

THE NEW OLD WOMAN



IT IS TIME FOR you to take in sail, as Emerson says. There is nothing left, Auntie. The modern, progressive, innovating, overturning, new woman has—

"Hold, my dear, you are breathless. You mean to say she has left nothing for the old woman to do. Nevertheless, I shall not take in sail until the voyage is over, though I may have to shorten it up a bit," said the older woman with a smile.

"Spoken with the spirit of our Scandinavian ancestors who met death standing," replied the young girl. "I think it nice to be out of the hurry and whirl of things, and have time to rest."

"Yes, my child, there is one thing that the old woman has, that the new woman has not, that is time. Let me tell you an anecdote to illustrate."

"Oh, do! Chauncey Depew says the modern speaker must have his joke," said the girl, mischievously adding, "I suppose it is the same with the ancient speaker, Auntie."

"A dear old woman said to me: 'My time don't count for much now; it is like hen's time.' Then she told me of an old farmer who attended an agricultural fair and saw an incubator for the first time. When it was explained he said: 'Well, it may be a great thing for savin' the hen's time, but with us, that don't count for much.' However, I think time ought always to count."

"Even with hens and old women?" innocently inquired the girl.

"Women of affairs do not grow old," answered the other. "If there is anything that can keep the spirit of youth fresh within us, it is keeping in touch with the world, having, as some one says, a genius for humanity."

"Now, you are talking about the new old woman; do you consider her an outgrowth of the new young woman?"

It was one long 'summer savory' of kind deeds, though it had not been without its storms and trials.

"Wake up, my lady! You have left the new old woman, and gone dream-journeying down the past."

"It is true we cannot get away from the past; it is a part of us; but life is more interesting for old people than it was then. Most of us have had leisure for books, and travel and social life."

"Then, you do approve of leisure for the new old woman?"

"Yes, leisure, not idleness, nor listlessness, but restfulness. Considering life as a day, one is naturally busier in the morning; we have strength and vigor, and take our place and begin work. After crossing the meridian, we do not readily undertake new enterprises. Habits are the crutches of the old, and we hobble along on them. Though, naturally, life's cares drop away and fall behind us, as the shadows do in the afternoon, as we go westering with the sun, still it is well, as I said before, not to drop out of line entirely, to keep an interest in the world around us, not forgetting that world toward which we are journeying, being neither too worldly nor too other-worldly."

"Ah, that I may be like that when I have crossed over into life's afternoon, but it will be hard," said the girl, pensively.

"Not if you begin it in the morning, keeping your sympathies broad and active, putting away, little by little, treasures of experience and knowledge, saving them as one saves dollars, against age and want, doing something daily to help another onward."

"I believe it is possible to redeem the busiest life from the menial, the commonplace, by adding a trifle daily to its mental and spiritual stores."

NOT BRIGHT TO ORDER.

Most Clever People Are Duller Than One Imagines.

"How I envy your opportunities of going among people who are clever," said a society belle to a literary woman, according to the New York Tribune. "I get so tired of our dinners, where nothing but personalities are talked, and of eternally meeting the same set. Now, you bookish people when you meet each other can always look forward to something interesting and new. I wish I could change places with you!"

DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

VOICE OF OUR PRESS ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

The Once Fatherless McKinley Bill Now Has a Host of Authors (In Their Minds)—The Present Congress Alone Responsible for the Big Treasury Deficit.

Chicago Chronicle: When the devil was sick the devil a monk would be. The prospect of ruin to power has not only silenced republican protest against McKinleyism, but it has exalted McKinley as the apostle and prophet of the expected restoration.

The tariff plutocracy which forced congress to adopt the McKinley law in 1890 and the republican party to endorse that law in 1892 is now forcing state and district conventions to declare for McKinley as the logical republican candidate for the presidency. Instead of being repudiated McKinleyism is exalted.

It matters not that there are other candidates in the field contesting with McKinley for the republican nomination. The sweep of the McKinley boom is apparently irresistible. The tremendous force of the tariff plutocracy behind him is evidently as potent to control republican action now as it was four years ago.

