THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1886 .-- TWELVE PAGES.

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THE TOILING FAIR SEX. Petticoatz vs. Pantiloons Consi ered From

an Industrial Standpoint.

FIXING UP FOR COMPANY

The Old Maid and the Mother-in-Law -Taking Ways of Tail Girls-Women's Clubs in Hand and in the Abstract.

The Little Maid Over the Way. Over the way sits a dear little maid, As busy as busy can be: But I think she is timid, 1 think she's afraid, she never looks over at me in the shade She never looks over at me.

A little white shawt on her shoulders ties, As white as the clear driven snow; But I'd give all the wealth there is under the

(If I had it, you know) to be so near her

But I have not quite got it, you know.

She holds in her ingers a little stub pen. That she pushes and pulls to and fro, If she only could know, over here in a den There's a fellow who'd give half his life for

that pen-That's putting it strong, but it's so.

I don't know her name, and I'm sure I don't

For there's naught in a name, as you know; But there's nothing that I wouldn't do, yes,

and dare, If she'd only throw one little glance from

down there, If only one glance she would throw.

Who is she, and what does she do, do you

ask, That little maid over the way? Why, she works at insurance, a dry sort of task, While I in an atmosphere legal do bask, When I'm not looking over the wny.

Women Doing Men's Work. Philadelphia Record: The question whether or not women may undertake to do the work of men in any and every kind of mental or physical labor can no longer be answered with a derisive neg-ative. The habitual imposition upon women of the most abject and slavish drudgery by savage and semi-civilized peoples shows to what extent mere muscular endurance can be cultivated by uninterrupted custom. These women are degraded and imbruted, but they continue to endure and become the mothers of children who are as strong and as physically well able to make their way in the world as any other of the sons of men. There is nothing in the line of men's work among civilized nations that calls for greater exertion than the labor imposed upon the squaw of a Sioux or Apache brave The continued existence of these savage tribes goes far to settle the question of the lastingness of the weaker sex under the most untavorable conditions. But Dr. Richardson, a re-cent English writer on social topics, takes the position that while women are capa-ble of doing whatever men may do in the way of physical or mental labor they must first choose between motherhood and a manly career. They cannot run an equal race if they take upon their should ers an unequal burden. It is something to have the admission made that a maid may be as good as a man, "It is now admitted," says the doctor, "that the pecultarities in women, which were held to render them constitutionally incapable of performing work in equality with men, were not due to any inherent capacity of sex, but to a failure of development in-cident to the mode in which the so-called gentler sex had been brought up. If men were brought up in the same way women been; if men were made to move hedged in about the petticoats and dragging long trains in the mire; if men were pped in corsets; if men were bound to live indoors: if men were forbidden to play or work at active muscular exercise;

If men were not permitted to follow pcience, art, literature, then men would the Prince Charlie dogs by back-evolu-tionizing have, as Herbert Spencer has shown, lost their once powerful jowls by being fed on soft foods, so a tace of Hercules would become effeminate if they were trained, generation upon genera tion, to effeminate pursuits. In the matter of "horse power" Dr. Richardson may be partly right; but even this admits of a doubt. The poor farmer's wife who does all the work for a family of a dozen lays out as much physical strength and exhibits as much endurance as does her husband in riding his mowing-machine or hoeing corn, with the advantage in his case for the most part in the heated and badly-ventilated kitchen. And can any one question that bending over a washtub or an ironing-table is a lesser tax upon the physical system than swinging a sledge-hammer in the blacksmith's forge or a pickax in the mines' And women have endured this sort of thing always, and have borne children. too, who are physically able to follow in the footsteps of their mothers, AL women are not strong enough to under-take excessive manual labor calling for unlimited musular force of arms and chest and back. Neither are all men The belle of the period can keep pace with the beau of the period when it comes to endurance in the pursuit of pleasure her powers in that line were turned into other channels by force of inclina-tion or circumstance, there is no reason to believe she would be found lacking. In mathematics-a crucial test of brain power-the women in the colleges have repeatedly demonstrated their capacity and carried off the honors. They can "cram" as well as their male competitor: and learn as readily in all the depart ments of college training. They can ride, they can row, they can excel at lawn maîd tenuis and other games in which they are permitted to take part. That higher education does not interfere with the func tions of motherhood is proved by the hundreds of women in the field of science, literature and art who have brought forth daughters and sons gifted with both bodies and brains. One of the brightest and most successful novelists of day is the mother of twelve children. And similar instances are numerous enough to demonstrate that work is not incompatible with maternity. Setting that question aside, an eminent American authority says it is not the women who read and study and think who break down with nervons disorders, but the frivolous and idle. In all the lighter employments, as in brain culture, women are making their way steadily-in managing the postoflices, in telegraphing, it manipulating type writers, in bookkeeping, printing, decorating and copying they are pushing aside the reluctant males, because they are quicker and readier, and, I am afraid, also because teir services are more cheaply obtained. There is no doubt that women will in vade the lighter mechanical employments as they have the departments of labor more readily acquired. The question of their skill and competency is no longer a most question. But this brings us back to the beginning. If it be within the power of women by, so to speak, un petticoating themselves and declining to nsider marriage as the necessary end of their existence to make their way in the world as men do, why should the un-mated remainder longer bemoan them-selves or esteem themselves among the drift and debris of the populous earth! They may be as useful as the most useful man. What more can they expect?

