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SPECIALISTS ...

THIS IS A HEAVENLY FAD.

How New York's Wealthy Women Slum For Charity.

THE VASSAR GIRLS AT PLAY.

They Dance and Shout and Naughty Songs They Sing-Gushing Maidens-Advice to Bride and Groom.

A Fad Which Angels Bless.

Slumming is the most heavenly fad ever affected by a woman of fashion, says the New York World. And just now, when people of abundant means are leaving the city and the tenement poor are succumbing to the enfeebling beat of summer and the hardships resulting from a dearth of clean water and fresh air, the interest and encouragement from the ladies who go through the slums are beautiful beyond expression. A lady living in the shadow of the Park Avenue hotel, who will not permit her name to be used, has religiously performed the self-assigned task of helping ten poor families to help themselves every week since the 1st of May. She says:

"We are going to spend July and August at the seashore, and I wanted to earn the right to enjoy so much pleasure. I haven't a great deal of money to bestow, but every day I am convinced that the helpless and hapless want something else besides money. They want work first of all, and then some special instruction (to be pedagogic) as to the best investment of the money and the most economical way of living. Daughter and I give Monday and Wednesday mornings to actual visiting in the tenement sections.

Generally we start out to find a family suggested by an aid society, and in the search almost countless cases of sickness and destitution, all worthy of assistance, thrust themselves upon our sympathy. We find them in rear buildings, on top floors, in straits of poverty that are touching beyond description. In such extremes money must be advanced before any missionary work or ethical culture is possible. We show one housewife how to keep her kitchen and bed-room clean, another how to reduce her grocery and meat bills, and others, again, the way to patch old clothes and procure new ones. We personally appeal to cruelly negligent land agents for better surroundings; we provide tickets for the use of machines in free institutes and factories,, and distribute cards bearing the name and address of intimate friends who promise to give the bearer aday's work, some suitable cothing or a few dollars when the card is pre

"We have shown fifteen women how dishes, such as soup, cream toasts, egg salad, fish ball and potato patties for breakfast and supper in order to dispense with meat, and a dozen at least I have taken to market and introduced to wholesale dealers who generously agreed to furnish everything at actual cost and considerable for nothing. It's a trifle, to be sure, to say we teach others how to care for their children, but it's pitiful to see the success with which they are neglected. In one week we carried about a bag with odds and ends of shoes, properly fitting the little feet and taking away in exchange the shorter shoes. At the same time we solved the problem of clean heads by shingling the matted tresses, paying ch child 25 cents who consented to be shorn by the clipping machine. A few families we assisted to procure oil stoves, and everywhere we preached against the robbery of the pawnshop system. One friend offered to buy up \$300 worth of pawn tickets, and as his agent we redeemed 160 articles, showing the loans to average less than \$2. There were shawls, tools, albums, wedding rings, beds, pillows, household furniture, flatirons, scissors, pieces of jewelery, watches, umbrellas, furs and shoes and clothing, wash boilers, tubs and wringers in abundance. One little pair of shoes we redeemed belonged to a dead child, and with the 25 cents advanced on them the poor mother had purchased white crape to tie round the bellpull. We can't do much, the need is so great, but the little we try to accomp-lish makes an excuse for the summer

outing we enjoy so much.

"The other day I met Mrs. HicksLord returning from a Friday slumming. She was coming from Essex street, and boarded a cross-town car to go to her home in Washington square. She was dressed in a black cotton ne was dressed in a black cotton suit. Lisle thread gloves covered her hands, and from the brim of a black straw bonnet a heavy baize veil fell over her Itwas evident that she aid not wish to be recognized, but the nickel with which she paid her fare was the last coin in her purse, and a black shopping bag that she carried was also

