Easter Bonnets (Marked Down.)

BY FRANK NORRIS.

Scene—The bay window of the club, commanding a view of the street. Directly opposite are the windows of a fashionable milliner's, gorgeous with a display of Easter bonnets.

Characters—Tom, Dick, Harry, afterward Jack, and Dolly Street (engaged to Jack).

It is 3 o'clock on a warm afternoon, about ten days before Easter. The grand parade is at its thickest.

Tom (reflectively, looking out of the window toward the milliner's display)—I wonder how many girls stop to look in at that window?

Dick—I guess one in seven is a good average.

Harry—One in three you mean. Notice the sign, "Easter bonnets marked down." Why, either one of those signs would be dangerous. Together they're fatal. Let's watch and count.

Tom (with sudden animation)—No. I'll tell you what. We'll get up a game with it. I'll pick out a girl coming down the street and you and Harry bet on whether she stops and looks in at that window or not. It'll be for a dollar. You both put up your stakes, understand. Harry, he'll be the bull. He'll bet that she stops. Dick will be the bear; he'll bet she don't. Savvy?

Dick—And how if she goes in—goes into the store

Tom—Well, I'll just bet a dollar as to her, and then Jack he'll bow and wave his hand at her and the one that she answers will be the one that wins.

Jack—All right; there's my tenner. Tom, you try first. (Tom bows and waves in his most ingratiating mannner, but the girl puts her chin in the air and turns away coldly.

Tom (dolefully)—Crushed, crushed. Well, Jack. (Jack bows and waves in his turn, and he's rewarded by a pleasant little nod.)

Jack (swelling proudly and pocketing the money)—What did I tell you.

Jack—I wonder if she was pretty. I'll bet she was, Harry. She's going to try on that blue bonnet, and she'll have to take off her veil to do that. We'll soon see if she's pretty or not.

Tom (bitterly)—I'll betcha $5 she's not.

Jack (defiantly)—Betcha $10 she is.

Tom—Take you.

Dick—Watch now. She's taking off her veil. There. Is she pretty or not?

Jack—Why, it's Dolly!

All—Miss Street!

(A moment of embarrassed silence.)

Harry (to Jack)—I say, old man; this is no end beastly—I—we, by Jove, Jack, we've acted like a lot of bloody little cads. Of course, if we'd known—guessed for an instant it was your finance—Miss Street, I

THE YOUNG MEN STOOD AT THE BAY WINDOW OF THE CLUB.

whether she goes in or not, and if she does I win double. It's a one to two shot.

Dick—Great idea. Here, Tom, here comes a girl, sec. Just crossing the street. Do we bet on her?

Tom—No, no. There's an art in this thing you fellows don't seem to appreciate. She wouldn't do. She's been shopping all the morning and spent her last quarter for lunch at the department store. She wouldn't dare look in. Besides, she's from the country, I'm sure; look at her net bag.

Harry—Or from Boston.

Tom—Well, what did I say?

Harry—Tom, you're right. She went by with her head turned away, wouldn't trust herself to look. How about this one that's coming—the one in the brown tailor suit?

Tom—Yes, we bet on her. Messieurs faites votre Jew. (Harry and Tom each lay a dollar on the table.)

Harry—O, she's bound to stop. Watch now, she can't go by that row of bonnets. There, she's right in front—now—now—yes, no—she's hesitating—she's got her eye right on that blue affair—no—yes—yes. Hooray, she stopped. The dollar's mine. Say, it is a great game. (The girl abruptly enters the store.)

Tom (pocketing the two dollars)—Isn't it. Hurry up, put up your money. Here comes another one. We bet on her. The one in gray, with the bull pup (assuming tone and manner of a wheel-of-fortune winner). Put up your money, gents. Pick 'em out; pick 'em out. Here she goes, an' there she goes, an' if she stops or not nobody knows. (Dick and Harry make their bets. The girl passes by in a hurry, merely glances at the bonnets.)

Tom (in professional chant)—Dick wins.

Dick—Great game, great.

