

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.  
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

**Harriet Beecher Stowe at Eighty-three.**  
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was reported to be 82 years of age on June 14; but, according to the Hartford Times, she was really 83. It explains the matter thus: "The Times has once stated that the biographies and encyclopedias are all in error as to the year of her birth and also concerning the natal year of Henry Ward Beecher. Both are published as having been born one year later than they actually were. A consultation of 'the old family Bible' settles it. Mrs. Stowe was born in 1811 and Henry Ward in 1813."

The world famous authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" keeps her physical vigor to a remarkable degree and is stronger and in better health than she was six months ago. This may be due to the fact that during the summer weather she is almost constantly out doors, wandering about among the trees and flowers of Forest street, Hartford, where her pretty home is situated. Her bent figure, with its crown of white hair, is a familiar sight to her neighbors, as she walks along with a step that belies her years, accompanied by her faithful attendant. The copyright on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" expired a year ago, so that Mrs. Stowe has now no claim on the receipts from her most famous and popular book. Through the courtesy and kindness of her publishers, however, she still receives a bonus from the sales, although of course not an equivalent of the royalties that were hers lawfully before expiration of the copyright.

**Feminine Damon and Pythias.**  
Talk of the days of Damon and Pythias having passed. Not at all! The story of the winning of the Frederic Conder prize of a gold watch for proficiency in French at the recent Normal college examination is almost as good and contains more than one lesson.

This prize was secured by Miss Amy H. Koezly, and the winning was made possible by one of those friendships that are read of, but seldom met.

President Hunter announced that Miss Koezly desired it known she has the unhappiness to have lost her home, but she has plenty of books. So Martha Adler of her class studied and read with her until she was able to claim the prize. Of course the audience applauded and wanted to see Miss Adler and felt that such unselfishness deserved some reward.

Then President Hunter announced that Miss Adler was to reap fruit for her unselfishness, for the second prize, \$40 in gold, the Joseph Thoren prize, was hers. Then everybody craned their necks to see the girl who had been so successful with her first attempt at teaching that not only her pupil, but herself, captured a prize. There was nothing half hearted about the applause that followed her to and from the platform. These are both academic graduates, and the little story made many a woman in the audience wish that such friendships were more numerous in life. —New York Journal.

**Women Students at Cambridge.**

The entries from Girton and Newnham colleges for the various tripos examinations at Cambridge this year show a steady increase. Over 80 students have within the last three weeks submitted themselves to the test which secures for a man his degree in honors, whereas all that a woman has to show for the same work is a "parchment fair of gratulations" — a document which, however, does not imply any university standing. With the results of the last few years before us, does it not seem strange that women should still be debarred from receiving that recognition of their work which would be fair to them, and which would also be more easily understood by those less closely connected with the university? So far the results are known in two cases only, and they point to the same story of good work with which those acquainted with the colleges and with the class lists are now so familiar. —London Queen.

**Will This Discourage Them?**

A New York paper, commenting on the suffrage fight now going on in that state, says: "See what women will lose if the word 'male' is stricken out from the state constitution. They can bring no breach of promise suits, all husbands may abandon their wives, and no support will be awarded by the courts. All right of dower will fade away, there will be no difference in the causes of divorce of women and men, as now provided in the code of civil procedure, and no civil or criminal consequence shall accrue. This is the programme of a leading member of the constitutional convention. It is a sequence of woman suffrage, obnoxious and participation in politics. She must enjoy no exemption or privilege not held by man. In the new century, if she votes, she will be compelled to perform the same public duties as man."

**What Made Them Mad.**

The women of Louisiana are mad—at least some of them are. A committee of them went to Baton Rouge to "petition the legislature," quite a new departure for southern women. And they told the governor what they wanted very pluckily and very explicitly, only to be told by the governor in response that "women were too good to be dragged into politics." And that is what made them mad. Small blame to them, for whether one is in touch with their demands or not one can recognize that when a woman asks for bread—politically—she does not care to be supplied with sugar plums and metaphorically told she is a pretty child. The governor of Louisiana was gallant, but not up to date. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**The Chief End of Man.**

Mr. Cuyler tells the story of a little boy, the son of good Presbyterian parents, who was asked the question in the catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" and answered it: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and annoy him forever."

