WOMAN'S WORLDLY WEALTH.

Gems in Poetry and Prose of Mother, Sister and Wife.

CONSOLATIONS OF CREATION.

Female Drummers—Rich Ladies of Gotham — Titled Marriages — "Plea of Non Support"—General Gossipy Talk.

Woman's Love.

Shall woman's love—of mother, sister, wife,
The richest blessing of this mortal life,
Receive no tribute, humble though it be,
For so much worth and so much purity?
Yes! While our hearts can feel or lips can speak
Our words shall fail not though our words are weak—
Weak to express what bends each noble soul
In mild submission to its sweet control;
Which smooths each wrinkle from the brow of care,
And sets eternal youth and beauty there;
Lights up the gloom of death, and points the road
To God's celestial home and our divine abode!

Tributes to Woman.

Confucius—Woman is the masterpiece.

Herder—Woman is the crown of creation.

Voltaire—Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.

John Quincy Adams—All that I am, my mother made me.

Lessing—Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece.

Lamartine—There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

Whittier—If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restore it.

Barrett—Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

Richter—No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.

N. P. Willis—The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

Voltaire—All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of a woman.

Beecher—Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity.

Leopold Schefer—But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.

Shakespeare—For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?

Michelet—Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.

Louis Desnoyers—A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.

Lord Lansdale—If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother into the other, the world would kick the the beam.

Malherbe—There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons.

Bulwer-Lytton—O, woman! in ordinary cases so mere a mortal, how in the great and rare events of life dost thou swell into the angels!

Saville—Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws; and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments.

Emerson—A beautiful woman is a practical poet: taming her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all whom she approaches.

Anna Cora Mowatt—Misfortune sprinkles ashes on the heart of the man, but falls like dew on the head of the woman and brings forth germs of strength of which she herself had no conscious possession.

Thackeray—Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again in that conversation and renew their own early time. Men are not quite so generous.

Ruskin—Shakespeare has no heroes—he has only heroines.

Gladstone—Woman is the most perfect when the most womanly.

Cabanis—In wishing to extend her empire, woman destroys it.

Boucicault—I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.

Bulwer—To a gentleman, every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

Cowley—What is a woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.

Saadi—A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.

Rochefoucauld—A fashionable woman is always in love with herself.

Cervantes—All women are good—good for nothing, or good for something.

Victor Hugo—Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.

Francis I.—A woman changes oft; who trusts her is the softest of the soft.

Shakespeare—There was never a fair woman but she mouths in a glass.

George Eliot—A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear.

Heine—Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume.

Cervantes—Between a woman's "yes" and "no" I would not venture to stick a pin.

Luther—Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.

Women as Drummers.

Albany Argus: A few years since, when the business community was startled by the innovation of women as traveling salesmen, it was argued that they would be a success, as they could not fill the many social obligations required to sell large amounts. An experience of two or three years, however, has given the matter an entirely different aspect. It is found that the lady drummer makes an impression on the country merchant, especially in the west, where the male member of the fraternity would fail. A commercial man of large experience says the merchants will hold their orders for the lady drummer, even though a dozen of their own sex offer and beg to fill them on advantageous terms.

Again, they are always in need of something when the lady drummer calls, while with the man it is more often "nothing to-day." The success of the women drummers is much more marked with the merchants of the opposite sex than with their own. Women in trade do not usually take kindly to women as commercial travelers and it has been suggested that in the future, when everything is "down fine," women will be employed exclusively to sell to the men and the men to take orders from the women in trade; but as only a small proportion of merchant and traders are of the gentle sex it is obvious that when that day comes, if it ever does, the ladies will have a practical monopoly of the business, as the males do now, and the men must then find something else to do.

Busy Men and Women.

A busy woman who must think, who must care for others, whose heart is in her work for others, and whose life cannot be confined within four walls, or any narrowing conventionalities, seeks her kind, and saves her precious moments by receiving her friends upon one day in the week. The busy man, shut in his office for long hours, harassed by many cares and often flagellated by foes, finds it sweeter and better for the few moments' chat in some attractive home, where beauty, music and flowers give him the needed poetry to mate with his prosaic cares.

Rich New York Women.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record writes: I am every day astonished at the wealth of this city. We are supposed to know at least the names of the millionaires, or at any rate people whose fortunes amount to more than a million or two; but we do not know the half of them, and the number of wealthy women in New York is past belief. I know a lady whom nobody ever heard of outside of her own circle of acquaintance who has $5,000,000 of her own. I known another lady who has $3,000,000; of another, recently dead, with from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000. These, of course, not including the well known wealthy widows—such as the late Mrs. A. T. Stewart, the Widow Hammersley, Mrs. May and a dozen others. The china and household ornaments of the Widow McCrosky were sold at auction this week. There was nothing very striking about the collection, though it was an expensive one. Widow McCrosky leaves about six million dollars, a large part of which is invested in the Chemical National bank. Mrs. McCrosky got in when the shares were at par. Now a share that originally cost $100 is worth $2,500; so if Mrs. McCrosky had a few hundred shares in this bank her income would have been a great deal larger than one would have thought, taking the ordinary percentage which nowadays seems to be five.

