

Man's Work and Woman's

By Caroline B. LeRow

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"It's just glorious to be independent of the whole tribe of them!" Penelope exclaimed, shaking the reins over the horse's back, while she tickled him between the ears with the whip-lash.

"Kik! kik! kik!" clucked Ethel. "Make him go faster, can't you? We shall be late to dinner."

"Dinner! What's dinner compared to this discussion?" contemptuously inquired Huldah, readjusting her spectacles.

"Oh, you always enjoy talking upon your favorite topic," rejoined Ethel. "Now for my part, I'm very far from being a man-hater. Men are very nice indeed on some occasions, and—"

"And the idea that women can't drive!" interrupted Penelope. "Why, driving is just the easiest thing—"

Huldah shrugged her shoulders. "Of course it's easy. The idea. But when we started off I heard one of those wretches on the piazza say—of course he didn't suspect that I heard him—that any woman could drive till something happened."

"Something happened, indeed!" repeated Penelope, indignantly.

"Oh, mercy!" screamed Ethel. "See him shake his head! What do you suppose ails him?" And she wildly clutched my arm as she asked the question.

"Nothing ails him," I answered, "but flies. There's nothing to be frightened at."

"Don't you think he wants water?" she next inquired.

"It won't do any harm to try the experiment." And thus saying, Penelope drove to the side of the road where the water gushed from a spring. The frantic plunges of the horse's head left us no doubt of his desire to drink.

"But why on earth, then, don't he drink?" waited Ethel.

Penelope watched him intently. "I declare!" she burst out at last. "They must have harnessed him wrong. He can't get his head down. Isn't that too bad?"

"If we only knew what the matter was," remarked practical Huldah. "Girls, did any of you ever harness a horse?"

"Not one of us ever had."

"It's a man's work to harness horses," Ethel declared, to which Huldah responded: "No more than it is to drive them."

Ethel looked thoughtful. "I'm not so sure of that. It seems somehow unwomanly and—"

"Unwomanly!" scoffed Huldah. "Here, Penelope, make him stand still while I get out and see."

But her descent seemed the signal for him to do the very opposite of standing still. With one more vigorous shake, he started off in spite of a chorus of "Whoas!" from our united throats. Huldah toiled after him, panting.

The sun was blazing overhead; the dust was ankle deep under foot, and that horse wouldn't stop, except spasmodically and at long intervals, not long enough for Huldah, who occasionally overtook the vehicle, to get into it. Penelope was rigid, and showed in every feature her oppressive sense of responsibility. Ethel was plainly frightened.

"Oh, whoa! Do whoa!" burst from her lips almost in a groan.

This time he whoaed, but we shall never know whether it was on account of Ethel's eloquence, or the fact, first discovered by Huldah, as she came up the road, that a part of the harness was dangling around his heels.

"There was a general wait. What shall we do?"

"If there were only a man with us who could—" I began impulsively, then stopped terrified at the audacity of my own tongue.

The horse stood perfectly still, and for a minute we were all as still as he was, all save Huldah, who was fanning herself desperately with her hat.

"Well, this is certainly an exhilarating situation," she remarked at last.

It certainly was. Every sane person would have agreed with her. Six miles at least from home, the same number from the place where we were intending to dine, and over a mile from the nearest house.

"We can't stay here all day. We shall have roast goose for dinner if we do," jocosely ventured Penelope, and we tried our best to laugh at her little witticism. Ethel was the pedestrian of the party, and rose equal to the emergency. In some way she clambered over the hind wheel of the carriage.

"Where are you going?" some one asked feebly, but the answer came with no uncertain sound. It was a

clear ringing staccato utterance of three single words:

"For—a—man!"

Huldah groaned and collapsed into a helpless heap at the roadside. Penelope held the reins gingerly.

We took no note of time but from its loss; it seemed as if Ethel would never be seen again on earth, but at last, when the hope that is said to spring eternal in the human breast seemed ready to forsake us utterly, we caught sight of her.

"Man coming!" she called out briskly, as soon as she came within hearing distance. "Man coming!"

Huldah gave an unconscious sigh of satisfaction. Penelope's face brightened.

"He'll be here in a minute," she explained. "I've walked miles and



"Will You Be So Kind, Ses She."

miles for him. There was a woman in the house I went back to, but of course she was good for nothing—nobody seemed to notice the innocent satire—and I had to keep on to the hayfield where her husband was mowing. He's coming right along."

He appeared a minute later, taking hold of the horse's head in a masterful way, while he examined what Penelope was pleased to call "his toggery."

It was a rather silent party which rode on for a mile or two, after having profusely thanked the farmer, and offered him money which he refused. I felt justified in concluding that my strong minded friends were more inclined than they had ever been to modify their opinions of the utter worthlessness of men individually and collectively.

His Comments.

