

## A COMMON CASE.

BY ELIZABETH BAKER BOHAN.

We were all sorry for her. I am sure, and as John and I talked the matter over a month after she had become a widow, I could hardly keep the tears back.

A vision of my husband carried home on a stretcher, dead, when life was so sweet, came to me and I said:

"O, John, I feel just like going and putting my arms around her and crying with her for a time, and then asking her to tell me all her troubles—for I know she has them, great ones, too."

"Do, dear," answered John, "that is just what I think you ought to do." "Perhaps every one of her old friends feels just as I have felt about it, and so the poor thing may be longing for a word of advice and encouragement and sympathy without ever hearing it. One can mind one's own business too much sometimes, don't you think so, John?"

He hesitated a full minute before he answered (for John is over-cautious about accepting my assertions) and then said:

"Hardly. When a person is suffering, it becomes the business of those around that person to relieve the suffering."

"O yes, but you know what I mean, John; I don't care about analyzing so much. I am so afraid of seeming to interfere with what does not concern me that I have been so afraid to approach the subject, but I will now."

You see, John had that day learned that the \$5,000 insurance that the young widow had received was fast melting away. Now that Clarence Thwait was dead, bills came pouring in, bills that she had never dreamed of, and poor young thing, she never thought of saying "no," or wait, but paid every one as it came.

John and I had been wondering what she would do when the money was gone, for it would not last long in Nettie's hands. She had never known how to save, and as for that Clarence, her husband, had known no better.

They had lived like two children, but we all loved them. They were so full of fun, so good natured and frank and so ready to do anything for others that we never blamed them. Then to look at Clarence one would have supposed that he would live thirty or forty years, but one never counts on accidents.

"But Nettie is sure to find a way to support herself and little ones," I said after a time. "You know, how often we have spoken of her intelligence and brightness. Don't you remember asking her one evening when she was here about six weeks ago if there was anything she didn't know?"

"Yes, but a woman may be intelligent and bright and pleasing in company, but still not know how to earn her living. I advise you to go to her, dear, and find out what she means to do. We may be able to help her. There is not the least danger of her mistaking your motives."

Well, that afternoon I went, and I was so glad afterward that I did. I found her sitting with her two little girls, and Oh, the stony look of despair on her sweet face. Thaid been wondering how I should begin, for I had never spoken of ways and means to her before, but there was no need of the speech I had made up. One look at that drawn face was enough. I just took her in my arms and cried over her as if I were her mother. Then I said:

"Nettie, my dear, I've come to see what you are going to do. You won't mind telling me, will you?" "Mind! O, if you only knew how good it is of you to come and ask me. I've been feeling as if no one cared."

"They all care, Nettie, but I think we all stayed away for the same reason—we did not like to seem officious. We will all be so glad to help you in any way we like."

"But what can I do?" she said dejectedly. "In the first place, you won't want to keep this immense house, nor the horses. You can save a little fortune by giving these up every year. Many a poor man with a large family earns less than the rent of this house a year."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so. Yes, the horses, carriage, coachman and house must go. I've thought of that, but I can get no further."

"We must find a pretty little one-story cottage for you somewhere near us, dear, and then you must teach something," I said as cheerily as possible.

"Yes, but what?" "You sing so beautifully, Nettie," I suggested. "I have a natural gift, I learn by ear, I know so little. O, you would be astonished if you knew how very little information I really have about music," she responded candidly.

"Sewing is such drudgery," I ventured again. "But I can't sew, dear Mrs. Hill. I was married as soon as I left school, and I've had a couple of seamstresses every spring and fall to come into the house to make all that was needed for myself and children. I can buy goods very well, I believe I have good taste, but I can't make them up."

I thought a little, and then said: "Wouldn't you do well at that school where you went to learn art needlework?"

"Yes, as well as most of the scholars, I learned to make cat-tails and water-lilies, and then something happened to prevent my going and then the term ended. But supposing I could get enough orders for cat-tails and water-lilies, how much a day do

you think I could earn working eight hours—I know I could not do more than that?"

