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TWO GOOD MOTTOES.
 "MUM'S THE WORD" AND "PAY UP
 OR SHUT UP."
 Mrs. Frank Leslie Writes on Some Entertaining
 Themes—An Episode of the Elevated Railroad—Behind the Scenes—
 The Necessities of Life.
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GOING home very tired
 one day by the elevated
 railroad my drowsy ear
 was caught by the fresh, clear voice of
 a young girl saying "Mum's the word."
 "About what?" asked an older and
 wearier woman's voice.
 "Oh—everything," replied the girl
 with a tinkling little laugh, and as if
 the phrase tickled her fancy she repeated
 it still more blithely. "Yes, mum's
 the word. That's the best rule of life I
 know of."

"There's another that they use a good
 deal in the uptown districts," said a man's
 voice, with a little laugh. "and that's
 'Pay up or shut up.' Don't you think
 that's better advice, Miss Lotty?"
 "I don't just see what it means," re-
 plied Lotty coquettishly.
 "Why, if one fellow has done another
 fellow an ugly turn—say got his money
 at cards—and the first man thinks he
 didn't play on the square—"

"Oh, dear, I don't know anything
 about such dreadful people," interposed
 Lotty, and the older woman added,
 "And I hope you don't either, William."
 "Course I don't, mother, and of course
 you don't," returned William, with a
 choked laugh struggling under his voice,
 "only I've heard it, you see, and it seems
 to me a better rule to work by than just
 to keep mum, no matter what anybody
 does to you."
 "But you didn't finish explaining what
 it means," interposed Lotty. "Suppose
 one of these horrid men cheats another
 horrid man at cards, for I suppose that's
 what you mean?"

"That's about the size of it, Miss
 Lotty," replied William cheerily. "Well,
 then, you see the fellow that comes to
 grief feels mad and wants to pay up."
 "Why, he's got to pay up if he's lost
 the money, hasn't he?"
 "Oh, well, it doesn't mean that kind of
 paying up. If the other fellow carried
 a couple of aces up his sleeve, why you
 want to pay him up for cheating, don't
 you?"

"Want to be revenged on him?"
 "Well, if you put it that way. Any-
 how, if he's a plucky fellow he'll go for
 him—fists or six shooter or bowie, some-
 how or other—and pay him up for being
 such a sneak, don't you see? But if he
 isn't plucky, and feels as if the other
 one had got heavier fists, or a quicker
 aim, or a handier knife, he sort of crawls
 away and goes around scolding and
 snarling and blowing."
 "William, what sort of associates have
 you been among in the west?" put in
 the mother in a tone of dismay. But Lotty,
 with her little, tinkling laugh, suggested:
 "So, then, the other man tells him if
 he hasn't the courage to pay up his
 grudge he had better shut up and not
 talk about it. Is that it?"

"Yes, Miss Lotty, that's just it, and I
 think it's pretty good advice, isn't it? If
 somebody's done you a mean turn, why,
 pay him up for it. And if you can't pay
 it up, why, shut up till you can, but
 don't take it out in swearing."
 The cars stopped, and when they went
 on the voices had ceased. Evidently my
 friends had got off, and I never had seen
 them but the net result of the little
 overheard discussion crystallized in my
 mind into the question:
 Is it better to pay up or shut up, or is
 "Mum's the word" the better rule of
 life—better than either to pay up or
 shut up?

All of us, especially women, have
 plenty to complain of as we go through
 the world. Ishmael's children, whose
 hands were against every man and
 every man's hands against them, are
 never hard to find; indeed it sometimes
 seems as if, more or less disguised, they
 pervaded society in all its grades and
 all its relations and were impossible to
 avoid, even though the exterior seems
 to promise better things.
 Sometimes indeed a woman's foes
 are those of her own household, and
 behind the closed doors of what to the
 world seems a happy home a system
 of persecution or of struggle is carried
 on which nobody suspects, unless in-
 deed the victim, finding it impossible to
 "shut up" any longer, desperately re-
 solves to "pay up" by exposing her tyrant
 to the vengeance of the public.
 Do you doubt the existence of these
 silent sufferers?
 If so you are not one of those persons
 endowed to their own misfortune, with
 what is known as a sympathetic nature,
 persons to whom everybody tells their
 story almost at sight, often ending it
 with some such remark as this:
 "I don't know why I have told you all
 this. I have never spoken of it outside
 of my own home to a living creature.
 But there is something about you that
 seems to open my heart and assure me
 that I may place confidence both in your
 sympathy and your discretion."

