LOVELY WOMAN AND PROGRESS

A Writer Discusses the Subject from a Practical Standpoint.

WHEN WILL THE MILLENNIUM COME?

Quaint Observations of a Sage on the Joys of Matrimony—Billiards for the Fair Sex—A Pretty Fad.

The age that creates Wyomings and dethrones Bismarcks may be said to exhaust the resources of surprise; and yet who is wise enough to forecast the result of its changes, or calculate with any precision what will come next! writes J. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar. A few years ago there appeared an able paper in the Atlantic Monthly dismissing the woman suffrage movement as something not merely unreasonable but powerless; it made absolutely no progress, and indeed no one took it seriously. Yet the author of that paper voted in congress the other day to extend suffrage to women, without restriction, over a commonwealth twice as large as New England or as the state of New York; about equal, that is, to the two taken together. The new state of Wyoming is larger than all the New England states together, with New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware combined; it is as large as Virginia and North Carolina united; it is larger than all Italy, and three times as large as Ireland. Over its era of nearly a hundred thousand square miles women will henceforth vote, as they have already voted, on an equality with men; and in view of a result so tremendous, one can hardly wonder if those who have been agitating for this reform during forty years should be disposed to shut up their telescopes, like Wellington at Waterloo, with the calm remark: "The field is won. Let the whole line advance."

Yet, after all, can any one calculate just what results are to follow when the whole line shall advance? A quarter of a century ago it seemed as if the one source of evil to be removed from this country was human slavery; as if, that abolished, we should step at one bound into such a career of prosperity and exalted virtue as the world never saw. Twenty-five years have passed, it is only the middle-aged negroes in the former slave states who can recall the actual experience of working in the fields under a taskmaster; but the world and the flesh and their concomitants are still with us, and, if we may trust the newspapers, the millennium is not yet within easy reach. Nobody doubts that something is secured, but how much? A great deal has been gained, no doubt, by teaching women to read, in spite of the warnings of Sylvian and Marechal against that dangerous experiment; but when we consider that some of the most unpleasant, not to say immoral books recently published in America have been the work of women, it is evident that the world of womankind has not yet been wholly transformed by the possession of the alphabet. And so the forces which demoralize our public life are not those of masculine nature only, but of human nature; and we plainly shall not outwit those forces merely by putting in Lucretia Borgia as chief justice and Becky Sharp as minister of finance.

Shacabac on Love and Marriage.

That the greatest of sages did not escape the lot which seems to be peculiar to most philosophers, that of being unhappily wedded, is evident not only from the cynical tone of many of his writings, but also from the direct evidence of his contemporaries, writes Amasa B. Sewall in the Boston Globe. Ben Haround relates that when he on one occasion urged the philosopher to obey the precept of the koran, which permits every true believer to take as many as four wives, Shacabac replied: "I have one and find it enough for this world. The balance I will take in houris." The one wife of Shacabac was a woman of singular vigor and intelligence. She never wearied of reminding her spouse that the prophet was always humble and industrious, that he kindled the fire, swept the floor milked the ewes, mended his raiment, and was, above all things, totally abstemious. "That," the wise man would answer, "is where we differ, the prophet—may his name be blest!—and I. Moreover his wife was Cadijah, the ever faithful, who believed in him when all the world rejected him." Then he turned to his tables and wrote:

There is one man who knoweth less than all others on earth. It is he who is the husband of his wife. While Allah preserveth her his halo shall never grow too small for his head.

No man knoweth what true happiness is until he getteth married. Then, as usual, the knowledge cometh too late.

Twice blessed is he in whose tent dwell both his mother and his wife's mother; for even though he gain not Paradise, yet shall he fear not Gehenna.

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

If thou wouldst be happy in love, study first the happiness of thy beloved. I know of no surer way to attain this end than by concentrating thine affections on thyself alone.

If thy wife sue for a divorce, conciliate her; for thou mayest be able to hang her up on her weekly allowance, but an alimony order thou canst not hope to evade.

Politeness between husband and wife costeth nothing. If it did, it would be even scarcer than it is now.

A bird on toast is worth two on a bonnet.

Be not too presumptuous. If thou deemest thyself unworthy to tie thy wife's shoes, let her do it herself.

It is told by a follower of the great Caliph Omar that in one of the books of the Alexandrian library he read the story of a very wise man who, being in love, decided—but, unhappily, at this point the caliph's order to burn all the books in the library was received, so that the world has lost forever the story of the only wise man who was ever in love.

Nature always supplies compensation. He of the lean purse hath always a large family. There are two ways of missing the joys of matrimony. One is by not getting married, the other by not being born. The prophet hath said there is a third, which is, by always overlooking the errors of thy partner. I know not if this be true or not, but it recalleth a parable.

