

Gossip for Ladies.

Miss-Construction—Whalebone, paint, powder, and so forth.

A wife in the house is worth two in the street.

Grace (whispering): "What lovely boots your partner's got, Mary!" Mary (ditto): "Yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."

Women are extreme in all points. They are better or worse than men. That's why men take them better for worse.

Eve was the first, and we reckon the only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

A London paper thinks that by residing in Europe an American girl can gradually "get rid of her war-whoop." American girls don't war-whoop now.

The latest rendering of the proverb is, "People who live in glass houses, and who want to throw their arms around the girl, should pull down the blinds." How true it is!

Some men never lose their presence of mind. In New York a man threw his wife out of the window in the fifth story of a burning building and carried a feather-bed down stairs in his arms.

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have foaled it away in that reckless manner.

There is only one object in the world which will attract a young lady's attention from the handsome young man whom she meets on the street; and that is another woman with a hat two laps ahead of the style she has yet seen.

A Cincinnati woman does not cover the bare top of her head with false hair, or by combing her own hair over it, but appears to be proud of the distinction that it gives her in public assemblages, for she always removes her bonnet. The effect is striking.

"Ma, has Sister Floy ever traveled any?" "No, child, no." "Then when I was a-layin' under the soft Sunday night, and sister and Mr. John came in from church and was a-settin' in the big rockin' cheer, how com her to say that the nicest land she ever was in was Lapland?"

Scene in a horse-car: a roughly dressed man, a new-made husband and his wife, are the occupants. Car goes off the track, and rough may says "Damm." Up jumps "hubby," saying, "How dare you say damn before my wife?" "How did I know your wife wanted to say damn first?" was the reply.

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "Dear Sir: Two months ago my wife could hardly speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer' and not she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."

Says Jones: "When I see Mrs. J. in the clothes yard, both arms as red as a boiled lobster, bared to the elbow and stretched high above her in their struggles with an unruly sheet, an apron over her head, her hair in her eyes and a clothespin protruding from her mouth, it seems impossible that she is one and the same with the Miss Stebbins I used to feed on pepperment, and about whom I used to rave so."

DIETETIC.

All bones	All fat	Just right
Was	Was	Was
Jane Jones,	Susan Pratt,	Bethright,
'Cause	'Cause	'Cause
She's a hater	She'd eat she would eat	Taters and meat,
Of potatoe	No meat	Yum
Vain	Fat	'Tis
Moans	Sue	Well
Jane	Pratt	Miss
Jones.	Belie!	

GREENLAND COURTESY.

When the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders, marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman as the Romans did the Sabine women, by force. One of the missionaries writing in his journal describes the present style of courtship as follows:

The suitor coming to the missionary said, "I should like to have a wife."

"Whom?" asks the missionary. The man names the woman.

"Hast thou spoken to her?"

Sometimes the man will answer, "Yes; she is not unwilling, but thou knowest woman-kind."

More frequently the answer is "No."

"Why not?"

"It is difficult; girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her."

The missionary summons the girl, and after a little conversation, says:

"I think it time to have thee married."

"I won't marry."

"What a pity! I had a suitor for thee."

"Whom?"

The missionary names the man who has sought his aid.

"He is good for nothing. I won't have him."

"But," replies the missionary, "he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill and he loves thee."

Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure the girl answers, "I won't have him."

"Well, I won't force thee. I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow."

The missionary remains silent as though he understood her "no" to have ended the matter.

At last with a sigh she whispers: "Just as thou wilt have it, missionary."

"No," replies the clergyman, "as thou wilt; I'll not pursue thee."

Then with a deep groan, comes "yes," and the matter is settled.

WOMAN'S SYMPATHY.

