

"IS NO SUCH PERSON."

THE NEW WOMAN EXISTS ON PAPER ONLY.

Mrs. Fuller Comes to the Rescue of Her Suffering Sex—The Newspapers She Says, Are Drawing a False Picture.

THE city of Buffalo, New York, is happy in being the home of many women of general culture and refinement; prominent among them is Mrs. Brainerd Fuller, a writer of grace and force and a public speaker of particular charm.

She is a native of Middletown, Conn., her parents being Norman L. Brainerd and Leora Campbell Brainerd. Mrs. Fuller was educated at Miss Payne's Young Ladies' Seminary, Middletown, Conn., and has traveled in Great Britain, Continental Europe, Canada, and to some extent in the United States. Mrs. Fuller read an able paper at the "Woman's Congress" at the Columbian Exposition on "Women as Political Economists."

Her idea of the New Woman published in Womankind will undoubtedly prove of interest. It is as follows: Just who the New Woman of the day is, upon whose much heralded advent many good and sober-minded people have taken fright, remains so far a mystery. Where in real life there exists an individual, who acknowledges herself to be the original of the type dubbed the "New Woman," we have not as yet been told. Then, whence comes this strange and skittish creature continuously held before our startled gaze, and whose presence represented in unwonted and most unseemly places is, indeed, enough to stampede a nation back into the customs of past civilizations. Were Betsy Prig to drink her tea in modern times, she would probably make another keen discovery, and exclaim, as she once did, in regard to the existence of Mrs. Gamp's supposititious patient, Mrs. Harris: "I don't believe there's no such person," as this kind of a new woman. And Betsy would not be so very far from correct, in holding such opinion. That times are changing, and women advancing into broader fields of education and usefulness, none in his senses can doubt. It is equally cer-



MRS. BRAINERD FULLER.

tain that the bug-a-boo new woman, we are worrying ourselves about, lest she imperils the perpetuity of present social order, has scarcely more qualities to insure her continued existence than a phantom or a poorly executed picture. In fact, she is a sort of composite, produced by the various impressions of the peculiarities of living extremists, which have been developed by the fear of pessimists, the anxiety of conservatives, the wit of lampooners, and by the caricaturists holding high carnival over all. The real new woman of America, which the nineteenth century will give to grace the decades of its successors will be one, who, to the gentle feminine attributes of her colonial ancestors will add the strength of self-reliance and the force of systematic, intellectual training. Her more liberal education obtained from her college curriculum, together with a freer mingling in the affairs of the world will tend to improve society, rather than to undermine it. Education, a wide experience in life, and an extended knowledge of human nature, has never yet retarded the wheels of progress, or deracinated society, and there seems to be no very good reason to believe that different results will prevail, because women possess these advantages. As for the "New Woman" bundling up her recently acquired knowledge, as she would pack a band box, and flying off with it into an indefinite place, we call "out of her sphere," why she never will, to any alarming extent. Immutability nature has mapped out to woman her sphere. The golden chains of love and maternal devotion bind her willingly to it. She could not leave it if she would, and she would not if she could. So after the extravagancies and exaggerations that are now following naturally enough in the wake of the movement which is advancing woman into a higher position in the social system, shall have settled down, as extremes attendant on reforms have done before, the real new woman will appear, as true to herself and her vocations, as any of her predecessors.

"Tell me," she faltered, "tell me, kind sir, if my poor lost boy was good to the last?" A shade flitted across the bronze face of the seaman. "I don't know for sure," he answered as considerably as possible, "but I heard indirectly of the natives saying they had eaten better." All was still but the sound of weeping.—Detroit Tribune.

TO CABLE THE PACIFIC.

Everything Seems Favorable for the Carrying Out of the Project.

Probably John W. Mackay will always be known as a bonanza miner, and yet to-day he has, no doubt, a greater fortune in telegraph properties than in anything else. He is certainly the largest individual owner in the world to-day of telegraph lines, and C. R. Hosmer is the man he depends upon to manage them for him. Mr. Hosmer believes the time is near when the English government will combine with her colonies in laying a cable across the Pacific ocean. The colonies have already granted subsidies or have bound themselves to do so, and the entrance into power of Lord Salisbury, with his Conservative majority of 150 and odd votes, is viewed in Canada as propitious for the Pacific cable enterprise. "The Western Union," he went on to say, "started to build years ago toward Alaska with the intention of laying a cable across Behring sea and reaching European Siberia. At the same time they were constructing a line in Siberia. This was when it was believed



JOHN W. MACKAY

the laying of the Atlantic cable would not be a success. When the latter proved a success the other was abandoned, and now has practically disappeared, although \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 were spent upon it."