There were two brothers of Bassorah who dwelt under the same roof, both being married. They had the misfortune, about the same time, to offend their wives most grievously. Amine, the wife of the elder, was so incensed that she never again spoke to her lord. Zobeide, the younger, not only forgave her spouse, but made it a point every day, in reminding him of his fault, to forgive him again most solemnly. Yet was the husband of Zobeide no happier than that of Amine.

Billiards for Women.

There seems to be something fascinating to women in the delicacy of the game of billiards, says the New York Morning Journal. The sharp click of the ivory balls exhilirates their intellect, and the bright colors of the table and balls appeal to their sense of the artistic.

"Mme. Patt," said Slosson, the other day, "has often been quoted as playing an excellent game of billiards. This is a mistake. I visited her at her castle in Wales, and the papers said my object was to teach the diva the game of billiards, but it was a foolish story. I went solely in the capacity of a guest.

"I played a few times there," he went on, "but Patti never played billiards herself. She does, however, play English pool occasionally, and is as graceful and charming in this occupation as in everything else she does. English pool differs from our game, you know, considerably."

Mr. Slosson has taught several ladies to play billiards, and in each case his pupils have proved apt and quick to learn. Their touch is more delicate than the average man's, but they seem to lack the far-sightedness necessary to obtain and hold the balls in position.

There is one, the eldest daughter of a certain banker residing on Madison avenue, to whom the billiardist devotes two hours a week, and of whom he has made an excellent player. The banker plays very well himself and it is the daughter's delight to give her father ten in fifty and beat him.

Mrs. George L. Atherton of Madison avenue and Seventy-third street is another accomplished player, who has been a devotee of the game for some years. She plays the French game entirely, and a run of twenty-five carems is nothing extraordinary for her.

"I find it very hard to make a woman acquire the correct position for making a stroke," said Slosson. "They all want to lean far over the table, almost lie down on it, in fact, instead of standing erectly, with the arm well back for the stroke."

Miss Gertrude Masson of 34 Waverly place is another expert young woman with the cue, and can discount her younger brother with ease. She is now devoting her attention to cushion caroms and is becoming quite adept in that difficult game.

There is another dainty, fair-haired girl, who lives in North Washington square, and she can often be seen playing with her big collie dog on one of the benches of that lovely park. She is Miss Eloise Van Wister, and probably the cleverest "billiardiste" in the city.

She is only twenty-five years old, and scorns society in order to practice her favorite amusement. Miss Van Wister is an orphan, and her first act upon attaining fortune and majority was to order a large billiard table of the most expensive pattern. She became inordinately fond of the game and practiced constantly, until, at the present time, she can roll up caroms or difficult masses in a manner that would make many a gilded youth blush with shame.

"Billiards," continued Slosson, "is a great game, especially for women. It develops the figure and leads additional grace to an already graceful woman. It teaches clear-headedness and foresight, too, and gives a certain amount of independence of action that no other sport can produce."

A Pretty Girl's Pretty Fad.

An extremely pretty girl, who is a faithful attendant at the philharmonics in winter and rarely misses a summer concert of any merit, has of late carried a fan that attracts a good deal of attention, says the Illustrated American. It is one of those Japanese affairs, with the paper a rough greenish gray decorated in black characters. On each panel the owner has transferred a cabinet-sized photograph of one of the greatest composers. First removing the picture from the card on which it was originally mounted, she has neatly pasted it on the fan. Engravings have served when photos were unobtainable, and, using both sides of the fan, she has found space for fourteen portraits. Some deft pen-and-ink work has answered to frame the heads, and below each one is a bar of music from the author's greatest work, and executed with so much finish that a genuine little treasure is the result. The same young woman is almost as much of an enthusiast regarding painters, poets and actors as where the art of music is concerned. She tells of three other fans in her possession, treated in like manner. One has photographs of Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow and Bryant, with etchings of Byron, Shakespeare, Herrick, Sir John Suckling, De Musset, Dante and Swinburne—a thorough mixture of nationalities and generations. Below is the single couplet for each one, that she considered, after much thought, to be the most perfect of their compositions. This collection has been a source of interest to its owner, has not cost one cent's outlay in money, but several years of painstaking effort from time to time, that renders each fan of distinct value.

The Care of the Hands.