"There are too many men," says Dr. Cuyler, "who act as if that were their chief end." —Ram's Horn.

England was so called because the dominant tribe of Saxons who conquered it were called the "Angles," or "Engles."

# WOMAN'S WORLD.

MISS TITUS, THE FIRST WOMAN ADMITTED TO THE NEW YORK BAR.

**Society Women on Bicycles—The Case of Miss Hicks—Natural Philosophy and the Paradox—Equipped for Accidents—Flower Girls in Uniform.**

Miss Melle Stanleyetta Titus of 131 East Eighty-second street, one of 80 applicants for admission to the bar of this state, was present yesterday morning in the general term of the supreme court when it was announced that she had successfully passed the examination held on Saturday, June 16, and that after being sworn in on Tuesday she would be entitled to practice.

The list of successful candidates was read off, and when the name of Miss Titus was reached a great cheer was sent out by the 70 young men who were candidates. It was the first time that a woman had been admitted to the bar in this department. Miss Titus flushed vividly and half rose, bowing. Then she waited until the rest of the names had been announced. After that she was surrounded by her friends with congratulations, and when she left the courtroom she was smiling happily.

Miss Titus is about 23 years old, but she appears older when she talks, because she is so earnest. She is of medium height, has large dark blue eyes and light brown hair, which she brushes from her forehead. When she smiles, she looks very jolly and shows white, even teeth. When she doesn't smile, she looks terribly serious, and there is a suggestion of a frown over her brows. She has a firm mouth and a firm jaw, and she also has an argumentative way of poking her chin out when she talks earnestly.

That is her main superficial indication of a legal habit of mind. Otherwise her manner is marked by extreme womanliness, almost diffidence. It strikes you that she'll keep in the background until the opportune moment, and that then she'll get to the very front row without delay. She is rather quick in her movements and decided, and her speech does not hesitate.

"What first put it into my mind to become a lawyer," Miss Titus said to a Sun reporter, "was the fact that our family had long been involved in some legal difficulties. Besides the bother there was the expense, and I determined to know some law for myself. That was my first idea. I had a good chance to carry it out then, too, because my father was ill and somebody had to sit up with him. I thought it would be a great thing to do my studying while I was sitting by his bedside at night. So I got some lawbooks, and that's the way I began. I found law interesting, and I soon began to like it very much. After awhile I came to the conclusion that as I had started the thing I might as well go through with it, so I determined to take a regular course. I entered the woman's class at the University of New York in October, 1891, and was graduated in April at the head of the class. In the following October I entered the junior class of the law department of the university. While in that class I won the faculty prize of \$100. The next year, in the senior class, I was unable to attend lectures for eight weeks. However, at examination I stood fourth in a class of 105 men and 5 women, and I received my degree of LL. B."

"What do I intend to do now that I'm admitted? Well, I'm going to do the first thing that comes along. I've studied real estate law a good deal, but I'm not going to confine myself to that by any means. I've the promise of a lectureship in a law school, but the only part of a promise I look at is the fulfillment, so that doesn't count. My mother wouldn't like me to go into criminal law, but I think I should like it very much. I think a woman could have no better advocate or defender than a woman."

"I'm a member of the Society of Friends, so of course I'm strongly opposed to capital punishment. Instead of the death penalty I should like to see solitary confinement for life, with no pardon. However, I'm neither judge nor jury."

"I long to see a jury of women. Of course I'm an ardent woman suffragist. I've worked for the cause for years and shall always work for it. I believe that woman should vote and that she should be active in politics." —New York Sun.