This fact is clearly recognized by the other candidates, all of whom are protesting themselves before the tariff juggernaut. The Massachusetts convention declares, in effect, that Reed made the tariff law of 1890. Senator Cullom pleads that Senator Aldrich constructed the administrative part of the law. Mr. Clarkson insists that Senator Allison is more responsible for the law than Mr. McKinley. Nowhere is there a voice raised against the law which, two years ago, republicans were practically unanimous in justly considering as the cause of their defeat. Everywhere among the candidates there is a desire to assume responsibility for a policy which the country has twice repudiated.

Whether the republican party nominates McKinley or not it will reaffirm McKinleyism. This much is already assured. The devil feels a returning strength and has already lost the desire for holy orders. His horns and hoofs can no longer be hidden. He has violated, in Kentucky, the promise that the republican party had abandoned the policy of force and military government in the south. He has violated in Illinois, the promise that republicanism would no longer seek to exercise state control over schools maintained at private expense and not engaged in teaching sedition or bad morals. He has violated, in New York, the republican promise to refrain from sumptuary laws and enactments for the benefit of the state as against the smaller communities.

The contest for political supremacy in this country has always been, and always will be so long as popular government survives, along the lines of declaration of and resistance to the unlimited taxing powers of the general government, of contention between the advocates of centralized power and those of the rights of the states and of conflict between paternalism and those who insist that the citizen shall be left free to work out his own destiny amenable only to such laws as are necessary to the public peace and safety and such as the great mass of citizens are always ready to regard.

The republican party stands for the right of the government to tax the many for the benefit of the few, to use the military force of states without due warrant or authority of law, to supervise and coerce the private citizen.

The democratic party stands opposed to all these tendencies and policies. Beside the momentous issues they involve of the liberty, security and prosperity of the citizen all others are insignificant.

The Revenue Hypocrisy. Chicago Chronicle: When the president sent a special message to congress just before the holidays urging immediate action for the relief of the treasury from embarrassment immediately caused by withdrawal of gold congress refrained from taking the customary recess and made a great parade of zeal and activity. But it was nothing more than parade. Republicans pretended to believe and tried to make the country believe that there was nothing out of joint but the revenue. Therefore the house proceeded in characteristic republican fashion to pass a tariff bill constructed on the plan of 16 for protection to 1 for revenue. It passed a bond bill, indeed, but made it worse than none at all by refusing to make the bonds payable in gold and by depriving the executive of all discretion as to the mode of disposing of the bonds provided for in the bill or of those already authorized. This was in harmony with the theory that there was nothing the matter but insufficiency of revenue, as also was the flat refusal to take any step toward a reform of the currency in accordance with the recommendation of the president. Republicans of the senate professed but little interest in the bond bill and none at all in currency reform which would make raids on the treasury gold practically impossible. It was, they professed to believe, all a question of revenue. Yet they failed even to take up the house tariff bill. It was all the fault of the silver republicans, they claimed, and they pretended to be indignant at these mining camp associates even to the extreme of administering party discipline. They professed to be deeply grieved because they could not help the democratic administration to more revenue. The country now has an opportunity to judge as to their sincerity.

centry. Last Saturday Senator Sherman, who seems to be really in earnest about the revenue, endeavored to secure action on a pending bill relating to fruit, brandy and alcohol used in the arts. This was a bill for the protection and increase of the revenue. There may not have been many millions in it, but it was good for revenue as far as it went and was not for the benefit of a privileged class. Instantly there was republican opposition. Mr. Platt gave notice that, though the bill was only to correct a mistake, if it should be taken up the whole tariff question would be opened and the floodgates of inexhaustible senatorial talk would be opened wide. Thereupon Mr. Sherman's motion was defeated, twenty-one republicans voting against it and only five for it. This means that the pretended desire of the republicans to provide more revenue is hypocritical. It is not susceptible of any other meaning. It means that the republicans want a deficit for campaign purposes at least until November. It means that they would be delighted to see another raid on the treasury gold, making another bond issue necessary before election. It means that the republicans have not from the first had any desire or intention to provide more revenue until after they have made all the political capital they can out of a deficit resulting from a decision of the supreme court pronouncing unconstitutional a tax which they themselves were first to impose and which they collected for some eight years. Such palpable hypocrisy may be good politics, and it may not.

