SOME THINGS ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Black's Eccentricities -- An Old Fashioned Girl.

EXPLOITS OF A WESTERN GIRL.

Rich Girls on Ranches-Middle Morgan-Girls Who Bet-Pretty Irish Lasses-Why Women Go on the Stage.

An Old Fashioned Girl. James B'. Kenyon in the Century. Old fashionen? Yes, I must confess The antique pattern of her dress, The ancient frills and furbelows, The faded ribbons and the bows. Why she should show those shrunken

charms That wrinkled neck, those tawny arms, I cannot guess; her russet gown; Round her spare form hangs loosely down; Her voice is thin and cracked; her eye And smile have lost their witchery. By those faint jests, that flagging wit, By each attenuated curl. he surely is, I must admit, An odd old fashioned girl

"Fis long, long since she had a beau, And now with those who sit a-row Along the wall she takes her place, With something of her old time grace. She yearns to join the mazy waltz, And slyly sniffs her smelling salts. Ah, many an angel in disguise May walk before our human eyes! Where'er the fever-smitten lie In grimy haunts of poverty Along the dark and squalid street, 'Mid drunken jests of boor and churl, She goes with swift and pitying feet,— This same old tashioned girl.

Eccentric Mrs. Black.

New York World: Mrs. W. P. Black, the wife of the Chicago lawyer who is trying to save the condemned ar archists, is a remarkable woman. She has been prominent in a social and even political way in Chicago for many years. No woman is better known there. She is a little under the medium beight, rather inclined to be stout, and wears her hair in short, wavy ringlets. She wears glasses, behind which her eyes beam with benevolence and consumate good nature. She dresses in total disregard of the prevailing ideas of the modistes. She has a cheery, ringing laugh, No woman knows the condemned men so well as she, and they have no greater friend and advocate, not excepting the captain himself. It is said that she is writing a history of the men-of the efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, of their trial and conviction, and of their wives, sweethearts and babies. Upon this point Mrs. Black is reticent. She has had considerable literary experience, however, and is decidedly eccentric.

During the whole of the trial she sat immediately behind her husband, making notes and offering suggestions, to which the eloquent advocate paid listening def-erence. Captain Black never appeared in court or visited the Cook county jail without his wife. She is as well known a figure in the Chicago criminal court building and upon the streets as George Francis Train is in Madison square. She is a sprightly and intelligent talker and enthusiastic about any lawsuits in which her husband may be concerned. It is asserted in Chicago that Captain Black was never seen upon the street nor at any consultation or public gathering unaccompanied by his wife. A World reporter found Mrs. Black at

the Hotel Dam. She said: "In the eighteen years that Captain Black and I have been married I have been his daily and hourly companion in business and in social events. During that period I have only been separated from him three nights, and that was when I was visiting his brother, General Black, of the Pension bureau. He has never made a speech, pleaded a cause or tried a case but I have been with him." Newspaper paragraphs have credited on with being a dog-fancier. How is

Biess you, yes, of course I am; but now I have only seven dogs-all the law allows me. We live thirteen miles from Chicago, at Park Ridge, There are a great many very poor women there, and I bred twenty four St. Bernard dogs and trained them to work a treadmill attachment which I invented to apply to sewing machines. I induced these poor women to buy sewing machines, then I loaned them the dogs and treadmills for motive power. At last-for I kept on breeding them-I had forty-eight Alpine dogs, such as no American ever pos-An insurance company me \$1,000 for my pet St. Bernard, 'Topaz,' but I do not need the money, and refused to sell him. The kennels for these forty-eight dogs cost the cap-

'Well, State's Attorney Grinnell and Police Inspector Bonfield were angry with me on account of my friendliness to the condemned men, and they induced the village trustees of Park Ridge to pass a law by which no one person could own over seven dogs. The penalty was a fine of \$200 and six months' imprison-The captain says the law is un constitutional but before we could test this some time must clapse, and in the meantime either the dogs must be kilted or I must suffer the penalty.

tain \$1,000, but he was just as fond of

the animals as I was.

was a great friend of Teresa Sturlata, the girl who shot her lover, Charley Stiles, a few years ago. The whole world was down on her and took her in hand. After she served her term in the penitentiary I put her on the right She is with wealthy relatives here in New York and has eighteen pupils. We correspond regularly, and I am going to see her. Well, because I took her up there was a great fuss made in Chicago and all kinds of things were said. Now, the whole thing has been rehashed by the officials because I am working in the interests of the condemned men. Teresa is now about twenty-five, delicate lovely as a piece of statuary. I sat with her through her trial. She was not naturally bad, as the result of her reformation shows. Because of my kindness to her, the Owl club, of Chicago, vowed vengeance, and actually sent to my home the notorious Cora Munn, Pinkerton's detective, and asked if, as I was in the adopting line and had adopted Teresa, I didn't want to adopt Cora.

Rich Girls on Ranches.