Tom—Gents, make your bets. This one coming, the one in the hunting-green dress. Come on, come on, come and gumble on the green. And still the little ball goes round. (The girl in green enters the store hurriedly without as much as glancing at the bonnets.)

Tom (gathering in the money)—Bank wins.

Harry (with an aggrieved shout)—She was the saleslady in that store. I've seen her there. Fake, fake. Skin game. Blow out the gas. Yah!

Dick—Kill the umpire.

(Enter Jack at the back of the room.)

Harry—Hello, here's Jack. Shall we ask him to join our merrie throng?

Tom—He's going to be married next week to Dolly Street. He wouldn't take an interest in such frivolities.

Harry—Well, if he's going to be married next week the sooner he learns about Easter bonnets and ways o' women the better for him. Hey, Jack, come over here and get into the game.

Jack (coming up)—Hello, you fellows, what's up. (Tom explains at length.)

Jack—Capital idea, capital.

Tom—Steady all. Here's another and a stunner, too, black cashmere, white gloves, and a dot of blue plush in the hat. See her?

Jack—The one with the heavy veil.

Tom—Yes, that one.

Dick—What does she want to wear such a heavy veil for? By the way, her clothes fit her she ought to be pretty.

Tom—Pick 'em out, pick 'em out. An' still the little ball goes 'round. (They make their bets. There is a moment of silent expectation as the girl approaches.)

Harry—Isn't she a stunner?

Jack—Walks like a girl I know.

Dick—She won't look at those bonnets. She's the kind that sends her maid down to have a lot sent up on approval.

Harry—Don't make any difference. Why, look at that blue affair right in the front row an' marked down. She's only a woman, after all. Look, look. If she hesitates—

Jack—She's lost, and she is hesitating.

Tom—She's stopped. Harry wins—no—no, wait a moment. She acts as though she was going in. She's going to price the blue affair, I know it.

(The girl studies the array of Easter bonnets a moment, starts off, returns and finally enters the store with an undecided air.)

Tom (gathering up the money)—Bank wins.

Dick (disgusted)—You wouldn't have thought it of her. Wimmin folk air powerful on-sartin, and I'll bet she was a pretty girl, too.

Harry—She's over in the store now. Look, you can see her through the window. The saleslady is getting that blue bonnet out for her. By jove, she's looking right over here.

Jack—Who, the saleslady?

Harry—No, you goat, the girl. The stunner, and—why—well, of all— Boys, she's bowing over here.

Dick—To us?

Tom—No, to me.

Jack—It's to me, of course.

Harry—Hoh, you're both wrong. She's bowing right at me. Can't I see.

Tom—Betcha $10 she's not.

Jack—Take you.

Dick—How are you going to prove it?

Tom—Well, I'll bow and wave my hand at

mean—I—that is—hang it, Jack, I feel like a stable boy.

Dick—Harry speaks for all of us, Jack.

Jack (easily)—Pshaw, that's all right. No wonder Dolly bowed to me. She recognized me all right, but I didn't know her under that veil, and I've never seen that dress before. I thought her walk was familiar, though. Guess I'll run over and talk to her a bit. Goodby, you fellows. Some of you sign the card for me when it comes. (Exit.)

(Tom, Dick and Harry exchange rueful glances.)

Tom—And now the question is: Did she recognize Jack?

Dick—Would Dolly Street flirt with a man, and she engaged to Jack?

Tom—Would Jack flirt with a girl, and he engaged to Dolly?

Dick—Well, wimmen folk air on-sartin.

(In front of the milliner's store a few moments later. Dolly, coming out, meets Jack.)

Dolly (surprised)—Why, you dear old Jack, where did you come from? I haven't seen you in an age.

CHARMED BY A RATTLESNAKE.

Sank Into Unconsciousness While the Serpent Coiled on His Breast.

Prof. Charles Rich, the botanist, had a thrilling experience with a monster rattlesnake one day last week, relates the Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle, and it was only his coolness and presence of mind that saved him from death. Prof. Rice and Dr. Tynan, the bugologists, were up in the higher altitudes of the Sierras in search of rare specimens, and were camped at a place called Moore Creek. They had a small tent with them, which they had pitched near a stream of water that was fed by a spring higher up on the side of the mountain.

