ugly husbands, it seems to be about time to start a crusade to bring about a resolve on the part of women not to get married. They run about twenty times as much risk in such an operation as the man does, and if the latter cannot "afford" to take unto himself a wife, the majority of women can well afford, on their part, to remain single. Within twenty years we predict that clubs for women, and an increased independence in earning a livelihood, and a general better status for unmarried women, will result in a serious diminution of the marriage rate. And, when women are not to be got for the asking, men will be more careful of them. A little "corner" in the marriage market would not be a bad thing.

A Joke Which Turned Out a Reality.

Henderson (Mo.) Democrat: Early last Friday morning on a Mississippi steamer there were added to our company of travelers a pair who looked very like runaways; the gentleman, a tall, raw-boned specimen of the "half-horse, half-aligator" class, and the lady a fair match for him. Among the passengers from Napoleon is a solemn-looking gentleman who has all along been taken for a preacher. About 9 o'clock last night I was conversing with the "reverend" individual when a young man stepped up, and addressing him remarked: "We're going to have a wedding and would like to have you officiate." "All right, sir," he replied laughingly, and we stepped into the ladies' cabin, where sure enough the couple stood waiting. There had been several "kissing games" and several mock marriages gone through with during the evening, and I supposed that this was merely a continuation of the sport, and so thought the preacher who I could see had a good deal of humor in him, and was inclined to promote general good feeling and merriment. The couple stood up before him—a good deal more solemn than was necessary in mock marriage, I thought—and the "preacher" asked the necessary questions, and then proceeding in the usual way announced them "husband and wife."

There was a good deal of fun afterwards, and when it was over I left the cabin and so did the "preacher," who remarked to me that he liked to see the young folks enjoying themselves and took a good deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun, but he did not see why they selected him to act as the preacher. Just then some one called me aside and the old gentleman stepped into his state-room, which was next to mine. When I returned the door stood open and the "preacher" stood just inside, with his coat and vest off and one boot in his hand, talking with the gentleman who had played the "attendant," and who, as I came up, remarked:

"Well, if that's the case, it's a good joke, for they are dead in earnest and have gone to the same state-room."

The old gentleman raised both hands as he exclaimed: "Good heavens! you don't tell me so!" and rushing, just as he was, boot in hand, to the state-room indicated, commenced an assault on the door as if he would break it down, exclaiming at each lick:

"For heaven's sake remember I ain't a preacher!"

The whole cabin was aroused, every state-room flying open with a slam, when the door opened and the "Arkansas traveler," poking out his head, coolly remarked:

"Old hoss, you're too late. Guess we'll stay hitched!"

Views of a Husband Trainer.

Chicago Ledger: We've been talking with a woman who has trained several husbands, and is now a candidate for another trial as a good wife. She makes some observations, gained from her varied experience, that are valuable, and, as this is the bridal season, we think timely.

She says it is easy enough to win a husband; it is more difficult to keep him. That any attractive little dumpling with bright eyes and a coaxing voice may gather in a noble husband.

She insists that noble husbands are thicker than red noses on a toboggan slide, but it takes a master hand to draw out that nobility and keep it at home.

It requires soothing, she says, but it the wife understands her business she can direct things so that her husband will think it delicious when she asks him to bring up a scuttle of coal or get up in the middle of the night to kill a burglar. She says it is useless to try to describe the magic power a devoted wife may exercise over her husband. Her logic contends that there is something in the great, rough, earnest nature of a man that can be won quicker and easier with gentleness and tender steak than by a billious course of broom-handle reasoning with bread and milk diet.

A husband with such a wife will not think that because he gets up to warm the baby's milk near the fire, or to look for burglars, and is otherwise obedient, it is because he has no backbone. It is simply because he is the husband of the woman of whom he ought to be and is proud.

Young ladies, if you expect to marry—and of course you do—you must draw your own conclusions. This widow is certainly a clever woman. She is not especially a sweet-minded woman, nor a superior creature. She simply studies her husbands, learns all their idiosyncrasies, and acts with affectionate discrimination.

None But Girls With Money.

