



Copyright by American Press Association, 1894

At the close of the meal the two men went out together, pausing for a minute at the half open door to watch the dashing raindrops vex the limpid pool spread over all the yard.

"What corrections does your have for gimme, sir," 'bout puttin on your clothes?"

Jubilee, turned 14, had been to free school since he was 6, and now could spell in three letters, knew all the figures except seven and had a great desire to use the longest words he heard and to overcome his tendency to the dialect of his race.

Withal he was a sharp lad, as full of resource as of mischief. So much young Fauntleroy discovered before his clothes were in place.

"Who—do—do my best, sir, but maybe I can't. The ole lady is very expicions."

Notwithstanding, when young Fauntleroy sat dawdling over rolls, coffee and boiled chicken under mammy's wrathful eye, Jubilee's head came through the door, Jubilee's voice said in accents of weary disgust:

"Annt Diney, you better come help me. Somebody's knocked over your turkey pen, and that ole fowl is huffin it to the woods as fast as her young ones can go. I ran so hard tryin to head her, my breath is still clean obfuscated."

"Do laws a massy, 'pon my soul, dat ole hen tukkey gwine make me lose all my 'bigion, quor'lin at 'er," mammy cried, making a dash for the door.

"Jubilee said you sent for me. Do you want your arm bandaged afresh?"

she was? After breakfast he must go away, and throughout the meal mammy would certainly attend him.

"Goodby. Go away, please, and forget that you ever came."

"I go, since I must, but I will never give you up so long as we both do live," Allen Fauntleroy said.

"Mr. Fauntleroy, I give you safe conduct from my home. If ever you set foot on it again, your life will pay for it."

Until they were past the ford that marked Ridgeley's boundary line, Allen Fauntleroy sat silent, leaning in his corner of the carriage.

"I could not hear it upon his ground, but now in heaven's name tell me what all this means."

"Seems to me a matter of names, Fauntleroy versus Overton—Overton versus Fauntleroy," Hawkins said, folding his arms and sticking his chin in the air.

The other looked at him impatiently and said very low:

"Don't fence, Hawkins. The time for that is past. Tell me now, on your honor, the whole cause of grievance that old man cherishes."

"Why didn't you ask him? You had time enough. But I reckon you were so struck with the girl you forgot everything else."

give my doubt of you," the old man almost sobbed, drawing the girl's hand through his arm as though to lead her away.

"I go, since I must, but I will never give you up so long as we both do live," Allen Fauntleroy said.

"Mr. Fauntleroy, I give you safe conduct from my home. If ever you set foot on it again, your life will pay for it."

Until they were past the ford that marked Ridgeley's boundary line, Allen Fauntleroy sat silent, leaning in his corner of the carriage.

"I could not hear it upon his ground, but now in heaven's name tell me what all this means."

"Seems to me a matter of names, Fauntleroy versus Overton—Overton versus Fauntleroy," Hawkins said, folding his arms and sticking his chin in the air.

The other looked at him impatiently and said very low:

"Don't fence, Hawkins. The time for that is past. Tell me now, on your honor, the whole cause of grievance that old man cherishes."

"Why didn't you ask him? You had time enough. But I reckon you were so struck with the girl you forgot everything else."

"Seems to me a matter of names, Fauntleroy versus Overton—Overton versus Fauntleroy," Hawkins said, folding his arms and sticking his chin in the air.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE KENTUCKY EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

The Poor English Governess—American and English Women—Ida May Spencer. The New Woman—Women of Sweden. Seasonable Hints and Timely Gossip.

One of the most noted women in America is Miss Laura Clay, president of the Kentucky Equal Rights association. She is the daughter of the venerable General Cassius Marcellus Clay, who gained an international reputation as an abolitionist before the war and as United States minister to Russia during the rebellion.

Although one of the busiest women in the country, Miss Clay submitted to an interview, in which she treats in her clear, logical style of the needs of the women of today and of the benefits which she thinks will follow the enfranchisement of women.

"What caused you to become an advocate of equal rights for women?" the reporter asked.



MISS LAURA M. CLAY.

ings evidently must be, more or less, mere reflections of those upon whom they depend. Therefore, if women allow themselves to owe men obligations greater than men's reciprocal obligations to them, they must assume a weak mental and moral attitude, bringing its attendant evils upon the whole of society, for however highly men's judgment and conscience may be developed they cannot assume women's responsibilities, so whatever dwarfs women's development injures society.