I know another lady in New York who has $5,000,000 of her own, $2,000,000 of which she will settle upon her daughter if her daughter marries to please her. If the daughter does not—if she takes it into her head to run off with the coachman—she will be cut off with a shilling; at least that is what her mother says now. It is not generally given out that the mother is going to make this marriage settlement on her daughter. If it were I think she would have an embarrassment of suitors. Two million dollars is a good deal to settle upon a bride—more in fact than is wise—but I think it much better for wealthy parents to give their children a dowry when they marry than to give them nothing until their death, when the property is divided. The idea of marriage settlements, which as a general thing is repugnant to Americans, is not a bad one. It makes a woman independent and it makes it possible for her to marry a poor man who might be a much better husband for her than a richer one. When young men or young women have been brought up surrounded by every luxury at home, and then get married and are obliged to live as though they were in straitened circumstances, when they know at the death of their parents they are going to have all the money they want, it makes them, I fear, look forward to the death of their parents with feelings akin to resignation. If at their marriage a good round sum of money were settled upon them, I think the effect would be more satisfactory than is found in anticipation.

Speaking of rich women, Mrs. Frederick Stevens, whose marriage to the Marquis de Talleyrand has excited so much talk in fashionable circles, is one of the richest. Her yearly income is $300,000, and she gets the greater part of this from the Chemical National bank, in which she is one of the largest stockholders. Her father, I believe, was one of the founders of the bank. Mrs Stevens' relations with the Marquis de Talleyrand have been of a scandalous nature for a number of years. The marquis, as well as Mrs. Stevens, was married, and has a wife, a Boston woman, and a family of children. He is a brilliant man, but is extremely unpleasant to look at, and is an inveterate gambler. But Mrs. Stevens became enamored of him and gave up husband, home and children and followed him through Europe. She came back from abroad a few months ago and went to live at Newport, that she might take advantage of the loose divorce laws of the state of Rhode Island. There she got a divorce granted her on the plea of non-support. Her husband made no objection, and after obtaining a divorce she went back to Paris and married the Marquis de Talleyrand, who in the meantime had become divorced from his wife, on what ground I do not know. Perhaps she got the divorce from him, which she might easily have done.

Now anything more absurd than this plea of non-support on the part of Mrs. Stevens could hardly be imagined. Mrs. Stevens is the daughter of a wealthy merchant of New York city by the name of Sampson, who had more money than social position, and who was possessed with an ambition to get into society, or at least to get his daughter in. Frederick Stevens was a young lawyer of limited practice but high social position, and in him Mr. Sampson saw his opportunity. The match was one of convenience, but it was a love match as well. Mr. Stevens was anxious to go on with his business, but father-in-law Sampson would not listen to it. He made him retire from the practice of the law, and told him he would find all the business he wanted taking care of his wife's estate. Mr. Stevens hesitated at first, but the offer was a tempting one, and he finally accepted it as a matter of course, and he did look closely after his wife's affairs, and they were supposed to be a happy couple as couples go; and they were, I believe, until the Marquis De Talleyrand appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Stevens no sooner rested her eyes upon his ugly little face than she lost her head, and forgot not only common decency, but all the instincts of a wife and mother.

Gossip For the Ladies.

The youngest type-setter of whom there is any record is the 9-year-old daughter of a New York newspaper man. She does the work well.

Mrs. P. D. Armour, of Chicago, is a practical philanthropist. One of her good works is the maintainance of a mission school, which costs her $10,000 a year.

It is a sad commentary on the astuteness of the authors of "One Hundred Distinguished Americans," just published, that only four women are mentioned. These are Charlotte Cushman, Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Michigan is proud of Miss Alice R. Jordan, the young woman who took the degree of LL. B. at Yale last June. She is but 23 years old, is the first and only woman ever graduated from Yale, was two years ago admitted to practice law in the circuit courts, and has now been admitted to practice in the superior court.

Professor Maria Mitchell of Vassar college, declares that society has never given women a chance to show their intellectual fitness for responsible positions. A thoughtful glance, over the world, however, suggests that the bars are down now at least, however formidable they may have been in times past, and that woman may do whatever she will.