Panama Star and Herald: Marriageable girls in Bolivia will probably serenade the members of the present assembly. In most countries these gentlemen would become decidedly unpopular among the fair sex, and would find few partners when inclined to dance. They would also have the majority of the officers of any army against them. They have passed a law which should result in a revolution of some sort or other, which reads as follows: "No officer, from the rank of sub-lieutenant to captain, will be allowed to marry, unless he can prove that the lady with whom he wishes to marry possesses a dowry of at least $4,000." This seems a new order of procedure. Bolivian legislators express a poor opinion of their officers in thus coolly throwing the onus of their support on the weaker sex. "Fortune hunters" are despised in most countries, but here we find that in a republic all the subalterns are compelled to become fortune hunters or remain single. Legislators in Bolivia want the women to support the warriors. Novel legislation, which cannot be productive of good results.

At a December Wedding.

Harper's Bazar: At a recent December wedding the bridesmaids carried large bunches of holly with glossy leaves and red berries, the flowers then in season, just as the eldest sister of this bride chose Easter lilies for her maidens in Easter week. For the mid-winter wedding the ten ushers wore white hyacinths for boutonnieres, white satin scarfs and pearl scarf pins; their pearl colored gloves had wide stitching in pearl color, and were precisely like those worn by the groom. The bride carried a prayer book with soft white leather cover and a "posy" of long stemmed Parma violets. Her gown was of white silk muslin over satin; the tulle veil had a white lace border. Instead of set patterns of pearl beading on net modistes now bead the wedding gown after they are cut out, sewing pendant pearls on net for sleeves and panels, and sometimes adding a wide border of pearl on the train. Tasteful dresses for bridesmaids are of large meshed Brussels net with the V-shaped neck simply edged with white feather-edged watered ribbon two inches wide, laid in its full width, and having a bow on the left shoulder. The net sleeves are a single puff, reaching to the elbow, and there should be a sash of very wide watered ribbon.

Where the Fair Sex Is in Demand.

There are no less than 30,000 bachelors in Montana, so says an enthusiastic resident, and every one of them is in need of a wife. These young fellows have no time to go courting themselves, and much of that sort of thing is done by proxy. They are entirely too busy amassing fortunes, either at sheep-herding, cattle-growing, or mining, in which at least 30 per cent of them are bound to become millionaires sooner or later. There is the greatest possible need in Montana for young girls and maidens, old women and old maids, too, for that matter, each and every one of whom would fill a long-felt want. Domestics are in nigh demand.

For Engagement Rings.

Boston Globe: The ancients attributed marvelous properties to many of the precious stones beside the opal. A particular stone was regarded as sacred to each month of the year, a meaning or language was given to each, and it was supposed that good luck and prosperity would be insured to those who wore constantly the stone belonging to the month in which they were born. It is still customary among lovers and friends to notice the significance attached to the various stones in making birthday, engagement and wedding presents.

The stones sacred to the different months and the language of each are as follows:

January, garnet; constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February, amethyst; a preventive against violent passions.

March, bloodstone; courage, wisdom, and firmness in affliction.

April, diamond; denotes faith, innocence and virginity.

May, emerald; discovers false friends, and insures true love.

June, agate; insures long life, health and prosperity.

July, ruby; discovers poisons and corrects evils resulting from mistaken friendship.

August, sardonyx; insures conjugal felicity.

Septembea, sapphire; frees from enchantment, and denotes repentance.

October, opal; denotes hope, and sharpens the sight and faith of the possessor.

November, topaz; fidelity and friendship, and prevents bad dreams.

December, turquois; gives success, especially in love.

Among other stones the moonstone protects from harm and danger; the heliotrope or bloodstone enables one to walk invisible; the pearl is an emblem of purity, and gives clearness to mental and physical sight; and the cat's-eye enriches the wearer.

"Doing" a Doctor.

M. Quad in Detroit Free Press: There are a good many features about that throat disease called quinsy. You can never mistake it for the small-pox, and you never have a suspicion that you may have fallen from the roof of a third-story building and broken forty or more bones in your body. You go to bed feeling in excellent spirits and willing to pay 120 cents on the dollar. Soon after midnight—as soon after as the ailment can make it convenient—you wake up with a horrible back ache and a bad chill. You needn't flatter yourself that you are coming down with diphtheria, typhoid fever or some other disease which will cause your friends to anxiously inquire if you have made your will and own a lot in Elmwood. You are simply booked for a fourteen days' wrestle with a common, one-horse affair, and the sooner you settle down to it the better for all concerned.