Probably there is one thing that makes girls shrink from housework more than the effect it has on the hands, especially in cold weather, says Health. It is a real trial to sit down to the piano and spread a stained, rough hand on the ivory keys; or to take one's pen in an unsightly hand to answer a letter; or to pick up a bit of embroidery, if it is only that on perforated hose, and use the needle when everything that touches the hands sticks to them because of their roughness. Sewing on woolen or silk is at such times a severe penance. There are methods of preserving the hands measurably against the destructive effect of dishwashing, scrubbing and the like. They should be kept as much out of the water as possible, and when the work is done they should be washed clean and rubbed dry. Borax water is good for washing the hands. Coarsely ground oatmeal is a fair substitute for soap in washing the hands. White unscented soaps are the best, as the highly scented soaps are usually made of rancid fats. A solution of oxalic acid will remove fruit stains from the hands, but it must not touch the abraded surface. After washing and drying the hands thoroughly, glycerine and spirits of camphor in equal parts mixed together is good to rub over them. Cocoanut oil is a pleasant application. Wearing kid gloves two sizes too large is helpful in preserving the hands. One should have an old pair of gloves to take up ashes in, to sweep in and to wear in all dirty work that permits the wearing of gloves. If gloves are dipped in not very hot linseed oil they become waterproof, and may be worn while washing dishes. A pair of canton flannel mittens is pleasant to wear when hanging out the clothes on a cold morning. Frequent vigorous rubbing of the hands will promote circulation and keep the skin in good condition. To take the best care of the nails, soak the ends of the fingers in hot water for some time, until the skin is softened, then dry, and with a pair of nail scissers thin off all the dead skin about the nails and trim the nails neatly.

Women Poisoners.

Modern historians distrust the stories of the Roman poisoner Locusta, and of the women who in Italy sold aqua tofana as the best means of satisfying jealousy or hate or greed, but the Hungarian triumvirs are trying a case which makes all these legends possible, says the Spectator. No less than ten women in the town of Mitrovitz are charged with poisoning their husbands with arsenic obtained from fly papers, and they are only a section of the women originally arrested or suspected. They were all apparently taught by a single woman, Esther Sarac, a local witch or herbalist, who deliberately instructed one disciple and probably many more. The poisonings, some sixty in number, was done with little precaution and cover a space of more than ten years, during all which time a vague suspicion has been floating about. The evidence against the women under trial is said to be overwhelming, and most of them have saved trouble by pleading guilty. They are all peasants and probably of a low order of intelligence; but the revelations throw a strange light on the true value of much modern "progress." In Hungary, at all events, it does not prevent epidemics of crime, though no doubt the improvement of chemical analysis helps the authorities in detecting and punishing the guilty.

The Fair Bathers Maligned.

A great deal of unmitigated nonsense is read and written about the American girl and the fashionable bathing suit, says the New York World. During the last fortnight possibly a thousand bathers and bathing costumes have been seen along the Jersey and Long Island beaches, and in no instance has anything been found to justify the cuts and paragraphs with which the eastern woman has been traduced. Sensations may be in preparation, but so far none have developed, and with the exception of Coney Island there is no beach about New York where any display is made of personal charms. Here the hoiden element can always be found, but for the one girl in a short-sleeved, low cut bodice and knee-deep skirt, there are 500 women taking their ocean dip in a big straw hat, muffled up to the chin in blue flannel, with a long, full skirt and black sandal shoes and stockings. Among the fashionables at Long Branch the reigning beauties are least in the surf. They have sense enough to keep out of the hot sun. When they do bathe it is in the shade of the evening or in the cool of the morning, and then less than fifteen minutes is spent in the surf. For the most part these belles or heiresses wear black or navy blue flannel, made high neck, with a turn-up collar that will reach to the ears if needed, and long sleeves with cuffs that pull down over half the hands in place of bathing mitts. A big harvest hat of plaited straw, with cork-soled stockings, complete the aequatic outfit. To be sure, there are red silk stockings, but one only sees them in print, and as for the decolette bodice or blouse, it is all a myth.

Sad Time in a Woman's Life.

There is a time in a woman's life when she is too old for the dance and frolic of the young and too young for the quiet corner of the old, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. No class claims her. She feels often like an alien from the common wealth of womanhood. In charitable work and in social life the invisible line is passed. No one invites her now to preside at the fancy booth or hasten the sale of flowers with her gracious smiles. Neither is she asked to give the dignity of her age and position as one of the patronesses of the fair. She is laughed at if she dresses in the gay colors her soul loves, or scolded by her family for always wearing black.

She has no part in the play, but is quietly relegated to the position of stage setter and prompter, while younger and older women pose and win applause. Her beauty is not at its best. She has neither the fair girlish face which is the prophecy of what will be, nor the sweet old face which is the history of what it has been. White hair does not crown her with glory, and she has lost the golden curls of her youth. The blossom has faded and the fruit does not yet compensate for its loss.

The trials of the transition state envelop her in the home. Sometimes she feels that her husband is almost deserting her for the young daughter, who is the second edition of the girl he fell in love with years ago.

The solving of the domestic problem has not made such drafts upon his mental and physical resources as it has upon hers. He is a comparatively young man, and no one dreams of asking him to step aside from any familiar path.