Cincinnati boasts of having the only female engineer in the country. Her name is Mary S. Brennan, and she is matron of a young ladies' seminary. To obviate the trouble experienced with the heating apparatus in the establishment she studied the science of steam heating, introduced may improvements, then went before the board of inspectors, and, passing a first class examination, received her license.

New Hampshire has a philosopher. She is a woman who never allows herself to fret over anything. She takes one or two naps every day, never takes her work to bed with her, and oils all the various wheels of a busy life with an implicit faith that there is a head and heart to this great universe, and that she can trust them both. She has reached the age of eighty years, but thanks to the method of her life, is still vigorous and healthy.

Getting Blind.

Bobby (returned from an errand)—Ma, Miss Smith is gettin' blind, I think.

Mother—Why, Bobby?

Bobby—Because when I went into the hall she said, "Bobby, where's your hat?" and there it was on my head all the time.

SELECTED SMILE STARTERS.

Pungent Pens that Cure More Ills than Patent Pills.

STIGGINS' OLD STEM-WINDER,

How to Write a Love Story—Sam Jones in "Beandom"—Ingersoll's Latest—Bill Nye's Bovine—Particular Jacob.

How to Write a Love Story.

Carlotta Perry.

Now bring me a maid that is plump and dark,
And bring me a maid that is tall and fair;
One must be gay as a meadow lark,
One with a grave and queenly air,
And a sort of a high-toned stately stare.
A man, old, rich, and a perfect fright;
A man that is young and debonair;
And lo! the story that I will write.

Bring me a summery moonlit park,
Bring me a house in a handsome square,
One in the country, a kind of ark
Of refuge for lovers; some mad despair,
Duty, temptation, grief and care,
To take the edge off love's delight,
A few odd people from here and there,
And lo! the story that I will write,

Bring me a trip in a treacherous bark,
A wreck in the midseas anywhere,
Bring me a duel—heaven save the mark!
A reunited and happy pair,
A gown from Worth's for the bride to wear.
And bring me a fate as dark as night,
For all of the bold, bad ones to share;
And lo! the story that I will write.

Envoy.

Bring ink and pen to my easy chair,
Of paper a ream all fair and white,
A publisher ready to do and dare,
And lo! the story that I will write.

A Stem-Winder.

Texas Siftings: Stiggins was passing a watchmaker's establishment and looking in the window he noticed a very pretty girl at the counter.

"Ha!" he soliloquized. "I'll go in and take a look at her under some pretext or other."

He entered and was waited on by the young lady's father.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want to get a key for my watch," he stammered, feasting his eyes on the young lady.

"Let me see your watch," said the watchmaker.

As if in a dream he took out his watch. The watchmaker examined it and said, with surprise:

"Why your watch is a stem-winder."

He doesn't remember how he got out, but he does remember that the young lady laughed.

Something He Had Not Learned.

Washington Critic: He was stopping at the Ebbitt, and, becoming ill, sent down for the clerk. Mr. Ross flew up stairs, and in about fifteen minutes came down looking as pale as a fresh tablecloth. "What's the matter?" asked one of the regular boarders, hanging on the edge of the counter. "There's a man up stairs with the hydrophobia!" exclaimed Ross, in terrified accents. "How do you know?" said the Regular, with excited interest. "Why, he sent for me to come up to his room; that he was sick. I went and found him choking, his throat parched and dry, and calling feebly for something to drink. I gave him a glass of ice water, and when he saw it, he jumped wildly up, knocked it out of my hand, and looked as if he were going to have a fit." The Regular looked serious and shook his head ominously, while Ross stood irresolute and trembling. "Who is he?" finally inquired the Regular. "Colonel Blank of Kentucky," responded Ross. The Regular's face underwent a great change. "And you gave him ice water?" he said, in pitying amazement. "Oh, Ross, Ross, will you never learn the difference between a hydrophobia patient and a Kentucky politician?" And the Regular strolled off toward the sick man's room, leaving a cold and heartless smile for poor Ross.

Sam Jones' Mistake.

"I would make Boston a suburb of glory."
—SAM JONES.

Make Boston a suburb of glory,
Sam Jones?
Do you know what such sacrilege means?
I fear you have not read the story,
Sam Jones,
Of that city of culture and beans.
You are sailing through breakers and rocks,
Sam Jones,
A dangerous sea you are tossed on;
Hereafter be sure in your talks,
Sam Jones,
To make glory a suburb of Boston.

The Latest From Ingersoll.

New York Star: The latest from Ingersoll is floating around the Hoffman. It was in St. Louis, and the colonel was accosted by a tall, lantern-jawed specimen of saving grace from the back districts.

"Air you Bob Ingersoll?" asked he.

"I was christened Robert G.—" said the orator.

"Air you the man that's tryin' to abolish hell-fire?"

The colonel said he was doing a little that way.