Ungailant Proverbs About Women. A contributor to the Freisinnige Zeitung has collected from all the foremost nations of the world a heap of "prov-erbs of men concerning women." It appears from them that the southern peo-ples, who count themselves the most chivalrous and gallant toward the ladies, are more coarse and insulting in their proverbs than the colder north-Although the Germans, the Scandinavians and the English are not complimentary to the women in their proverbs, they are "rarely brutal." The proverbs, they are "rarely brutal." The
Frenchman says: "A man who has a
wife has a plague;" "A man made of
straw is worth double as much as a
woman made of gold." The Spaniard
says: "A woman's advice is never of
any use, but unless you follow it she
will rail at you as a fool;" "Be on your
guard against a had woman but do not will rail at you as a fool;" "Be on your guard against a bad woman, but do not put your trust in a good woman;"
"There is only one bad woman, but every husband believes he possesses her." The Italians say: "If a man loses his wife and a farthing he has only lost a farthing." The chief failings of the sex, according to a whole host of English and German proverbs, are changeableness and talkativeness, the former of which is equally true of men, and the latter not disagreeable to men in the Latin nations. The charge that "Women's minds and April winds often change," and the statement that "A change," and the statement that "A woman's strength lies in her tongue," appear to be accepted in various readings throughout Northern Europe. The specimen of a Yankee proverb is charsteristic: "Women can keep a secret, but it takes a big crowd of them to do it." The Chinese say that "A women's it." The Chinese say that "A woman's tongue is her sword," but "She never lets it grow rusty."

Sweet Sophomores Have a Frolic. When the Vassar freshman attains the dignity of a sophomore, just before the close of her college year she selects some desirable tree on the campus at the one beneath which her college records shall be buried on class day two years later, says the New York Sun.

This tree is decorated with an appro-

priate emblem like an iron dog collar or girdle, which is locked about the tree or girdle, which is locked about the tree with a shield bearing the class motto and date, while sparkling college songs are sung and brave college cheers resound. This ceremony was marred this year by a most inconsiderate shower, but the slender girl orator spake full bravely if rather damply from under an umbrella, which the president held over her head, and after the ceremony, the girls threw their umbrellas on the the girls threw their umbrellas on the grass, all joined hands and danced about the trees singing the naughty lit-

tle song: We don't keep our lights up to study and Vive la '91.
In class we may flunk, but we don't care a-

Vive la '91. Let teachers and faculty scold as they will, We'll laugh and be merry from founders to We'll paint the town red and send home the

Vive la '91. O, our own college colors, the red and the Are quite good enough for this class and

Vive la '01. And '91 doesn't care what they say, '91's going to have its own way.
'91 sticks to the rose and the gray,
Vive la '91.

The rose and the gray are are Vassar college colors, and no class before has had sufficient temerity to appropriate them to itself. The song changed to:

Come, classmates, fill your glasses up And take a brief vacation; Let no past flunk disturb your mind With undue perturbation,

For to-night we'll merry be, Next week's examination.
'Tis well to study hard

With frequent recreation, So fill your glasses with lemonade And drink it with elation. And then with a final "Rah, rah, rah rah, '91!" they come marching up the

walk singing:

He gave us lecture one
And we thought it was great fun,
So he kept a-talking on.
Then he gave us number two,
And we felt so very blue,
But he kept a-talking on.
Then he gave us number three: Then he gave us number three; We were tired as could be, B the kept a-talking on

Then he gave us number four, And it got to be a bore, But he kept a-talking on. Then he came to twenty-five, Not a student did survive, Still he kept a-talking on.

On class day this emblem is buried with the class records beneath the tree. The members of all the classes join in the procession to the tree in their dainty gowns. Each class has its marshal in a trailing dress, and at the head march those who take part in the ceremonies, which are very impressive, and at the close of which the little coffin is buried and a stone set above it, and the president of the seniors hands down to the president of the juniors the spade with which Matthew Vassar broke the soil for Vassar college, and with it all the privileges and dignity of seniors.

The Girl Who Gushes.