At times she wonders if she is not a childless woman. She was necessary to her little children, but her growing sons and daughters do not seem to need her; at least they do not cling to her with the tender caresses of babyhood. Studies, teachers, classmates and embryo love affairs fill their lives so full that the mother almost feels crowded out.

Servants in Shakespeare's Time.

In the time of Shakespeare domestic service was in a state of transition; the old system was decaying, the new one springing into life; and if anyone may be allowed to judge from casual references scattered throughout the plays of the poet the new order does not appear to have been altogether successful, says a writer in Chambers' Journal. In "King Lear" to take one example—Kent denounces Oswald, the steward, as a "knave, a rascal, and eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, 100-pound, worsted-stocking knave!" From Shakspeare's plays it further appears that the servants of the period were companions and confidants of their master and that they were generally sly and pilfering and players of practical jokes. In great families it was customary for servants to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office. Posthumus alludes to the usage when he says of Imogene's servants:

> Her attendants are
> All sworn and honorable.

The condition of servants at this period was therefore peculiar, and it is clear that they were ruled by a curious mixture of stern discipline and great laxity. One mode of enforcing obedience was by imposing forfeits or fines, some of which are enumerated by Sir J. Harrington in his "Nuge Antique." For being absent from prayers, for uttering an oath, for leaving a door open, or "for any follower visiting the cook," a fine was inflicted, while in another set of rules it is provided that

> If any one this rule doth break,
> And eat more bread than he can
> Shall to the box one penny pay.

In case an offender should refuse to pay "direct without resistance," provision is made at the conclusion that

> Each one here shall be assistance,
> And he that doth refuse to aid
> By him one penny shall be paid.

Mrs. Cleveland's Art and Thrift.

Treasured in many a Washington parlor as a valued keepsake of Mrs. Cleveland and her gracious reign over the white house is a dainty eggshell china cup and saucer. Many of these bear a noticeable resemblance, though the wreath of dainty flowers outlined on each cup and saucer in an artistic tangle of fine pale-blue lines over the background of the daintiest tint of creamy pink imaginable was different in each one, says a writer in the Boston Journal. The wonderful pink color was the same in them all, and in this was the chief beauty of the work.

Many admirers of pretty things ceramic asked Mrs. Cleveland where the dainty bits of china came from, and she always laughingly told them that was her secret. Where they did come from was a dingy bric-a-brac shop on F street, down in a basement that Mrs. Cleveland stumbled on by accident while shopping and went into out of curiosity. And these wonderful cups and saucers cost but 40 cents apiece. But they were really beauties, and Mrs. Cleveland was so taken with them that she bought dozens to give to her friends.

The shop where these cups were sold has since been given up, and the old man who kept it has gone away or died. The ware was the product of a new American pottery that had not had time to make a name for itself, and that could not place its wares in more pretentious shops, where they would sell nothing but genuine Sevres or other ware of equally acknowledged artistic worth.

The Market For Manly Beauty.

Social statisticians who are keenly alive to the fluctuations of affairs in society are asking why physical beauty, pluck and wit fail to tell in favor of women who enter the matrimonial market, as they do when possessed by marriageable men, says a writer in the Illustrated American. It is a fact too well known to be challenged that every season scores of well-looking but impecunious men secure fortunes at the altar, while in the twelve months' time not one single poor girl will have captured a rich parti. All this sounds very crude in discussing so grave and sensitive a subject; but when personalities are ignored, the matter becomes of moment and general interest. Let any one begin and reckon up her experience the number of wealthy women who have married fortuneless men—yes, and gone so far as to endow their husbands with their property—and then put that list against the King Cophetuas who have given their names to beggar maids.

To Suit the Room.

"Now, I'll show you over the house," said a friend to me the other day. She had moved into a South Side residence, whose numerous bay windows gave one the impression of a roomy interior, when in fact the reverse is true, says a writer in the Chicago News. She had made many improvements, and was anxious to see what a good housekeeper she was.

On the third floor she threw open a door, disclosing an apartment about the size of a bathroom in the average flat, and in which she stored her trunks, valises, etc.

"This," said she, "was the room occupied by the former tenant's maid-of-all-work."

"Was there a hole sawed in the partition through which to extend her feet?" I inquired, as the story related by Frank Stockton flashed through my mind.

O, no! Emergencies are met in better fashion in Chicago. Instead of making the room fit the girl, as Stockton did, the girl is selected to fit the room. The lady who formerly resided here told me that she had a small mark on the parlor door, and in choosing her help, if the applicant came up to the mark, she got the position, but if beyond it she had to go, no matter how superior her qualifications were."

Probably during world's fair time advertisements for help will contain some such clause as "Do not apply if over 4 feet 8 inches in height."

Night-Gowns on the Streets.