Dakota Tribune: "Oh, yes, I was a cowboy for your years," said Mr. A. B. Thomas, son of Paymaster Thomas of the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee rail-road, "I went out there to look around. I was just eighteen and had a great fancy for western frontier life. When I reached northwestern Kansas, between the Solo mon and Republican rivers, I happened to get on the trail of a herd of stock, and invited to join the herders. I did so and for three or four days was the sorest youngster that ever straddled a horse You see, they just live in the saddle, and I was a tenderfoot, or a pork and beans pligrim, as they called eastern boys. But I soon learned to handle a revolver like the rest of them. Everybody carries revolver. One needs it to defend himsel from the wild stock and also to defend the stock from welves. Any welvest Well, I should say so—both the big gray wolf and the coyotes, which are prairie wolves, small but sneaky.

isn't always the pleasantest thing to take a hand in with a wolf. The first time, I own up, I was a little scared. It happened this way—I was with a Cleve-land girl—by the way, the nerviest girl I She had been spending some little time at the ranch and had learned to use a revolver. We were on the prairie when we saw two big grays standing in the trail. Quick as chain ightning she drew her revolver from her

belt and fired. The ball struck Mr. Wolf in the head, killing him instantly. She was not the least bit frightened, but looked at it in the coolest way, and said in the most matter-of-fact voice possible, 'Well, that was a good shot, wasn't it?' We got off our horses, skinned the animal, and took the hide home for a trophy. She has it now, I presume. What became of the other. Oh, I killed him, but I emptied several barrels and riddled the skin so it

was good for nothing.
"I also saw this rady in a round up.
What's that: Well, it's when all the herders or cowboys get together and work up to a common center, fencing in all the wild animals running loose within a certain radius. After they are all in-perhaps 30 or 40 grays, 78 or 100 coyotes —then the fun commences, riding to the center, firing and killing the animals. The round ups bring in all the boys from all sections around, somewhere from 300 to 400, and

you may believe there is some lively fir-ing. Well, as I said, this young lady and a friend of hers joined in one of these roundups. They were the only ladies in the run, and were in charge of the boys of our ranch. No more respect could be shown to them if they had been queens. Every cowboy felt they were especially in his care, and they were watched and yet allowed to shoot to their heart's content, and they did shoot in great shape One came out with seven gray wolf scalps and six coyotes, and the other four gray and ten coyotes and a polecat. There is a bounty on wolf scalps-25c

for coyotes and 75c or \$1 for grays-so the girls did pretty well.
"Who were the girls? Well, I wouldn't like to give their names. They are daughters of wealthy Cleveland gentlement, prominent merchants, and they might object. You see people of the north know little of the cowboys of Kansas. They think they are a lot of low-lived fellows, always ready to shoot and scalp somebody, whereas they are a gentlemanly class of boys. Many of them are just from college. They study themselves ill, and go west to recuperate for health. They get it, too, for they live in the saddle, become expert shots, and enter with a zest into all outdoor pursuits that one here cannot understand. I hope to go back this fall, see the boys and go came back, as the boys say, to take a slice of high life." over the old stamping ground. I only

She Pronounced the Letter. The director of a large girls' school in French Canada, which is patronized by many American families, tells a story of a pert New England girl—with whom the instructors had any amount of difficulty, quite naturally, in getting her to sound the letter r. When a letter has been unpronounced for generations, it comes hard to the young. This New Eggland girl had been labored with so long a time over the sound of the r in French words that she came to regard the instruction in this particular as a great bore, and when the director himself took her in hand one day, and said:
"Now, see here, Mis —, I want you to
pronounce the r for me," she put on a look of unutterable weariness. "Now, please pronounce for me an English he persisted, "that begins with an r, and be sure that you sound the let-ter." "R-r-r-r-rats!" exclaimed the girl with a snap in her eyes.

Overland Sketches: A pleasing story of a beautiful and accomplished young lady at St. Vincent, Minn., is told by a special dispatch, and it comes to us like cool fountain in a prohibition state. It seems that the lady's name is Miss Lillian Blake, daughter of H. D. Blake, and that, in the words of the dispatch 'after helping her father stack 196 loads of wheat yesterday" she went over into Geroux's swamp alone in the afternoon to snatch a half hour of rest and recreation. She took her father's shotgun with her, and, as the special had it,

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six large and desperate swamp bears."

The bears didn't want to fight, but dum 'em, they had to. The first one tried to crawl into a hollow log and lodge the issue, but the airy, fairy Lalhan grabbed him by the hind leg and just about the same as pulled the limb off the critter. Then he changed his mind backed out and bowed his head to

the shock. It was a red day for b'ar. Especially in Geroux's swamp. On that awful day, throughout the length and breadth of Colonel Geroux's cool and popular swamp, nothing could be heard but the deep, agonizing groans

of dead and dying bears. And they do say, sort of privately and some as if they didn't expect us to believe it, that on the way home, while fragging the carcasses of the Geroux's swamp bear family, this timid and modest little Minnesota girl ran down two gray wolves and chased a party of six tramps along the railroad track for three miles. Still some Minne-sota editors will sit around and write about the decadence of "Our Girls and

Young Women."
But if these editors will just stop long nough to put their ears to the ground they will discover that the rest of the country isn't saying a word about the decadence of the Minnesota liar. Not whisper.