Now for More Than Censure. It is about time for the republican house to put on its indignation cap once more, call "Bob" Cousins before the curtain and resume the solemn and awful business of censuring somebody. Here is Ambassador Bayard making what is described as something "painfully like a triumphal march" through England, with Stratford-on-Avon as his objective.

He is dined and lunched in the course of his "progress" and he is so lost to all sense of patriotism as to hear English mayors of English cities call him a man of "high personal character" and "wide views" and "eloquence" and "high culture and literary ability" without reaching for his hip pocket and showing that he knows how to hit a municipal flatterer when he sees one. The least that can be expected by Chandler and Lodge and Cousins of a free and fiery son of the occidental republic is to smash the crockery and deliver a mountain bird scream whenever a minion of the tyrant and the despot intimates that he possesses any of the effeminate accomplishments of the effete old world.

But here sits Ambassador Bayard offering no protest while the mayor of a British city more than intimates that he is a gentleman and something of a scholar, and still he refrains from hostile demonstrations when a crowd of beef eaters support the accusation of their mayor with applause.

He even goes so far as to respond in a friendly tone, remarking that there is kinship between the people of Great Britain and those of his own land. He even undertakes to show that the two peoples are one in interest, religion and literature and that they ought to settle their little differences without filling themselves up to the chin with whisky and gunpowder and having it out like a couple of cats suspended by their tails from a clothes line.

And this is not the worst of it. Even the president of these United States writes to a society of Britishers expressing regret at his inability just now to cross the Atlantic and take dinner with them, but saying that he approves of keeping alive the memory of William Shakespeare in this country, and that he hopes the two countries can settle their differences, if they have any, without going to war.

This oversteps the limit of jingo forbearance and we may expect any day to hear that the president and our ambassador at the court of St. James have been impeached for high treason by the present eminently patriotic house. And the eloquence of "Bob" Cousins will glow with superlative fervor as he arraigns these officials, the one for the high crime of daring to be persona grata in England, the other for presuming to hope that the two countries may get on together without a grand reciprocal blood-letting.—Ex.

Silent as to the Great Issue. Indianapolis News: Governor McKinley finds no difficulty in defining his relations to the A. P. A., but on the money question he maintains a silence so dense that it can be felt. Few people, comparatively, care whether he snubbed the A. P. A. or not, but there is a universal desire to know whether the Ohio statesman is for or against free coinage. On this subject, however, it seems impossible to get any enlightenment.

Democrats to Be Gerrymandered. Philadelphia Press: When the event, attending the election of national delegates in some of the congressional districts of this state are fully appreciated they are likely to inspire a pretty strong demand for a reapportionment of the state. In two districts, the nineteenth and twenty-eighth, the conditions have been made such as to greatly increase the difficulty of electing a republican congressman in either.

Hanna Not a Good Campaign Boss. Providence Telegram: Men like Hanna may be good friends for a candidate to have, but they are poor bosses for a great party. Their first friendship is for themselves. The men they work for are regarded by them as only their hired men, who must obey orders.

Clever Young French Woman.

All France is talking of Mlle. Jeanne Benaben's extraordinary attainments. This exceedingly scholarly young woman received the college degree of bachelor of arts two years ago, when she was 16. She then became professor of philosophy in a woman's college at Lyons, and this year was a candidate at the Sorbonne for the important degree of licentiate in philosophy. The examiners, though prepared for a prodigy, were amazed at the extent of her erudition and her serene composure in dealing with the vexed problems of Descartes, Kant and Comte. She was third on the list of 300 candidates, all of them older than herself, and is now a lecturer on the science of the mind in the college of Rouen.