The term night-gowns is used in very old documents. As, for instance, in 1543, Richard Redman, of England, leaves to his brother, "one night-gowne of Mockeado, one pair of howse of the same." A curious fashion of the public wearing of night-gowns in England is recounted in Walker's "Historical Memoirs (1661) of the Irish Bar." "Among many other ridiculous fashions that prevail in this country since the reign of Queen Anne is that of the ladies wearing bed gowns in the streets about forty years ago." The cannaille of Dublin were so disgruntled with this fashion, or perhaps being so prejudicial to trade, that they tried every expedient to abolish it. They insulted in the streets and public places those ladies who complied with it, and ridiculed it in ballads, but the only expedient that proved effectual was to prevail on an unfortunate female, who had been condemned for a murder, to appear at the place of execution in a bed-gown.

The "Pannier" Again.

An attempt is being made to revive the heavy drapery on the hips which was once worn and known as panniers, says the Pall Mall Budget. Some women like the idea, because their waists don't appear small enough with a straightly cut gown. Enlarging the hip brings out the waist by contrast, with the effect that the latter looks smaller than it really is. But such things as panniers are to be discouraged. They are an example of the style of dress that would make a woman a clothes line—a thing merely to carry drapery. Clothes were made for women; not women for clothes. Besides, the carrying of so much unnecessary material on the hips is very unhealthy.

Announcement.

C. B. Moore & Co. have been appointed wholesale agents for the celebrated waters of Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

A Remarkable Artesian Well.

A. Hunt sunk an artesian well 180 feet, two miles from San Bernardino recently. The water rises thirty inches above the top of the casing, and stones of eighteen pounds weight are occasionally thrown out.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

THE JEWELER.

Frank Deshaster Sherman in Harpers' Young People.

> The green lawn is the jewellers' shop;
> There, after every rain
> He works, and makes each trembling drop
> Into a gem again.
>
> The bellows at his forge I hear
> Whene'er the breezes blow
> That sweep the heavens blue and clear,
> And dry the world below.
>
> Then through the window of the sky
> I see his ruddy face;
> And on the grass his gold tongs lie
> In almost every place.
>
> And when his shop is shut at night,
> The moon her lamp will bring
> And show me all his jewels bright
> Set in a sapphire ring.
>
> There in his window gathered are
> His labors of the day;
> Each little rain drop is a star
> That sparkles far away!

A FRENCHMAN I MET.

By Charles H. Cressey.

CHAPTER I.

In many respects he was the oddity of all the breezy throng of guests found at a principal hotel in Omaha the other evening.

He must have been about sixty-five years old. He was of rather spare build, and his dress seemed to indicate that he was a churchman, the black broadcloth coat buttoning up to the chin and hugging a straight standing collar which fastened at the back. There was a tint of the olive in his small, well-formed features, while, upon the cheek was a delicate stain of subdued crimson, placed there evidently by hot suns and occasional nips of ranyold vintage. His small, piercing black eyes had in them the appearance of kindliness; they were trusty instead of treacherous. He wore a cap that reminded me of one of Mr. McGuffy's third reader boys, or a little emigrant lad from the land of wooden shoes.

The attention of many others beside myself had been more or less attracted to this study in French clerics. He was about the only non-American appearing guest in the rotunda, and his very perceptible hobby consisted in roaming up and down the office and reading what I discovered to be a Hebrew classic. Occasionally, when he would unbutton his coat to take out a queer old-silver pencil, a person near him might have seen a jeweled emblem—resembling a Greek cross—thickly set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and pearls. The superb trinket hung just below his collar from a narrow, novel ribbon of silver threads. A curious rug of Roman gold set with a signet drew attention to a slender, finely formed hand which, in the absence of any beard to stroke or moustache to pull, constantly held a web of filmy black silk after the style of an old courtier's handkerchief. In one corner of this handkerchief might have been noticed, worked in fine gold thread, an outline counterpart of the jeweled emblem which hung at monsieur's throat.

That he was "a character" there was no mistaking, and so I struck up an acquaintance with him.

I found him a gentleman of wide, varied and very polished mental attainments, one who had leisurely visited, and done much traveling in nearly every country of the globe, his "dearest spot on earth" had, from childhood been Havre, France, although a public career extending over a period of more than a score of years, and which was preceded by a "bit of tragedy" had acted to keep him away from his charming home city a great portion of his life.