pany expected. When I was a young man I used to call at a certain house where the young ladies were very inter esting, although very plain in appear-ance. The first time I rang the door ance. The first time I rang the door bell, I heard a sound of hurrying feet, as though a flock of geese had suddenly been discovered and were flying, terror-stricken, to some place of refuge. I very soon discovered, however, that this noise was only occasioned by the young ladies hurrying to their rooms for the purpose of dressing their hair and taking off their wrappers. I called fhere off and on for a WEGDDETS. year, and that kind of thing never failed once to occur. I kept up my visits for a time, but didn't choose my wife from that "No. sir, I don't believe in that old the

boy about literary women being typical slatterns and that sort of thing. That's busted in these modern days. The workng women are the neatest women in the and, and literary women are workers, you may rest assured of that. 1 think statternly wives have done more to drive their husbands to drink and to ruingenerally than half the other causes in the world put together."

Ever True.

George Wortherth. Joyous at heart as a summer day, A lassle stands at the meadow way, And looks at a face that is very dear, And wonders in words that know nothing of

fear-"Will you be true, love," will you be true? Will you love me as I love you? Will love grow stronger as years roll on. And be truest when youth and beauty have

Will you be true, love? will you be true?

Joyous at heart on their wedding morn. Husband and wife walk home through the

corn. And each seems to hear the old-time song As, hand in hand, they wander along: "Will you be true, love? will you be true? Will you love me as 1 love you? Will love grow stronger as years roll on, And be truest when youth and beauty have cone?

Will you be true, love? will you be true?"

Joyous at heart when their hair is gray, Jorous at heart when their nur is gray, Husband and wife together stray, And hand clasp hand as they walk along, And the heart of each is glad with song: "You have been true, love! you have bee true! oving me well, as I have loved you !

And time and change, and good and ill Have linked us closer and closer still— Hearts ever true, love! hearts ever true!"

The Corset Question.

Cleveland Plaindealer: I agree with you, Grandma M., in everything but the disuse of corsets. How can stout people get along without them? 'Tis not the wearing of corsets but wearing them too tight that is the ruin of the nation .-Pauline.

As to corsets. perhaps I have no right to speak, as I have no daughters to wear them, yet I am an enemy to them in gen I once cautioned a young lady eral. regard to lacing. She said she would lace if she knew it killed her. So, perhaps I had better keep still on the sub ject, for fear of running against snags as fearful as in the past, for froning seams -Aunt Marcia.

I expect the girls will all fly at me, but I do foin in with Grandma M. in con-demning the corset. Hundreds of young girls injure themselves irreparably with this instrument of torture. I believe it dress reform. There is a waist, called the Baites waist, that keeps the form in shape and supports the skirts, and has no ribs or steels to injure one's health. I more apparent. think our girls are too often reared in

total ignorance of the common laws of health. This is an important subject .-

Not Heaven.