"You see, 'twas jest this way: Me an' Abram, we was hoelin' corn up in the two-acre lot when we seen a team comin' down the turnpike. Ses I, there's Hiram Sibley's old gray with a pussel of women folks, some of his boarders, I s'pose, goin' on a spree over the mounting, an' a few minutes afterwards Abram ses kinder suddint like, 'What's the matter with the gray?' an' one of them gals was tearin' along the road like mad, an' the one that was drivin', she kep' pullin' the reins, an' calculated tryin' to stop the wagon. Abram he made out as how the gals were likely 'nuff foolin' an' then they turned a corner an' we

SLOGGILBY'S HAT SYSTEM.

It Might Not Commend Itself to All, but It Was Satisfactory to Him.

"Pretty foxy, my way of buying straw hats, don't you think?" said Mr. Sloggilby to a New York Sun man. "I buy only one straw hat a year and I buy that one always at about the middle of July at the time of the first markdown in price of the straw-hat season; so I always get my straws at about 25 per cent. off the regular price."

"An advantage, that, to save a quarter in the price? Surely; and now see how buying at that time works out in other ways."

"By the middle of July the straw hats of most people, who buy only one hat a year, have generally begun to show signs of wear, certainly so if their wearers have ever been caught in a shower; and so then, when everybody else's hat is getting old I spring a fresh one on 'em, a brand-new hat; like a man who, his first hat having got dusty, had just casually sauntered into the bar em-

porium and bought a new one. It gives me a lot of satisfaction to run that new hat out in that way in the middle of the season.

"And this hat remains tolerably fresh when I put it away in the middle of September, and it is really in fair condition to wear when I bring it out to start the new season with it in the following spring."

"Other men getting out hats which they had bought early in the previous season and so worn practically that season through find their hats pretty shabby looking, while mine really looks pretty nice and will go all right till the middle of the season, when I buy a new hat on the first markdown."

"This may seem rather complicated to you, but it works out all right, and it's a pretty good system, it seems to me."

Justified.

"Who taught your little boy to play the fiddle?"

"My former husband."

"Oh, did he? Well, I don't blame you for getting a divorce from him!"—
Yonkers Statesman

Primitive Customs.

That ancient customs are still practiced by primitive tribes is shown by the two following incidents. In the *Blad* it is written that when Asklepias "saw the wound where the bitter arrow had lighted he sucked out the blood," and so forth. In his recent work on the Australian aborigines John Mathew informs the reader that the doctor or sacred man made a practice of sucking the part affected.

"There seems to be some efficacy in the sucking, for a friend of mine who was suffering severely from an inveterate, inflamed eye allowed a black 'doctor' to mouth the eyeball, and the result of the treatment was immediate relief and speedy cure."

Getting Even.

He—You go and kiss another woman and then go and say things about her you wouldn't have her hear for the world. She—And you go and kiss your wife and then go out and do things you wouldn't have her know for the world.

A Cynical Instructor.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a great man?" "A great man, my son, is one who manages to gather about him a corps of assistants who will take the blame for his mistakes while he gets the credit for any good ideas."

FACES A NEW ERA.

SPRING GARDENS, LONDON, SITE FOR ADMIRALTY BUILDINGS.

Splendid Structure to Be Erected in This Place of Interesting and Romantic Story of Old.

The decision of the British government to place the splendid new admiralty buildings which are to be erected, in the Spring Gardens, London, makes the project one of more than passing interest, for aside from the buildings which are to be magnificently proportioned and complete in every detail, the site chosen is saturated with romantic associations. Work on the buildings will be begun in a very short time now, and will consist of two separate edifices, joined by a triple arch, the southern block being destined to provide accommodation for the ever-increasing work of the admiralty, while the block to the north will furnish the first lord of the admiralty and the first sea lord with magnificent private residences.

The buildings will be complete in two years and will cost \$650,000. The triple arch will have passages on either side for general traffic and a central passage for state processions, which will proceed to and from Buckingham palace by a fine processional road connecting the new buildings with the Queen Victoria palace.

The new era which Spring Gardens will see with the erection of the admiralty buildings will be its most splendid, if not its most interesting. There was a garden there in Queen Elizabeth's time, and the name comes from one of those sprinklers which, surreptitiously worked, showered unwary visitors. It was placed near a sun dial, and was one of many in England in that and future times.

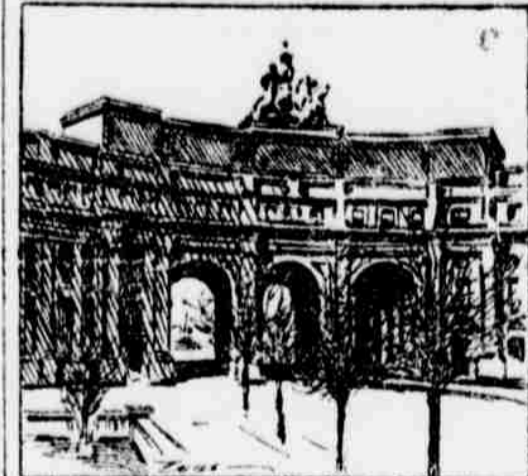
Early in the seventeenth century the garden contained a bathing pond, gravel walks and fruit trees, and in the time of James I. a butt for archery practice. It was also the home of part of James I's menagerie, the other part being kept in St. James' park. Here, too, the at that time aristocratic game of bowls was played on a bowling green ordered by the first James.