You may gargle all the gargles ever invented, but the throat grows worse. For two or three days the doctor can place the handle of a spoon on your tongue and get a sight of what is behind, but you suddenly discover in your mad career that you have "shut your head." The jaws have taken a great liking to each other and the doctor has to quit. Then you'll turn to flaxseed poultice. It doesn't do anybody good as anybody can say, but you'll try it. Furthermore, you'll get a hot compound of hops and vinegar and try steaming. That never helped anybody, but it's fashionable to try it. All the glands and cords and tendons from the ear down to the shoulder begin to tighten up, the crevice between your teeth closes at last, and there you are. If some butcher cart hasn't run over you and knocked some of your teeth out it won't be any use to try soups and gruels. If you've got two or three places where the gruel can sneak in you'll presently wish you hadn't. Every time you swallow you are lifted sixteen inches off the chair, and it's a health lift which you get tired of after three or four attempts.

The other day when my eyes were swollen nearly shut, my jaw "sot," every gland and cord as sore as a boil and my windpipe nearly closed, the doctor looked me over and made a little speech. I shall remember his every word for the next hundred years. He said:

"Well, something has got to be done. Your throat has got to be lanced. I've been expecting for a day or two that it would come to this."

And he lay back in his chair and licked his chops—yes, sir, smacked his lips like a boy eating a rich plum!

"Yes, I'll be up after dinner," he continued, sighing heavily to think he wasn't equipped then. "You'd better lie down and prepare yourself."

I tumbled into bed, wondering if Providence would take him off during the forenoon, and slept to dream that I was on a dissecting table and twelve medical students were carving away at my body. Providence spared the doctor. He didn't even have a narrow escape. He was on hand soon after dinner, a smile of satisfaction on his face, and he was followed by a meek-looking young man whom he introduced as a medical student.

"Now," said the doctor, "don't get excited. We shall first chloroform you!"

I tried to groan, but it was only a wheeze—something like a summer's gale blowing into an old oyster can.

"And then we shall wedge your jaws apart. Here are the pine wedges to do it. It will, of course, be a couple of weeks before the cords and glands get over the effect, but there's no way of getting around it."

I tried to groan some more, and the doctor laughed. He said it reminded him of the sigh of a tired horse as he lay down to rest.

"Didn't have time to sharpen this lance at home," he went on, as he began to hone it on a strop. "If you were a woman you would be squeamish, but as it is you won't care. I expect to lance it in about three places. It ought to relieve you at once, but it will be some days before the cut heals up. Read about Logan's death, I presume? Say, James, get him that rocker. Did you bring the chloroform up? Pour it on this handkerchief and hold it to his nose until you see that he is gone. Where's the wedges and hammer? Now come with your hand—"

Something down my throat gave a throb and a twist and a burst, open flew my jaws, and out came the quinsy with a rush.

"You—you wretches!" I gasped, finding my voice for the first time in five days.

"Now, James, just see there!" exclaimed the doctor in tones of mingled disgust and despair. "Just see what he's gone and done! Here was the finest case I've had in six months, and he's gone and busted it! I felt in my bones that I ought to have collared him this forenoon, and here's the proof. James, we will go."

"Doctor, shall I use any gargle?" I called after him.

"Humph!"

"And will you come in to-morrow?"

But he never turned or spoke. He walked down stairs as stiff as a poker, climbed into his cutter like a martyr, and when once he had the lines he woke the old horse up with the whip until he made a mile in two and a half. He hasn't been near me since. I expect he's greatly put out, and that he hopes I'll have a relapse, but did I do anything to him? Am I to blame that he left his wedges and hammer behind.

A MODEL FOR BUDDING MAIDS

An Ever Discreet We Too Seldom Meet, a Queen Among Queens Young Girl.

VAGARIES OF LITERARY WOMEN.

The Worries of Women and How to Lessen Them—Woman's Rights in Canada and Ranches in California—Gossipy Notes.

The Model American Girl.

A practical, plain young girl;
Not afraid-of-the-rain young girl;
A poetical posy,
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper-of-self young girl.