Edith.

Ben D. House. What though 1 passed the gates of pearly gleaning Hung on the walls of dazzling jasper shine Into a land with heavenly sweetness teeming And she not there, it were no heaven of

If in the choir whose songs my ears were greeting More grand than earthly dispasons roli,

saw not eyes of hers my own look meeting, Their music would be discord to my soul. ro taki No sound could unto soul of mine bring cheering If but I missed from out the chanting throns One earth-sweet voice, that to my soul's tense earing Could far out-voice e'en Sanadalphon's song.

colors are pink, amber, gold, blue and flesh, and the blossoms are of crimson, pumpkin, orange, ruby and terra cotta, in effective and brilliant contrasts.

Women's Clubs in London. Boston Traveler: The first club de-gned exclusively for women was found-

ed in London ten years ago by a clergy-man's widow, who saw the need of such organization for her sex. Its members now number 200. The initiation fee and annual dues are each two guinea a per son. It is considered quite aristocratic scrupulous care being taken to look after the antecedents, but not the private mor-als, of all applicants. The Alexandra is another fashionable club, which men are never permitted to enter, even as guests or visitors. Those women only are eligible who would be admitted to the queen's drawing-rooms. It began with 200 mem-

bers and now has 500. Initiation and dues are two guineas. The Alexandra has bed chambers, where members may make their toilet for the evening or may make their follet for the evening or may stay for a limited pe-ried at a stipulated price. It is two years old and flourishing. The Somerville is a ctub for working-women; aunual dues five shiftings; no in-

itiation. Lectures, debates, and other en tertainments occur every week, when al subjects, except theology, are discussed. It is eight years old, has 1,000 members, and is exceptionally prosperous.

The Modern Young Girl.

Harper's Bazar: Whenever one meets with a young girl now-a-days, she is a delightful exception if she does not so conduct herself that every woman present a dozen years older than herself, and to whom the idea of age never occurred be-fore, does not feel herself passe, and rather guilty for lagging superfluous on the stage after being for half an nour in the young girl's society. Instead of lis-tening as if there were still something in the world she might learn or that were worth her attention, or instead of joining in conversation with any degree of mod esty, she does all the talking herself; she leads it where she wishes, usually to her own level of amusements, companions and slang.

She absorbs perforce the attantion of those about her whether they will or not, unless they resent her assurance strongly

enough to put her down and have done She assumes at once that she with her. and her interests are the things of paramount importance, and the interests of the elder women present, whether married or single, are too trifling for consideration; why should anyone care about their movements? They are not young and perhaps not pretty, and are not in the way of having affairs. Re-solved, ran the record of some oid covenanting conventicle, that the earth be longs to the saints; resolved that we are he saints. The affairs of nations, the beliefs of races, the value of books do not weigh a farthing's worth with these lamsels, and allusion to matters of tha

moment has to be banished from the conversation that deals with the doings and sayings and looks of the knickerbockered young men of their circle, and has no nigher flight than the ball in their favorite lawn tennis. As they lower the con-versation, so do they their small best to bring down the whole age to their own level of inconsequent frivolity. That there are some glorious exceptions to the prevailing multitude only makes the rule

Little Bits of Gossip.

Miss Gertrude Griswold, who shortly make her bow on a New York stage, is a niece of Bret Harte. Senator Cameron's daughter is a notable horsewoman. One of her latest trips on horseback was from her father's home in Pennsylvania to his home in Washing-

One of the successful women engaged in literary work is Mrs. Mary Bryan, who has charge of Munro's publications

in New York, at a salary of \$6,000 a year. There are about forty ladies engaged in the study of art at Cowles Art School. Boston. Of this number, the majority no every branch

THE MAKE-UP OF MARRIAGE

Boodle, Brawn and Brains and Their Order of Excellence.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT LOVERS

Choosing Husbands and Tying Up to Titles-Love Affairs of Authoresses - The Family Pockatbook.

A Marrage a la Mode. Horry B. Smith.