**Society Women on Bicycles.**

Women of fashion are taking up bicycling in earnest, and the men who are looking after money in this world are, as usual, meeting them half way. A school has been started up town which is patronized by women of unquestioned social standing and to which women who are not prominent socially find it impossible to get tickets. It is in a big hall, the instructors are quiet and respectful, and the women are not handled familiarly, but by means of a belt and a hand strap and handle. The handle is perhaps the most curious contrivance the instructor uses. It is about 3 feet long and is attached to the belt which the pupil straps around her waist. The instructor, by means of the handle, which is nearly as long as a cane, and by a strap attached to the handle of the machine, can maintain the rider at an even balance and can keep her moving around in a circle without running rapidly himself. Very low machines are used by beginners, and if the pupil is unusually stout—and the truth is a majority of the society women who are taking up wheeling are fat beyond belief—two instructors are detailed to teach the preliminary rules. It does not make any difference how fat or awkward the pupil may be, it is impossible for her to fall with a man on either side of her with the new gear which has been invented for the purpose of steadying beginners. A course of 20 lessons is prescribed, but the younger and more athletic women usually venture out in the park after eight or ten lessons, though several cases are reported of women bearing famous names who are still afraid to venture forth, though they have taken several courses of instruction. The costumes are old gowns of no particular beauty. Men are not admitted to the school. —New York Sun.

**The Case of Miss A. M. Hicks.**

The case of Miss A. M. Hicks is attracting considerable attention in western Kentucky. For 30 years she had been principal of Clinton college and had made a reputation second to none in that section. In recent years she has become wedded to the faith cure idea, which greatly displeased the trustees. They notified her that the conclusion of the term this year that she would either have to give up the school or cease advocating her new faith. She chose to quit the college, and of her retirement and the reasons for it the Hickman Courier says: "During the commencement exercises of Clinton college a few weeks ago Miss A. M. Hicks, who has been principal of that institution for the past 20 years, tendered her resignation, and in doing so made the following remarks: 'I believe in the doctrine of divine healing, by which I mean that the many promises such as "Whosoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do," "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it," mean just what they say; hence we may ask for the healing of the body on the same ground that we ask for any other blessing. It was stated to me that, if I held these doctrines, I must either be silent with reference to them or they would be the destruction of Clinton college. I shall not willingly be the cause of the destruction of the school for which I have for 20 years labored to build up, and I certainly will not be silent in reference to a truth which I believe to be plainly taught in the Scriptures. While I love Clinton college as a mother loves her little child I hold still more loyally to God and his truth. I go out from Clinton college for the sake of liberty of conscience and freedom of speech.' She has been succeeded by Dr. K. Chandler of Boston." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Natural Philosophy and the Paradox.**

A bright Washington woman has just made a discovery. For some seasons she has been in the habit of summer carrying a parasol to keep the sunbeams from her head, and she has been wondering of late why it was that she seemed to be just as warm when she raised her shade as when she forgot it and allowed it to remain unopened. The other day she was walking along Pennsylvania avenue, and acting upon the impulse of her habit she raised her parasol as soon as she emerged from a store. Then she noticed that her breath was burning. Suddenly it dawned upon her she had noticed this before, and she set to work to reason out the cause. For a time she pondered, growing warmer with each step, until she moved in the shade of a tree and snapped her parasol into its folded state. In a moment her face was bathed with fresh, cool air, and she was immensely relieved. It then flashed across her that she had been unconsciously imprisoning all the hot air rising from the sidewalks and asphalt pavements beneath the dome-like top of her shade, which, instead of acting as a protector, as intended, was really serving as a hood to surround her face with the hottest atmosphere of the street. As long as she held her parasol up the air had no chance to circulate, and this was the more unendurable because she persisted in holding it quite low. So she experimented, and as a result found that she was really more comfortable when she walked with her parasol folded than when she opened it, and now she has quite abandoned that dainty article except as a means of defense against dogs and cows and other wild beasts. —Washington Star.