At-home-in-her-place young girl;
A never-will-lace young girl;
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean,
A princess-of-peace young girl.

A wear-her-own-hair young girl;
A free-fom-a-stare young girl;
Improves every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl.

Plenty-of-room-in-her-shoes young girl;
No indulger-in-blues young girl;
Not a bang on her brow,
To fraud not a bow,
She's a just-what-she-seems young girl.

Not a reader-of-trash young girl;
Not a cheap-jeweled-flash young girl;
Not a sipper of rum,
Not a chewer of gum,
A marvel-of-sense young girl.

An early-retiring young girl;
An active, aspiring young girl;
A morning ariser,
A dandy dispiser,
A progressive, American girl.

A lover-of-prose young girl;
Not a turn-up-your-nose young girl;
Not given to splutter,
Not "utterly utter,"
But a matter-of-fact young girl.

A rightly-ambitious young girl;
Red-lips-most-delicious young girl;
A sparkling clear eye,
That says "I will try,"
A sure-to-succeed young girl.

An honestly-courting young girl;
A never-seen-flirting young girl;
A quiet and pure,
A modest, demure,
A fit-for-a-wife young girl.

A sought-everywhere young girl;
A future-most-fair young girl;
An ever-discreet,
We too seldom meet
This queen-among-queens young girl.

Vagaries of Literary Women.

New York Mail and Express: "It is said that actresses have superstitions and vagaries in a more marked degree than any other women," said an old litterateur to a Mail and Express writer. "But that is a fallacy which should be exploded; it does them a great injustice. Literary women have more oddities than any class. New York is the home of a majority of women who desire to live by their pen, and in no other city can they be studied to better advantage. Many of them believe in theosophy, transmigration of the soul into animals, pantheism, Mohammedanism, atheism, evolution, and many other isms that place them out of the pale of Christianity. But they are not orthodox even in what they profess to believe, and have many queer ideas and notions in connection with their religious faith. Now I know a young woman who at times is a charming writer who imagines that her soul several hundred years ago inhabited the body of a great general. Her theory is that the soul never goes to another world and becomes a spirit, but merely leaves the casket or body of one person at death to find a home in another just born. By this means the immortality of the soul is explained. Her idea is that at times, by some freak, the soul or life principle in a dog gets into the body of a man and produces a monster. No man, she argues, can ever become immortal until his soul has been refined and purified by inhabiting for several centuries the body of a woman. The inconsistency of such a belief is apparent, but no amount of reasoning can convince her that nature works on a more original soul plan than the one she believes in. This woman is practical outside of this crotchet.

"People can be great and have peculiar beliefs. General Stonewall Jackson thought that eating black pepper gave him rheumatism in his left leg. Another literary woman, who perhaps is destined to make a stir within a few years, is an out-and-out atheist. Yet she goes to church and believes that number thirteen is a bad number; that to turn back when once started on a journey is bad luck; and when the left ear burns a friend is talking about her. She can begin with Aristotle and Plato, and by ingenious reasoning show that these worthy ancient philosophers were simply beautiful talkers and did not believe what they preached. She thinks Empedocles the wisest man of the ancients because he jumped into the crater of Vesuvius to make his followers think he had ascended to heaven. Mme. Blavatsky converted several to her belief in theosophy, and they still relate wonderful things of that disciple of Gautama.

"One woman who can turn out three or four bright articles per day firmly believes that she has already been in the Nirvana state for over a thousand years and has just come upon earth for a brief period before going back again. She asserts that Edwin Arnold, the author of the 'Light of Asia,' is a seer and held spiritual communication with Gautama in order to get inspiration to write the 'Great Renunciation.' This woman has children and they attend Sunday school regularly. The father, however, is orthodox and thinks Gautama and his Nirvana a humbug. Many female writers, especially those who drop into poetry, imagine they receive spiritual inspiration from authors who have long been dead. I could mention one whose name is frequently in the papers, who firmly believes she receives material aid from the other world. Strange, too, with this belief she is not at all superstitious about signs or omens. She has been sadly duped by several notorious mediums whom the press has exposed, yet she has faith in the ability of certain persons to trot a ghost out at any moment when the lights are turned down and the audience away from the stage. I attribute many of the eccentricities in female writers to the fact that they try to keep up their physical animation by the free use of stimulants. A gentleman had a daughter who was writing a novel. She grew paler and thinner every day, but seemed to have a wonderful amount of animation at times, especially about the time she sat down to write. He was at a loss how to account for it, as she took little exercise. One day his wife confessed to him that the daughter was using stimulants freely to assist inspiration. She said the daughter had read that Ouida, who was almost a skeleton, used stimulants to get up steam to finish a novel, and why not emulate that successful writer? The stimulant rock I advise all women writers to avoid. Have your isms, your superstitions, your omens, and your vagaries, but shun liquid inspiration. The names of these women? O, no; I would betray confidence if I divulged their names."