Eccentric Middle Morgan.

Miss Middle Morgan, the live stock re-porter of the New York Times and erald, is a familiar tigure in Printing House square, where her height, her thinness, and the apparent eccentricity of her dress never fail to attract atten tion. Those who know her apart from her business speak of her as brilliant charming and feminine to a degree, and in her vocation-the most difficult in many particulars for a woman to under take-she exacts admiration as well as respect. Miss Morgan has been building a house on Staten island for the last five years, and it is still unfinished. Nothing could be more eccentric than this briel structure. There are iron bars first story rindows, and the largest room in th nouse is given over to a plunge bath. If the place is ever finished Miss Morgan expects to live there with her sister Jane who is an artist.

Girls Who Bet.

New York Herald: One of the most bewitching of the Herald's reporters started out vesterday to interview the on racing, race tracks, race orses and their theories thereon. He found that one of the best known of the fair track frequenters said she was

danked down her chips on Garrison and McLaughlin. She made something in the year, but not much. "I choose a gray horse, and if I can't get that a bay," said a youthful maiden, with a glory of rich auburn hair.

not a backer of horses, but always

The next was a pretty little light opera chorister, who saves up her money and goes to the track to spend it. "I sleep on a stale crumb of bread.

she remarked, "and then I dream, and I generally dream winners." 'And if you don't dream a winner. How then? 'Oh, then I just get my race card and

shut my eyes and take a pin and run through the card, and then I back the horse nearest where the pin runs through. But that's not so lucky as dreaming Yet another set there are of betting romen. These are of the well-known women. class who take tips from touts and nang on the skirts of newspaper men and jockeys for information. Some of these are women who would scorn to demean themselves to any one outside of the track, but when within that magic cirele will grovel and cringe to obtain "a

Take all these classes of women and

come to the practical point. Do they win's Not a cent. Of course they make a

little once in a while, but in the main they lose steadily right along.
"And yet," said one of the finest sport-

And yet, said one of the thest sporting men in this city a few days ago,
"although they go away dead broke,
the next day they return again with
plenty of money to keep up the game."
How much do they bet? Almost anything \$1 (when they combine) to \$100. Sometimes they embark on a mutual, but rarely. Women prefer the bookbut rarely. Women prefer the maker. They like to know the odds, and maker. They like to know the odds, and consider taking them the easiest way of

playing. The real betting woman turns up her nose at her sister who bets a pair of gioves, although a twelve-button clause

may have been inserted in the bet. When women first took regularly to attending the race tracks the most exciting scenes would result. They were wont to rise in their seats, and, in shrill and piercing tones, summon their fancy horse on to win. But they have become acclimatized now, and many of them watch the race coolly and carefully from beginning to end, noting each change in the position of the horses

The Austrian Girl,

"The Australian girl," says a traveler, "is tail and slender. She lacks some-what in complexion, but generally she is pretty. The Victorian girl is decidedly good looking. The New Zealand girl has a far better complexion than the Australian girl, and is fresher and more healthy, perhaps, because the climate is milder. She resembles the English girl much more than does the Australian, and her development keeps pace with the former. But Tasmania is said to be the home of beauty, and it certainly seems to have more than its share of fair maidens. It s not at all uncommon for the Melbournian to ran across the little island for the purpose of enjoying a well-earned holiday and 'picking up' a wife.

How Women Should Read.

Philadelphia Press: A woman who wishes to be cultivated will always have a systematic course of reading on hand, which she will follow in its different bearings, and she will be careful not to waste her time with second-rate or in-ferior books. She will also have many interests and an open mind, and any knowledge she can gather will be assimilated and stored for future use. Cultured women "are more than usually brone to take pleasure in the beauty and order of their houses, and to love flowers and animals, and everything which the typical Eve should bring about her to dress and keep' the garden of home. In conversation her influence is always elevating, and as it rarely occurs to her to discuss her neighbors-her mind being filled with more interesting topics -she is far removed from all the wretched scandal that little minds delight in. She will possess, too, the power of being an interested and intelligent listener. To cease when she has no more to say is one thing the cultivated woman will have learnt, and a true tstimate of her powers will keep her from expressing an opinion on subjects with which she is inadequately acquainted. She will be free, too, from that dogmatic narrow-mindedness which is the inheritance of the ignorant, and will have acquired the blessed wisdom of holding her judgment in suspension on sbjects on which our finite minds can never know the whole. By the wide range of her ideas she will be delivered from prejudice and intolerance, and will respect, the opinions of others, however much they may differ from her own. Then, again, culture brings a woman "into touch" with a far larger number of her fellow beings, and therefore greatly increases her power of usefulness; for, hough an uncultured woman may do valuable work in the world, yet she can have little influence over those in her own position, except in so far as he intrinsic goodness influences.