Have you beard what they are saying O'er the wainuts and the wine, Secrets cagerly betraying About your affairs and mine? Fors and friends receive attention From each chatting beau and belle, And they causually mention That Marie has "married well." "Married well I" Ab, that's expressive, Andriced well? An, that sexpressive And from it we understand That the bridegroom has excessive Store of ducats of command. Is he good? He has his vices. Has he brains? We scarce can tell, Handsome? Hardiy! It suffices If Marie has married well. Does she love him? Love's a passion, Does she tove him? Love a passic Childish in this latter day. She will dress in hight of fashion, And her bills he'll promptly pay. Does he love her? Wildy, madly I Since he bought his trotter, "Nell,

He has welcomed naught as gladly; Yes, Marie has married well.

Is she happy? That's a trille; Happiness is bought and sold; And she readily can stille Love she used to know of old. Well she knows a heart is broken; As for hers-she cannot tell: But her bridal vows are spoken And Marie has married well.

Is this game one should give heeding To the stakes, not centle arts; And, when diamonds are leading, Where's the use of playing hearts? I congratulate her gladly; But the wish I can't dispel That most girls may marry badly,

If Marie has married well. The Wife Should Have Charge of the

Pocketbook.

Detroit Tribune: Besides, remember nothing is easier spoiled than a husband. He will settle right down into letting his wife wait upon him, and she will be apt to be the burden bearer to the end of her days. Tend to things in your line and your department, but don't go beyond. The money question is apt to cause the most trouble. Really, the best way is to have the family purse where the wife can handle it at any time. She will be so pleased with the confidence reposed in her and so armed by the responsibility that the money will be wisely spent Ingersoll says when he sees men trusting their hearts and their honor, but not their pocketbooks, to their wives he always knows which of these articles the men think the most valuable.

Some Truths of Lovers.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: The young man, when he calls or his lady love, puts on his best duds, makes his mother or his sisters fly around and help him get himself up in the best possible form. He jaws them, gets mad, slams things around regardless of consequences, kicks the wall because his shoe pinches, and finally rushes out looking as cross as a teased terrier. He foregoes a drink or a eigar for fear of their spoiling his breath, and loads his handkerchis! with the perfume best calculated to disguise or smother the taint of cigarette smoke. The young lady is expecting him, of course,; has had her hair up in paper all day; the afternoon has been spent in getting ready to receive him, and when the parlor lights are burning sne looks a very angel. Had he seen her in the morning a nandkerchief tied around her head, heard her complaints of indigestion and nervous headaches, seen her slovenly morning wrappings and caught a few of her tartly-expressed views on the conduct

happiness are done.

of her mother and the family in gen-eral, he would have been in a quandary as to which region the angel belonged

ways wear a bandage over his eyes, and an intellectual, well-educated girl ought to have—and really kind parents will allow her—a voice in the selection of her future partner. How long it may be ere she obtains this privilege in France is doubtful, for the French character presonts a curious combination of hasty fickleness and obstinate conservatism. now kicking down, with irreverent foot, a time-honored monument of worth and wisdom and anon clinging with desperate tenacity to a fatal projudice that could easily be surrendered with advantage to all concerned

The great Empress Catherine of Rus sia, when she made up her mind to mar-The second secon that had brought so fair a load to the pal ace. One of the princesses sprang lightly to the ground without touching the car riage step. "She will not do," muttered the experienced old empress," too figity." The second princess came out more quietly, but caught her long robe in the step and very nearly measured her length on the payement. "Hem! an empress of Russia must be a little less clumsy than that." said old Catherine to herself. The third stepped down, deliberate, radiant, blooming with health, yet full of majesty. "There's our empress," said the old dowager, and hastened down to welcome her. Catherine had her two grandsons, Alexander and Constantine brought to St. Petersburg to meet these beauties. Constanine, the rough rider and soldier, said he could not see any thing in either of them. "Send them off to Courland," said he, "the old duke will fancy one of them."

Alexander, on the contrary, fell in love Alexander, on the contrary, fell in foye with Louise of Baden, the third who stepped from the carriage, and she naively confessed to Catherine that she never had met a young man to compare with the Grand Duke Alexander. When Catherine told them that she intended them for each other. Alexander jumped with dolight and Louis shed terms of ior with delight and Louise shed tears of joy.