**Equipped for Accidents.**

The summer girl of this season sets out on her travels with something entirely new. Her pet hammock, her tennis racket, her spoon case and all the other pleasure paraphernalia may be stowed into the baggage wagon, but this "something new" will never be let pass from her keeping any more than her card case or her pocketbook. It is the new black tin case of the New York Society for First Aid to the Injured, which has its offices in the United Charities building, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street. All the young women who have had lessons during the winter and on examination have won the right to wear the red cross badge of the society are hastening to equip themselves with the tin case to carry with them on their travels. It contains everything necessary to afford relief and avert danger until a doctor can be summoned, and when it is remembered that all its possessors are thoroughly posted in the matter of primary dealing with broken bones or arteries or the distinction between a fainting fit, sunstroke or apoplexy, the sight of that little black case with the red cross on a foarf coat or camping ground will often be blessed this summer. Within are lint, triangular and roller bandages, splints, antiseptic tablets and absorbent cotton, with boracic acid, ipecac and ammonia, in bottles fitted in neat leather cases, and all in sufficient quantity to cover more accidents in a small colony than it is to be hoped will happen." —New York Herald.

**Flower Girls in Uniform.**

In room 28 of 7 Warren street 12 pretty girls stood at a long table at about 8 o'clock yesterday morning up to their ears and eyes in roses, pansies and sweet peas, which they swiftly sorted and formed into buttonhole bouquets. These bouquets, when finished, were placed in wicker baskets ready to be carried out and sold. A new idea was put in practice yesterday in New York. The bouquet company, superintended by F. C. Clark and managed by Mr. Hamilton, scored a tremendous success in San Francisco last year, and if things turn out as brightly here we will soon see uniform flower girls in all parts of the city. The young girls employed live at home and are to be paid regular salaries, according to their worth as saleswomen. The entire company is run on strictly military principles. At present there are two captains, Misses Wagner and Haino, who will receive \$7.50 a week; the lieutenants' salaries will be \$7, sergeants \$6.50 and the privates \$6 per week. Later will be added inspectors and superintendents, according to the promotion of the young soldiers, which depends entirely on the amount of sales made, conduct and executive ability. After \$2.50 worth of bouquets are sold the successful ones receive 20 per cent of the amount taken, and this will be added to their regular salaries. —New York Herald.

**Matthew Hale Set Right.**

The Boston Transcript says: "One of the most excited of the male 'remonstrants' in New York is the lawyer, Mr. Matthew Hale. In the June Forum he attributes to women 'an irremediable tendency to extreme exaggeration.' As

a glaring illustration of the peculiarly feminine tendency he mentions that a New York woman suffragist is reported as saying, 'We have but one slave now-days, and that slave is woman.' He seems not to be aware that the New York woman was merely quoting a famous saying of a distinguished man—Victor Hugo. The use of the word slavery as synonymous with deprivation of political rights is somewhat rhetorical, no doubt, but masculine literature bristles with it from the day when the Scottish bard wrote:

"Now's the day and now's the hour,  
See the front of battle lower,  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Edward! Chains and slavery!"

"But it is not necessary to go back to Burns. If Matthew Hale thinks the use of highly colored rhetoric is peculiar to women, let him take a course of modern campaign speeches."

**When the Grate Is Closed.**

To destroy the sooty smell that often fills a room after an open grate has been closed for the summer I have used newspapers and coffee. Last week I found the library filled with a peculiar odor, as I have described, from the grate. I had the girl make a fire with newspapers, mixing freely ground coffee with kindling wood and paper. There was at first a decided smell of paper, but the coffee soon began to burn and acted as a disinfectant. The whole atmosphere of the room was seemingly purified, and after a half hour's airing it was the most pleasant place in the house. I closed the doors and windows and opened the jar containing the rose potpourri, shook up the leaves, and in another half hour the library was ready for you to enter, and I would have been greatly disappointed had you not made some exclamation of pleasure as you met the delicate perfume. —Housekeeper.