Of course one can but assure these
 poor wounded ones of both the sympathy
 and the discretion, and finish by admin-
 istering such advice or comfort as sug-
 gests itself, though often with a dreary
 sense that neither the one nor the other
 will do any real good.
 Still the telling of the story does seem
 to do good to such persons, and often
 enough they finish the interview by
 avowing that they feel happier than

they have for weeks or years of
 ages, as they may phrase it, for one result
 of intense worry is, as I have frequently
 noticed, to give the object of it the
 quality of having suffered for a length of
 time beyond the power of computation. A
 phrase, "an eternity of woe," is used
 means a more poetical trope, but a very
 real experience, as I fear too many of
 you who read these lines know from
 bitter experience, while, on the other
 hand, the hours or days of real happi-
 ness dotted along through a life so
 so brief and so far away when once they
 are passed that we almost doubt if we
 ever actually experienced them, or if in-
 deed they were no more than one of
 those morning dreams apparently cover-
 ing hours, but which waking reason
 tells us only filled the half minutes be-
 tween the servant's first and second
 knock upon the bedroom door.

Again, the poets have, as indeed they
 generally do, seized upon the true in-
 wardness of the situation when they
 speak of a "dream of delight," a "vision
 of joy." Just think of it! "An eternity
 of woe" and a "dream of delight," and
 yet both events may, by the measure of
 the clock, have occupied the same length
 of time.

But to return a little to our muttons.
 Take the case of a girl at home—and I
 dare say some girl reading this will
 think I mean her, and somebody not a
 girl will immediately fit the cap to the
 head of some friend of their own, but
 really I mean no girl in particular, but,
 alas, a great many girls in general—a
 girl, we will say, whose parents are in
 very moderate circumstances, and yet
 not poor enough to allow their daughter
 to go out into the world to earn her own
 living. She must stay at home and "be
 subject unto her parents."

She must do the work which if it
 were done for a stranger would bring
 her in a solid income, while at home she
 is paid in food, not such as she could
 fancy perhaps; in clothes, each garment
 of which represents a separate pang of
 mortification and disappointment, and
 in a good deal of scolding and fretting
 at from a sickly or overworked mother
 and a harassed father. The girl feels,
 bitterly feels, that the days of her youth
 and good looks are passing by; that she
 is losing those chances of untold pros-
 perity and joy which every girl believes
 —oh, sweet delusion!—lie within her
 reach if only she could get her hands
 free to grasp at them. She knows that
 unless some new opportunity is offered
 for her before long the day will come
 when she, too, will be peevish and sickly
 and fretted into wrinkles and sallow-
 ness as her mother is now, and it may
 well be without her mother's solace of
 having fulfilled a woman's destiny and
 taken rank as wife and mother.

Perhaps it is even worse than this:
 perhaps the girl is actually ill used; per-
 haps the father drinks, and the mother
 is a vixen, and the rough boy brothers
 are allowed to tease and tyrannize and
 bully their sister as only rough boys can.
 In either case here is a life being
 spoiled and crushed, and yet capable of
 being saved by the intervention of some
 strong hand and masterful will. But
 if this good girl is of Lotty's way of
 thinking, and considers that "Mum's the
 word" is the best rule of life, she will
 simply refrain from trying to summon
 that hand and will to her rescue, and
 will, after some years of desperate strug-
 gle, go under the waves and add one
 more to "the noble army of martyrs,"
 each one of whom adds her little item
 to the account mankind is scoring up
 against fate—an account probably to be
 repudiated in the end, since it can never
 be paid off.