The Woman Wood a Bore.

Whenever a woman begins to woo she becomes a bore. She is out of her place, and therefore a sort of annovance to those who are in place. Her intended victim is not the only one she bores, because she must tell all her friends what she is doing and exhibit her lamb on every possible occasion. To my mind a woman exhibiting a young man whom she is wooing, with some prospect of success, is a far more painful sight to behold than the exhibition of the first baby. Her manner, as she leads him around in society, says in language plainer than words: "This is my poodle; I caught him all myself; isn't he nice, and wouldn't you like to have one?"

Pretty Irish Girls. N. Y. World: The Irish girls, as a class have fine, straight, willowy figures, regular features and intensely fair complexions. These fair, delicate complexons however, break early, so that the old ladies of Ireland are quite as ugly and plain as those of England. I was a splendid looking crowd. They appeared very much like English people in their quiet ways and manner of fact enjoyment of the jumping of the horses, but they spoke much better English than their English cousins, and where any brogue was heard it was so slight as to add piquancy to the manner of speaking.

Girls Who Correspond. What follows, from Harper's Bazar, is for the benefit of girls who are predis-

posed to gush:
A habit with our thoughtless young ladies who do a great many things quietly which they would not like to have known of at home-a habit deserving of the strongest condemnation -is that of pro misenous correspondence with gentle men, whether the gentleman be married or single. The young ladies who find pleasure in this habit use their pens or any pretext that turns up, and some-times on no pretext at all. We are not times on no pretext at all. really sure that this does not come less under the head of an undesirable habit than a sin; for there is an indelicacy abou it which quite amounts to immodesty, of which no girl who respects herself or who desires the respect of others will be guilty.

These young letter writers, however generally get a fit reward for their thoughtlessness or their culpability. If their correspondent is a man of system atic habits their letters are docketed and ticketed, and his clerks have as much of a laugh over them as they wish; and if he s not a systematic man then those letters are at the mercy of any and every one who chooses to waste time in reading hem. If their correspondent is a mar ried man then his possession of their leters, even of the most trivial kind, place the writers at a disadvantage. Sooner or later the letters fall into the hands of his wife, who reads the folly or the wicked ness with clear eyes and holds the writer not only in her contempt but in her power. No young girl can be sure that her correspondent is not merely amusing simself with her, and it is often the case that her letters are unwelcome and a nuisance, and he does not check them, and does reply to them, not from inter-

st in her, but merely manly chival When the writer has recovered from per folly or forgotten about her idleness there is the letter, ready to rise, like an awful betraying ghost, after she herself has undergone a chance, that will make her face burn, branded with shame should the letter ever chance to confront her, or perhaps even the memory of it. Her motive may have been all innocent at the time, but it is left forever under doubt; and, in fact, except in the boldest business affair there can be no excuse. and therefore no innocence, in the matter of a young girl's writing letters to any man not her personal relative or guar-dian; for about most of these letters is an unmaidenliness almost to indecency, and in the end her corres-

pondent himself never thinks other than light of her on account of them.

Why Women Go On The Stage ... Lippincott's Magazine: People say, How can a well brought up woman so far forget herself as to go on the stage I do not propose here to defend the stage—though it has been as good friend to me—but I will endeavor to prove it has been as good a by a logical sequence of events, that for a woman who has to earn her own living, and has any talent for it, it is the only profession that offers anything like ade-

quate remuneration. profession is so well paid. Even in the lowest ranks of stage work the pay is sufficient to live on comforta bly and allow a margin for dress and saving. A chorus singer will earn \$15 a week, where a governess wi barely \$4 and a shop girl \$6 or \$8. where a governess will earn

In England a man would rather die than go to a store. It is not genteel. She cannot be a telegraph clerk, for the same reason. The only genteel things she can do is to teach or be a companion, and a woman who has no taste for either of these deletable occupations turns to the stage as to a mother, and finds there the ready employment she can get no-

where else On the stage she has the hope of getting on and making a fortune, and above all she finds herself among people who are willing to receive her with open arms if she is pleasant. Here are no restrictions of purse or caste. All are her brothers and sisters, and it lies with her and her alone whether her new family shall respect and look up to her, or pass her down sadly to those poor silly ones who have missed the nobility of their aim and sacrificed all for a short life of toolish merriment.

No wonder that poor girls of the better classes go on the stage, when they see how much is to be done there, and then regard dispassionately the few other modes of earning a hvelihood.