Women's Worries.

Chicago Tribune: If you are of a nervous, excitable temperment ponder upon these lines, fresh from the ready pen of Lady John Manners: "Certain worries are supposed to belong specially to women. The management of servants is sometimes considered very difficult. It used to be said, 'A good mistress makes a good servant,' and undoubtedly kindness and consideration always draw people together, even when in different positions. Though we should save ourselves much worry by once for all recognizing that no one is perfect, yet I think that by studying our servants' little peculiarities we may hope to avoid the frequent changes which are so trying. For instance, if we have any reason to think that a servant's memory is defective, it is a very good rule to give every order in writing. Indeed, many people make a point of writing orders for their carriages and horses; and I remember a gentleman who thoroughly understood the art of dining, who always had a slate beside him at dinner on which he wrote any remarks he wishes to make for the chef. I knew a cook-housekeeper in a family which was unavoidably rather harum-scarum, sudden orders being sometimes given for many additional places at the table. The orders were given by word of mouth, but that remarkable woman never made a mistake during the many years I knew her. When complimented one day on her good memory she pointed to a slate on which she always wrote every detail at once. Perhaps some of us women have too great a tendency to adore our friends and worry them, as well as ourselves, by being too demonstrative and expecting too much in return for our attachment. Always let your presence be desired, was the advice given by a man of the world to a lady anxious to keep her friends. Always treat your friend as if he might become your enemy, and your enemy as if he might some day be your friend, is a maxim that would save much heartburning. Among minor worries dress certainly is one to some women. But if we remember that every period of life has its own charm I think this anxiety would be lessened. To delicate persons the little precautions essential to preserve health are often very worrying; but if they recollect how precious their health is to loving friends they would probably recognize that in taking care of themselves they are sparing much anxiety to others. The warm wrap may be taken by the delicate person in order to spare friends anxiety; while perhaps the busy man of letters will take more exercise for health's sake if he knows that those who love him will be grateful to him for so doing."

Woman Suffrage in Canada.

Toronto Globe: Experience is showing that the woman's vote is henceforth to be reckoned as a powerful factor in the election of municipal councils and school trustees. For good or for evil this vote is a great fact. It is here, and it is here to stay. More than that, we think that very few will hesitate in saying that in so far as it has been tried it has been for good. Of course a good many woman will give their votes unreasoningly and without intelligence. But is this not also the case with a great number of men?

There is no fear of the possession of the franchise either unsexing women or leading them to neglect their families, the more especially as it so happens, as the law now stands, that many of those who have votes have no families, and in many cases may not even be householders.

Of course it is often attempted to frighted the timid by telling of all the logical and terrible consequences likely to flow from such a concession. The question is not one of consequences but of right, and if it is right and fair that women who pay taxes should have a voice in their disposal, as we certainly think it is, then let them receive not the concession but that right, let the consequences be what they may.

The Woman of Corfu.

Imagine, for example, this lady clad in a voluminous gown of blue satin worked with flowers, with a white lace covering over her shoulders; an enormous headdress of white muslin girt by a vast wreath of natural pink roses and orange blossoms, with ponderous gold earrings reaching to her shoulders; necklace and bracelets of gold, and a thorough breastplate of antique goldsmith's work. She is a marvelous spectacle, and sits still with her brown eyes in a fixed stare, moving only when absolutely necessary, and then with the utmost care for her decorations. Other ladies have towering coiffures of white and crimson; dresses of blue, scarlet or green, and silver buckles in their shoes; and they are all dotted with bits of gold. Another picturesque detail is the old Greek feminine headdress of a crimson skull-cap with a gold coronal, from which a thick gold tassal hangs at one side. Civilization has ousted this pretty and becoming headdress from Athens and the Greek cities. Corfu merits the more praise, therefore, for preserving it. Nothing could better harmonize with the regular features which are still a characteristic of the native Greeks. The Corfiote woman, however, seem to have more in common with the southern Italians than with the Hellenes.