Every one knows or has seen the "gushing girl," says the Toledo Blade. She is not a rare specimen and can be found most anywhere upon the face of the globe, and though she is generally a nonentity in regard to brains and good common sense, she is still, to a certain extent, able to do a good deal of harm to her more sensible sisters: As a general thing she is disliked by her own sex, who have no patience with her wild flights of fancy, while a man will listen and be half amused, but forming the while a wrong idea of the rest of womankind. School girls' gush and ex-travagant expressions are excused because there is hope that it will be outgrown, but where it is carried from the school room into womanhood there is no hope. A "gusber" can hardly be a good, true woman, for she lacks sincerity, going into ecstacies over trifles as quickly as she does over things of merit. The saying is that after a man has told a lie a number of times over it actually becomes truth to him, and perhaps it is the same in the case of the "gusher." She becomes so in the habit of raving over anything and everything that she actually believes all she says. Gush will be tolerated in a young woman. So long as she is fresh and pretty, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, some one will listen to her, but let her beware when the roses fade and the crows' feet creep in, for it is only the brilliant, the witty, or the wise to whom a hearing is then given.

MY FRIEND THE EDITOR.

Sam Davis in San Francisco Examiner: The most extraordinary newspaper publication I have ever had any knowledge of was a paper published up in the Sierra range about fifteen years ago called the Manganetus Index.

The publication alluded to had mysteriously fallen into my mail box in San Francisco for over a year, and it was always a welcome arrival.

It was neatly printed, carried several columns of live advertisements, and had a bright, bustling air about it that always gave me a very favorable impression of the little town of Manganetus, as well as of the man who edited the paper. He took a decided stand on all the current topics of the day, and on every-

thing transpiring in the town where his paper was published he carried candor to the verge of rashness.

I never saw a paper edited with such absolute fearlessness, and I often won-

dered why it was that the editor was not some time mobbed or murdered. At last my business took me in the vicinity of Manganetus, and I decided to make the editor a call. It was fast coming on nightfall as I neared the spot where the town was lo-

cated, and I spurred my horse up the steep mountain, thinking of the warm bed and excellent supper I should soon be enjoying.

My mind was full of the Slavin house, a hotel of very superior accommoda-tions, which advertised liberally in the

Index, and whose royal provender and home comforts the little paper was never weary of describing. "Only a mile more," I said to myself, as I thumped my weary beast with a good sized stick, and after another mile I repeated my observation, and so the poer horse went on checking off miles and miles, while I kept trying to per-suade myself that each mile was the

Strange, I thought, that I could see no lights ahead. I strained my eyes for the welcome twinkle from cottage win-

dows that in the darness tell the traveler of the town, but the night cropt on, a little faster perhaps than the horse, and still I alone.

Presently I came to a log cabin and my heart rose as I saw the light gleaming through the chinks. Dismounting I walked stiff and lame to the cabin and hammered on the door. hammered on the door.

A little bent-up man, with a wrinkled leathery face, came to answer, and as he opened the door cautiously, I no-ticed that he had a cocked pistol in his

"Hardly think you can make it to-night," he replied with a tone that puzzled me somewhat; "can't you stay all night?" he added: "Better stay; you can't possibly make Manganetus to-

I accepted the invitation with alacrity. My horse being provided for, I was soon absorbing the heat of a cheery fire and listening to the conversation of my new acquaintance. He was a man of very fluent expression and possessed a wonderful fund of information on scores of topics not ordinarily discussed by men who occupied log cabins in the mountains.

While wondering who this old character could be I heard a monotonous noise in the next room, and I certainly thought I heard the familiar sound of

thought I heard the familiar sound of some one rapidly folding newspapers. My ear did not deceive me, for in a

few moments a pleasant-faced little girl appeared and handed my companion a paper which he at once passed over to me. It was damp from the press, and as I opened it I read the title. "THE MANGANETUS INDEX."

"By industry we thrive." Devoted to the material interests of Manganetus. Subscription \$5 per annum, payable in advance. My host smiled as he handed me the

paper.
"Then the town is here," I said. "Let me go to the hotel. I do not desire to trespass upon the hospitality of a stran-

"You will remain here, sir." he re-plied. "I blush to confess it, but this is the town of Manganetus, and the cabin you now occupy is the only habitation for twenty miles."