Friday evening of last week the professor and his companions, who were completely worn out with their day's tramp in search of rare flowers and bugs, retired to their tent, rolled themselves up in their blankets and were soon in dreamland. Just as daylight was breaking the professor was awakened from his slumbers by feeling a soft and clammy substance crawling over his face and down on to his chest, and on raising his head a little, to his horror he discovered it was a monster rattlesnake. The reptile had coiled itself, with its head raised about a foot, and ready at the least movement to strike.

Cold drops of perspiration oozed from every pore of the professor's body, while his muscles became as rigid as bars of iron and his eyes became fixed with a stony glare as he gazed at the head of the monster, which was only about six or seven inches from his face and swinging from one side to the other with the regularity of a clock pendulum. The suspense was becoming unbearable, but well he knew that the least move he made meant death in the most horrible form.

How long he remained in this terrible position he does not know, but it seemed ages, when suddenly he felt his muscles relax, his vision grew dim, everything around him became dark, and in a few seconds he was oblivious to everything around him. The doctor was quietly sleeping a few feet away, unconscious of the terrible danger of his companion. When he awoke the sun was brightly streaming into the tent, and, as he rolled over in his blankets toward his companion, his blood seemed to chill in his veins at the sight presented to his view. His companion was stretched at full length upon the ground, with his eyes closed, and his face as white as a piece of marble, while coiled upon his breast was a huge rattlesnake, apparently asleep.

He quietly seized a shotgun that was standing near by, and, cocking both barrels, raised it to his shoulder and was about to fire, when he first realized that if he did he would probably injure his companion. Just at this moment his companion moved a little, when the snake gave a rattle and again raised his head. The doctor, seeing his chance, fired, and, at the report of the gun, his companion gave a yell and jumped to his feet, throwing the reptile some three or four feet away from him in its death struggle. The doctor's aim was true, for the reptile's head was blown completely off.

On being measured it was found to be 4 feet 9½ inches in length, and had seventeen rattles and a button. The professor's nerves were so shattered by his terrible experience that he was hardly able to walk, and the following day, in company with his companion, he returned to this place, where he is at present, recuperating under the doctor's care.

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HORNETS OF OCEAN WARFARE

Interesting Information About Torpedo Boats and Their Destroyers.

TYPE OF THE COMING WAR SHIP

Great Advantage in Speed, but Their Efficacy in Combat Remains to Be Tested—American and Spanish Fleets.

The Spaniards are sending a new Armada across the seas, writes the Washington correspondent of the Globe-Democrat, and on this side of the water is felt something of that dread which the British experienced when news came of the approach of that invincible fleet which was destined to prove such a disappointment to the projectors of the enterprise. Quite a lot of history is going to be made within the next few weeks, and in the event of hostilities it will be determined just how formidable are these torpedo boat destroyers which, in the opinion of some naval experts, represent the type of the coming war ship. They carry no big guns, and are practically defenseless if exposed to the fire of rifled cannon of moderate caliber. It is only at close quarters that they are dangerous, and under such circumstances they are capable of sinking the biggest battleship with a single projectile. The fish torpedoes which they discharge have an effective range of about 1,000 yards, but cannot be aimed with much accuracy beyond 200 yards.

In the torpedo boat destroyer everything is sacrificed to the attainment of a speed which is almost incredible in a vehicle that moves on the water. For example, the Pluton, which is one of the fleet now approaching, travels at the rate of thirty knots under forced draught. This is equivalent to thirty-four and one-half miles an hour, or as fast as an ordinary express train.

The Pluton is 225 feet long, and has a displacement of 400 tons. Her engines are of the triple-expansion type, she has twin screws, and her coal capacity is 100 tons. She carries two 14-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, and two 1-pounder rapid-fire guns. In short, she is the very latest thing in naval architecture, and up to date in all respects. This is not surprising, inasmuch as she was built by a British firm on the banks of the Clyde.

