

## A WOMAN'S OPINION.

WHAT is my opinion of women kissing each other? I don't like it, and don't see any very good reason why they should do it. Sometimes, where women or girls really like each other, and adopt the kiss as the strongest mode of expressing their preference, it is excusable, but this business of women kissing each other because custom permits it, is, I think, not only nauseating to the women, but is a slander on the proverbially dainty taste of the sex. There is truth in the old saying that women kiss each other because they can find nothing nicer to kiss, but the truth in this instance does not warrant the practice to the extent that all women must kiss, because, when it comes to that, women can find something nicer to kiss—men, for instance. Outside of any personal feeling, and merely as a matter of form, I know plenty of men I would much rather kiss, than lots of women I know, and whom I am compelled to osculate, and there are thousands of women just like me. I know the women have brought it upon themselves, and, since they have, I think it incumbent upon themselves to take decisive action against it, and instead of having it as a tyrant, make it a servant and use it as they see fit. Women, more than men, are the creatures of fashion, and they endure all sorts of torture, from the physical agony of a tight corset or a tight shoe to the mental agony of unbecoming clothes, rather than tresspass upon style, but I see no honor or credit to them in it, and until they are strong enough to throw off this yoke, they will be deserving of the title, "the weaker vessel," which they have shown themselves through all the ages, not only willing, but fitted to bear.

## A MEAN MAN'S THOUGHTS.

SOMETIMES I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed; when he turns out the light and lies down; when the darkness closes in about him, and he is alone and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look, comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the outstretched palm of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself! How he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed! When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure, and fair, and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless, and dusty, and dreary must his own path appear. Why, even one lone, isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter crumbs in the bed of the average ordinary man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering, and heart-ache, and misery in the

world anyhow, why should you add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.

## HOW SHEEP WINTER IN MONTANA.

THE manner in which the sheep of Montana pass the winter in such excellent condition has been a puzzle to those not familiar with the country and the climate. It is thus summarized from statements made by an experienced sheep man of that Territory: Snow to the depth of fifteen inches, provided it is not incrustated by a rain or checked thaw, does not retard their feeding in the least, as they can easily nose around in that much of the fleecy covering for their daily bunch grass. Then, again, when the ground is bare and grass easy to get the frisky animals are doing more racing around than eating. They will nibble a bite, and then seeing a tall, waving bunch a rod ahead, off they start for that, and so they spend the whole day, when they ought to be filling their stomachs, in looking at the country, and only sampling the feed as they go along. With snow on the ground they would make a clean up as they go along, the cold snow not being near as inviting for a run and a frolic as the grass-covered plain, so that the animals really seem to get more to eat when there is a liberal sprinkling of snow over their fodder. There are always little points and knolls which the wind has blown bare, and the flock soon make clean work of a patch of that kind. The inevitable cold, stormy days, with the wind in the north and lots of snow flying will find the sheep of the good shepherd peacefully nibbling away on some hay within the shelter of the corral and sheds. Shelter and some food besides that which is rustled for on the range are now provided by all intelligent wool growers, as it is a "penny wise and pound foolish" policy when they try to save a few dollars and do without.

## WHAT CHINAMEN HAVE DONE.

CHINA is nearly as large as Europe, and contains a much larger population, every third man in the world being, it is calculated, a Chinaman. Their progress in the past has been most marked; thus the Chinese appear to have been among the earliest, if not the very earliest, of the human race to emerge from barbarism. They have a literature older than the days of Moses, and astronomical observations that go back at least to the days of Abraham. Comparing their early progress with that of European nations, they were clothed in silk robes when our savage ancestors still painted their naked bodies. They invented printing, and had printed books about the middle of the tenth century, five hundred years before the time of Caxton. Gunpowder and the mariner's compass were Chinese inventions long before they were known to Europeans. Lieutenant H. N. Shore pointed out, in a recent paper read before the Society of Arts, that in the matter of canals, the utilization of carrier pigeons, the artificial culture of oysters, fish and poultry, and in the satisfactory solution of the great sewage question, the Chinese have been before us in time.