A joke is told on a certain gentleman which is too good to be lost. Our friend, who shall be nameless, purchased a pair of pants a few days ago, which, upon being tried on at home, he found to be too long. That night he remarked to his wife that he wished her to take off about an inch from each leg, which would make them the desired length. Being fond, as a good many wives are, of teasing her husband, she told him "flat-footed" that she shouldn't do anything of the kind, and he retired, finally, without having obtained a promise from her that she would attend to the matter. Soon after he had left for his room, however, she, as a matter of course, clipped off the superfluous inch, as she had been asked to do.

The family is composed of six female members, in addition to the "good man" and it chanced that each one of the five, who were in adjoining rooms, including the mother of our friend, heard the dispute between man and wife about the pants, and, after the latter had taken out the required inch and retired, the old lady, desiring to "keep peace in the family" and not knowing what her daughter-in-law had done, cautiously slipped into

the room and cut off the required inch.

In this way did each of the five ladies, unknown to the other, and all with the praiseworthy object of preventing any misunderstanding between the married couple, clip an inch from the legs of the gentleman's trousers. The following morning, unconscious of what had taken place during the night, he rolled up his pants in a piece of paper and took them to the tailor to be shortened to the desired length. Upon a hasty glance the latter ventured the opinion that they were already rather short; but the owner was too well posted on that score, and insisted that they were fully an inch too long. The tailor had no more to say, and our friend retired. On the following Saturday he called for the pants and took them home, and the next morning, when he came to put himself inside of them, he was supremely disgusted at finding that the legs reached only a trifle below the knee. In other words, they had been altered to the fashion of a century ago, when knee-breeches were in vogue. He straightway accused the tailor of having ruined his pants, and his indignation was expressed in language anything but mild. His wife heard him and came to the rescue of the Knight of the Shears, explaining that she had taken an inch from each of the legs, and her acknowledgment was followed by that of each of the other five ladies, when it was discovered that altogether the legs had been shortened to the extent of seven inches.—*Illustrious Chronicle*.

SO GENEROUS.

[Scene: Party of three young ladies on street-car.]

Conductor approaches: "Fare, if you please."

Miss Pinafore slowly goes for her pocket-book. Miss Admiral Joseph Porter, K.C.B., and Miss Captain Corcoran reluctantly follow suit.

Barbarous as the murder is, it is nothing compared to one I read a few years ago. Here the victim was a mother, and the murderers her two children—a boy and girl of sixteen or seventeen years each.

The family lived somewhere in the provinces, in a lonely country house.

It is supposed that the children grew impatient at having to wait for some trifling property that was to come to them on the death of their mother. Be this as it may, the murderer was determined on, and the infamous pair set to work.

Miss Captain Corcoran throws an anxious side glance at her two companions. Begins to hand a quarter to conductor. Conductor ravenously snatches it, and proceeds to make change.

Miss Porter (who suddenly finds the exact change)—"Oh! that's too bad now! Here's the money."

Miss Pinafore—"Oh! really now, I didn't want you to do that."

Miss Captain Corcoran (face very slightly elongated)—"Oh! never mind."

Miss Porter (putting up her pocket-book)—"Now, that's very wrong of you, Susan Corcoran."

Miss Pinafore (putting up her purse)—"Now, I don't like that of you, Susan; indeed I don't."

Susan doesn't either. They've stuck her up for the fares, and everybody has given her so generously.—*New York Graphic*.

FEED OF MARRIED WOMEN.

It is strange to me that any woman who knows the world should put forth ideas like those advanced by Evadne. In the first place, I deny that a man's wife is generally held to be his property except in one respect—fidelity to the marriage vow.

She is called "his wife;" in that sense and in no other. The time has long gone by, in this country at least, when she is his chattel, servant or menial. Too often the case is reversed; he slaves for her and her dry-goods man and dressmaker.

"But virtue is not virtue unless tried."

She must be confidentially intimate with other men, ride out alone with them, and go to the theaters and other places of entertainments, or gain "true inwardness" subject to the higher law, of course, by entertaining them alone at their homes.