Cost of Destroying a Slum. London is spending nearly \$2,500,000 in cleansing and rebuilding one slum. American cities are just beginning to learn how serious is the cumulative evil of slum construction. They may wish profit also learn how costly is the necessity of slum destruction. The object lesson offered by London may be studied with interest in our large cities, and especially in New York, where, through the efforts of the state tenement house commission, legislation has with much difficulty been secured which, if enforced, perpetuated and added to, will tend to prevent the growth of such conditions as London is now compelled to combat.—Century.

Two Sides to the Question. Maternal Ancestor (profoundly shocked)—Arabella, I accidentally saw you kiss young Mr. Peduncle in the hallway last night. Don't you know such a thing is highly reprehensible? Miss Arabella (flaring up)—No, I don't, mamma. I don't think it's half as bad as it is for you to kiss that deceitful Mrs. Dookins when you know you don't like to kiss her at all.—Chicago Tribune.

The Hare and the Tortoise. A hare was one day galloping across a field, when he met a tortoise who was a new candidate for office. The hare could not help smiling at the short feet and slow pace of the tortoise, who, being touchy on this point, promptly challenged him to a trial of speed.

On the day appointed the beasts assembled. The hare, however, trusting to his natural swiftness, had not trained—had continued to smoke cigarettes, and on the night before the race sat up with a sick friend. He arrived at the course, accordingly, very late and with heavy, ever-hanging breath.

Seeing that the plodding tortoise was about to cross the finish line, the hare promptly opened bottles for the crowd, bought up the umpire, and the flag went to him on a foul.

Moral.—The race is not always to the slow.

The Paris museum contains more than 20,000 stone implements, all of which were gathered in France.

Great Britain pays the continent upwards of \$70,000,000 a year for sugar and makes not an ounce.

There are 13,000 school masters in Germany whose salaries fall below \$200 per annum.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to address, H. C. ARIN, 211 S. 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

Boils

It is often difficult to convince people their blood is impure, until dreadful carbuncles, abscesses, boils, scrofula or salt rheum, are painful proof of the fact. It is wisdom now, or whenever there is any indication of

Impure

blood, to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and prevent such eruptions and suffering. "I had a dreadful carbuncle abscess, red, fiery, fierce and sore. The doctor attended me over seven weeks. When the abscess broke, the pains were terrible, and I thought I should not live through it. I heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I decided to take it, and my husband, who was suffering with boils, took it also. It soon purified our

Blood

built me up and restored my health as that, although the doctor said I would not be able to work hard, I have since done the work for 20 people. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my husband of the boils, and we regard it a wonderful medicine." Mrs. ANNA PETERSON, Latimer, Kansas.

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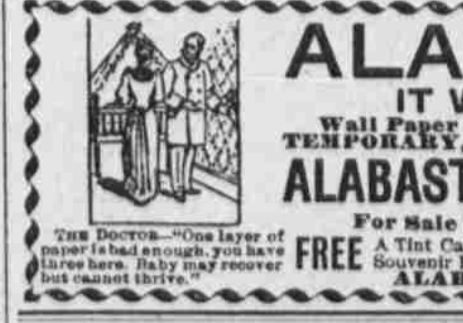
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THAT OLD FASHIONED WOMAN. when cutting the great fragrant roses, to send to friends, to the sick, to the bride, to the church or the funeral. She literally scattered roses. Then, too, she was interesting and knew all about flowers, the cultivation and the sentiment of them, knew the language of a red, red rose. Many children in the neighborhood came to her for bulbs and roots, which she taught them to cultivate, offering little prizes for the best results. Now, what epoch would you say my old dame belongs to?"

"Ah, my dear, you must understand that the new old woman has other 'spheres' beside the rostrum. She is a woman of resources, and still keeps a first-hand instead of second-hand interest in life. Oliver Wendell Holmes talked of giving up to the boys, but he told me that as long as the muse did not desert him he would not desert her. I like your old woman of the flowers; even the little window garden with its few geraniums and pot of parsley, from which a green sprig may be had in winter to garnish a dish, is a pleasant care for an old woman. I remember my own grandmother's garden, the pinks and marigolds, larkspurs and primroses; there was summer savory and sweet marjoram and sage. I can see her now, daintily putting up the little bunches to dry for winter. Her life was as peaceful as her poses, and