"I'm all lost, there," I said, "I haven't an idea." "About two shillings," she answered flushing. "You see, my friend, I've been over and over it all in—the night—when I can't sleep—I cry."

But the poor little thing broke down there and had to cry awhile. It does do a woman so much good to cry.

"I have it!" I cried at last triumphantly. How silly not to think of it before. "You can teach school, and get seventy-five dollars a month!"

"But the examination?" "The examination?" I said interrogatively.

"Yes, I could not pass an examination." "Not pass an examination? Why, John says you are one of the best informed women he has ever met, and you know we meet a great many. That's all ridiculous modesty, dear, I shall begin to scold you soon," I answered.

But she shook her head sadly. "You and your husband are very good to think so well of me, and perhaps I can talk well, but when it comes to arithmetic, geography, and all the other studies I'm sure I could not answer a quarter of their questions. You know," she said apologetically, "for six years I've been only too glad to forget everything dull and uninteresting. Clarence only wanted me to think of being—happy; and we were so—happy."

"My love, you could give lessons in 'being happy' and there are many ill-natured people who could take your lessons with profit, but I'm afraid you could not get scholars. I'm sure I don't know what to suggest now, but we have not got to settle the matter to-day, nor for many days, for I am going to have a long visit from you and the girls before you go to housekeeping again. John thinks he knows someone who will take the house, so when you give it up, you must come straight to us, and there will be plenty of time then to talk this all over, and we are sure to find something you can do."

She kissed me and thanked me as well as she could with her sobbing, and I went away.

I confess I felt puzzled as I went home, but I was glad that I had gone to her. She knew now that loving friends were interested in her welfare and would not cease their efforts until she was placed in an independent position. I felt that her waking hours that night would be less terribly burdened with woe than they had been before.

I told John all about it when I reached home, and he said: "I was afraid that you would find things just in that state, wife. The sooner she comes here to us the better. The house can be let in a week and it will not take long to find a little cot somewhere near us. I'm much afraid the future troubles will conquer her."

"Indeed, you need not be, John," I answered almost indignantly, "for men have so little faith in woman's steadfastness. 'She seemed only anxious to find something that she could do, I don't believe she dreams of shrinking from that thing when it is found.'"

"Not if it is something pleasant," he returned. "Not if it is something unpleasant," I answered, for I was upholding not Nettie alone, but all woman-kind. "John, men shrink from unpleasant things more than women, because they haven't such a high ideal of duty."

He did not look convinced, but wisely kept silent. "Don't you think we might get her next week?" I asked presently. "Yes, as I said before, the sooner the better. When all is settled I am sure she won't have a thousand dollars left. How Clarence could have let so many bills run on when he had such a splendid salary I cannot imagine."

"Well, don't blame him now, John. I said for I have a foolishly self feeling for the dead. I have always felt that the great emancipator, death, carries a mirror in which one sees one's faults and follies immediately upon being set free. John laughed a little at me—men are so callous—but agreed with me that Nettie must come to us. We made many plans for them that night, and when I communicated them to Nettie the next day she willingly assented to all.

Within a week the pale young widow and her two little girls were with me. I would have no talk about what she was to do for two weeks. I told her. She was merely to accept of the rest, the freedom from care, the love and sympathy that were offered her, and to try to get well.

Poor young thing, she did try her best to be cheerful, but her hours of weeping and sorrow were frequent and severe. It had been such an unlooked for blow. There had not been a moment's time in which to school the heart for its load or strengthen the courage for endurance.

So a month passed by, and one morning as we sat cozily together in my morning room, she told me she would not put off the discussion of her future any longer.

"I must face it, and I feel that I am acting the part of a coward by delaying it," she said resolutely. How I did wish that John could hear her talk to me. "There is no weakness in that quarter," I said mentally. "She is a noble woman and thinks only of duty."

"Well, we will talk it over if you desire it so much," I answered. "Then we went all over the old ground again, and she convinced me, much against my own inclination, that she could do none of the things that had been suggested.

We talked of typewriting, but agreed that there were more typewriters than could get employment already, and even if she spent the time and money to learn that there was no assurance of a position.