"Why, the idee," said the reverend. "How on airth air we goin' to save sinners? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Don't commit yourself, my friend—don't," said the colonel, quickly. "You may be mighty sorry some day that I didn't abolish it."

His Son Jacob was Very Particular.

Texas Siftings: "How is your son Jacob coming on?" asked Washington Jones of an Austin Israelite.

"Only so so, Mishter Jones."

"Ain't he married yet?"

"No, not yet. My son Shacob was very particular."

"Can't he find a girl to suit him?"

"Vell I dells you. He could have married dot Rebecca Blumenthal mit fifty dousand tollars more dan den years ago, and he vent pack on her."

"That was unfortunate."

"I should shmile. Choost calculate how much interest alone hash gone dot spout up dat fifty dousand tollars on in den years at, shay, only six per shent."

Presence of Mind.

"You know Doc Cutler?" said a Cincinnati traveler to a fellow M. T.

"Who, the coroner?"

"That's the man; you know he has the reputation of never losing his head. Always ready for an emergency."

"Yes; I've heard that of him. But what about it."

"I saw him thoroughly rattled the other day."

"What about?"

"Simply because he couldn't find his ink-bottle."

"Pshaw; that shouldn't have disturbed him. I should think that any man in his business would have known just what to do in a case like that."

"What would you have done?"

"Held an ink quest, of course."

And he escaped just in time to deprive the undertaker of a job.

It Was a Dead Give Away.

Pittsburg Dispatch: A certain east end young lady is much given to adding force to her remarks by the use of metaphors. Recently she was placed in a rather embarrassing position by her proficiency in this line. As girls often will when alone together, she and a number of young lady friends were one day animatedly discussing the merits and demerits of their masculine acquaintances from a strictly girl standpoint. Whatever the talk may have been about, at one stage of its progress one of the misses exclaimed:

"Oh, isn't he horrid! I'd have boxed his ears!"

The other young ladies volubly agreed with this declaration, and the young hostess then declared:

"The awful wretch! But I can manage him, you bet! You should see me sit on him!"

Just here comes in the enfant terrible, always around to interpret statements literally and honestly:

"I seed you sitting on him once, Lou."

Then, as the rest momentarily stopped their talk in speechless amazement, the terror exclaimed in conclusion:

"I dess he lik-ed it, too. He was tying your shoe."

And then, as the piping treble of the youngster was lost in a chorus of "Oh's!" the "I didn't!" of the blushing Lou, in indignant and expostulating tones, might have been heard by those who cared to hear.

Full of Fun and Fight.

Pall Mall Gazette: Some of the details of cross-examination in the now famous libel action of Pankhurst vs Sowler (Manchester Courier) before Justice Hawkins are too funny to pass by. For instance: Did you say with relation to the franchise bill that "no oriental despot had ever conceived a tyranny so insolent in its bearing?" as the attitude of Lord Salisbury. "I did," replied the determined doctor, "and I am sorry to say it is true." "Did Salisbury bring an action against you?" "I wish he had." "But he didn't?" "No." "Now, in another part of the speech did you speak of the members of the house of lords as a lot of prize gooseberries?" [Loud laughter.] "Certainly; prize gooseberries." [Renewed laughter.] Dr. Pankhurst's point of law in this action as against the newspaper, is, it should be remembered that it is not and can not be for the public good to publish a "blasphemous story," whether true or false. Whatever may be the law or however it may press upon the editor of newspapers, nobody can deny that Dr. Pankhurst is making a gallant fight of it, with a good deal of fun thrown in.

Bill Nye's Cow.

"Owing to ill-health," says Bill Nye, "I will sell at my residence in town, 29, range 18, west, according to government survey, one crushed-raspberry colored cow, aged six years. She is a good milkster and not afraid of the cars—or anything else. She is a cow of undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of a trace chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth Shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. Purchaser need not be identified. I will also throw in a double-barreled shot-gun which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns with a tall red calf with long, wabbly legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident."

A Man of Experience.

Lady—Have you houses to rent?

Real Estate Agent—Yes. Here is one list of about 150.

Lady—Do you think that you can give me one that will suit me?

Real Estate Agent—Madam, I don't believe I can. But possibly I can give you one that will suit your husband.

Used Glasses Both Ways.

"I want to see one of the editors," said a lady, coming into the office.

"Which one?" inquired the horse reporter.

"The one that wears glasses."

"On his nose or under his nose?"

"Both, I think," she replied hesitatingly, and was at once directed by the startled horse reporter to the religious editor's room.

Little Bits of Fun.

"Who is the god of battles?" asked a teacher of the class in mythology. "Mar," answered little Johnny Henpeck. "Mars, you mean, Johnny," corrected the teacher. "No, I don't, neither. I only got one mar."