I stared at the man in astonishment. "You may well be puzzled," he conanxious to place upon the London mar-

tinued. "But I will explain. There is a group of mines near here which certain capitalists of San Francisco are ket. They have hired me to advocate these mines, and it is part of my bargain to run my paper in such a way that the London readers will think that a large town is flourishing in the moun-

I nodded vaguely and he went on:
"My imagination is not sluggish, and
so I manufacture all I write. I leave no stone unturned to make the mythical city of Manganetus a live, bustling town. You will find in this issue a public meeting called to discuss the question of a new bridge across a stream that exists only in the columns of the Index. Here is the wife of a prominent mining superintendent eloping with a member of the city council; here is a runaway team, knocking the smithereens out of a cigar store. You will note the advertisement of the cigar store in another column. Here is the killing of 'Texas Pete' and the investigation of his death by a coroner's jury. The cause of the shooting was a dispute relative to the ownership of mining location of fabulous richness. There is also in another portion of the paper, a legal summons advertised catting on a co-owner (one of the principals in the affray) to do his assessment work or lose his interest. All my work dovetails nicely in, has a plausible look and shows no flaw, yet it is all absolutely made from whole

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of." "This country is full of extraordinary

things," he replied quietly.
"Where does this edition go?" I "Clara, bring me the mailing list," he said to the child.

I glanced over the list, a saw that of London and New York, as well as the centers of finance and mining. My own name was oddly enough on the About a hundred conies were mailed, and every one went where it would do the most good.

I found that my friend edited the paper and did the typesetting, and his daughter was learning the typegraphic art.
"I have no companions except my

little daughter—and the town of Manganetus," he added, with a smile. I passed a very comfortable night. The roar of the wind through the pines and the rocking of the cabin in the blast had a deliciously soothing effect, and I lay in the warm bed thinking and resting until almost morning before I slept.

My friend, the editor, was very talk-ative at breakfast. He never alluded to his name, but he told me more of the paper and the enjoyment he had in building up a town in the clouds from a purely imaginative basis.

"To-morrow," said he, "I start out on horseback to the nearest mail station, and leave my bundle of papers in the hollow of a tree until the mail buckboard comes along to take them. "In a few weeks they are being read in London and New York, and the par-

ties in each of these cities who are handling the sale of these mining properties are backed up handsomely by my editorial statements. Next day he set out with his bundle of papers tied behind him. He said it

was only ten miles and he would come back soon, and that he would leave me and the little girl to run the office. In about an hour the sky had a lowering aspect and snow began to fall. It came lightly and gently at first and melted away as it touched the rocks and chaparral, but in a little while it began

to stay where it fell, and the dull gray and brown of the landscape changed to a dead white. Alice, the little girl, who was sweep ing out the office, ceased her work and a look of uneasiness came over her face

as she gazed out of the window. The snow thickened in the air and the specks of black, made by dead branches and rocks protruding through the white, were soon obliterated, and as the day waned the eye fell on nothing but an expanse of white which was everywhere. We built a fire when the night fell and Alice cooked a supper

which we ate in silence. I felt a strange sensation, being alone in the mountains with this child, and a snow storm hemming us in every hour. She said she had no idea of going to bed until her father returned, and so we sat by the fire until after midnight. Her face was pale and anxious-a weary, worn-out face it was-and then the tears came into her eyes—eyes that

ness. I could think of nothing to do, and my efforts to assure her that all was well were only met by a look sadder than the last, and so the hours dragged along until nearly 2, when she started up as her quick ear caught the muffled fall of a horse's footsteps in the snow as it stumbled on some firewood in front of

could hardly remain open from weari-

She bounded to the door with a glad look in her face, and flinging it open held the candle over her head, and giv-ing forth a little cry, reeled back, and then sinking to the floor, fainted.

a smile somewhat apologetic in its character, invited me in.

"How far to Manganetus?" I asked.

He looked at me in a rather queer way, and there bit his under lip, as if nipping a smile in the bud.

"Is it far from here? Can I reach it to-night?"

while on the other there was much more, and this I topic to mean that the rider had but receilly fallen. I lifted the girl onto a bed, and, lighting a lantern, went out. I brushed the snow off the saddle of the loading horse, and started, as I found marks of blood upon it.