At last I said: "I am going to suggest something, Nettie, that may not be pleasing to you, but you know it is only with the best intention that I do it, and you will not do it, of course, if you think you

couldn't bring yourself to it. I always told John that you gave the nicest teas and lunches of any one of our friends. I always said it was because you attended the cooking school and learned just how things should be done—you know John didn't want me to go. Now you could easily make up your fine dishes at home and hire a boy to carry them down to the Woman's Exchange." I saw her flush, and added hastily: "You know, this would only be for a short time. I'm sure something better will present itself after a little."

She hid her burning cheeks and commenced to cry softly. I confess I was a little annoyed, much as I loved her, for I think one can dignify labor and make it lovely if one chooses, but that idleness is never dignified nor to be respected in any one.

"Why do you cry at my suggestion?" I asked in a moment. "I am so ashamed, so thoroughly ashamed," she replied, "to have to acknowledge that I know of no more nothing of cookery. I went to the cooking school it is true, just because it was the craze and the fashion for ladies to interest themselves in that art at that time; but I never tried to do at home what I was taught there. It was too much trouble, and, dear Mrs. Hill, the nice lunches and teas that I've given you—why I sent my orders in to the Woman's Exchange and they were all filled there and sent to me. I made nothing."

I was very much astonished, and could not answer for a minute. "O, it would be so nice and pleasant to do it if I could—if only I could," I cried forth. "If I had but known what was to befall me—if I had dreamt of this happening—but I did not and now I must fight the battle of life without a weapon."

"Why are girls brought up as they are?" I asked rather severely. "Life is a much more serious thing for a woman than for a man on account of her physical nature, but a man is equipped with a knowledge of how to provide for himself and others, while a woman, who very often has to provide for herself and others, is not equipped at all. It is just brought up as if nothing of the kind could ever be expected of her. I think a woman left suddenly to provide for herself and children very like a ship without rudder, anchor or sail."

"Yes, she is, and I wonder so now that I could have gone on year after year without even thinking that this might happen to me," she answered sadly.

"Well, just try quietly now for a few moments to tell me what you can do best, for there must be something—"

"O, I can't do anything but just love and take care of my babies," she burst out impulsively, while the tears rained down afresh. "But that is just the thing!" I cried, a light suddenly dawning upon me. "To love and take care of babies—what sweeter occupation could any one want? Now there are my five—or no, Nettie and Ella are too old. There are my three, Mrs. Johnson's two, Mrs. Edwards' little girl—O, we can easily find fifteen or sixteen close around here, and you can love and take care of them. That is just splendid! I've been longing for a nice kindergarten near by!"

She began to look interested and did not object as she had to other proposals of mine, so I went on to enlarge my idea.

After talking it over for an hour she felt that at last something had been found that she could do. She knew nothing of kindergarten work, proper, but as we were not particular about that and as there were many things that she could easily learn before the time arrived to open, she consented to try.

"You can teach them kind, sweet ways, and forgiveness and gentleness and truth, at least, my love," I said kissing her, for she was very timid. It was conscientiousness, not cowardice, for she thought she ought to be thoroughly competent for whatever she undertook.

While John was having the cottage re-had found repaired for her, I went among my near neighbors and found them ready and glad to put their little ones in her care.

Enough of her furniture had been saved to furnish the little cottage prettily, and it was not long before she was comfortably established with her sweet babies.

The little school was open and we all felt so glad to have the children in the care of so good and kind a woman as Nettie Thwait.

I pictured to myself the little girls as young women—teachers or writers, cashiers or bookkeepers, taking the burden from her shoulders, and I saw her in my mind's eye, passing a peaceful and intellectual old age, happy and beloved.

I said something of the kind to John, but he only smiled. (When he doesn't think as I do he smiles. I wonder if other men have that habit. At all events it's a better than contradicting.) and said:

"Do you think that it is to be the future of Nettie Thwait, wife?" "Of course, John; how could it be otherwise?"