"If you want to look for line marks," said the boy to the palm reader, "you needn't examine my hand, for that's the wrong place. You want to look at the spot where the old man larruped me with the clothes line."

A rooster may crow as clear as a bell
And be "cock of the walk" all day,
But he can't lay an egg with a hard white shell
Because he ain't built that way.

Levy and Marks were playing poker. The former sat in splendid luck. He won $9 on three trays and a $15 jack-pot on a pair of aces. Marks stood the drain as long as he could, and then said: "Veeping Rebecca! Levy, I'd rather have your luck than a license to steal."

"O, can I knock the champion out?"
Some rising slugger cries;
He "reads the answer in the stars"
That dance before his eyes.

"Chestnuts!" yelled several persons in the gallery at the minstrel show, "That's right, gentlemen," responded Bones; "if you don't get what you want ask for it."

When a Virginia mountaineer wants a chew of tobacco, this (according to one who has been there) is the way he asks for it: "Stranger, gimme a chaw yer black flat chawin' terbacker; that is, of yer chaw. I dunno ef yer chaw er no; do yer chaw?"

PAPER BARRELS.

Successful Adaptation of Pulp to an Important Industry.

New York Tribune: The growing scarcity of the timber supply has given rise to the serious question of how to produce packages for oil, liquors and similar substances which will meet the demands of the market. This question has at different times during the last twenty years led to various attempts to produce a paper barrel which would answer all the purposes for which the wooden barrel is used. These attempts, however, have been attended with no practical success until recently, when a barrel was produced from paper pulp which seems destined to supersede the wooden article. Its general appearance is that of the common wooden barrel thickly varnished, while only five pieces are used in making it. It is bound with ordinary wooden hoops, and the head is of one piece, so constructed that it fits into the barrel air-tight and is held firmly in place by a hoop without the use of nails. The body is seamless, and the interior and exterior are glazed with a substance which renders the barrel impervious to moisture, so that liquids of all kinds can be transported in it without loss. It is also very strong and stiff, not easily broken, and as the nature of the compressed paper is such that neither dry nor damp weather affects it, the contents retain all their aromatic qualities. There are numerous other excellent qualities claimed for this barrel.

On January 25 Thomas Dougherty, the chief flour inspector of the New York produce exchange, certified that he had inspected 150 barrels of flour which had been shipped from a distance in these paper barrels and had found them to be all sound. It generally happens when flour is shipped in wooden barrels that a quantity of it sifts through the cracks where the staves join and is lost. It was found by weighing the flour shipped in paper barrels that none of it had been lost in this manner.

The inventors of this process for making these barrels say that the weeds and rank grasses which grow on the meadows lying between Jersey City and Newark will produce an excellent pulp for this purpose, and that thus these practically waste lands may be made productive and profitable. The cost of manufacturing the paper barrels is no greater than that of making the wooden article, and with the patented machine it is said that two men can produce 600 barrels in a day.

HUSBANDS AND HELPMEETS.

How to Draw Prizes in The Greatest of All Life's Lotteries.

HEAD AND HEART HAPPINESS.

Bands That Never Should Be Joined—Marriage of Literary People—Considerate Couples—Wedding Ceremonials.

Not Heads, but Hearts.

"The man I marry must wealthy be,"
The maiden said;
And planned her marriage delightfully
Within her head.
"The girl I marry must beauteous be,"
The young man said;
And he pictured her seductively
Within his head.
But on a day did the maiden find
One man to be
The only want of her heart and mind,
And poor was he
And one day was the man impressed
One girl to gain
Who alone could bring to him joy and rest,
And she was plain.
Thus both discovered their matches wrought
Not by the head,
But that, awaking in ways unthought,
'Tis hearts that wed.

Where Husbands are Considerate.

Atlanta Constitution: If a girl must marry, and a Brooklyn man comes along, we advise her to take him.

In Brooklyn husbands know their duties, and when they fail to come up to the mark they acknowledge their shortcomings and clamor for punishment.

Take a recent case. A young man appeared in a Brooklyn court, the other day, and asked the judge to have him arrested. His honor demanded an explanation, and the visitor stated that he had been guilty of cruelty to his wife. When pressed for particulars he said that while he had not beaten his wife or neglected her for the flowing bowl, he had been cruel to her from a financial standpoint. In other words, he had not given her money enough to properly support her. Further questioning developed the fact that his wife had preferred no charge against him. After thinking the matter over the judge begged the young man to go home and give himself another trial. The advice was accepted and the culprit left the court room.

Now taking it for granted that this young man was an average Brooklyn husband, the case is rich in suggestions. Let a wife have a proper amount of firmness and enterprise, and it is plain that such a husband would be a bonanza to her. If these soft hearted Brooklyn men do not come into great demand all over the country it will be because our girls are not looking after their interests. The incident is full of encouragement. It gives us glimpses of the model husband of the future.