Near us sat an officer of the regular army, and as I chatted with my French acquaintance, the latter, after looking steadily toward the militiaman for some moments, musingly exclaimed to me with great fervor: "Yes, my eminent countryman, Emile de Laveleye was right when he called you happy Americans—you whose powerful republic spreads over a whole continent, without fear of encroachment, and, so to say, without other array or fleet. Justly confident is your incalculable latent strength, you must find it somewhat difficult to understand that the states of Europe are continually arming and ever on the point of dispating over a few provinces not equivalent to the territories which are every year cleared and brought under cultivation by your increasing population. At such a distance, you cannot imagine how truly terrible and tragic the actual situation of Europe is: never was there anything similar in the preceding centuries. Every one over there is convinced that at any moment, so horrible a war may break out, that all other wars, even that of the secession in America, will be but child's play in comparison. The adversaries which we forsee obliged to take up arms, Russia and France on the one side, Germany, Austria and Italy on the other, will bring 7,000,000 of men on the battlefield, with a reserve of 10,000,000. By means of the rapid concentration now rendered possible by railways, we shall witness, even during the first few days, two collisions, one in the east, the other in the west, in which 3,000,000 of human beings will be seen struggling together; for both sides will endeavor to crush their enemy under the attack of innumerable masses. Nostrategist, not even Moltke himself, can foresee what such a conflict will be like; all we can say is that the number of killed and wounded will, in one day, surpass that of an entire war of former times. Human blood will never have soaked the earth in such streams, and what is most terrible, the struggle is considered by all as inevitable. Ah, young man, thank God that you of happy America have no Alsace-Lorraine, no eastern question, to deal with, for 'tis these that today fill Europe with the mutterings of war.

"Were I asked to designate the genius of America's success from this on I would say that it rests with her free-school system, and to my mind the time is at hand when the pledge of patriotism on the part of a man calling himself a loyal citizen of these United States of America, is strong, constant, hearty, indominable support of the free non-sectarian school system which prevails in America and is part of its governmental policy. The human mind has become so free since its emancipation from theological and dogmatical errors that the liberty and unrestrained freedom of its investigations have accomplished more than has been done since Cadmus first brought the alphabet to Greece; and the world has made greater practical advancement in valuable learning since free-schools have been established in Germany, America, England, and other protestant countries than in all time beyond."

Into the delivery of such striking comment the alien student of this country's condition threw a fervor that caused me to wonder whether in his viens did not run the blood of Lafayette.

He had much to say of exceeding interest regarding a visit which, a few months before, he made to Athens.

"The Greeks themselves" said he "look upon their country as a nation re-born, and upon Athens as a city, rising Phenix-like to a brighter and better existence from the dusty ashes of the past. And well they may, for the Athens of today is a place of theaters and good hotels. It is a city of newspapers, fine schools and museums. It has good society and its people are as bright and well-pasted as those of most cities of Europe. Their country is, all told, only as large as your West Virginia or half the size of your state of New York, and they number only about two million people. Each one of the male sex among these two millions thinks himself a statesman, and as soon as he is able to speak he begins to talk politics; and there is no political circle in the world perhaps, except your Washington, in which politics is more talked than in Athens.

"The modern Athenian does not like manual labor and the result is that most of the Greek citizens of Athens are in mercantile or professional business. I found that there was little of what you would consider square dealing among the merchants. They try in every way to get the advantage of those who deal with them. You can ride on the Athenian tramway for 3 and 5 cent fares over the same ground which Alcibiades dashed in his seven-horse chariots, and the steam whistles of the locomotives which draw trains along the railroads to the Pireus and Corinth reverberate against the time-colored marble pillars of the Parthenon, which, standing on the mighty Acropolis, still looks over the city as in the days when Pericles had his golden rule 2,500 years ago. Modern Athens has been built within fifty years. From the Acropolis you can see the plains of Marathon, on which the great battle was fought — where the Greeks, under Miltiades, defeated the Persians, and away to the west are the blue waters of the bay of Salamis, where Xerxes, the Persian king, watched the destruction of his thousand war-vessels by the Grecian fleets.

"At the side of the Acropolis is a rocky hill about one hundred feet high, on which St. Paul preached, and where Demosthenes was tried for bribery and convicted. Every surrounding is historic and classic. The heavens are, today, as wonderfully blue as they were in the days of Homer. The poppy flowers, mixed with the wheat, are of as blood-red as they were when Plato sat among them and talked philosophy. The dark hemlock on the hills is as green as when it furnished the poison which killed Socrates, and from Mount Pentelikos comes for the new public buildings of Athens marble as pure as that which Phidias worked out and of which Praxiteles chipped his famous statues. But, true enough, indeed, the Athens of today is a city of the nineteenth century."

Several times while my interesting acquaintance was giving me this charmful word-picture of the Grecian capital, I fancied again and again there was a secret fascination for him in his subject that was the result of some tie stronger than that produced simply by the observations of a passing tourist or the appreciation of which so scholarly a man as he, might be capable. Therefore, I resolved to tax my chance acquaintanceship with him to the utmost limit if need be, before we separated, in order to secure, perhaps—well, a romance. I say romance for that was more in line with my hopes, for I recalled that he had omitted saying a word about the female portion of Athen's populace. This might not have seemed at all singular to me but for the fact that on a previous occasion my Frenchman had entered into a very enthusiastic disquisition on the charms of American ladies, and gone into raptures over the central figure in a party of Californians, a magnificent Juno-like creature, with dark brown eyes, glossy black hair, and queenly tread, and who had an air of the tropics about her.