THE SPANISH FLEET.

The coming flotilla includes two torpedo boat destroyers exactly like the Pluton, and equally formidable in all respects, being sisters of hers. These are the Osado and the Proserpine. They have the same armament and the same marvelous speed. Two more, just like them, have started from England—the Audaz and the Ornarda—to join the fleet that is to menace the United States. The fleet already includes two slightly smaller destroyers, the Furor and the Terror, each of which is 220 feet long, with a displacement of 370 tons and a speed of twenty-eight knots. Each of them carries 100 tons of coal, has triple expansion engines, is provided with twin screws, and is armed with two 14-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 6-pounder rapid-fire guns and two 1-pound Maxims. The guns that compose the armaments of these vessels are intended merely for use against torpedo boats and merchant vessels; they rely upon their torpedoes for attacking war ships.

In addition to these destroyers, Spain has twelve torpedo boats of formidable size and equipment, a majority of which are included in the flotilla. The two biggest of them are the Ariete and Rayo, each of which is 147 feet long, with a displacement of ninety-seven tons and a speed of twenty-six knots. Each of them carries four 3-pounder rapid-fire guns. Of greater displacement, though of a length somewhat less, are the Azor and Halcon, each of which is 134 feet long and has a speed of twenty-four knots, carrying four 3-pounder rapid-fire guns. The Habana is 127 feet long, displaces fifty-nine tons, and has a speed of twenty-one knots; she is armed with one machine gun. The Barcelo is 126 feet long, has a displacement of sixty-six tons and a speed of nineteen knots, and carries two Nordenfeldt machine guns. The Ejercito is 111 feet long, displaces fifty tons, and has a speed of twenty-five knots; she is armed with two machine guns. The Orion is 125 feet long, has a displacement of eighty-five tons and a speed of twenty-one knots, and carries one 1-pounder revolving cannon. The Julian Ordonez is 117 feet long, displaces sixty-five tons, has a speed of twenty knots, and carries two Nordenfeldts. The Retamosa is 118 feet long, has a displacement of seventy tons and a speed of twenty knots, and is armed with two Nordenfeldts. The Rigel is 105 feet long, has a displacement of fifty-seven tons and a speed of nineteen knots, and is provided with one 1-pounder revolving cannon.

UNITED STATES OUTCLASSED.

Spain's enormous superiority in this branch of naval activity becomes apparent when a review is made of the United States in respect to torpedo boats. Against the enemy's twelve craft of this kind Uncle Sam is able to put afloat only ten, which are not in any respect superior to the minor members of the hostile flotilla. Nevertheless, seven of them will compare very favorably with the best of the Spanish torpedo boats. These are the Cushing, the Ericsson, the Foote, the Rodgers, the Winslow, the Porter and the Dupont. All of these are now at Key West, except the Rodgers, which has just been delivered by the builders, and will be ready for service in two weeks. The seven run from 138 feet in length for the Cushing to 175 feet for the Porter and Dupont, and in displacement from 105 tons to 182 tons. Their speed is from twenty-four to twenty-six knots. The Stiletto is much smaller and slower, and the same is true of the Talbot and the Gwin, which have just been ordered into commission.

It is fortunate indeed that we have even a few torpedo boats, but exceedingly to be regretted that Uncle Sam at the present time should not possess a single torpedo boat destroyer. The destroyer is so exceedingly swift as to be able to catch any torpedo boat, and the latter, once overtaken, is practically defenseless, having only two or three rapid-fire or machine guns of small caliber. It will be observed that destroyers, such as the Pluton or the Terror, are provided with quite a formidable armament of rapid-fire rifles, so that they are able to demolish any torpedo boat with a few shots. They draw only about six feet of water, so that they can follow a torpedo boat into a shallow harbor or anywhere it may go. Not at all surprising is it, under the circumstances, that naval officials in Washington should have begged the president to prevent the approach of the Spanish flotilla, even if force was required. It is difficult to see, however, how this could have been accomplished. If it had been attempted the boats would doubtless have scattered at once in every direction, and to catch them would have been out of the question.