**The Monocle.**

The monocle has appeared in the shops of New York, and the ultra-fashionables are adopting these little fastidious affairs. It has a short handle and a gold or silver rim. Many of the fashionable women who have decided to gaze at the world through a monocle are displaying great originality in the frame which they select for the little round glass. A young woman in be-reavement screws into her left eye a monocle framed in a narrow rim of black enamel, and if she uses one with a handle this will also be in black. A favorite monocle has a silver handle and rim, inlaid with turquoise.

**Women Teeth Cleaners.**

A firm of London fashionable dentists has introduced the occupation of "dentifriceur," which, in plain English, "is the art of cleansing the teeth." Young women are sent out from the office to visit customers daily, like manicurers, and properly and personally, as it would seem from the reading of the account, perform the office of brushing the teeth. So sanguine are the introducers of the new scheme that they assert that "many a gentleman who hitherto has been unable to find congenial employment will, in dentifriceur, secure an occupation at once interesting and remunerative."

**A Queen in White.**

Not long since Queen Margarete of Italy asked her royal consort for his opinion as to whether she was still young enough to wear her favorite costume of white muslin. His majesty replied, "This matter requires reflection." Two weeks later a box was carried to the queen's apartments. When it was opened, the box was found to be filled with white gowns, which King Humbert had ordered. —Rome Correspondent.

**Dr. Amy Castella** has been appointed resident medical officer to the St. Vincent hospital, Melbourne. Miss Castella is the first Australian woman to become a house doctor in a general hospital. She is one of the three ladies who obtained the M. B. degree at the Melbourne university last year.

**Miss Marion Colgate** of East Orange, N. J., the index clerk in the registry office, Essex county, has been duly commissioned by the governor as a notary public. She is the third woman in New Jersey to qualify as such.

**Mrs. Helen Behrens** of New Orleans introduced a bill into the Louisiana legislature empowering educational institutions to grant diplomas in law, medicine and pharmacy to women.

**Mrs. Bina A. Otis**, wife of ex-Congressman Otis of Kansas, rejoices in the fact that her son will cast his first ballot to aid in enfranchising his mother.

**Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer** has been reappointed on the Massachusetts state board of education.

**A Unique Coat of Arms.**

There was one Philadelphian who not only invented arms for himself, but new and republican arms, after discarding the ancestral arms of his family. This was Peter Brown, at one time an eminent citizen of Philadelphia. In 1794 William Priest, an English musician, became attached to the theater in Philadelphia in his professional capacity. In 1807 Mr. Priest printed in London a book entitled "Priest's Travels in the United States," which is now exceedingly rare. The frontispiece to this book is a strange and curious design, entitled "Peter Brown's Arms." In explanation of this frontispiece Mr. Priest says: "Peter Brown, a blacksmith of this city, having made his fortune, set up his coach, but so far from being ashamed of the means by which he acquired his riches, he caused a large anvil to be painted on each side of his carriage, with two pairs of naked arms in the act of striking. The motto, 'By this I got ye.'"

**Silver Shirt Buttons.**

Babies' buttons, as every mother knows, come on cards—three in a set. Now there are cards of buttons for bachelor girls to wear in their shirt waists, but instead of three chained buttons there are six, seven or eight on a card. There are collar buttons, studs for the front and studs and buttons for the cuffs. They are made in silver and gold, plain, chased and enameled, and cost anywhere from 60 cents to \$20. Some of the designs are very neat, and some are very flashy and inelegant. It is beginning to look as though pins, needles, and thread and plain sewing were losing their usefulness. New styles in ladies' furnishing goods have buttonholes, but that's all. For fastenings studs only are recommended.

# ST. HELENA TO PARIS

THE REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON'S BODY TO ITS LAST RESTING PLACE.

Wonderful Preservation Through Nineteen Years' Internment—Spectators Moved to Years—Impressive Ceremonies at the Church of the Invalides.