Mrs. Woodworth and Her Miracles. Decatur (III.) Correspondence Chicago Tribune: Mrs. Maria B. Woodworth, the "trance evangelist" who performs miracles and has created such a sensation in Indiana and southern Illinois, has been in this city since Monday last, and closes her six days' work here with a record of about thirty-five miracles performed and about one hundred souls saved. In the midst of such excitement as we have here the stories of Mrs. Woodworth's work are apt to grow by repetition, people unconsciously exag-gerating the reports of her wondrous ures, so that there is some little difficulty in getting the exact facts. Mrs. Woodworth makes the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, the diseased to be made whole, and the sciatic and rheumatic to jump for joy and glorify the Lord. She his cancer, heart disease, She has cured brain trouble, epilepsy, consumption, catarri, culicura, ingrowing toenails, spinal disease, neuralgia, paralysis, boils, and a host of other diseases that flesh is heir to. But one cannot believe all that is told of ber. For instance, there is a little boy here who lost some of his toes by a freight train, and it was reported that Mrs. Woodworth had touched the stumps and new toes sprouted out. Mrs. Woodworth was asked about this case to-day and frankly acknowledged that it wasn't true. She said it was the invention of a local reporter who is possessed of Satan. The sensation she has created and is creating s without parallel. She has been in the evangelizing business for the last six years, but until a comparative recent date most of her work was done in the vicinity of her native home in Ohio. Then she straved over into southern Indiana, and now she is in Illinois.

She numbers her miracles by the hundred and her conversions by the thou-sand. She claims, in brief, to have been especially called by Jesus Christ to go out and heal the sick and preach the gospel as did the apostles of old has frequent visions, or trances, during which she talks with the Saviour and tastes of the joys of heaven; she is also sometimes given climpses of the horrors of hell in order to spur her on to harder work in saving souls therefrom. She claims to be endowed with apostlic tire, or inspiration, the same as that given the apostles on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit descended on them and they spoke with divers tongues. There is little doubt that Mrs. Woodworth is the coming evangelist. Mr. Moody is getting somewhat passe as an evangelist--if one may use such a term-

at least, he needs rest. Sant Jones has had his day; he needs rest also. So do the people he has preached to. Harrison, the boy preacher, is now getting along to-ward sixty, and it is all right to give him a rest. Mrs. Woodworth has the eloquence of Sam Jones without his coarse ness; she has the earnestness of Harrison with something more added; moreover she is able to perform miracles, which is more than the others could do. Sam Jones claimed to have performed a miraele when he filled the Casino rink chock full of people every night, and those who know Mr. Jones best are readiest to acknowledge his claim. But that isn't the sort of miracles Mrs. Woodworth performs. Hers are orthodox miracles of the bible pattern. So far as the meagre records in the case go it would seem that she has already performed more miracles than all the apostles combined.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

The yoke or guimpe on little girls' frocks s a trequent feature. The new sashes are very elegant, very wide and very expensive.

Colored women are now employed as bag-gage smashers on southern railroads. The Gobelin blue shades combine beautiuliv with old rose and mahogany reds. Competent authorities say that the leading olor for the coming winter is to be blue. The fashionable bodice just now is long, rather narrow and fitting the figure closely. It hasn't yet been definitely settled at what ge an unmarried temale becomes a ches-It is not fashionable for brides to weep at

elr own weddings. The weeping is done later on. A Texas woman has a pet alligator. his name and wars his tail when

Mrs. Mary F. Fraser, of Cleveland, O., has bout as remunerative a law practice as Beiva Lockwood.;

Shot moire ribbons, silks, and velvets, plushes and wool and silk novelties are a feature in fall fabries. The tendency to make the bodice of one while the skirt and its draperies are of another grows in favor.

A unique pair of pepper-and-salt bottles ecently introduced represent sheafs of wheat in oxidized silver. A recent idea in dinner sets is to have all he service of etched oxidized silver and each piece of a different patteru.

The polonaise has been revived under the ame of "blouse" and is much worn, es cially by younger women. An attractive centerpiece for a dinner table is a fan-shaped flower vase of fluted alver and repousse decoration. A ventilating epaulette has been invented for the comfort of those poor women who have to wear seal-kin sacques.

The Langtry, a new evening wrap, looks like a newmarket in the back and a long. deeveless Russian circle in front. Theold-time gros grain silks are seen n They have been entirely superseded

by the more durable taille Francais. There are in New York city something like 160 women physicians. Half a dozen or so make incomes of about \$10,000 a year. Mother-My daughter, if the bad boys try

to firt with you, have nothing to do with them. Paughter-How about the good boys Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Pulitzer planted a tree together the other day at George W. Childs' country residence, near Philadelphia. The "fish-wife poke" and the dainty French capote are having everything their own way in the race for favor between bon-

On dit that dinner dresses will be on ly

slightly decollete another season, low-necked dresses being reserved for balls and the

opera. Side saddles have been in use in England since 1388. There is now a movement to do away with them and let women ride man-fashion.

A jewel casket of Russian silver in imita-tion of a wine basket, with a folded napkin for the cover.is a recent addition to elaborate

Another newspaper, edited by a lady, has appeared in Rome. This is called Galatea, and appears fortnightly. The editor is Cleila

Mme. Trelat left nearly all her property, toont £400,000, to the Paris municipality, found a school for the training of girls in household duties.