The Canadian Poet. "The Kahn" is the signature appended by an erratic Canadian journalist to poems and sketches that have given him a wide reputation throughout the Dominion. He is a poet of the people as distinguished from the poets of the magazines, and before taking to journalism he was for many years engaged in farming. Many of his verses have the directness and simplicity that characterize the work of Riley, and at his best "The Khan" writes true poetry. Like every poet engaged in journalistic work, however, he writes too much, and the badness of his worst productions is something lamentable; but at his best he has a command of humor, pathos, and homely sentiment that entitles him to the high esteem in which his work is held by many.

Unspooled By Honors. An American lady traveling in Holland writes that Melchers, the Detroit artist who won the Paris exposition prize in 1889 and has since enjoyed extraordinary vogue on the continent, is quite unspooled by the honors heaped upon him. Though he has dined with the German emperor, he still wears a peasant blouse and wooden shoes on the plea that he is too poor for anything better. When he went to dine with the wife of the burgomaster of a Holland town he appeared in this costume and soaked to the skin by a hard rain. He apologized, not for the clothes, but for the fact that they were wet, and maintained that it was the only suit he had. His hostess thereupon provided him with a dry suit of her husband's.

Jane Addams of Chicago. Miss Jane Addams, whose portrait is here given, superintendent of street cleaning in Chicago, is one of the most remarkable women of the decade. She



MISS JANE ADDAMS.

is the daughter of Hon. John H. Addams, for many years state senator from northern Illinois. She was graduated from Rockford college in 1881, and has since been a trustee of that institution.

The largest mammoth tusk yet discovered was sixteen feet in length.

Small and steady gains bring the kind of riches that do not take wings and fly away.

Humility is a virtue all preach, hone practice, and yet everybody is content to hear praised.

Like a Venomous Serpent hidden in the grass, malaria waits our approach, to spring and fasten its fangs upon us. There is, however, a certain antidote to its venom which renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famed specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, indigestion and nervousness. In constipation and age it is very serviceable.

Chance opportunities make us known to others, and still more to ourselves.

The Kalama, Wash., Bulletin has for its motto: "Grab All in Sight, and Hustle for More."

A True Fish Story.

The following clipping from a paper in Canada will readily gain credence: A canoeing party who returned to town last Saturday from a ten days' outing among the back rivers and lakes, with blistered hands and sunburned noses, tell an a-w-f-u-l fish story. As they were quietly paddling down the river cows were noticed standing in the water close in shore. As the canoeist came up to them a queer looking varmint was observed sucking one of the cows. When they had recovered from their astonishment, a gaff-hook was slipped in the water and what proved to be a twenty-pound musclogue was landed. The body of the fish was swelled out to an abnormal size, and upon being opened was found to contain a four-pound cheese in prime condition. We give the story just as it was told to us, and as the members of the party have heretofore borne exemplary characters, we have no reason to doubt the truth of it. By the killing of this fish a great mystery has been solved in that section. The creamery closed down a few weeks previous owing to scarcity of milk, and the oldest inhabitants were unable to explain why there should be a diminution in the supply of lactical fluid. Now the thing is as clear as mud.

Nothing in It.

What old fogey was it who said, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?" And the remark passes current for wisdom, even unto this day. And yet there is nothing in it. Of course you can't make such an article of such material. You don't want to try. It would be too expensive. He might as well have said: "You can't make a black beaver overcoat of a piece of white satin." If we should say to a man: "You can't make a solid gold case stem-winder watch of a plug of navy tobacco," nobody would think it was wise. People would only say it was a painful effort to be smart. It didn't take much to impress people in those older days.

How the Colonel Made Room.

"Do you think," asked the colonel, as he cocked his revolver, "that you can make room tomorrow for that communication of mine which has lain on your desk for six weeks past?" "Certainly!" gasped the editor, "if we're crowded I can enlarge the paper or—" "That is satisfactory," interrupted the colonel, still eyeing his weapon. "I heard that you were crowded for space up here and I thought that if I got you and the foreman out of the way there would be more room. Good morning."

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's **BOROMIN EXTRACT** for Children Teething.

"Do you remember, Julian, why they shot poor St. Sebastian full of arrows?" "Cause they hadn't any gun."—Life.

"Bannon's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure all corns and bunions. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

In a Maoriand office the reporter lately wrote: "Dr. Johnson felt the deceased's pulse before prescribing." The printer set it up: "Dr. Johnson felt the deceased's pulse before prescribing."—New York Journal.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists; price, 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

"I wouldn't worry so much about that boy of yours at college," said a friend of the family. "He's not a poker player." "I know he isn't," replied the father, ruefully, "but from the size of his expense accounts I'm afraid he thinks he is."—Chicago Post.