It is singular how much easier one may be induced to unroll the scroll of their private life to a chance traveling companion as I had introduced myself than to one he meets daily at home, and whom he has known as a near friend for years. Whether the reason be that one who may take a fancy to you while traveling, by land or sea, thinks, "O, well, I don't care, we are soon to part, and without one chance in ten thousand of ever meeting again," I do not know, but I flatter myself that this old Frenchman was not the man to go about whispering to every one with whom chance brought him in contact, the thrilling little bit-draught romance, for such it was, after all, which he told me from out the diamond and dagger-tipped, sunshine and shadowy memories of a striking career. It was the story of what he had described as the bit of tragedy which had helped to keep him away from his Havre home on the banks of the English channel.

The hour had grown very late; the big office was almost deserted. He had a passionate fondness for his pipe and perique, and as I enjoyed a good cigar, we lit up, settled back further into the plushes and commenced a more confidential exchange of personal experiences than ever. I gave him a high-spirited little romance which cost me several hours of rest during my university days, and the venture acted like a charm for securing me the secret of his passionate interest in the old Athenian city and the reason why he had so studiously neglected all mention of Athenia's world-famed women.

[*To be continued in The Bee next Sunday.*]

Roderick McDonald, who lives in one of the remote parts of a settlement at Molus River, a provincial town, was absent from home a few nights ago, having left his wife and sister as the sole defenders of his household, says a Vanceboro (Me.) dispatch to the New York Herald. Just at dusk the two women, who were busy about their household duties, were suddenly attracted by a bellowing among the cattle in the barnyard. Without the slightest hesitation the women armed themselves with the only weapons on hand—an ax and a pitchfork—and sallied forth. Only a few steps had been traversed before they saw an enormous black bear, that stood aggressively awaiting them. At either side of him lay an ox, which had fallen under his heavy blows, while the rest of the cattle were huddled closely in one corner of the yard bellowing piteously in their fright.

Mrs. McDonald, excited at the sight of the dead animals, rushed at the bear with a pitchfork, thrusting it deep into his neck. A roar of mingled rage and pain followed and with a sweep of his pawws struck the weapon from her hands. The other woman struck at the bear with the ax, disabling one of the forward legs. Mrs. McDonald ran for her pitchfork, recovered it, and the two plucky women then went for bruin hammer and tongs. Mrs. McDonald wounded him with the pitchfork in front while her companion did deadly execution with the ax. The battle was short and sharp, and the bear was dead in a few moments. He was very large and old. The women had their clothes badly torn, but beyond a few scratches and the fright suffered no injury.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

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DIVINE HEALING DELUSION.

The Sick Return Home to Find Themselves Still Suffering with Disease.

DOWIE'S PATIENTS NOT ALL CURED.

Many Witnesses Who Testified to the Miraculous Results of the Alleged Healer's Boasted Work Regret Their Rashness.

The Rev. J. A. Dowie, the Australian faith curist and divine healer, has passed on toward the east upon his mission of "divine" imposture. His advance is being heralded with loud blasts of trumpets while the miraculous powers wielded are being extensively advertised in the eastern press. The New York Sun has devoted over half a column to a letter from its correspondent from this place, which details the history of the "divine healing association," and mentions individually a number of patients who claim to have been cured through the agency of Mr. Dowie. People testified to the cure of almost every disease to which flesh is heir, separately or combined at one and the same time in the same person. Cases were mentioned where deafness and blindness were said to have been cured, goitres removed and general disabilities done away with. But in recounting the so-called cures, the instances in which the divine healer failed to healer were omitted.

Now that Rev. Dowie has departed, those who have been duped by him are not backward in telling the facts. Among the many cases that have come to light, the following are interesting in showing that faith does not last long where physical pain continues:

One among Dowie's best subjects, was a servant girl, who works at No. 403 North Fifteenth street. She was suffering from nervousness and neuralgia of the stomach. The parties for whom she was working wished to make a test case; so they encouraged her and granted every privilege necessary to effect a cure under Dowie's treatment. She was told by him that words without faith did not amount to anything, and after an avowal of the most perfect faith on her part, even to pouring her valuable medicines into the ditch, Dowie, unabashed and with stoic composure began the touching, tender ceremony of "laying on of hands" seasoned with prayer. The girl really believed herself healed. Yet the old pain was still there, although Dowie assured her that it was all right since Jesus did not want to remove the pain at once; that she was healed and that she must say so to herself and tell all her friends the same, otherwise she might have a relapse. So the poor girl kept up her mission of deception. But her pains were still gnawing at her as before. She began to grow worse, but the sicker she became, the louder she insisted that she was healed. Fortured almost beyond endurance, she once more returned to the healer for more faith. He tried to persuade her to sign the usual written testimonial that she was healed. But the girl refused to sign her name until she could do so conscientiously. She continued to grow worse under his treatment and at last, in utter disgust, turned to her former medical adviser.