The revival of short waists and full round skirts does not meet with universal favor by any means. In fact, a very determined light being made against it.

Nearly one hundred young ladies of At-lanta, Ga., have agreed to form a mounted escort to President and Mrs. Cleveland when they visit the Piedmont exposition. Scarlet cashmere or diagonal wool frocks for little girls are made very effective with black braid put on in small, small-shell pat-

terns, or in diminutive Greek keys. Marie Antoinette's famous necklace of pearls, which went around her neck in six-teen strings, is now for sale at the shop of one of the principal jewellers in Berlin.

A unique hand and glove pungent recently offered to the public is a miniature powder-horn of etched oxidized silver, the tip of which terminates in a small golden ball. Domestic-"What will I get for breakfast?
There isn't a bit of bread in the house."
Mrs. Youngwife-"Dear, dear! that is too
bad! I suppose you had better have toast."

"What is there about him." the fat mother said, "in his converse that makes you rejoice."
He's stupid—there's nothing at all in his head." "Never mind. There's a ring in his General Phil Sheridan's wife was consid-

ered one of the handsomest women at the Philadelphia celebration. She has very brilliant eyes and displays line taste in her

A novel napkin ring is a representation of an oak leaf in tinted silver. It is bent in a circular form and connected at the ends with gold pin, over which a silver beetle is crawling. In chatelaines, a recent design is an octo-

pus of oxidized silver, having suspended from each of its eight legs a heavy link chain, to which some fanciful knick-knack is attached. A sacque for a Canadian girl is to be made entirely of cat skins. It will be rather awk-ward if she shall feel the back of her new garment rising whenever she calls her pug

for a walk. The fashion of wearing tea-gowns has so increased within the last few years that a number of these picturesque and graceful dresses find a place in the most modern wardrobes.

The sang de bouf in undressed kid is the reigning fashion in gloves. Many of them have the stripes between the fingers of white. This shade of red goes as well with most colors as does tan.

It a lady wishes to dress fashionably she must beware of following the styles as seen in the exaggerated cuts and colored plates of Such pictures are caricafashion journals, tures of current styles.

A pretty tea bell is a figure of Queen Elizabeth the body from the waist up forming the handle and the old-fashioned dress the tone part. A richly chased silver tray is used to ontain this novel figure. A young Mexican widow with \$10,000, hav

ing advertised for a husband to enjoy it with her, the Mexican papers have taken alarm and condemned the act as a "Yankeeism" that may well be dispensed with, The new woven underwear in French and

German lisle thread is now sold at prices that come within the reach of people of very moderate means. Sitk-ribbed underwear is also offered at greatly reduced prices. The Greek styles of confure do not be-come popular. The fact is they require more come popular. The fact is they require more hair than most "modern women of these degenerate days" either have naturally or

feel like buying at present high prices. Mrs. Nicely-Why, Eleanor, how did the rat trap get broken so? It's full of holes in the wirework. Eleanor-Shure ma'm, Oi done it last night wid th' ax, so th' rats moight hey a betther chance to get in it. Miss Grant, the Scotch sculptor, has landed

in New York, and, to quote Artemus Ward, is now ready to "sculp" Americans. She is a piece to the Earl of Elgin, and studied under the best French and Italian masters. Mary 1 Holmes is now sixty years old and . She resides at Brockport. She doe but little writing now, her twenty-six novels having brought her enough profits to keep her in comfortable circumstances for years.

A Boston woman wants to found a colony composed only of women on an jisland in the Partic ocean. She has had two applications al-ready. They are from two widows who have ready. passed the age of seventy and given up all

A young New Orleans woman is about to hang out her sign as house decorator. She will offer her services for graining wood-work, for wall and ceiling painting, and for orating fire places. Some of her fresco-

ing is very artistic. Mrs. F. H. Wilkins of Washington, was until last Thursday afternoon the reigning belle of Warner, N. H. She is a daughter of ex-Governor Ordway of Dakota, and falling in love with a Washington man, she married him, casting aside a man with a cool million This is again a wool season, that is, al wool materials rank first as favorites, are either made up quite simply, with drap-eries of the same, or else used where a smarter style is required, in conjunction with plush or velvet. Blocks and checks rival

When Alfred Fairbanks, of New York city went home from his work one evening last week he found on the table a note which read as follows: "Mamma says I must leave you that no man who smokes pipes can live with a daughter of hers, and, therefore, dear Alfred, we part to meet no more.

A Massachusetts paper asks: "Did it ever occur to anybody that if the women of this country should march en masse to the polls to vote, no power on earth could stop them?" t occurs to us that if a millinery store wa advertised to hold an opening in the vicinity they could be diverted en masse.