She Married a Count. Graphic News.

They said she was sweet. As they knelt at the feet Of the maiden and avowed they adored her, But she wearily sighed. And each suitor denied

With an air that denoted they bored her. For lovely was she, And she cared not to be The bride of plebeian or vassal,

And, in secret, she said With a Count she would wed Or a marquis that dwelt in a castle. And the years swiftly fled O'er the fair maiden's head, And still in singleness sne tarried, And waited for him. Her life's sweetest dream,

Till all her old suitors were married.

Not in vain did she walt, For, although rather late, y came a Count o'er the ocean, From Italia's fair land, And he sued for her hand, One da

Which she gave in a whirl of emotion. To regret now a prey, She washes all day, And her cake, it is all made of thin dough:

And, with tears nearly blind, She watches him grind His organ in front of the window.

A Matrimonial Conversation. Washington Critic: Mr. Topnoody-sat with his wife near their reading-table the other night in reflective silence, with a book lying open and useless before him, and Mrs. Topnoody was busy with a piece of that restful kind of needlework all women resort to as a mental and

physical relief. "My dear," said Mr. Topnoody, after awhile, "if I were to die would you marry again?"

"Do you think of dying?" she asked, as if a new interest had come into life. "No, my dear, not particularly, but it

"No, my dear, not particularly, but it just occurred to me to ask the question." "Well, Topnoody, to be frank with you, I think I would." "Why, my dear, that is very inconsist-ent," he said, in surprise. "How?" she asked, sharply. "I'm not usually inconsistent, am I?"



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Women Who Fix Up for Company. Denver Tribune-Republican: "The par ticular type of woman that 1 desire, growied the old gentleman, "is that luckor combs her hair unless there's comAnd I should gladly go from out the shining Down where the cloud-world glooms the golden star, Unheld by any ghost of sad repining, To search till found, for her who was not

there.

The Old Maid and the Mother-in-Law Harrisburg Telegraph: A sharp-turned paragraph in a paper I have just laid down says something mean about old maids. Why guy the old maids? Every great industries of the world. pert paragrapher flashes his wit at the defenseless maiden well up in years. It isn't right, and he ought to be ashamed of himself. Dog-gone a man anyhow who will poke fon at a woman. Ah funny man, you little know the sorrow sometimes concealed beneath the prim exterior of the old maid. You cannot

ken the blighted hopes, the withered love, the bright dreams unrealized, the apples of ashes that fell to her lot, and all that made her an old maid. Go on funny boy; poke your cheap wit at the dear old girl; say alleged humorous things about her and make her feel bad in her loneliness. Some day you may need the old maid, and, oh, you mirthprovoking son-of-a-gun, may she be on hand when you want her, with every drop of Christian charity squeezed out of her heart, and gall and bitterness in its place to make it pleasant for you-oh so pleasant that you will wish you were dead and buried 1700 feet under ground before you ever poked fun at the old

And there is the mother-in-law, Mister funny man, you poke fun at her, too. Some day, good sir, you will be married. and its shekels to dried apples that your wife will have a mother who knows you like a book, and who, to use the vernacu lar of the street, "has it in for you. hope she will give you a regular red-paint razzle dazzle, me boy, and that she will make you walk the floor and groan and curse the day you were born. YOU know that the mother-in-law is not at all as she is painted. Why, what would we do without the mother-in-law? (Not me -what are you smiling at?) The dear, good, kindly old soul who overlooks the faults of her daughter's husband, and who smooths out the household wrinkles, and keeps things straight, and puts things to rights when they don't go straight, and takes care of the babies and sees that they are started in life properly. and often comes in handy when there i a bill to pay and nobody with money to pay it-what would some fellows without a mother-in law? Dear me! sometimes wish that I had one. But-