But perhaps the girl, having stuck to
 her motto of "Mum's the word," finds
 her release comes through some William
 or Thomas or Jack or Joseph, who offers
 her marriage. Naturally the poor child
 grasps at any means of escape from her
 dreary life and does not too closely
 scrutinize what it offers instead. She
 marries in haste and, alas! repents at
 leisure. Jack or Joseph turns out to be
 different from the father from whose
 grumbling she has escaped, but not, on
 the whole, any better. He does not
 grumble or growl so much certainly,
 but he laughs and sneers, which is
 worse. The father dealt out his money
 sparingly for the new gown that could
 not be refused, but the husband, if
 urged too far, swears angrily that he
 has none to give and bids her make
 over her old things or buy them out of
 the magnificent dowry she brought him,
 when, poor child, she knows that he
 knows the price of her wedding gown is
 not yet scripped out of the poor house-
 hold she has left.

Perhaps, on the other hand, Jack or
 Joseph is foolishly careless of money,
 spends what he can get as soon as it
 comes to hand, and lives for the rest
 of the month on credit, as she is also wel-
 come to do if she can get anybody to
 give it to her, for a Jack or a Joe of this
 kind had as lief be in debt for a hun-
 dred dollars as for ten, since he never
 intends to pay either. We all know the
 end of this career—debt, failure, pro-
 cesses at law, bankruptcy, ruin, misery
 of every sort. The children come, and
 their mother remembers in shame and
 vain regret her resentment against her
 own poor mother, now that she finds her-
 self also growing peevish and complain-
 ing and ailing and lachrymose. She at
 last learns to understand, now it is too
 late, the causes of that poor mother's
 infirmities of body and temper, and re-
 solves that as her own daughter grows
 to womanhood she will make her see the
 matter more truly than ever she did
 herself.

She won't do it, however, and for two
 reasons—the first, that it is impossible,
 one of the malicious provisions of fate be-
 ing that experience is "not to be trans-
 ferred," every traveler upon fate's iron
 road having to buy his or her own ticket,
 and not one of them privileged to enjoy
 it without paying the whole cost out of
 his own pocket, and the second reason
 being that the motto of "Mum's the
 word" is a righteous and a decent one
 when a mother's discontent with her
 husband is the topic and his own child
 the auditor. Few women, I think, would
 deliberately transgress this unwritten
 law, although the impatient word, and

the eloquent silence, and the glance of
 the eye, and the toss of the head gener-
 ally suffice to give the children at least
 an inkling of what the mother thinks
 she is so honorably keeping to herself.
 But there are other women in other
 walks of life who may have use for Lot-
 ty's favorite motto, or who put to them-
 selves the cynical query:
 Is it better to shut up or pay up?
 Households are there where sordid
 questions of want are not raised, since
 money is abundant and the luxuries of
 life assured. But few people nowadays
 feel contented to follow Paul's edict,
 "Having food and raiment therewith be
 content," not even when houses and
 bankbooks are added, for these modern
 rebels, especially the female half of
 them, contend that the luxuries of our
 age are the necessities of the next, and
 that so far from being content with food
 and raiment, houses and bankbooks,
 they count all those as naught and less
 by an naught if they are not accompan-
 ied by sympathy, delicate consideration,
 peace of temper and taste, and that
 founds and sweet content only to be
 These in congenial companionship.

hero of women, having married an ideal
 deny what their own imagining, and sud-
 denly have coming to the consciousness that
 such a tripe played upon themselves just
 crowned an act as did Titania when she
 their "dream" head with flowers, when
 resolves itself into bliss" all of a sudden
 naturally seek to an "eternity of woe,"
 discovery by an ease the shock of the
 audible, and it is very natural that they
 should.

Do you happen to know that the sur-
 geons aver the deadly effects of pain to
 be very much mitigated by outcries?
 One of the most diabolical refinements
 of torture in the inquisition was to gag
 the victim so that he remained per-
 force mute. Men have thus died, under
 suffering they might have sustained, un-
 der nature been allowed her free course, had
 And so with the woman who feels
 that life has become too complex and
 too painful to be governed by the girl's
 motto of "Mum's the word." Matters
 have come to such a head with her that
 the question now is, Can I pay up, and
 if I cannot, what then? Why, the al-
 ternative is, shut up, and most women—
 some of them with full intention, and
 some of them with the defensive in-
 stinct that makes even a dove peck at
 the cruel hand that squeezes it—will
 begin the process of paying up by tell-
 ing out their causes of complaint and
 putting their intimate enemy to an open
 shame. I say open, for it is sure to be-
 come so, even though at first the secret
 is only breathed in the ear of an inti-
 mate friend or even told in the confi-
 dential.