The burden of self-support will conquer her!" he declared positively. "O, John, how can you think such cruel things?" I asked sharply. Then he turned and faced me and put his hands upon my shoulders and ordered me to look in his face, and when he had forced me to do that he said: "Now truly, love, do you think she is contented?"

"Yes—that is, as contented as she can be, having been bereft of the one she loved," I answered. "Do you think she will go on keeping a babies' school for fifteen years?" "Why, yes, of course, unless something better offers," I said.

"Something easier—for a woman—will offer," he said, letting me go. Then I opened the vials of my wrath upon him:

"You cannot deceive me, John," I said, with intense scorn. "I know what you've been thinking of all this time. I remember if you picked out a husband for her before poor Clarence was buried. But you are mistaken. Nettie is far above thinking of such things. She is a noble woman and

she would never marry unless her whole heart was given to—"

"Nonsense! She must live, and her children must live!" "What a trivial thing marriage is to men!" I exclaimed with great dignity.

"Women should have a business or profession the same as men, and then there would not be the need of marriage unless the 'whole heart' was in it," he said. "But Nettie was not brought up or taught to labor either with hand or brain and so it is an awful burden upon her. I wonder you have not noticed her tired, dejected look; it is very pitiful to me."

I forgave him then, and went to call upon Nettie the next day. She did look thin and tired, but it was only four months since Clarence's death and they had been so devoted. I believe I should have resented it for him if she had looked blooming and happy. I encouraged her all I could.

"Yes," she replied quite satisfied that John's very worldly thoughts had no foundation in truth. The winter wore on, Nettie still kept the little school, but there was no brightness in her face and her troubled look seemed to deepen. She could just keep the wolf from the door. We would so gladly have helped her in many ways, but she was sensitive and proud and would not let us.

I often took occasion to remind John of his foolish predictions. "If ever a woman's heart was in the grave with her dead husband Nettie's is," I said very emphatically one morning.

"Nevertheless—she is married," he replied, looking up from the paper on his knee.

"Married!" I screamed. "Yes—poor girl," he said chokingly, "the burden of self-support has proved too great for her. We ought to tell a knell now in reality, wife, but it's a very common case—here is the paper, read it for yourself!"

Just then a letter was brought to me from Nettie. It merely said: "DEAREST OF ALL MY KIND FRIENDS—What can I say to you now? The simple truth is best. With such ignorant hands, such an ignorant mind, life was too difficult for me—work too dreary to one who had never learned anything, and I could not be independent, and resist, but could not. An easier, pleasanter life is promised me—I hope it may come. Always your loving and grateful NETTIE."

"She does not love him," I said bitterly, passing the note to John. "And how could she marry him?" "It is sad," he replied comfortingly, "but it is a very common case, my dear."

Late Attempts at Wits. "There is such a thing as carrying a choke too far," as a Colorado horse-thief remarked to a necktie-soldier. There is something touching in the way in which a man seated on his front door-step at 3 o'clock a. m. can sing "Out in the cold world alone."

Little Girl—If you came for the rent, papa forgot to leave it when he went out. Collector—How do you know he did? "Because he told me to tell you so if you came."

Young Clergyman—The great hope of my life is to marry you one of these days! Miss Nellie—Certainly you shall, my dear Mr. Primmose, just as soon as Charles proposes.—Town Topics.

"Where can we get a wrench?" shouted a Bath fireman who was unable for want of such article to set the hydrant going while Gen. Hyde's foundry was in flames. An ex-mayor of Bath stood near and dryly observed: "Advertise for one in the paper."

Englishman—"You—ah—live in California, I believe?" American—"Yes, sir. San Francisco is my home." Englishman—"Quite so. Ah, I presume you frequently come in contact with my friends the Courtneys in Arizona—an adjoining state, I believe?"—Harper's Bazar.

A doughnut received by Josiah Tillotson, of Vermont, in his Christmas stocking, six-five years ago is now on exhibition in a town in that state. Josiah reached a ripe old age, and attributes his longevity to the fact that he didn't eat the doughnut he found in his stocking.—Norristown Herald.