In Charles I's reign "there was continuous bibbling and drinking all day under the trees, and two or three quarrels (duels) every week. It was most scandalous and insufferable." The King therefore ordered the gardens to be closed, but they were soon reopened, only to be again shut up by Cromwell.

"My Lady Gerard," writes Evelyn, in May, 1654, "treated us at Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Garden, which till now had been the usual rendezvous for the ladies and gallants at this season."

But Spring Gardens was in full favor again four years later and the revels in full swing, so that it "was usual here to find some of the young company till midnight." These airless Watteauesque scenes were specially noisy after the beaux and belles had "collationed" on the "trifling tarts, neats' tongues and had Rhenish," which were to be had there.

Pepys, as well as Evelyn, was a frequent visitor, and in the days of the merry monarch it was the resort of bevy of the nobility. In this reign the garden was again closed, after a



Central Portion of Admiralty Buildings, Showing Triple Arch.

particularly sanguinary duel, brought about all on account of the beautiful countess of Shrewsbury.

The glories of Spring Gardens were then over, but its neighbor, the Mall, through nearly three centuries the promenade of the beau monde, flourished till well after 1810. It was not until 1817, in fact, that Sir Richard Phillips remarked: "The dinner hour of four and five among the great, or would-be, having shifted to the unhealthy hours of eight and nine, the promenade after dinner in the dinner full dress is consequently lost."

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries people would pay fabulous sums even "for a small window" to watch the parade. But it is a good deal more than a century since the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" "collationed" in Spring Gardens.

IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BEAUTY OF THE REGIONS IN THE FAR NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

Places to Which the Tourist Seldom Comes, but Which Are Rich in Scenic Beauty and Historic Incidents.

It may be safely said that the vast majority of tourists regard Aberdeen as the most northerly town in Scotland, and seldom correct the error by



Loch Alvie, Aviemore.

visiting the northerland Highlands, without an acquaintance with which no one can have a thorough knowledge of the scenic beauties of the—

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood—
Land of the mountain and the flood.

This indifference with regard to some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery in all Scotland is, in all probability, due to the fact that Balmoral and the Dee-side, associated as they are with Queen Victoria, have absorbed more than their due share of public interest, and have led to the popular error that the natural beauties of the country do not extend north of Ballater and Braemar. How utterly erroneous this opinion it is forcibly proved to all who spend a week inhaling the refreshing winds of the keen mountain passes, or reinvigorating heart and brain in contemplating loch and tarn, mountain side or moor, or in steeping the senses in loveliness such as is to be found in scenes where—

The long light shakes across the lakes—
And the wild cataract leaps in glory—
Laverne has much beauty of site

ation and all the charms of historic associations. King Bruce may, indeed, be but a shadow of shadows, but the halo of romance will always hover over the brow of Bonnie Prince Charlie, whose story has captured for all time the popular imagination, and with that story Iverness is indissolubly connected. Of the natural beauties of the district, perhaps the most attractive are those of the islands amongst which the waters of the loch make their escape, and from whence one can enjoy the pungent scents of the shore and the broad-blown breaths of the sea.

From Darnoch a short railway journey lands the traveller at Bora. Situated between Bora and Dornoch is the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, Durnobin Castle, to which by the kindness of the Duke a visit may be paid. This castle is the oldest inhabited house in the kingdom, and was founded shortly after the Norman Conquest of England. The larger part of the present castle is modern, having been built in 1845.

The journey from Dornoch to Thurso for the most part is more interesting than beautiful, the railway running through miles of bleak and boggy moorland, where only grouse and deer can easily find a living. Between Bora and Heimsdale, while the line skirts along the coast, there is no lack of fine scenery, the sea dashing over the rocks almost up to the railway when the tide is high, and some miles of splendid golfing ground may be seen near Loth.

From Thurso coaches run east and west to Castletown and Tongue, and private carriages may be had for the drive to John o' Groats. Passengers for the Orkney Islands sail from the harbour of Scrabster, about a mile and a half from Thurso Station. There is a daily service of excellent steamers on this route, and though the passage across the Pentland Firth is sometimes a little disconcerting, tourists who are good sailors will never regret paying a visit to Orkney. Beyond the Harbour of Scrabster the road runs to Holborn Head, and a walk of a mile amid the finest rock scenery in the kingdom enables one to view the great "Clet" rock, standing out in the sea about eighty yards from the shore.