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I followed the trail-back, and not two hundred yards from the house I stum-bled onto a man in the snow. He groaned with pain us I lifted him on my shoulder, but after a hard pull I got him to the cabin, struggling most of the way in the darkness, for the lantern went out soon after I started. When I laid him down on the floor Alice came to herself again, and we spread some blankets and bear skips before the fire and stretched the wounded man upon them.

He was soon able to speak, and said he had become benumbed with the cold and while in this condition had fallen off his horse upon a jagged rock, which had caused him sovere injuries. His daughter listened in silence to story, and I, remembering the blood stains on the saddle, was silent also.

His arm was terribly swollen, and when we cut away the bloody sleeve of his coat, there was discovered the track of a pistol ball. There was no mistaking it, and warming up under the influence of meat and hot brandy, he made a cleaner breast of his adventure. He said that he had been belated by the storm, and a few miles from his cabin a highwayman had stopped him in the road. After receiving the ball in his arm he had returned the fire and his man dropped dead in the snow,

He took the horse and kept on his way home, when at last, faint from the loss of blood, he had fallen from his horse and remained in the snow until

We managed to make him quite comfortable, and the next morning he asked me to take the horses back of the cabin and feed them. Under his directions I went down a path about a hundred yards behind the house, making it only after considerable difficulty, for I had to clear away the snow, and there behind some great rocks was a good-sized barn, well filled with hay, and what struck me as stranger still, very fine-looking horses in the stalls. A few yards from the door was a bubbling spring.

After feeding and watering the animals, I returned to the cabin and noticed that the barn was entirely hidden form sight.

This circumstance and the presence of the fine horses in such a locality struck me as rather odd, but I did not give the subject much thought at the

He invited me to spend a few weeks with him, and asked me to edit his paper for him while his wound was healing. I was unable to resist the fascination of such a novelty, and under his direction I wrote enough for the next week's issue.

The copy accumulated on the hook. when it suddenly dawned upon me that there was no one setting it up, so it was that being a printer myself, I fell heir to the typographical depart-

Between editing the paper and set-ting the type I had my hands full. We had a good stock of provisions, and although the snow so deep that we could not get our papers to the mails, we went right ahead with the edition of 100 each week, for the wounded pub-lisher said if they reached London by spring, all would be well.

"Give the mining managers particular fits about not running the bullion product up to its full capacity," were his directions one day! "Charge them with covering up bonanza; also speak of the charming weather and throw in a few quartz-mill accidents. All these things help to paint the scene red. Have a four-in-hand run over a child, and print some obituary poetry and then pack them into the Catholic church to suffocation at the funeral. Have the organist play one of Mozart's requiems -that looks civilized-and also give the report of a vestry meeting of St. Peter's Episcopal church with the superintendent of a railroad company as the senior

I wrote up these items as the editor lay there nursing his wound and making suggestions, and so the winter was soon whiled away. The spring came in February, and by that time he was up

and doing his own typesetting. "We must write up a big Washing-ton's birthday celebration, with civic parade, grand ball, and all that, and I guess I'd put you down as delivering the oration." We worked on the article until evening, filling up the line of march and exercises with all the prominent people in Calfornia and Nevada tnat we could think of.

Each night before Alice went to bed she knelt down at a chair, with herface to the fire, and said her prayers. She had just knelt and bowed her head when the door opened and two men came in silently, and in an instant they had my editorial friend covered with two six-shooters.

They made no sound, and the child, unconscious of what had happened, still remained on her knees, her head bowed

"Gentlemen," said the editor in a whisper, "I am your prisoner, but don't take me until after she goes to

He advanced to the two men and looked into their pistol barrels without a tremor. Pitching his voice still lower, he continued.

"Don't let her witness this scene. Put up your weapons until she leaves the

The two men, lowering their re-volvers, put them out of sight sheep-ishly, and then the editor motioned to them to take off their hats. Both did so, and there was nothing heard for a few moments but the child's whisper-

ings to heaven. When she rose she turned and started with surprise as she faced the two men, who were still standing with half bowed, uncovered heads.

"Good night, my child." said the editor, as he leaned over so that her arms might clasp his neck as he kissed her. At this one of the men, the older of the two, stepped forward and asked the privilege of a kiss. The father led the child forward and

the man kissed its forehead very tenderly, while the other stood there mo-The father led the child to the door of its room, kissed it again, and closed

the door softly.