SPEED OF THE DESTROYERS.

The destroyer can always get away when it chooses to run, inasmuch as nothing that floats can come up with it, unless another vessel of the same type. Even a greyhound cruiser like the Minneapolis would be as helpless in the chase of craft of this kind as a fat man in pursuit of disrespectful but alert small boys. What can be done with a boat that is able to scoot away with the speed of an express train, awaiting its opportunity to steal up and make an attack under the cover of night or fog? It is only when the destroyer elects to become the assailant that it is in any danger. Meanwhile its adversary is kept in a state of continual anxiety. The efficiency of torpedo boats in general is largely due to their effect upon the morale of the adversary. The latter never feels safe from destruction by a single shot from these craft, which hover about like mosquitoes, trying to get a chance to sting. A man can brace his nerves to fight a battle, but to feel himself in danger at all times, and particularly likely to be blown up in his sleep—that is a different matter. The strain is simply fearful.

Our ships, ordinarily white, are now being painted lead color, partly in order that they may afford less visible targets to torpedo boats and destroyers at night. Orders have been given that each one of our vessels in southern waters is to be guarded from sundown to daybreak by a cordon of picket boats, and during the hours of darkness the ocean is constantly swept by their searchlights. The only other possible safeguard against torpedoes is the torpedo net, which is a network of large iron rings, let down at the ends of long spars that project from every part of the ship. There is always a chance that a torpedo, which travels at the rate of twenty-eight miles an hour, will break through the net, but it is not likely. When the Chilian battleship Blanco Encalada anchored in the harbor of Valparaiso, April 12, 1891, she did not take the trouble to put out her torpedo nets. Consequently, she was blown up with great loss of life by torpedoes discharged at her by two torpedo boats which happened to come along.

TORPEDOES IN USE.

The Whitehead torpedo, which is the weapon used by the Spanish torpedo boats and destroyers, is a hollow steel projectile shaped like a fish. At its front end is fastened a so-called warshead, filled with guncotton, and in place of a tail it has a small screw propeller. The interior is filled with machinery and compressed air. Discharged from the torpedo tube, this formidable projectile falls with a splash into the water and sinks to a certain depth; then it travels horizontally toward the target, and is expected to explode on striking. The propeller is made to revolve at a very rapid rate by the compressed air inclosed within the contrivance. If the latter fails from any cause to go off it sinks harmless to the bottom of the sea, and thus is not a danger to navigation afterward. There are several sizes of these torpedoes. Those ordinarily used by torpedo boats are twelve feet long and are provided with 120 pounds of guncotton. The destroyers, however, employ much larger ones, eighteen feet in length and containing 250 pounds of guncotton. The cost of a Whitehead torpedo is from $2,400 up, but that is not much to pay for a projectile that is capable of destroying a $5,000,000 battleship.

Fish torpedoes acquire additional terrors from their invisibility while they are running toward a ship. Traveling under water, as they do, it is impossible for those on board of an assailed vessel to know just when a fatal blow is coming. If the projectile strikes, destruction is certain; nothing can resist the discharge of such a quantity of guncotton. Half a dozen years ago the Brazilian insurgent ship Aquidaban was struck by a torpedo, which made a hole in her side big enough to drive a hay-wagon through, a large part of her interior being transformed into a mass of wreckage. It has been suggested that one very effective way of tackling a battleship would be for two or more torpedo boats to bear down swiftly upon her in different directions. Of course, this would be done at night by preference. If there were three boats engaged in the attempt at least one of them would be likely to be able to deliver a well-aimed shot before being destroyed. The minute that the advancing craft were descried by the aid of the searchlights a storm of shot and shell would be turned upon them. Being absolutely without armor protection, they would quickly be riddled, but one or more of the deadly fish-like missiles might be successfully delivered. The relative efficiency of the battleship and the torpedo boat is yet to become known; the problem is likely to be solved in the coming war with Spain. One trouble about the Whitehead torpedoes is that they are hard to guide and apt to go crooked.