French Marriages.

London Truth: It is curious how French grandees, who have really no advantage to win by glaring publicity, court it. One sees this most perhaps, in their weddings. The rule seems to be faire autant d'envieux as possible. Everything the bride receives from her family or friends is exhibited. There are exhibitions of her trousseau at the warerooms of the different trades people who have furnished it. Everything is on view no matter how it may be named or to what use it is destined, and the public are apprised through the journals in reclames paid for at the rate of 25 francs a line, where the things are on exhibition. All the modes gather around the tables, and shallow and elegantly ribboned baskets in which the intimate clothing is laid out. The demimonde never fails to visit a show of this kind. English lingeres have not the astonishing skill in getting up body linen in which there is nothing but a very small allowance of cambric, and a very large allowance of fine valenciennes. There is then the body "liners," made of tussore or foulard silks and lace and ribbon. You see it all in costly trousseau. It used to be the thing for brides of high lineage to have quaker-like underclothing, but under the full blaze of journalism it has gone out, and is now thought old-fashioned and no credit to anyone.

The grand exhibition is at the matinee de contrat, to which only relatives, acquaintances and the press are invited. The journalists are requested to note the "objects de piete" on the bride's gift table; that is, when they are in sumptuous or very artistic settings. For instance, a scrap of the veil in which the Virgin was churched, or an atom of the crown of thorns set in a jeweled reliquary, is an object to be proud of. The prayer book should be in the style of Anne de Bretagne's. Nothing appears better than Piety bending Mammon to its service.

A Peculiar Wedding Service.

Fayette (Mo.) Advertiser: The following marriage ceremony uniting an estimable colored couple, was performed by "the Rev. Berry, bro. Robinson of the Baptist church, cullud." After securing the usual promises from the "young couples what had arosen up before him on that day, a-wishin to be nited in the holy odency of wedlock," the Rev. Berry, with glasses across his nose, head thrown majestically back and a little twisting, an old ragged testament held aloft, and with an expression as sublime and solemn as a rock, repeated the following original version of the Lord's prayer: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is done in heaven; do you so promise me as to live together in the holy odency of wedlock as Jacob, Isaac, and Becky. Give us this day our daily bread, as we forgive our debtors, and I pronounce you man and wife, and lead us not into temptation, and if there be any man present what objects why these young couples shall not be nited in the holy odency of wedlock let them now forever speak or hold their peace, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, amen!"

Should Literary People Marry?

Chicago Times: It is not a new question as to the advisability of marriage on the part of people who depend wholly on their brains for their support, and it is quite possible that all there is to be said about it has been said over and over again. It is, however, a subject of ever-present interest, a fact which may justify some further allusions.

In one of the great religious denominations it was found, after a long experience in the case of its priests, that celibacy was conducive to the production of higher results than marriage, and therefore the former condition was adopted and made obligatory. The reasons for the enforcement of a celibate life were few but potent; the cares of a family interfered with the performance of duty. The husband and father had little opportunity to act as a priest; if he excelled in the one capacity, he failed in the other.

Literature has its priesthood, whose ministrations are as vital, as important and as imperative in their demands as those of any religious denomination. More so, in fact, for literature embodies in its extent all that is valuable in human progress, divine intent and action; it assists in the development of all the beneficial efforts of humanity, and records and preserves its proceedings.

To perfectly perform this colossal, delicate and unending labor, and to do it well, requires on the part of its servants a singleness of purpose, a clearness of thought, an exactness in judgment which can not exist where the external influences are permitted to intermingle. The priest who ministers at the altar of literature must devote his entire thought, her devotion, to the shrine at which he worships. He cannot, in the sacred precincts of the sanctuary, turn aside to haggle over the price of poultry, to cheapen the cost of fuel, to wrangle over the outlay for laundry work or the monthly stipend of domestic service.

The literary man and woman are utterly unlike everybody else; they have their special temperaments, their individual idiosyncrasies, their peculiar methods of thought, their positive sympathies and dislikes. To yoke a man of this kind with an ordinary woman is not only to impair his capability to carry on his work, but it is to fasten on him a life of wretchedness. The same is true of the literary woman. Ally her to the average man, and she is at once provided with a ball and chain which she must drag at every step of her progress. While neither the literary man or woman can, with benefit, marry outside of the profession, it is more dangerous and deleterious to marry within it. The most undesirable of unions are those in which two literary people resort to marriage, the case of the Brownings to the contrary notwithstanding. Where there has been one instance of Browninglsm in matrimony there have been a thousand cases in which the direct opposite has been the result.