Tall Girls The Vogue Detroit Tribune: Tall girls are the fashion this season. Heretofore the little fairy, short girl has had it all her own of it way, but this year the lithe, willowy, tall girl laughs at her little sister and wears the wide stripes and sprawly tigures which adorn the now handsome winter dress fabrics, with an enviable feeling that her time has come. The midget sis ters will have to fall back on plain goods and small figures of last season, for they will hardly dare to distigure their pretty proportions with the stripes which wi take from their already too short length or the huge clusters of blossoms which would completely obscure their rotund ity. A worse luck is that the stylis coachman's cape, so jaunty to the tall slender girl, is absolutely ridiculous on a

little figure of four or live feet tall these new designs which average about the size of a dintier plate, the ground

Upwards of 100 students will shortly be seriously at 'work in the various classes Gail Hamilton is writing racy and readable letters from the Sandwich Islands. in which politics, progress, gossip and dress are strangely mixed up with ac-counts of the wonderful ways of a won-

derful baby whose name is Flore. How many persons know that the discovery the product of the silk worm is due to a woman? It was a Chinese Empress, See-Heig, who somewhere about 2800 years B. C. found out that the fibres were fine and strong and, prosecuting her researches, learned how to breed an rear the worms, and initiated a new industry which has become, one of the

Price of Wisconsin. St. Paul Globe: Ex-Adjutant General Hawley, of Faribault, told several good stories to illustrate the grit of W.T. Price, who now lies upon a bed of sickness About thirty years ago Price shipped some pork from the north to La Crosse on the old War Eagle, which Captain Harris was running in a way to suit only The boat pulled up at La umself. Crosse, and Price was anxious to unload his pork. In those days steamboat and lock men were invariably ready for a tight. The captain said he'd be damned if he was going to hold his steamboat at La Crosse all day to unload a barrel of Price declared that he would. pork. Captain Harris signified his opposition by leading out with his right. Price pitched in and gave the captain a sound drubbing. When this was brought to close, Captain Harris said Price was pretty good man anyway, and he would hold his steamer there as long as Price vanted it. The river men never tackled

Price again. Mr. Price had sent his son to college. and the young chap had a line education and soft white hands Price said to him happiness, usefulness and existence itself lepends on marrying a particular lady. one winter:

Boy, I am going to Washington, and want you to take charge of a lumber eamp this winter.'

Mrs. Price remonstrated, and argued that Price, jr., had now a fine education, and was just fitted nicely to go into so ciety, and it would be a pity to send him up into the woods.

"By ---, he'll go up into the woods," "Price, sr., replied, determinedly, "and if he makes anything I'll give him a quarter of all he makes; if he don't make any-thing I'll kick him out o' doors." the young fellow started for the

woods, and Price charged that came up to profit and loss, depending upon his other foreman to make it up. When the season was over and Price returned, all his foremen reported with a better than average successful logging. The son re-ported and his figures showed that his camp made 15 per cent. more than any other

Mr. Price said, "Here, boy, you've done pretty well; I give you the whole thing. You can now take that camp for yourself and see what you can make turning over to his son the entire including about eighty teams. utfit.

The old gentieman now takes especia delight in telling the story "The boy has money of his own now, "and he can go into society anywhere.

'Might Overlook That,'

Philadelphia Call: Mrs. Noorich-Benjanin, I wish you would inquire into the antecedents of young De Twirliger, who comes here so often to see Jane. Mr. Noorich-What's the matter with im? He seems to be a gentleman. "So he is, Benjamin; but what of his im?

"So he is, Benjamin; but what of his family? I know his father was in the legislature, and that is all I do know, Well, my dear, we might overlook that it the young man is honest himself.

In the parlor all is smiles, tenderly lisped phrases, melting glances and pro-"No, my dear, but in this you are, for

testations against all that is rude or dis you are always railing against married life, and regretting that you ever tried it, agreeable, and in favor of that which is gentle and long-suffering. They deceive and all that

"But what has that got to do with my themselves as well as each other. Prob marrying again?" ably they do not mean it, but they do it. "You don't want to repeat your misery,

Of course, the ardent youth who reads this will say it is n of for him. Those do you, my dear?" who have had their wings singed in the

"Of course I don't. You see I wouldn't have to have you. Topnoody, for my sec-ond husband." delusive blaze are the ones who will read it with deepest interest and appreciate it