Then, like a flash, he bounded into the center of the room, and had both the visitors covered with a six-shooter. We all stood transfixed at his appear-

There was a look of fire and determination in his face that made his captors of a few moments ago shrink back, but the one nearest the door suddenly sprang through it, and then my friend the editor, knew that the fight had

opened.
"Drop your gun quick," he said to the remaining man. "Throw it to this man. But hold on; let him take it from your

After firing three shots through the window uselessly he sprang through the back door and beckoned me to follow. I did so mechanically, in response to his impatient gesture, and he said hur-

"Keep these hounds off me a few moments till I can mount a horse, and you be with Alice at the — hotel in Sacramento in one week

from to-day.

He dashed down the trail to the barn, and for a moment I heard the clatter of hoofs as his horse started, and that was the last I ever saw of him.

I stood for a few moments where he left me, with the weapon still in my hand, and then went back to the cabin. Alice stood in her nightclothes by the fire, shivering and frightened, and the smoke of the pistol shots still rose lazily among the rafters. The man who had fired the shots through the window came in, and, covering me, asked me to throw up my hands.

I cast the weapon I held on the floor and invited him to sit down. He declined to talk until he had in duced Alice to retire again, and after she had done so, we dould near her sob-bing in her room. The two men and myself sat by the fire and talked matters over. They said that my friend, the editor, was a noted desperado and horsethief, and that he was publishing a paper in the mountains to cover up his real business. They also had learned that there was some sort of a mining syndicate in San Francisco backing the man, but they were satisfied that the San Francisco people knew

been a newspaper writer and traveler under many aliases. Early in the winter he had shot the sheriff of Alpine countylon the highway, when resisting arrest and taken his horse. I of course remembered the night in question, but I had been so well housed by the queer character dur-ing the winter that I kept my own counsel. The sheriff and deputy were at first disposed to hold me as accessory but after I had told my story and estab-lished my identity by letters, etc., they

nothing of his real character. He had

dropped the matter. Next day we all started for the nearest town, twenty miles away, with the horses and Alice, leaving the newspaper office and cloud-reared town of Manganetus. On the day specified by my friend the editor when he left me so hurriedly I was at the hotel in Sacra-mento. When I registered my name mento. When I registered my name the clerk handed me a letter. It read as follows:

My Dear Sir: Leave 'Alice in charge of the clerk. Her room has been waiting for her several days. Do not stop here at all and never expect to see me again, although Hong to see you. As you read this I am in San Francisco. Accept my thanks for all you have done for me. I know that you are too much of a gentleman to throw a straw in the way of my liberty. Alice does not know of my past, and I hope you will forget what has appened.
I had a passion for horses which I could

not overcome, and it came near ruining me. But I am done with horses and newspapers forever. Your friend, I folded the letter, bade Alice good-

by, and the clerk led her away.

Afew days afterwards in San Francisco I met a man who wanted to sell me a promising mine.

He showed me a map of it, and then

taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket, asked me to read it, as it was a good description of the property. .It was from the Index. I recognized the type at once. As for the article, I had written it myself.

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Queen Victoria's dislike of Gladstone is at last explained. A recent writer says that when the Grand Old Man used to visit the regal old lady he was wont to talk to her "about the polity of the Hittities or the relations between the Athanasian creed and Homer. The queen, perplexed and uncomfortable, would seek to make a digression and would address a remark to a daughter or offer a buscuit to a begging terrier. Mr. Gladstone would restrain himself with an effort, wait until the princess had answered or the dog had sat down, and then would promptly resume—"As I was saying—" Mean-while the flood had gathered force by delay, and when it burst forth again it carried all before it. Victoria used to complain that on those occasions it was Gladstone that was rude. She was probably in the same predicament that Biddy Moriarity was when O'Connell called her a parallelogram.

At her last regular appearance at Kroll's, in Berlin, on July 10, Etelka Gerster sang Margarethe in "Faust," in German. The critics refer favorably to the performance.

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