Some cynic inquires, "Why should
 you expect your friend to keep your
 secret when you could not keep it your-
 self?" And why, indeed?
 Perhaps it is not only told to one inti-
 mate friend, perhaps it is to several—
 to everybody, to the newspapers, to the
 divorce court. In either way or in
 all ways it effects its purpose, and the
 unhappy and wronged wife—weak and
 timid though she is—pays up her tyrant
 better than she could with even the "six
 shooter or bowie" of Lotty's western
 friend.

Do you blame her?
 Having shut up as long as she was
 able, is she not right to pay up in the
 end? I think so.

Wm. Frank Leslie
 PARIS FASHIONS.
 The First Empire Gage—New Goods,
 Silks for Next Spring.
 Just now everything is First Empire,
 as I predicted it would be several months
 ago, but even I did not foresee that it
 would become so general a fad.
 Even the flower girls have enormous
 balloon sleeves and all sorts of capelins.
 I think the fancy will endure until
 spring at least, and while it does we
 will each and all imagine ourselves
 exact pictures of the beautiful but unfor-
 tunate Josephine.
 I have told you what is; now let me
 say a word about what is to be. There
 will be a revolution in favor of
 full and wide skirts before
 long, and I think we may soon en-
 ter into a formidable environment
 of steel in the way of
 hoops. The first will be in
 bell shape, with
 no actual hoops
 above the knee,
 but later they
 will grow and
 swell and become
 as overwhelming-
 ly large as
 they were before.
 In the way of
 new goods we are
 fortunate enough
 to have a renewal of several of old favorites
 in the shape of broadened woollens
 and the ever lovely empress cloth. The
 unwieldy bedford cord has lived out its
 usefulness.
 I saw some next spring and summer
 silks a few days since under seal of
 secrecy, and like a dutiful chronicler I
 tell you all in strict confidence. There
 will be plaids in faint tones rather than
 colors, and over all is a chameleon effect
 also in very delicate shades. There will
 be some superb styles of "cheney" silk,
 with large but faint floral patterns with
 that bazy, indistinct outline that seems
 to merge into the groundwork. Over
 all this will be thrown a lattice work of
 satin. The patterns for the chinas and
 pongees are to be mostly geometrical,
 with snowflakes and queer figures of
 every sort. Cubes, rhomboids, parallelograms,
 triangles linked, and yet others
 show stars, moons and comets. I am
 looking for one with the canals on
 the planet Mars, and do not doubt one
 will yet be found representing it.



THE JOSEPHINE.
 I saw some next spring and summer
 silks a few days since under seal of
 secrecy, and like a dutiful chronicler I
 tell you all in strict confidence. There
 will be plaids in faint tones rather than
 colors, and over all is a chameleon effect
 also in very delicate shades. There will
 be some superb styles of "cheney" silk,
 with large but faint floral patterns with
 that bazy, indistinct outline that seems
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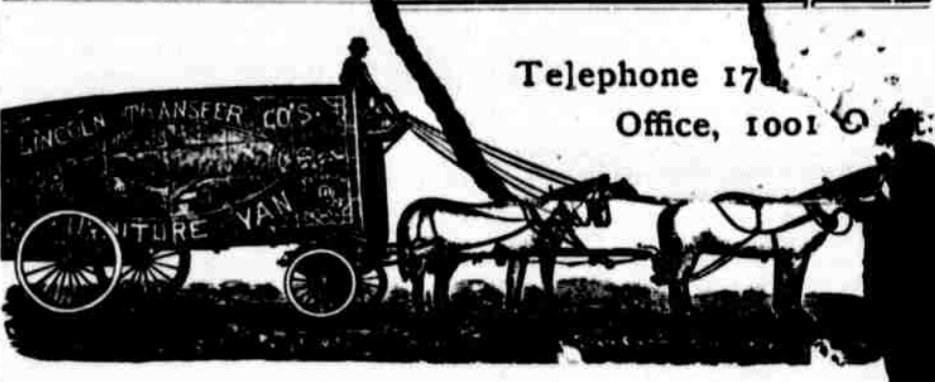
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