The present season is certainly remarkable for the splendor and elegance of its costumes and fabries. Every incoming steamer bringto our shores large invoices of wonders from the other side, and with these, strong proofs that the desire for novel and intense effects and combinations has reached a manif

Dr. Hamilton declares that education i leading American women to avoid the high est duties of womanhood. The evil which the doctor sees is not the effect of education, but of a sad want of education. What is needed is to educate American girls to be women instead of educating them to

A congress of German women will meet a Augsburg on the 5th of this month. The programme to be discussed embraces (1) the extension of the avenues of employment for females: (2) their admission to higher intel lectual studies: (i) civil equality of men and women; (i) better education for the home and for motherhood, e.c., etc.

French wood frocks for women, children and young girls are not tailor smade, but beautifully mediaeval and highly elaborate in drapery, decoration and the use of two materials, one plain, the other some one of the many wool noveities produced by the Jacquard loom and involced his Louis XVI, cloths or some bright plaided stuff. It is said Mrs. Mackay is about to display

a gorgeous toilet piece in the shape of a cloak made entirely out of the feathers of paradise birds. The price of a single bird is about 40 francs, and 500 birds would be necessary to orm this strange garment, which, when fin ished by the dressmaker will cost over 25,000 francs. Two famous snots have started for New Guinea to collect the birds. Four well-known young women from Bal

Four well-known young women, from bat-timore rode an exciting hurdle race at the recent opening of a riding school in Wash-ington. The contestants were the Misses Byron, Smith. Cassell and Morton. The race was over a quarter-mile course with three hurdles. Miss Byron won the first prize, a gold watch and chain and Miss Smith the second, a watch and chain of less

Clinton county, Mo., is the home of a temple hunter in the person of Mrs. Laura Parsons, a highly respectable and intelligent lady. Her home is in the southern part of the county near the line between Clinton and Clay counties. Her husband owns a large farm and is very prosperous. Mrs. Parsons always exhibited a particular londness for hunting and when a little girl would go for hunting, and when a little girl would go not with her brothers in search for game. Her marksunanship equals that of the average Nimrod. Mrs. Passon' favorite game is equirsels, which are quite plentiful around lier home.

ELLA WHEELER ON FLIRTS,

Flirtation One of Life's Spicy Condiments if Sparingly Indulged In.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF FLIRTS

What is Flirtation-How Flirts Im-

press Men-A Young Man Who Didn't Understand-Methods of Flirts. _

What is Flirtation? Written fo the Omaha Sunday Bee by Ella Wheeler Wilcor-Copurighted, What is flirtation? really,

How can I tell you that? But when she smiles I see its wiles, And when he lifts his hat. 'Tis walking in the moonlight,

Tis buttoning on a glove, "Tis lips that speak of plays next weak, While eyes are talking love, "Tis meeting in the ball-room,

'Tis whir ling in the dance, 'Tis something hid behind the lid More than a simple glance. 'Tis lingering in the hallway,

'Tis sitting on the stair. 'Tis bearded lips on finger-tips (If mamma isn't there). 'Tis tucking in the carriage, "Tis asking for a call,

"Tis long "good-nights" in tender lights. And that is-no. not all! 'Tis parting when it's over,

And one goes home to sleep. Best joys must end, "tra la, my friend," But one goes home to weep. Some girls cultivate the art of artlessness.

practice the baby stare before their mirrors and delight in being called "flirts." They report their supposed conquests to each other, and laugh at the simplicity of But white this type of zirl often captivates unsophisticated youths, she seldom

makes a deep impression on a man of experience. He detects her shallow arti ices, and is more amused than charmed. While she is telling her friend "Dollie" what a "mash she has made on that spoony fellow," (for the would-be flirt is nearly always slangy) he is smiling over his cigar and thinking how chagrined she will be when he leaves her without having committed himself. Or perhaps he is laughing with his chum "Jack" over the matter, and telling him that the girl "actually believes he is in love with her-the idea! THE MOST DANGEROUS TYPE

of flirt never boasts of ner powers, never confesses to any one that a man is interested in her, and is lavish in her praises of her rivals. She tells the catch of the season, for whom all the girls are angling. that she thinks no existence on earth so desirable, as the life of a bachelor. She says the most profitiess of all journeys is the one which leads a gentleman into the state of matrimony; and while a woman is only sure of ten or tifteen years of social popularity, an agreeable man is always fascinating. She dilates on the charms of the ladies he admires, and leaves him piqued with her willingness to see him remain single or captured by another.