Each one of the Spanish destroyers has a complement of seventy men, whereas the ordinary torpedo boat carries only twenty men. The destroyer, of course, is nothing more than a very large torpedo boat. She has no armor, and no protection whatever, except such as is afforded by her coal, which is in bunkers abreast with the boilers. A disadvantage of the destroyer type of craft is that she gets out of order very easily, and a big storm might so damage the flotilla now on its way across the ocean as to deprive it of offensive power. The destroyer is an exceedingly delicate piece of mechanism, keyed up to such a high point that not much is required to make it unserviceable. Such a vessel as the Pluton costs about $300,000, whereas an ordinary torpedo boat comes to only $75,000 or $100,000.

BRIDE'S RACE FOR THE ALTAR.

Attendants Driven Away in Her Carriage, Another Obtained in Time.

Very few people are aware, relates the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that the recent Lambert-McCrew wedding, which came off with so much eclat and was such a pretty affair, at one time came very near assuming the phase of a comedy of errors through which the bride would have been lacking to complete the ceremony. It had been arranged that all of the wedding party should leave the hotel at the same time, and Captain George S. McGrew, the bride's father, had made unusually elaborate arrangements for the equipage which should convey himself and his daughter to the church on that occasion. An exceedingly handsome carriage had been engaged for the bride's use, and a pair of stylish horses were selected for it, rigged up with white collars and white saddles and dazzling harness. The interior of the carriage had been specially upholstered in white silk, and a coachman and footman in rich livery were in charge of it.

When everything was ready word was given to the members of the bridal party to get in the carriages, so there would be no delay at the start. By some error a couple of the bridal party entered the beautiful carriage of the bride, the smart liveried footman closed the door and sprang up behind, and the coachman, feeling that the time had come to move on, drew up his reins and the equipage started. The next coachman, seeing the procession had started, also whipped up his horses, and one after the other the carriages passed down the avenue toward St. Peter's church, surveyed by the admiring crowd on the sidewalk. Just as the last carriage was disappearing around a distant corner the pretty bride descended the hotel steps accompanied by her father. Not a carriage was in sight. Captain McGrew gave one quick glance around, and then some one, realizing the situation, told him what had happened. Not a moment was to be lost. Another carriage was hastily ordered, and when it arrived father and daughter stepped in, and a race was made by the driver to arrive at the church in time for the ceremony.

In the meantime the bridal party had reached the church, and, after arranging themselves in the ante-room for the procession down the aisle, were just beginning to wonder what had become of the bride when she entered the church door. Every one saw that there had been some error in the proceedings, and just enough of it got out before the passage down the aisle for some of the attendants to be full of suppressed merriment, but the bride, with rare self-possession, went through the ceremony.

Cotton Mills Start Up.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., April 11.—The twenty-two cotton cloth mills of this city which have been closed since January 1, when the 9,000 operatives struck as the result of the 10 per cent reduction in wages, were opened today to give the strikers an opportunity to return. All the mills started their machinery, but in many of them barely a quarter of the working force went in. The mill treasurers say that many operatives came to the factories with their dinner pails, but when they encountered the hisses and jeers of the strikers who declined to yield, and who had gathered about the mill gates, they decided not to go in.

Thirty-five years make a generation. That is how long Adolph Flaher of Zanesville, O., suffered from piles. He was cured by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

MRS. STANTON'S WOEFUL WAIL

The Tearful Lament of a Venerable Woman Suffragist.

'WHO IS THERE TO SUCCEED ME?"

Old in Years, but Young in Energy, Ambition and Brain Power—Sharp Criticism of the Women of Today.

"Who is there to succeed me?"