Evadne may have been struck by the lives of such notables as Mme. De Staél, etc., who held regular soirees for male visitors alone. No doubt their intellects were sharpened by such intercourse. It was tolerated by the customs of that age and nation, but for plain American housewives in this age to complain because they cannot have more of the company of the gentlemen, because not sanctioned by custom, is to me an anomaly,—like the crowing hen, a perversion of the natural order of things, and the rule that limits the private intercourse of married women to their husbands, or near relatives of the other sex, is my judgment a good one for the public weal.

Sometimes it happens that the wife fails to satisfy the husband. He is starved for the refining "influence" of some lady friend, and straightway seeks her society. Should he be free to indulge his tastes in that direction? I say it is well that society does not sustain him in this foul wrong. The interviews must be underhand and stolen if he sustains the character of a moral man in this community.

There are many, who like our friend, pine to interchange ideas with some thought and culture, and it is true that women of this class are rare. I had rather talk with a man than a woman any day. But I am one of the fortunate ones who can find good company at home. I am never weary of the society of my own husband, who has been my best companion for twenty-three years. But he is a man of ideas. Sad is the case of the young girl with aspirations above the last fashion plate who finds herself united to a man who never reads. But now-a-days, when good books and newspapers are so cheap, they may be made better company than nine-tenths the men one knows. The best minds in the world can, at any time we wish, enter in our homes and commune with us.

Blessed are good books.

Let us try and submit uncomplainingly to the restraints imposed by custom, if such restraints are best for society as it is. Should all shun the very appearance of evil, the world would be better for it.

THE RAIN TREE.—The Consul of the United States of Columbia in the department of Lerezo, Peru, has written from Yurimagus to President Parado, informing him that in the woods adjacent to the city of Moyobamba, exists a tree called by the natives Tamai-caspí (rain tree) which possesses some remarkable qualities.

It is a tree about fifty feet high when at maturity, and of about three feet in diameter at the base, and has the property of absorbing a large quantity of humidity from the atmosphere, which it concentrates and subsequently pours forth from its leaves and branches in a shower, and in such abundance that in many cases the ground in the neighborhood is converted into a perfect bog.

It possesses this curious property in its greatest degree in the summer, precisely when the rivers are at their lowest, and water most scarce; and the writer proposes that it should be planted in the more arid regions of Peru for the benefit of agriculturalists.—*Panama Star and Herald*.

CURIOSITIES OF FRENCH CRIME.

We clip the following from a recent Paris letter to the Chicago Tribune:

Crime seems terribly on the increase in France, and not a day goes by without some new deed of savagery exciting the public. The latest specimen of the story of a little monster, named Marie-Anne Gaubert, aged eleven, who, in the absence of her mother, deliberately burnt her baby-brother to death. The means adopted for accomplishing her ferocious and unnatural purpose are proofs of the most base and cunning instincts. Her victim was but two years and four months old. She waited till the house she lived in (near Cahors) was perfectly quiet, and then, tying her brother to a stool, set fire to some straw underneath it, and went off, first taking the diabolical precaution to lock the door behind her, to prevent all chance of the unfortunate child's escape. When the case came on for trial, however, the jury brought in a verdict virtually acquitting the juvenile murderer, who gets off with a sentence of nine years free board and lodging at the Female Reformatory. The mother, who appears to have originally suggested the murder to her daughter, has been condemned to five years' imprisonment. It was proved that on several occasions she had told Marie-Anne to strangle little Joan. "If you would only strangle him," she said one day, "we should be all the quieter, and you would get praised by every one." When the youthful murderer, however, was cross-examined, she resolutely denied that any suggestion of the mother's had led her to the crime. "I was sick of hearing him cry!" was the extraordinary and revolting explanation Marie-Anne gave of the affair.

Barbarous as the murder is, it is nothing compared to one I read a few years ago. Here the victim was a mother, and the murderers her two children—a boy and girl of sixteen or seventeen years each.

The family lived somewhere in the provinces, in a lonely country house.