Women on California Ranches.

Mrs. M. F. Gorton, in Brooklyn Magazine: The women often show the wear and tear of their isolated positions, without compensating social interests, more than do the men, who are surrounded by men interested in the same pursuits. Love of luxurous clothing amounts to a passion in the women of all classes. About their homes they go dressed as elegantly as in the fashionable streets of San Francisco. This is the result of the wish of husbands, sons and fathers, for the visible display of their wealth speedily shown. Too hurried to build the good homes which they need, all rushing along the heated race-course that leads to sudden wealth, they deck their women as a means of establishing their claims to social importance, and to compensate them for the real hardships of their lonely lives during much of the time.

The religious, educational and moral tone of the community is largely upheld by women, and a reverential bearing is adopted toward them, which is beautiful and very gratifying without doubt. The immense size of the ranches, however, tends to isolation, and the maddening monotony of the life is very trying to the moral stamina—one day is very much like another for months during the heated term, day after day, week after week, Sunday included. With the nearest neighbors five miles away, what cheer is to be found in the last Parisian styles, eighteen months late; or in tiger's-eye jewels in bracelets and broaches, all the way from the Cape of Good Hope and "too lovely for anything," just sent as the latest thing out of Tiffany's; or a chased silver tea-service, with accompanying pottery of the Doulton make; or a lovely pug, King Charles, with trappings to match the Parisian suits, when the jewels and dresses are to be seen only by the Chinese cook and Mexican and Indian vacueros, neither of whom can speak ten consecutive words in English; and the tea-service to be used on a pine table built in the dining-room, ungraceful as a gothic death's-head and cross-bones; or of a King Charles, when there is not even one feminine heart to be wrenched "by the black beak of envy?"

Women in Music.

Much has been written lately regarding the reason why there are no great female composers. The following hints may throw some light on the matter:

There can be no doubt that, in other arts besides music, women have achieved but little that can lay claim to immortal fame. Perhaps the principal reason of this is that their affections are too exclusively personal. A girl will assiduously practice on the piano as long as that will assist her in fascinating her suitors. But how many women outside the ranks of teachers continue their practice after marriage from the impersonal love of music itself? Needless to say they have no time, for every hour devoted to emotional refreshment strengthens the nerves for two hours extra labor.

No doubt there is something comic in the ardent affection with which a professor hugs his pet theory regarding the Greek dative, or the origin of honey in flowers, and in the ferocity with which he defends it against his best friends, if they happen to oppose it. But such complete devotion to abstract theories is absolutely necessary to the discovery of original ideas; and as woman are rarely able or willing to emerge from the haunts of personal emotion, this explains why they have achieved greatness in hardly any art but novel writing, which is chiefly concerned with personal emotions.

Among great performers, on the other hand, there are as many talented women as men, if not more. But it is a fact that even the best lady pianists seldom learn to improvise in an interesting manner. A malicious bachelor has suggested that it, in teaching harmony, the chords were made personal by calling them "Charley" and "William" instead of "tonic" and "dominant," women would soon learn to improvise charmingly.

Gossip for the Ladies.

Little Rhode Island has 11,000 more women than men.

Eleven American maidens are now engaged to marry foreign titles.

Twenty-eight of the thirty-nine counties of Washington territory have elected women as school superintendents.

Mrs. Hannah Euston has left to Charleston, S. C., the sum of $400,000 for the purpose of "making old age comfortable."

The first candidate for admission to Brown University under the new rule admitting women is a graduate of Providence high school.

Caroline W. Hall, daughter of the Boston architect, John R. Hall, recently received a medal at the Academy of Fine Arts, Milan.

Mrs. Rachel Francis, who died recently in Atlanta, Ga., left about $30,000, which she had made mostly from her dairy and truck farm.