The grave in the valley of Napoleon, on St. Helena, as the place had come to be called, was surrounded by an iron railing set in a heavy stone curb. Over the grave was a covering of 6 inch stone which admitted to a vault 11 feet deep, 8 feet long and 4 feet 8 inches broad and was apparently filled with earth, but digging down some seven feet a layer of Roman cement was found. This broken laid bare a layer of rough hewn stone 10 inches thick and fastened together by iron clamps. It took 4½ hours to remove this layer. The stone up, the slab forming the lid of the interior sarcophagus was exposed, inclosed in a border of Roman cement strongly attached to the walls of the vault. So stoutly had all these various coverings been sealed with cement and bound by iron bands that it took the large party of workers ten hours to reach the coffin.

"The outermost coffin was slightly injured," says an eyewitness. "Then came one of lead, which was in good condition and inclosed two others—one of tin and one of wood. The last coffin was lined inside with white satin, which, having become detached by the effect of time, had fallen upon the body and enveloped it like a winding sheet and had become slightly difficult to it."

"It is difficult to describe with what anxiety and emotion those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that was left of the Emperor Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, we could scarcely hope to find anything but some mishapen remains of the least perishable part of the costume to evidence the identity of the body. But when Dr. Guillard raised the sheet of satin, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The emperor himself was before their eyes. The features of the face, though changed, were perfectly recognized; his hands extremely beautiful; his well known costume had suffered but little, and the colors were easily distinguished. The attitude itself was full of ease, and but for the fragments of satin lining which covered, as with fine gauze, several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we still saw Napoleon lying on his bed of rest."

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# SHE RUNS A CANALBOAT.

Miss Lizzie Campbell Has Demonstrated Her Ability as a Captain.

Woman is gaining in the industrial pursuits and has invaded nearly every branch of industry in the cities, but it remained for Miss Lizzie C. Campbell to demonstrate the ability of woman to cope with the various and varied difficulties of canal navigation.

Her father, James C. Campbell, was for many years a canal captain and ran his boats from New York to Buffalo with some degree of profit. When he died three years ago, he was the owner of two boats—the Silver Gloss and the James Campbell—both of about 800 tons burden.

This property he left to his wife, an aged and invalid woman, and to his daughter Lizzie, a young woman of 25. There was neither brother, uncle nor cousin who could be called upon to undertake the captaincy of the boats when Mr. Campbell died, and for a time the two women were in a quandary.

An old canalboat has very little value intrinsically, but furnishes a most comfortable income when properly managed.

Miss Lizzie decided to keep the boats and run them herself for three years. She has attended to all the details, hired the men of the crew, bought her own stock and made arrangements with the shipping agents.

Besides all this, she lives aboard the boats, cooks all the meals for her mother, herself and the crew, does the family washing, and withal is cheerful and contented.

Miss Campbell is a large, pleasant faced woman, who looks as though she thoroughly enjoyed her novel business. In a short interview I had with her in her neat but small cabin, while she was preparing the dinner for her crew of four men, she said: "Yes, I've been in this business for three years for myself, but am an old canalboat. I was brought up on a canalboat, and of course when it became necessary for me to take hold of the management of our boats I knew a good deal about the way of doing business. Still I had lots to learn, but after a few trips managed to pick up all that was needed."

"Of course when I first went to an agents' office things seemed a little queer, and the agents evidently thought it queer also, but both they and myself have grown accustomed to the conditions and get along with as little friction as do the men folk, though some of them, I believe, claim they do not like to do business with a woman."

All along the canal I found that all the boatmen and shippers were loud in their praises of Miss Campbell's abilities as a boat owner.

She has the reputation of being an exacting captain, demanding full labor from her help, but withal just. She keeps her men to the mark and knows immediately what work has been left undone, or if her mules and horses have not been properly cared for, and if necessary can harness and attend to these adjuncts of a canalboat herself.

The shippers recognize her business capacity, and in appreciation of the active supervision she exercises over her cargo give her the highest rates on freight, both going west or coming east.

There have been many chances for Miss Campbell to change the name in which her property stands, but so far none has been accepted, and the two boats and the snug bank account, from all indications, will remain for some time to come in her maiden name. —New York Herald.