The other day a couple of little girls came to a Canadian physician's office to be vaccinated. One of them undertook to speak for the other, and explained: "Doctor, this is my sister. She is too young to know her left arm from her right, so mamma washed both of them."

Dogs and men are alike in some things, and not in others. Thus, if a dog growls over his food, you may know he likes it and does not want other dogs to touch it. But if a man growls over his food, it is certain he does not like it.

It was at an Austin hotel table that a child attracted considerable attention by saying repeatedly: "Mamma, I want a cake." "You have had five or six already," replied the mother. "Them's not the ones I want. I want a fresh cake."—Texas Sitings.

"Su-hum Day, Su-hum Day," sang the youth in a voice that was driving the neighborhood into the woods. And the old man in the corner murmured: "Yes, some day, some day, may be you'll fall down a coal hole and break your blank neck. And that will be so joyful!"

Carper: "Are you making notes of what you will touch upon to-night?" Wyle (a political speaker): "No; I am making notes of what I mustn't touch upon. The successful orator is he who knows what not to say, and has brains enough not to say it."—Puck.

"My son," said a mild parent, "it grieves me very much to see you keeping the company of worthless young spendthrifts. You should remember, my boy, that a fool and his money are soon parted." "Yes, father," replied the prodigal. "I know all about that. But don't the fools still seem to have the most money in this world?"—New York Evening Sun.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for the Home

A salt ham should be soaked overnight in plenty of soft water previous to boiling.

After washing a wooden bowl place it where it will dry equally on all sides, away from the stove.

When watering potted plants in winter do not pour the water in the crown of the plants, but simply moisten the earth in the pots. Too much moisture will do more injury than benefit.

For a cough boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

To remove stains from marble, mix a quantity of the strongest soap lyes with quicklime to the consistency of milk; lay it on the marble, and let it be for twenty-four hours, then clean with soap and water.

If butter is kept covered tight when put in the ice-chest, it will not absorb the odor of any food lying near. There is nothing so sensitive as butter, and yet you may see it at any time placed near to meat or vegetables.

To keep lamp chimneys from breaking put a cloth in the bottom of a large pan, fill the latter with cold water, and place the new chimney in it; cover the pan and let its contents boil one hour, then take from fire and let the chimney remain in the water until it is cold.

An inexpensive and good dessert is made of one quart of sweet milk, two-thirds of a cup of uncooked rice, and a little salt. Put this in tea or coffee cups, set them in the steamer over the kettle of boiling water. Let it cook until the rice is almost like jelly; when cold turn it out of the cup. Serve with sugar and cream, or with pudding sauce.

The secret of making good tea is that the water should be poured on the instant it boils, and that everything should be well heated. If you have a little water boiled in a kettle, and pour this upon the tea in a cold teapot, the water is chilled, the strength of the tea not properly extracted, and, after standing the necessary time, it is, when poured out, but little more than lukewarm.

How to Save the Eyesight. Neither colored goods nor flannels should be boiled. All goods in barrels—apples, beef, potatoes, etc.—keep better when laid down on their side. Paint the kitchen floor with boiled linseed oil, and you won't have much trouble thereafter cleaning it.

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel; polish with chamois.

Next to the sunlight the incandescent light gives the best illumination for reading, and all notions of the injurious effect on the eyes of the electric light are erroneous.

The vast majority of people who wear glasses can see well without spectacles, because they are the best preventive against increase of near-sightedness, and also because he loses a great part of his education in not being able to see more than a few feet away.

For the eyes in a healthy state there is but one safe wash—pure cold water. When the eyelids are inflamed the best lotion is a weak solution of salt water. Never apply poultices to the eyes or use "eye waters" without the advice of a physician.