The explanation is very simple. A husband and wife devoted to literature clash eternally on the same plane. It is a case of an encounter of the invincible and the irresistible. The essential differences of sex beget irreconcilable antagonism; the respective ideals projected by each necessarily differ as do masculine strength and feminine delicacy. They can not agree; it is a union without affinity, a mechanical composition without cohesion in the particles. In the instance of literary men and women who marry outside of their domain, there is often more happiness to be found than within, and yet the rule is that such unions are disastrous. It is especially so with women of brains who select a partner from out of the masses; there are more divorced literary women in existence than there are wives of the same profession. This class of woman, if she marries one of her kind, seeks for intellectual domination over her husband; if she secures it, she despises him for his weakness; if she loses it, she hates him as a tyrant.

The literary husband with a wife not in sympathy with him is rarely happy, and never able to accomplish the complete intellectual results that he would if unincumbered by such a burden. He is demoralized by domestic wrangles, and want of sympathy, and inceasing contact with the commonplace. In view of all these facts, it is best that the literary people should determine on celibacy. To marry is to commit intellectual harakari; to diminish largely the utility of a life's services, and to add vastly to the unhappiness of the participants.

HE LASSOED A HUGE LION.

A Cowboy's Terrible Ride With a Screaming Panther.

"Last summer, while in Wyoming, I had a decidedly startling adventure," remarked a young man the other day in the presence of a San Francisco Call reporter. And subsequently, upon being questioned by the latter, he told the following remarkable but well-authenticated tale: I was in the employ of a cattle company—in short "a cowboy"—and besides a natural love of adventure, which I had gratified for several years, had, no doubt, imbibed some of that spirit of utter recklessness which characterizes the class of which I was, for the time being, a member. Early one bright morning my employer sent me out to look for some horses which had strayed, he thought, somewhere in the vicinity of Lance creek (about 200 miles north of Cheyenne), only a few miles from where we were then camped.

Mounted on my stout little broncho, or "cow pony," I soon reached the creek, and rode slowly along its banks, keeping a sharp lookout for the missing animals. The banks of the creek were fringed with cottonwood and poplar trees, intermingled with clumps of osiers and a dense undergrowth, but on either side the country was open but hilly. Experience had taught me to be suspicious of any tree or bush in that section large enough to ambush a human being; for, to say nothing of the white desperadoes, Sioux and Cheyenne Indians from the Pine Ridge agency were frequently met with, and, though professedly at peace, were not to be trusted. Consequently, as I rode along, I from time to time peered anxiously in among the trees and underbrush.

I had followed the course of the creek several miles when suddenly my pony snorted and jumped to one side, almost unseating me. Perhaps ten paces in front of me, crouched as if ready to spring, were three large mountain lions. I had always had a great desire to meet one of these creatures in his native wilds; but this was a trifle too much of a good thing to suit me. Without a second's thought, however, I whipped out my Colt's revolver—the only weapon I had—and fired at the group. At the report of my pistol two of them bounded off through the underbrush and were soon out of sight, and the other, uttering a shrill scream, writhed for a second on the ground and then attempted to follow his companions, limping badly.

My blood was up; two of the fine creatures had taken flight and without reflecting upon the possible consequences I put spur to my pony and dashed after the wounded lion. Moving so rapidly I knew it would be impossible to shoot with accuracy, and there was great danger of the lion turning upon me if I approached too near. Suddenly it flashed through my mind. Why can't I lasso him as I have heard of gauchos doing on the pampas?

Attached to my saddle was my braided rawhide lasso, about forty feet in length, in the use of which I had, as every cow boy must, become quite proficient. One end of it was firmly attached to the pommel of my saddle, and the remainder of it carefully coiled up, was tied to the front of the saddle by means of a couple of rawhide strings or thongs. Hastily unfastening the latter—without checking my pony which was evidently much excited, and inclined to sheer away from the lion—I prepared for the throw. I had used my lasso so much frequently doing little else but lasso or "rope" cattle for weeks together, and it was but the work of a moment. Carefully measuring the distance with my eye, I whirled the lasso several times around my head and at what seemed the proper moment let fly. The instant it left my hand my pony, as he had been trained, stopped and braced back, almost upon his haunches. My calculations had been correct.

I saw the rope settle around the lion's neck and the next instant, when he reached the end of it, and tightening, it threw him on his back, he uttered the most appalling scream it was ever my lot to hear. The instant the rope became taut—you may be sure I did not waste any time—I wheeled my pony in the opposite direction; dug my spurs into his side, and darted away, dragging the lion after me. That, I am sure, was the most exciting moment of my life. I did not stop to look back. I simply dug the spurs into my pony's flanks, knowing if I relaxed my speed if for a instant, the lion might spring upon me. Even as it was I realized that at any moment I might feel the creature's sharp claws in my back; and the particular manner in which a mountain lion is said to kill (by drawing back the head of its victim with one paw until the neck is broken) happened at this moment to occur to me. It was not, strictly speaking, a cheering reflection.