Tepnoody looked across the table at most. They can only sigh and wonder why some one did not say as much to her, but she kept straight ahead with her them, yet there is much satisfaction even work, and he reposed in silence. in that sigh. If they are sufficiently philosophical to make the best of it, to

The Love Affairs of a Number of Famons English Authoresses.

keep the bright side out, and to persist-ently refuse to go behind the scenes, they Hannah More's story is sufficiently interesting. When she and her sisters kept a school in Bristol she used fremay get along; but if they give way to regrets, take to drink or finding fault with their mothers-in-law, their days of quently to accompany two of their pupils to the house of their consin and guardian. Persons of ardent dispositions, especia Mr. Turner, who lived near the town. He was attracted by the young authoress, ally young persons, should be very careful not to allow themselves to be carried too fast or too far by what they consider true love. It may pan out nothing more enduring than who was only twenty-two years of age, very pretty and highly accomplished. The conquest of his affections was prob-ably completed by an allegorical poem entitled "The Bleeding Rock," and suginfatuation. The sensations are so simi gested to Hannah by some scenery in his lar at first that an expert might be bothered for a while to determine which is grounds. He proposed and was accepted, which, but time will tell. Love remains though he was twice her age

bright alike through sunshine and storm, He proved, however, a lukewarm lover, postponing the marriage again and again. At last, when the wedding mornand even time's corroding breath does not dim and lustre. On the other hand infatuation flashes and burns with an ining actually arrived, he did not appear tense, brilliant glare, dimming every other light, and paling the glories that hut sent instead a note excusing himself on the ground that he could not bring have always been regarded as resplend his mind to take such an important step ent. As months pass, however, the glard as marriage! Hannah's friends were naturally indigbecomes less and less intense, and finally

nant, and she herself suffered both in her cellings and in her pocket. Mr. Turner insisted upon settling on her s sum of £200 annually, which she was with difficulty induced to accept. She seems to have generously forgiven him for the jury, for she sent him a copy of each of her books as published, and as her fame rose he was wont to remark that the affair had been overruled for her good. Every day, in public or private, was "Hannah More," and she was remem-bered in his will, but they only saw each other again once, by accident. Miss Burney met M. d'Arblay, her fu-

ried folks to tell you the truth, the whole ure husband, when he was staying at Jumper hall, in Surrey, having taken ref-uge in England from the horrors of the French revolution. He was at the time actually ill with grief for the execution of Louis XVI. He began to give Miss Burney lessons in his native tongue and it ended in a marriage. M. d'Arblay had absolutely nothing in the world, and his bride, who was 41 years old, had only her literary prospects and a pension of 4700 yearly from her having held the post of maid of honor. Though wrting that her own surprise surpassed that of all her friends together at this apparently in discreet and unsuitable marriage. Mme d'Arbly experienced great happiness durhave been unable to banish that "inirest ing twenty-five years of welded life. Mrs. Barbauld's husband, the Rev. their There is always a vacant chain

Rochmont Barbault, was the descendant

of a Huguenot refugee and the son of an English chaplain at Cassel, in which town ne was born. Though destined for the church, he was sent to the Dissenting academy at Warrington, the headmaster of which was destined to be his father in-There are two sides to the question of love-made vs. parental-made marriages as there are to every other question. Parents who have seen the world are bet-ter able to choose a husband than an inlaw. There, besides falling in love, he imbibed such principles that he felt comexperienced girl under the influence of blind cupid. Many a young lady who has been forced to marry her parents pelled to run counter to his father's wishes and become a Dissenting minis-ter. The poverty which resulted from this step long prevented what proved a

Lucie Austin made the sequintance of Sir Alexander Duff Gordon at Lans-Their friendship was soon downe house. talked of as likely to lead to something eise, and the run ors reached Sir Alex-ander's ears. He acted promptiy. "Miss felt so horrified, for the parents were al-

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SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