The San Francisco Call is to have a new fifteen-story building, costing \$500,000.

The more one uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more its good qualities are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness.

"What would you do, miss, if I should attempt to give you a kiss?" "I should certainly set my face against it, sir."—Richmond Dispatch.

Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the curbs. These curbs are easily removed with Hindercorns, 15c, at druggists.

There are 967 women employed in the national and state banks of the United States.

Wind Steer Wakes Up St. Louis.

A wild steer escaped its keepers while being unloaded from a steamer at East St. Louis the other day. It swam the Mississippi to the foot of Choteau street and after plunging about on the levee for a few moments started on a mad rush south, pursued by a large crowd. At Cushing and Toledo streets it encountered a gang of workmen wearing red flannel shirts. The shirts attracted the steer and for a few moments the air in that vicinity was filled with picks and shovels. The steer finally attacked an electric car and was worsted. A police officer on the car sent three bullets into its head. They were not fatal, but two more officers came up and after an exciting fight the steer succumbed and was carted away.

Millie: "If you were in love with two men and you didn't know which one to choose, what would you do?" Tillie: "Put them to the test." Millie: "A duel?" Tillie: "Nothing of the sort. Walk them both by an ice cream parlor, and see which one turns palest."—Toledo Blade.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Duluth, by a census just finished, has a population of 52,646.

If Troubled With Sore Eyes Jackson's Indian Eye Salve will positively cure them. 25c at all drug stores.

The Fool and His Bet Once More. Thomas McCann, of Newburg, N. Y., has made a wager with Thomas Murphy, whereby he is to work one year free of charge for Murphy if Corbett defeats Fitzsimmons, if Fitzsimmons whips Corbett, McCann will receive \$100 per week for a year, he to do nothing but draw his pay.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

"My dear, darling, sweet papa, you will have a telephone put in the house, won't you?" "But why, my dear?" "Oh, you see, papa, my Oscar is so dreadfully shy. Perhaps he would speak to you through a telephone!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

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"Oh, yes," said the engine driver, "I had a chance to become a hero by sticking to my post when the collision came but when I reflected that my name would be spelled 500 different ways in the newspapers I changed my mind and jumped."—Tit-Bits.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Three Cool Places.

Cashton, Wis., has a cave about 10x 15 and 5 feet high in which snow and ice remain the year round. The walls and floor are still covered with ice. On Lower Au Sable Lake, in the Adirondacks, is a cave of irregular shape, opening downward into the ground under enormous rocks. Ten feet from the opening one feels the chill in the air. Above the cave the air is cold. With a torch one can go down into the cave and roll on the ice. There is an ice glen on the north side of the mountain facing Stockbridge, Mass., where the ice lingers in the lap of summer and lures the summer boarders to interannual trips.

Saved Her Life.

Ballwin—Say, Winball, I will marry Miss Helen after all, and prove myself a hero. Winball—A hero? In what way? Ballwin—Why, she said if I didn't marry her she'd commit suicide.

You wouldn't do for a cable car conductor.

"You wouldn't do for a cable car conductor," said the water pipe to the gas meter. "Why?" asked the gas meter. "You register too much."—Harlem Life.

Why don't you keep horses, Todd?

"My wife is afraid of horses." "For what reason?" "Why, you see, we made a runaway match."—Detroit Free Press.

The Value of Trees.

How many farmers and others, too, whose places are destitute of fruit and shade trees. Again, how many rented places are devoid of trees of all kinds. Has the land-owner ever stopped to consider that a small orchard, a few yard trees around every tenement house will greatly enhance the value, attract and hold a better class of tenants, make life more enjoyable and that too at practically no cost? We tell you there is a great deal of selfishness when we look abroad and see how stingy and selfish many are with their tenants, and oftentimes perchance some good farmer rents his farm and moves away and is so selfish as to reserve all, yes, all the fruit produced, denying even this to his tenant. Land-owners owe their tenants and the public generally, a duty by planting at least a moderate quantity of trees. This is a wise public policy.—Ornamental Tree Growing.

Wife: "Shall I put your diamond stud in your shirt, dear?"

Husband: "What on earth are you thinking of? Do you want to ruin me? I have a meeting with my creditors this morning."—Texas Siftings.

The working men of Great Britain and Ireland earn £200,000 a year, 84 per cent of which goes for drink.

Such ills as **SORENESS, STIFFNESS,** and the like, **ST. JACOBS OIL** WIPES OUT Promptly and Effectually.

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