It is supposed that the children grew impatient at having to wait for some trifling property that was to come to them on the death of their mother. Be this as it may, the murderer was determined on, and the infamous pair set to work.

Miss Captain Corcoran throws an anxious side glance at her two companions.

Begins to hand a quarter to conductor.

Conductor ravenously snatches it, and proceeds to make change.

Miss Porter (who suddenly finds the exact change)—"Oh! that's too bad now! Here's the money."

Miss Pinafore—"Oh! really now, I didn't want you to do that."

Miss Captain Corcoran (face very slightly elongated)—"Oh! never mind."

Miss Porter (putting up her pocket-book)—"Now, that's very wrong of you, Susan Corcoran."

Miss Pinafore (putting up her purse)—"Now, I don't like that of you, Susan; indeed I don't."

Susan doesn't either. They've stuck her up for the fares, and everybody has given her so generously.—*New York Graphic*.

ADVICE WORTH READING.

For many weeks past it has been my desire to visit The Home "by word of pen," but, when one has a large family to superintend, time flies. I can remember, back in the past, that from one Fourth of July to the next was at least three years as they pass now. Happy days of childhood! I am on this one subject that I have longed to write. I have so many times been grieved in taking up The Home on seeing the subject of some letters, namely, "How to Train Children." How to manage boys and girls, girls! girls! until the very word "girl" blinded me. Just as if our boys and girls nowadays were so many animals, and their parents were looking around for a Rarey to tame them. It was not so in the good old times. Girls and boys did not marry with the idea that they would try it awhile, and if not suited get a divorce. Neither did our ancestors call out in despair for a "child-tamer," but had brains enough to manage their own families without requesting the assistance of the whole community. I can give advice on this subject of training children. Learn to train yourself first. Set your children a good example; never lie to them, do not give them over to the entire care and control of a servant in order to rest undisturbed to be fresh for the coming ball that you may gain by your good looks the attention of some brainless fool or fop who makes his brags of being irresistible even to married ladies (and I have often blushed for my sex when I have seen how easily some of them are flattered). I imagine I hear some one say: "The very idea! Does she expect us to make slaves of ourselves?" Not at all. Hire one nurse, two nurses if need be, but in doing so it is not at all necessary to give up one's responsibility as mother towards those poor little helpless darlings who do not ask to come. In The Home of April 26th, there is a very sensible letter from Evadne. I hope it may still live to see her suggestions fulfilled. I was asked during the winter what was best for children to read. *S. Nicholas* is a most excellent magazine, also the *Youth's Companion*. After children have passed the age for these, they will notice the older members of the household, and their taste, nine times out of ten, is governed by example and whatever is thrown in their way. I have seen boys from 12 to 14 who were perfect mimics of their father, even to holding the paper while reading, so anxious to be like papa, and how few papas realize that in them the responsibility rests for the future of that child equally with the wife.

Husbands and wives, if your burdens are heavy, "pull together." Let perfect confidence exist between you. Learn to bear and forbear. Fight the battles of life side by side, hand in hand, that, when the goal is reached, you may both be there, and in truth say: "We have done the best we could." I am drifting from my subject, but in the court room she wore the same air of seeming carelessness indifference that has characterized his appearance in court in earlier proceedings in the case. He was neatly dressed in a black business suit, wore his hair parted in the middle and still supports the same light brown mustache and goatee. A seat was given him by his counsel, ex-Judge Fullerton and Frank A. Dugupac, and during the empanelling of the jury and examination of witnesses he frequently whispered suggestions to them. The prosecution is conducted by District Attorney Phelps, aided by Mr. Chas. A. Winfield, who represents the Attorney General. The proceedings were very brief, owing to the sudden illness of Judge Fullerton compelling an early adjournment. The only witness called was Mr. W. H. Cox, cashier of the Mechanics' Bank, who detailed the circumstances of the loan of \$30,000 on the proffered State bounty loan certificates, and Mr. William Redding, State bond