Such is the wail of a grand, motherly old woman, who, during nearly half a century, has been one of the most prominent figures in the history of the nineteenth century—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

She is an old lady now, nearly 85, but her energy, her ambition and her brain power seem to be as young, as sturdy and as unrelenting as ever. Although Mrs. Stanton's enemies claim that she has repeatedly unsexed herself, in this respect at least she remains as other women are, and wails. Not because she has grown old and blind, and in measure, helpless, but because she sees the time approaching very near when she must lay down her life's work, and the vista materializes no other and younger woman in the world who has the ability, or even the inclination, to take it up when she lets it fall. She sits alone in her cozy study in Sixty-first street, New York City, and thinks, thinks, thinks. Her achievements, her battles, her victories, her defeats, her successes and her failures pass like panoramic views before her almost sightless eyes, but, while she gazes into the magic crystal of thought, even imagination cannot conjure up the figure of a competent and worthy successor, and hence her wail.

Mrs. Stanton expresses herself sharply and concisely—her adversaries have discovered that trait before now—and she does not mince words in giving voice to this cry of hers over the degeneracy of the woman of the present day, for whom she has done so much, and for which they express so little appreciation.

LACK COURAGE.

"The women of today are content to eat of the fruit that I have picked for them," she said tersely, "but there is not one who has the courage to climb the tree of knowledge and experience, and to pluck some of it for others. Such an act involves toil and privation; it exposes the actor to the criticism, vituperation, abuse and calumny of the world, and it requires courage, fortitude, tenacity and ability. Where is the woman—the young, vigorous woman who can do it? Who is there to succeed me?"

Again:

"I have no regrets for the flight of time. The fact that I am an old woman and must soon pass away does not concern me, but I do regret that I cannot take with me the knowledge that some greater, better, more energetic woman than myself has taken up the cudgel which I must relinquish—have relinquished—to fight the battles of her sex."

She says she would rather leave the fight in the hands of a hundred women than with one, and to the care of thousands rather than of hundreds.

"Every woman should succeed me," she said, vehemently, "but none of them will. The women of the day are like cows—they do not know enough to go in at milking time unless somebody drives them, and they are constantly getting in one another's way. I have been driving them all my life, and they have got in my way upon every opportunity. Acteon was chased and devoured by his own beagles. I have been pursued and maligned by my own sex. The wounds of Lazarus were licked by dogs out of pity; my efforts have drawn more recognition from men whom I fought than from the women for whom I battled."

WOMEN WITHOUT IDEAS.

Mrs. Stanton insists that the present-day woman is idealess, that she is totally devoid of originality of thought and is, therefore, non-progressive. The Woman's Christian Temperance union and more than half of the women suffragists have utterly repudiated her, because of the Woman's bible, which is her last, and she believes, her greatest idea.

That, by the way, is another wail, for the purpose of the work is to prove that the bible was written by men, for men and not for women. The success of this crowning effort remains to be seen.

Yet, there is one more wail. Her book, entitled "Eighty Years and More," was refused by several prominent publishers in New York because of its socialistic tendencies, which she utterly refused to eliminate. She finally published it herself.

Who can blame this scarred veteran of many a hard-fought battle for sending up a wail of mental anguish when she pauses to consider that the kingdom, or rather the queendom, of womanhood which she has established may degenerate and die out for want of a competent leader and ruler?

Who can blame this apostle of woman's rights that she bewails the possible, nay probable, usurpation of her lifelong creed, by other, newer and less holy ones? She knows that her own work has been well done. She knows that her life and energy have not been spent in vain, and that even her severest critics profit today by the work that she has performed. She will leave behind her a great legacy, and her wail is that she cannot name the legatee; or, if she could, she would not, among all the millions of women in the world, know whom to select; and so she says:

"Who is there to succeed me?"

PORTRAIT OF MRS. STANTON AT HOME.

Orders for Naval Militia.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 11.—One hundred and two naval militiamen have been ordered to man the Nahant at Philadelphia tomorrow.

The Great Test

Of a pure soap is—will it shrink wool? If so, there's something injurious in it. For toilet—for bath—for washing dainty articles, use a soap so pure that it won't shrink wool. That's

MY MAMA USED I WISH MINE HAD

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Health and Beauty, Youth and Love. It takes a woman to know a woman

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