**"Vindicating" American Womanhood.**

I observe that in a recent letter to a Chicago paper Major Moses P. Handy refers to Mrs. Potter Palmer as "vindicating," by her success at the great fair, "American womanhood."

I esteem Major Handy as an accomplished journalist and vivax, but when, in the name of Mary, the mother of Washington, did American womanhood become in need of "vindicating?" In the eyes of foreign fusties, tories and decrepit aristocrats? Every one will join in the finished eulogium pronounced on the estimable president of the "ladies' board of managers, but when the lounging and luxurians major talks of Mrs. Potter Palmer or any one else "vindicating" our peerless American womanhood I think he deserves to be called down. Don't you? —American in New York Sun.

**An Economical Creation.**

For that light, everyday piazza wear that demands the appearance of a wrap to satisfy the scruples of anxious mamma, and yet must not disarrange or destroy the effect of the dainty toilet, an ingenious young woman has devised an economical creation. She buys the cheap crepon tulle which comes in white and other delicate tints, has it accorrdion plaited across the width and fitted into a neckband of the same. This fashioned about the throat with either a bow or tying ribbons is the fleeciest and most becoming sort of de soir that can be fancied, and two or three of them give a harmonizing choice for many toilets. If only two can be had, select a black one and a white one, and if but one keep to the white. —New York Correspondent.

**A Pine Knot Squirrel Hunt.**

"A pine knot squirrel hunt is about the most exciting sport I know," said A. R. McIlvane. "In the pine woods of the south there are a great many squirrels, and the ground is covered with knots. These are very hard, and their shape renders them much easier than stones to throw straight. Frequently parties of expert throwers are formed to kill squirrels without guns, and it is remarkable how successful they are. When a squirrel is sighted, the man who discovers him has the first throw, and if the squirrel is not hit it belongs to whoever gets it. About one-half of the throws bring the squirrels down, and the party will often return with 100 of the animals. As the trees are high and the squirrels are generally on the branches, the difficulty of hitting them is very great, but the skill of a great many with these knots is remarkable."

# FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Holland's Queen at Fifteen.

The young queen of the Netherlands is very rapidly passing out of childhood and becoming a young lady. She will be 15 on the 31st of August, and it will require only three years more to make her so much of a woman that, were she an American, it would be time for her to "come out," have a big tea and meet all her mother's friends, and then start As it is, she will probably have enough to employ all her time.

Queen Wilhelmina is a well grown girl, fair and rosy, with a democratic enthusiasm for sport and democratic games. Her regimen of life is as simple as that of many young women whose worldly position is not nearly so high and far simpler than that of the American children of millionaire parents.

She will gain every promised virtue that comes to those whose habit is "early to bed and early to rise," for she is at her lessons by half past 5 every morning. After three hours of study comes play with her dogs or pigeons or a drive behind her beloved white ponies. Two more hours of study come after lunch, and then more play in the open air when the weather is good. Dinner comes at half past 6, when Wilhelmina dines usually alone with her mother, and bed is not long after dinner.

Wilhelmina has grown up in the atmosphere of the bourgeois Dutch court to feel thoroughly Dutch in spirit and sympathies, and the costume in which the picture shows her is that of a peasant farmer's wife. One of her favorite costumes in which she has never been photographed, is her uniform as a colonel of the Second regiment of Westphalian cavalry, to which the German emperor appointed her two years ago.

**Dorothy at the Wedding.**

Little Miss Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's favorite granddaughter, has been interviewed on her experiences as one of the bridesmaids at Miss Margot Tennant's wedding.

Dorothy, or "Dossie," as she is called, said: "Yes, I went to Margot's wedding. I was one of Margot's little maids, and I wore a rosy bonnet and a white satin frock, with lace on it."

"Miss Tennant was your godmother, was she not?"

"Was she? Well, she doesn't look like it, does she? She gave me this beautiful brooch for the wedding. You may just look at it, but I cannot have you take it off, because it is my own. After the wedding I went to Margot's house and had strawberries and sponge cake and a slice of peach."

"No," interrupted