An Artistic Rag Rug. The prettiest rugs which are made in this country are the home-made rag rugs woven of different colored woolen rags. These rugs are usually woven in stripes at either end, and in a medley of varied colors in the center. The weaver also introduces a lengthwise striped effect by using different-colored warp. Very pretty effects are produced by stripes of dull yellow and dull red warp in alternating bands about two inches wide. The warp is knotted, and forms a fringe at either end of the rug. Small rugs, 34x70 inches and 34x48 inches, are suitable to strewn about a small room over matting. Rugs of rags woven in this manner, but large enough to cover the center of the room, are often seen in artistically furnished rooms, where the paintings and bric-a-brac suggest the cultured taste of the owner. These rugs when well selected in color approach nearer in beauty to the blending tones of the costly Eastern carpet than any of the various imitations of them made in this country.—Chicago Ledger.

A Word for the "Old Maid." A thoughtful writer, speaking of the growing willingness of women to go through life unmarried, says: "Once it was considered a bad thing to be an old maid, and light-minded people made fun of one. Now it is different. Some of the highest and the proudest women become so much interested in the serious work of life that they regard husbands altogether unnecessary inconveniences. They are satisfied with the state of single blessedness and appear to be just as happy and useful as their married sisters. It is all right. If a woman remains single it is her own affair and our sisters need not concern themselves about it. As a rule, an old maid is an intellectual and interesting woman."

## Blown From a Gun.

From Kaye's History of the Sepoy War.

During the Sepoy rebellion of 1857-58 many of the mutineers were blown away from the guns. It was a terrible punishment, one which had first been inflicted a century before at the first mutiny of the Bengal army in 1764. A battalion of Sepoys had seized and imprisoned its English officers and vowed that it would serve no more. A strong hand arrested the mutiny at its beginning. Twenty-four Sepoys were tried by a drum-head court martial, found guilty and sentenced to be blown away from the cannon.

On the day of the execution the troops were drawn up, English and Sepoys, the guns were loaded, and the prisoners led forth to suffer the terrible penalty.

The word of command was given for the first four criminals to be tied up to the muzzles of the guns. As the men were being bound four tall, stately grenadiers stepped forward from among the condemned Sepoys, saluted the commander, Maj. Hector Munro, chief of the Bengal army, and asked that as they had always had the post of honor in life, they might be given the precedence in death, as it was their due. The request was granted. The grenadiers were tied to the guns and blown to pieces.

A murmur ran through the Sepoy battalions, who greatly outnumbered the English troops, and it seemed as if they were about to rescue their companions, the twenty condemned men.

The officers of the native regiments approached Munro and told him their men were not to be trusted, as they had determined not to permit the execution to proceed. The chief knew that on the issue of that parade for execution depended the fate of the Bengal army. The English troops were few and there was scarcely a man among them not moved to tears by the fearful death of the four grenadiers. But the commander knew that they could be trusted to defend the guns, which, turned upon the Sepoys, would defeat any attempt to rescue their comrades.

Maj. Munro closed the English on one side, the grenadiers on the other—and loaded the pieces with grape. Then he sent the Sepoy officers back to their battalions and gave the native regiments the word of command, "Ground arms!"

"They knew it would be madness to disobey in presence of the loaded guns and laid down their arms!" "Right about face! Forward—march!" was the next command. The Sepoys marched a distance from their ground arms, and the English soldiers, with their guns, took ground on the intervening space.

The danger had passed away. The native troops were at Munro's mercy, and the execution went on to its dreadful close. The sacrifice of a few lives saved thousands.

## The Mother-in-Law.

Perhaps to-day there is no relation in life in which a woman is so persistently abused and misunderstood as in that to her daughter's husband, says the New York Press. It has been made the theme of the jest book, the circus clown, and the topical songster ad nauseam. In the vulgar and witless warning against matrimony, sung by Nady, it is encouraging to note that the hit at "mother-in-law" extracts only a sickly smile from the audience. No doubt this is due to the staleness of the subject, quite as much as its false sentimentality, but let us hope it marks a revulsion in public taste, notwithstanding that fair bride, Amelle Rives, who makes Herod say:

methinks that Satan was a married man, and his wife's mother egged him to rebel, seeing Heaven would not hold them both.