Laura Bridgeman, the wonderful blind woman, has returned to the institute for the blind at South Boston. She is now nearly fifty-seveny ears of age.

Among the many pursuits which have been invented for women a German invention consists in the task of going from house to house and dusting and watering the drawing-room flowers and plants, which are too often neglected.

A lady student took the first place at the first professional examination of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, recently held in Dublin. She is now attending the wards of one of the Dublin clinical hospitals in company with the ordinary class of students.

The founder of kindergarten schools in California is Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper of San Francisco. Mainly by her own energy she aroused interest on the subject and has built up nearly a score of flourishing schools. Mrs. Stanford since the death of her son has generously endowed several such institutions.

What woman may do is aptly shown by Signora Enfernia Bralani-Dini, the well-known contralto singer, who has by diligent training converted her voice to a perfect tenor and is singing tenor roles in St. Petersburg. This opens the way for women eventually to sing bass, and from singing bass to the ballot-box is but a step. Truly affairs are brightening.

The Prussian State railways have for some time past employed women as guards at crossings. Work consists chiefly of the closing and opening of the bars and the lighting and sweeping of crossings, and the women in most cases are the wives or widows of guards. Their pay is from twelve to twenty cents per day.

A winsome centenarian, whose handsome face has but few wrinkles and whose intellectual faculties are still undimmed is Mrs. J. Witherspoon Smith of New Orleans. Her husband was a grandson of John Witherspoon, a signer of the declaration of independence, and one of her nephews was John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky.

Hattie Davis has started a new industry for enterprising women. She goes to a small town and lays siege to the heart of some susceptible man. If all goes well she contrives to have a speedy marriage announced and then skips the day before the ceremony with all the presents and the wardrobe which she manages to obtain on credit. She has worked the scheme successfully in several New York towns.

In Philadelphia women make a good living as professional "lampers." They contract to call each day and trim and keep in perfect order the lamps of the household. The metal, the chimneys, the shades, and the wicks are kept immaculate and the oil can fresh, and the relief to the average housekeeper is worth more than the slight fee required.

In Sacramento two rivals for the hand of Sadie Hemmel settled their claims by a game of poker. She had been unable to decide between them and finally agreed to abide the result of the game. All three got into a wagon and started for a drive. On the way they halted and the girl held the horses while the game was played. It resulted in favor of J. B. Humphrey, and Sadie took him for better or worse.

The oldest old maid in the world, a woman named Benoite, has been discovered at Auch, in France. She is 109 years old, born the year before our declaration of independence. She was grown up when Napoleon passed through her native village, and the hundred years seem only a little while ago to her.

Every year the municipal authorities in Paris award a prize of £400 to the most meritorious, best conducted, and cleverest young needlewoman, to enable her to establish herself as a dressmaker.

As may well be supposed, the candidates are numerous enough. A Mlle. Eugenie Breton has just succeeded in carrying off the prize.

Mme. Lina Morgenstern states, in her "Almanach des Dames," that there are 600 women writers in Germany. Of these thirty are at Dresden, twenty at Leipzig, seven at Stuttgart, fifty at Vienna, eighty at Berlin, twelve at Cassel, Hanover and Frankfort-on-the-Main. The remainder, among whom are many princesses and countesses, are disseminated in the small towns and provinces.

Mrs. Clarissa Raymond of Wilton is the oldest woman in Connecticut. She will be 105 years old next April, and this is her daily delicate diet: For breakest she likes to have weak coffee, bread, cake, and buckwheat cakes. Boiled potatoes and a cup of tea make up her usual dinner, but as she is fond of condiments the potatoes are well seasoned with salt, pepper, and plenty of vinegar. Supper is her light meal—just bread and butter and hard cider. Mrs. Raymond likes cider, and she likes it hard. The beverage warms her up and puts life into her and makes her feel young again.

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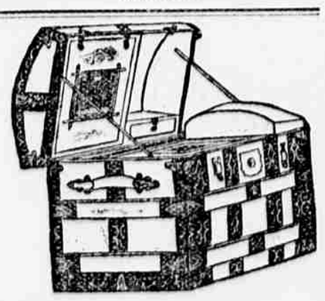

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