At the commencement of the mad gallop when on several occasions the lasso slackened, owing to the huge bounds the creature took, I shuddered and crouched in my saddle, fearing that the next minute might be my last. For a time my captive rent the air with his cries, which so frightened my pony that I soon saw that I need not urge him; he was doing his level best.

Soon the screaming grew less frequent and finally ceased altogether, and I noticed with satisfaction that the lasso remained perfectly taut all the time. I then for the first time looked back and from appearances concluded that my captive was dead. I had, however, as can perhaps be imagined, a strong desire to make assurance doubly sure, and rode some distance further before stopping.

Even then I was in no haste to dismount until I had ridden around the huge cat several times, and assured myself beyond all doubt that he was dead. He proved to be a fine specimen, measuring a little over four feet from snout to tail root (his tail measured twenty-six inches), but the long drag I had given him, fully half a mile I should say, had almost spoiled his skin. The lasso had worn completely through the skin around the neck, and buried itself in the flesh—indeed I believe if I had dragged him much further it would have decapitated him completely.

Telegraph Operators' Secrets.

Electric Age: Every telegrapher will tell you how operators quarrel over the wire. The men who are the most quiet and gentlemanly in their personal relations are sometimes the most disagreeable to work with. It is so easy, you know, to call a man a fool when several hundred miles of wire separate you, and, besides, the fear of the consequences is very slight. I shall never forget an amusing fight I once heard between an operator at Xenia, Ohio, and another at Cincinnati. After each had exhausted his vocabulary of billingsgate the operator at Cincinnati suddenly subsided and refused to continue the contest, whereupon Xenia snapped out:

"What's the difference between you and a jackass?" Quick as a flash came the reply: "Just sixty miles. Give me a harder one."

"Is it true," asked one of the bystanders, "that an operator's mood may be determined by his manner of using the key?"

"Beyond a doubt," was the reply. "If you have been in the habit of working regularly with a man you can tell before you exchange half a dozen messages whether he is feeling fresh and buoyant, tired or lazy or out of sorts by his manner of transmission. There is as much individuality about a man's sending as about his penmanship, and he can be as readily distinguished by it. A case in point is related by Alf Saville, who worked one of the government wires between Nashville and Louisville during the war. One day, while the wires were idle, some one at an intermediate station called at the Nashville office and began asking Saville a number of questions about the movement of troops and other matters connected with the army. Before two minutes Saville recognized his man.

"'I say, George Ellsworth, what the devil are you doing there?' flashed Saville, cutting into the middle of a sentence. There was a moment's pause, and then came the answer slow and hesitatingly:

"'I 'cut in' on the wire two days ago, and have secured a good deal of information, but I might have got more if I had only kept my mouth (key) shut. Good-by, Alf. I am going.' There was a sudden click of the wire, and then the circuit closed.

"Ellsworth was the celebrated confederate operator who accompanied John Morgan in his raids through Kentucky and Ohio. Saville and he had worked together before the war, and had become familiar with each other's style."

ST. JACOBS OIL

FOR NEURALGIA.

After a lapse of years statements confirming the efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil and its permanent cures, are given below.

Neuralgia and Paralysis—Nov., 1880—Cured.

Springfield, Tenn.

My wife suffered 18 months with neuralgia and paralysis. I had to move her in bed and could find no relief. By the time she had used two-thirds of a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil she could walk.

JOS. P. MURPHEY.

From Same 6 Years Later—Permanent Cure.

Springfield, Tenn., Oct. 17, 1886.

My wife was paralyzed and could not walk a step. Before I used a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil she was about the house. She is now entirely well; does all the house work and milking too.

JOS. P. MURPHEY.

From a Sciatic Sufferer—Nov., 1880—Cured.

Scott Depot, Putnam Co., W. Va.

When I got St. Jacobs Oil to use I was in bed with sciatica; now I am going about the room with ease. Before I got it I could not be moved. I went to the stable to-day.

THOMAS TORMEY.

From Same 6 Years Later—Permanent Cure.

Scott Depot, Putnam Co., W. Va., Oct. 25, 1886.

I was twelve days on my back with rheumatism in the hip. Nothing relieved me till I got a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Three times rubbing and I was able to walk; and it finally cured me.

THOS. TORMEY.

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Spasms, Cured.

Tower Hill, Appomatox Co., Va., Nov., 1886.

I had suffered years with neuralgia and rheumatism day and night with acute pains and spasms. I was advised to try St. J