Austin," he said, "do you know people | ready wild with grief. I finally sum say we are going to be married? Shall we make it true?" Her answer was as direct as his question, and they were mar ried in Kensington church in 1810. Charlotte Bronte's marriage with the long-attached enrate, Nicholls, was de-layed by her father's pertinacious ob-

jections to marriages in general and the match in particular. Mr Nicholls threw up his curacy and left the neighborhood but Mr. Bronte finally yielded, and the wedding took place quietly in the little church at Haworth June 20, 1854. In less than a year the bells tolled for the oride's death at the age of thirty-nine. Letitia E. Landon received and ac-cepted an offer of marriage from Mr. foster, editor of the Examiner. No sooner was the engagement made known than many false friends began to assail her character and warn him against her. He took the tales to her and she in lignantly referred him to her female friends, who eagerly reassured him. Quite satisfied, he returned to his be-trothed and demanded an immediate marriage, but she met with the assurance that Ahe would never marry a man who even seemed to distrust her. There is no doubt that in acting thus she disobeyed the die tates of her own heart. She was after

wards induced to give her hand to Mr Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle with whom her wedded life was short and, it is to be feared, unhappy. Felicia Brown met Captain Hemans of the king's own regiment, when she was only 16. He was poor, but handsome

and elever; she was impressionable and and bewitching and a mutual affection sprang up. Captain Hemans was obliged to join his regiment in Spain, but, returning three years later, he renewed his suit, and they were married in 1812. Six years afterwards he went to Italy, ostensibly for his health, and husband wife never saw each other again, though thi corresponded frequently. ity of tastes between the gay man of the world and the highly-strung poetess prot ably caused the separation, though their

first love was sincere and warm. An Awful Experience.

Indianapolis Journal: "Undertakers ave some very peculiar experiences," anid Charles Kregelo to a Journal report "About twelve years since a young lady died here in the city at the house of some relatives. I was called upon to bury her and did so. Her parents and imme-diate relatives did not reach here in time to take up the body and they accompanied me to the cometery. The moment I me to reached the grave I saw the body had been stolen, and I never in all' my experience

moned up courage enough to tell them what my fears were, and I shall never forget the scene. We dug down to the coffin and the body was really The mother lost control of he gone. mind, and could not be quieted for several days. A search was instituted for the body, but it was not found, and the parents returned to their home the most miserable people 1 ever saw."

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SINGLE, DOUBLE and LIGHT,

Cremation by Electricity.

Pail Mall Gazette: A movement has been set on foot in Italy toward erecting in one of the principal towns an electric crematorium. In this ediffee the corpses will be instantly consumed by means of an intense heat caused by electricity. Various European cremation societies are eported to have despatched representatives to Italy to make inquiries as to the feasibility of the scheme, which it is expected will, if successful, very soon replace the more elaborate methods now adopted.

Partisans of cremation are sanguine that the introduction of electricity would instantly remove the objections held by many European states against the burn ing of bodies. Dogs have already been subjected to the process by the inventor with a considerable degree of success. Their bodies forthwith evaporated into nothingness, and there was perceptible none of that disagreeable odor of burning flesh which inhabitants of Woking are said so greatly to resent.

W. J. Conner, a farmer residing near Sherburn, Minn., was drowned in his well. Mr. Conner was watering his stock and the eattle crowded around the well so closely that Mr. Conner was thrown into it head first. The well was about eighteen feet deep, with seven feet of water in it.

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for the funeral, but three days after she had been buried the father and mother came, and desired to take the remains to their home in another state. I consented



Still, the little god, Cupid, does not al-

for her.

truth and nothing but the truth about their young days and their early love af fairs, they will all, with rare exceptions tell of sweethearts whom they regarded as heaven-sent, and that no amount of reasoning would have convinced them

the place where the fire was is marked

only by smoldering embers or unhappy

There are times in the life of every

is in earnest about it, although he

oung man when he thinks his whol

may be ashamed of himself a few years

pens to prevent him giving way to his

matrimonial impulses, because he is just as sure to be ashamed of his silliness mar-

ried or single. If you can induce mar

ater. How fortunate if something

face and divinest form" from

beside them, and an invisible guest.

Choosing a Husband.

that they could live without their con stant company. First love is all right if the lovers are properly mated. The mere fondness for each other, and the lovesickness, which is usually developed in such cases, is not a sure sign of fitness for marriage. There are scores of bachelors and maids who are such from disappointment in them first love. It affected them so that they