"You are an odd fish, Allen—nearly as odd as the old one back there," nodding behind them "You know I warned you against going there—as yourself, that is. If the old man hadn't known who you were, I'm persuaded you would easily have got into his good graces, though so maybe to induce him to listen to reason. You see, you are to him not merely the heir and agent of the Fauntleroy's. There's a heap more to you, that almost nobody knows."

"Why was I not told?" the young man asked sternly. The other laughed disagreeably, saying:

"Well, now, it's a bit awkward to say to a fellow in plain English, 'Your father was a thorough paced scoundrel.' But that's the frozen fact of the case."

"How long have you been engaged in this work?"

"I saw that women ought to have equal rights with men in educational and industrial advantages I did not at once perceive clearly that they should enjoy the same political rights. I had the idea, which is still so prevalent among my sex, that politics was not the 'sphere' for women, and that going to the polls was derogatory to womanly delicacy, which was worthy to be protected even by the sacrifice of what was indisputably an abstract right. But further observation and reflection soon convinced me that under the pressure of false social theories and the weight of unequal laws, unequal because made only by men, essential woman delicacy and worth were continually sacrificed, and that nothing could avail to protect womanhood from such dangers except for conscientious women firmly to claim equal rights everywhere, including the right of helping to make the laws, and by their own womanly exercise of the franchise to demonstrate that politics belongs to women's sphere as well as to man's."

known what it is to want a cook and a governess will supply the answer to that question with sufficient accuracy. But what a serious indictment against our social system does this advertisement prefer! To be a governess—even to be a nursery governess—a young woman must have some pretensions—more or less plausible—to education and to gentility.

Probably there is not one among all those 700 who would not be indignant at the suggestion that she would have done better to have been content with the kitchen rather than to have aspired to the superior social eminence which entitles her to be addressed as "miss."

Mr. Hall Caine says of his stay in the United States: "Many of my impressions of America, by the way, toppled down like a child's house of cards when I found myself actually in the country and among the people. A delightful nation to study is America—fresh and frank and full of originality. Of course, we all know and have always known, for the last century, at least, that Americans are clever, but we can't realize until we go among them and see them in their homes how kindly, how young of heart, they are as individuals."

Of American women in general he deems "it is only natural they should have become what they are—superior, intellectually, or, at any rate, superficially so, to the men. That is, of course, as a class. There are always so many exceptions to every rule. But the thing has come about as a consequence of man's putting woman—American man, American woman—on a pedestal, and worshipping her. He has stated below the pedestal and worked for her, not having time, if he was the ordinary man of business, to cultivate his mind and manner while he so worked. But she has had plenty of time, and she has made the best use of it. In our own country I consider that the reverse is the truth. The average Englishman is superior to the average English woman in intelligence and education. That is because he is likely to think of himself, and of his sons, before he thinks of his wife and daughters. And English women have conscientiously upheld him in his attitude toward them, until comparatively lately, at any rate. In America, on the contrary, I fancy that women have known their own value, and set it rather high, for a number of years—a couple of generations, at least."

In personal appearance Mr. Caine finds our women "prettier, more attractive, more bewitching, than English women, but not so regularly beautiful. The straight, almost Greek nose and the ineffably lovely and laughing upper lip of the most perfect type of English girl I have not seen equaled in America, I must say."

There lives in Edgerton, Wis., a young woman, Ida May Spencer, who is an expert jeweler. She is in partnership with her father, the sign reading, "John Spencer & Daughter, Jewelers and Opticians."

Having determined to adopt the jewelry business as a profession, she entered in the fall of 1887 the Horological school at La Porte, Ind. While there she competed with some of the veterans in the business for a prize, a gold medal, to be given to the one turning the best balance staff in the shortest time. She won the medal. Two of the judges were from New York and one from Chicago. Her teacher told her that, in all probability, if they had known she was a woman they would not have awarded her the prize. He also remarked that, though fairly entitled to it, he feared it would not be a good advertisement for the school. After learning the trade, her coworkers feared she would not be able to get a situation on account of her sex. However, the teachers, knowing she was fully competent, gave her recommendations. During the summer of 1893 she studied to become an optician, attending lectures in Boston. This branch she has found very profitable. At the time Miss Spencer took up the work there were probably not more than a half dozen women engaged in the occupation.—Woman's Journal.

And I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipes a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.—II Kings xli, 17.

With this text the Rev. Pebe Hanaford, in her lecture at the house of Mrs. Maria McCullough, 317 West Eighty-second street, proved that man's sphere is also in the kitchen.