Mrs. Pratt, living at Twenty-ninth and Indiana avenue, a good old confiding lady suffering from palsy, honestly applied the healer's salve. She was deluded into signing a testimonial that she was healed and testified in public that she was again well. Nevertheless she still suffer sfrom her old ailment.

Mrs. Johnson, an elderly lady, wishing her address withheld, applied to Dowie to be relieved of blindness. The latter, parrot like, recited his little prayer and then with self-complace assured the lady that she was cured. Yet she was just as blind as ever and is to this day. She expresses herself as feeling greatly humiliated in allowing herself to be imposed upon in this manner and wishes her identity kept from the public.

Another lady residing in the northern part of the city, and prominent in the Baptist church, was imposed upon by Dowie, in a way that excites pity. She was suffering from ailments peculiar to her sex, and after revealing her troubles and receiving his treatment, she found her condition unimproved. Then she grew deponsient on account of the confidence which she had placed in him. For some days her friends feared her reason might be seriously affected. She is now somewhat improved, but not yet entirely out of danger, while her friends endeavor to observe the utmost secrecy in the matter.

Mr. Thompson, residing in Central park, a member of the Congregational church, is another person who realizes how badly he was misled by Dowie in the name of religion. He was troubled with a large tumor on his right cheek and was led by the healer to believe that it could be removed through faith. Hands were laid on it and prayer indulged in, but the tumor refused to disappear. Dowie told Thompson that that side of his face was weak and that he must go home and pray hard and long. Thompson did so and returned to Dowie for another seance. This time he was assured by Dowie that all was right, that the tumor would disappear shortly and that he was healed. Believing this, Thompson signed the usual testimonial, but, alas, the tumor remains just the same.

Mr. L. E. R——, clerk at the Union Pacific headquarters, who was a member of Dowie's healing class, has resumed the use of medicine prescribed by his physician. Mr. R—— also indulges in the use of spectacles as of yore.

A porminent Baptist minister has resumed the wearing of spectacles, discarded for some days during Dowie's presence. The same gentleman excused himself from attending a meeting of a committee of his denomination, held at Lincoln, stating that he could not attend on account of "sickness in his family." This same clergyman had the secrets of divine healing transmitted to him, but it appears that it will not work in his own family. He was also elected vice president of Dowie's "spelling class" in this city.

These are but a few of the views which can be obtained behind the scenes. While in the so-called "testimony meeting" all seemed love and harmony, many of the witnesses to cures returned home only to find their renewed good health a deceptive delusion. It is true that a local society has been formed as a branch of the National Divine Healing association which proposes to continue the work of curing by faith.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

The Authors of Farce-Comedy.

Authors of farce-comedy are in style just now. Farce-comedy has the call, and the legitimate is a back number case, says Dunlap's Stage News. It's wonderful how little is generally known of the personality of the most popular farce comedies. Hoyt, who made fame and fortune in this line, author of "A Bunch of Keys," "A Tin Soldier," "A Texas Steer," is thin, wiry and nervous in appearance. He began life by being a newspaper man, speaks with a downcast nasal twang, and is under thirty. Tim Murphy imitates his voice and his walk to perfection. Boston is the original home of Hoyt, although he has a magnificent home at Charleston, New Hampshire. Grattan Donnelly hails from Philadelphia. His "Natural Gas" has enjoyed much popularity. His "Pair of Jacks" is doing well. Donnelly is medium-sized, handsome and muscular. He is in the early thirties, and like Hoyt, Potter, McNally, and Rosen, is by training a newspaper man. Potter, author of "City Directory" and "Easy Street" was the editor of Town Topics with Alfred Trumble for a time, wrote a play for Modjeska, and struck off copy for the great western blanket sheets. He is portly, with a clean shaven, priestly face, and a mysterious, suave air. Edgar Selden, who wrote "McKenna's Flirtations," is thin, red-headed, and an actor. J. J. McNally, author of "A Straight Tip," is the dramatic editor of the Boston Herald, able, active and alert. He has written a good deal of theatrical matter, but is especially proud of his latest. McNally is short in stature, but has a good head on his narrow shoulders. Lew. Rosin, who has completed "The Hustler," is the dramatic feuilletonist of a big pink sporting paper in New York. He is short, thickset and saturnine, speaks three languages, and has written a novel. However