He determines to interest her, and ends by loving her—as she knew he would. Woman is considered the more trusting of the sexes, yet I believe man is far more liable to be deceived by a few sweet words. It is not from any excess of vanity on his part, but the natural result of his education. Man is taught to think of woman as a husband-hunter. From the cradle to the altar (or the grave) he supposes her one ambition is to marry. Consequently, she need only smile, greet him cordially, flatter adroitly, and he beheves she has serious intentions On the other hand, women are taught

to distrust men, and to place no faith in

their sweet speeches. While there is not woman living who does not enjoy a delicately expressed compliment from the other sex (if there is, I do not want to see her), I have known very few girls who were quick to believe a man in earnest until he declared himself so. Only this past summer I acted as chap rone pro tem, for a lovely girl who was thrown much in the society of a thor-oughbred male flirt. She was only wenty, and full of sentiment. He was handsome and fascinating. There were all the accessories of summer moonlight, the ocean beach, swinging hammocks, and leafy walks and drives, and the dreamy strains of "La Gitana" cosy piazza nooks. She repeated to me with all the relish of youth for well-pre-pared "taffy," his sweet and pretty speeches. But she did not lose her heart or her head. She thoroughly enjoyed

the experience, however. I saw another young lady who did not enjoy herself one evening, She came upon the veranda with a

young gentleman escort. They prome nated a few moments, and then he said we sit down, and have you r choice of location?" She said it made no difference, but I saw her eyes wander toward two unoccupied chairs placed at some little distance from the detached groups of piazza-loungers. But what do you suppose that dull fellow did? He brought those chairs up under the blaze of the electric lights, close to a circle of chatting young people, and she sat down among them looking utterly disgusted.

She was young, pretty and romantic lt was a moon-washed midsummer evening. She would have liked him to sug gest the secluded corner—to object to b verruled, until she was obliged to say, 'Really, we must join our friends," and he would have liked him to consent

very reluctantly. No woman exists, however sensible however, spiritual, however, intellectual, who does not in her secret soul enjoy the deferential and delicately proffered at tention of an agreeable gentleman.

If she does not. "She is neither man nor woman. She is neither beast nor human, She's a ghoul."
Webster defines fliritation as "playing

at courtship.' There is a course libred being hidden in the mask of beauty who s sometimes denominated a flirt. "plays at courtship," always with a moneyed lover, merely to obtain finanial favors and expensive gifts. which she quarrels with the gift-giver and seeks new fields. She prefers free dom and independence of action to marriage and until she is thirty her life is a succession of intrigues. After that it bemarriage and to become the associate of respectable people. She not unfrequently developes a taste for the arts, and dabbles in literaere or music or painting, conscious that the doors of genius are not so strongly arred against a woman without creden tials as the doors of society proper. But this unfortunate specimen of the firt vulgaris is more properly called an 'adventuress."

THE MALE PLUST
who "plays at courtship" is a more
refined and dangerous creature. He leaves it to his less skilful brother to pay the same compliments to each pretty girl he meets. He knows the fair sex too well for that. If all his lady loves meet and compare notes, they will find that he ha never been guilty of repeating himself He is original and inventive, and suits

als compliment to its recipient. To the young and sympathetic girl h talks much about "a wasted life," and says he "should have been a different man had her sweet sympathy come into is life earlier, but there has never before been any one to stir his best impulses—and now it is too late."

To the religious young lady who yearns

to reform the world, he hints darkly of a sinful past which stands like a accusing

spirit between him and a paradise which has just dawned upon him.

To the heiress he talks vaguely of barriers which fate builds between a man's

pride and his hopes of happiness, He plays upon the emotions of women as upon stringed instruments, and the tender strains he draws forth to amuse and entertain him. The minor chords are music to his ears, too, but when they become discordant he drops the instrument, for he does not like to be annoyed. His standard for women is high, yet he is forever tempting her to come dows to the plains of folly, and despising her for her weakness if she yields. If crime and heart-aches follow his footsteps he does not hold himself, but the frailty, of women in fault.

THE MARRIED MALE PLORE is usually the outgrowth of his own vanity. He is like the old heathen gods, who required the fresh sacrifice of a human life each day to keep them in good humor. The married woman flirt is usually the result of a husband's thoughtless neglect or indifference. A woman craves admiration or appreciation as naturally as a flower craves the sunlight. If the flower does not receive the light through the open window it will strain toward a crevice in the wall, even if it warps itself out of shape in the effort. If the light comes freely and generously through the window it does not lean toward the crevice, unless it springs from

a deformed root,
THE MOST DELIGHTFUL FLIRTALION of all is a flirtation between husband and wife. I saw a dear old couple of sixty summers coquetting with each other not long ago. He gave her such tender glances, wrapped her shawl about her, held her hand, and smiled upon her as galiantly as if she were a prize yet to be won. It was really a beautiful sight.

I know another charming man-a vounger one-who is so full of pretty compliments and quick appreciation and cavalier attentions to his much-admired wite, that she finds the praises of other men like "water after wine." professional male flirt sighs and tells her, 'All his life he has cherished a dream of an ideal woman-only at last to find her in the possession of another," she laughs in his face-it sounds so spurious compared to the ring of true love she finds in her husband's tender expressions.

While flirtation does not deserve to be called the spice of life, it is certainly one of life's spicy condiments. It should be indulged in sparingly, like all condi-ments. The man or woman who has reached middle life without having participated in a flirtation has no doubt missed an interesting experience. But I should not advise any tardy effort toward achievement in that line, as in this matter the old adage of better late than never does not apply

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



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