People are beginning to find out that when a man violates the mother-in-law it is generally safe to assume that he ill-treats his wife. A young girl, when she marries, takes it for granted that her husband's love and devotion will continue to be hers as much as the sunshine and air. The mother, from her wider observation and perhaps bitter experience, is full of fears and alarm. When her daughter stood at the altar she trembled. She was losing not only her child, but her power of insuring that child's happiness. Her maternal eye, keen as eagle's, seeks to pierce the future; but no, she must fold her brooding wings and wait with beating heart to learn if this marriage meant the highest happiness or the greatest misery that comes to woman.

In the former case the mother joyously feels she has not been robbed of a daughter, but been given a son. Her heart turns in gratitude and love to the man in whose hands her daughter's lot is secure; indeed, it is doubtful if she feels more tenderness for her own son. As to the young husband, he regards with reverence and filial affection the mother of the woman he adores, and who has made her what she is.

On the other hand what intolerable anguish comes to that mother who, condemned to see the child she has so tenderly reared, so carefully sheltered from every rough wind and word, now the victim, or the servant, of a man whose "love" expired with possession, or whose cruelty or neglect is spoiling the life of the young wife.

If the mother interposes to reason, remonstrate, or save her daughter, the floodgates of abuse are opened, and in that portion of society in which the master of ceremonies is the police justice he accepts the excuse of "mother-in-law," when he should ask: "Why was she driven to interfere?"

Of course there are weak, foolish and even tyrannical women who would like to rule their sons-in-law as they do their husbands, with hysterics or rods of iron, but these are the exception. The rule which every mother should permit a large class of women, mothers in the first place, to become a target for cheap wit and an excuse for martial brutality.

## Catholic-Protestant Marriage.

The results of the intermarriage of Catholics and Protestants are being investigated by the Catholic authorities of this country under orders from Rome.

Archbishop Ryan, in common with all archbishops and bishops, is engaged in the work, and the result of his inquiries will be transmitted to Rome. While the Catholic church permits such marriages under certain circumstances, its priests always do all in their power to discourage them, because of trouble that frequently arises between father and mother as to how the children shall be raised, and for further reason that oftentimes the Catholic husband or wife is lost to the church altogether through neglect to obey its laws.

Archbishop Ryan said one evening that he was engaged in collecting data relative to the number of mixed marriages in each parish during the past 10 years, whether the promises exacted by the church that the children shall be reared in the Catholic faith have been faithfully kept; in how many cases the Protestant parties have been converted; if any cases have occurred where the Catholic apostatized from the faith, and the number of children who have been lost to the church through mixed marriages. The Archbishop stated that he presumed that similar efforts were being made to collect the same information in all the dioceses of the United States.

The request for this information comes from the sacred college of the inquisition at Rome, but it is not publicly known what the authorities there propose to do in the matter. The marriage of a Catholic and Protestant is not permitted in any diocese unless a special dispensation from the bishop shall be granted. There are different rules in vogue in the various dioceses under which dispensations are allowed. In certain dioceses the rules are more stringent than in others, because of the various views entertained of the subject by the different bishops.—Philadelphia Record.

Soap vs. Law. A Missouri constable rode out to a farm near St. Joe, armed with a subpoena for a woman who was wanted as a witness in a case in court. He found her in her back-yard, busily engaged in stirring a boiling, bubbling mass in a large black kettle. He stated his business, and she said: "I can't go to-day."

"But you must." "What the hurry?" "Why, court's in session, and the case is now on trial. They want you by noon."

"Well, I ain't going. You think I'm going off and leave this hull kettle o' soft soap to spile, just to please your old court? No sirree!" "Why, my dear madam, you must. You really don't seem to understand."

"I understand that I've got a big kettle o' splendid soap grease on the fire, and it'll make thin, sticky soap if it ain't finished to-day." You go back and tell the judge so. "You'll be fined for—"

"Pool! I'd like to see the Missouri jury that'd fine a woman for not leavin' her soap bilin' when it was at a critical pint, as one might say. Tell the judge I'll come to-morrow, if we don't butcher our pegs then; an' if we do, I'll come some day next week."

"But I tell you that won't do. You must come now." "Lookee, young man, you think I'm a fool? I reckon you never made my soap, did you? If you had,