"If those men who are forever flaunting in our faces the texts of St. Paul in which he forbids women to speak in the churches would read this text, they would find out where some of the kitchen work belongs," said Mrs. Hanaford.

"Every one is not a wife; hence the absurdity of the idea that woman's whole duties are household ones. 'The very mental traits especially characteristic of women—i. e., intuition—is much better fitted to these days of rapid locomotion than man's slower method—reasoning.' 'The day of reproach for our sex is well nigh over, and among the ones of whom we are the proudest are those who were formerly called the superfluous women. This is not meant to decry marriage. The new woman makes the best wife, but she will demand of her husband the same fidelity and purity that she practices herself.'—New York Herald.

Miss Sophia Lyonhuford (later Baroness Adlersparre) and Mrs. Rosalie Olivecrona started anonymously in 1858

a review dedicated to the woman, with the object to standard morally, intellectually, and socially. This review was the first for the woman movement and to it are to a great extent only many reforms, legal, moral and social, which during the years have taken place in the lives of women, but also a great public opinion concerning her standing.

Owing to the great educational advantages which are now within the grasp of woman, they have got free from the labor market and are in all respects accepted as coworkers in the primary work that Baroness Adlersparre, deserving of the gratitude of the world, but also on account of many institutions which she has founded in their favor. One of these is the Friends of Female Domesticity, which has been instrumental in the standard of female work as an artistic achievement. The prominent of these institutions, the Fredrika Bremer, with numerous committees, have for object the benefit of the woman.

Helen Gould's Charities. Miss Helen Gould's inheritance from her father has certainly been well as financial. The "Trusteeship" which she possessed is a daughter in her charities, well conducted with the same feeble system with which her brother looks after his vast interests. Her brother Edwin manufactures Woody Crest, the day nursing Sunday school treats which little children associate with, and which like any well established businesslike generosity is a check for \$8,000 to Vassar will be used to found a school in memory of Miss Gould's mother.

Why Not? "The women of Missouri," Philadelphia Telegraph, "are asking a petition to the governor to state asking him to appoint tried men as resident physicians in insane asylums of the state." "Do not appoint women physicians after the women who are confined in insane asylums of the state!" The policy which has been adopted in Carolina, and it might well be by the other states. The South experiment has been most and, under Dr. Sarah Allan, the insane at Columbia have never been so well cared for as in Charleston News and Courier.

She Makes It Pay. Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood has set up an entirely unique study and is reaping profit therefrom. She has been interested in oriental man and she has built up a most business. Her own collection is at \$40,000, but serves its best model for less knowing buyers. York Journal.

The Woman Who Laughs. The woman who laughs in the craze of the vaudeville world, Alice Atherton has won fame in through the music and the quality of her "ha! ha!" In the time honored theory that she never laugh at his own jokes, the woman's success seems due to her ability to start the audience into the best fits of merriment. She tells stories in a funny way, but it is laugh, heard at the close of each has made her fame.—Exchange.

Annette Vedee. Broken Annette Vedee, daughter of the chief of the department in Copenhagen, has distinguished her post as amateur two of the professors at the university, which she has three terms, and has gone to Copenhagen, where she will complete important mathematical work which she has been engaged in time.

Wants Her to Preach. Mrs. Lydia Tichenor Bailey, congregational preacher, recently being at Snohomish, Wash., in the churches united. They have decided to hold regular unions and have invited Mrs. Bailey to preach for them.

The girls of the Lawrence school in Wisconsin have adopted a uniform for school wear modeled somewhat the military outfit of the boys of the school. It includes a blue blouse up in front with black, and a blue lined with black.

Some of the new poke bonnets already been in evidence on the heads among the New York city. It is significant that only the prettiest women have had the opportunity to appear in them.

Old fashioned mahogany chairs with very high backs, are being made after. The quaint maiden seems more charming than when seen of these high backed chairs.

Mrs. Irma T. Jones has been elected trustee of Plymouth Congregational church, Lansing. She is also a student of its Sunday school.

Miss Franc Baker of Moscow has written a history of the Foreign Missionary society of the church.

CHAPTER XVII.

By midnight the storm had sobbed out its wrath. Morning broke fair over the radiant, new washed world. The rays of dawn were struggling through the window panes ere Allen Fauntleroy dropped asleep. When at last his eyes opened, the sun was high in heaven. His host stood at his bedside, grayer, harder, sterner looking in the light of the golden day than in that of rainy skies. Yet still his voice was a well bred monotone, bare of all feeling.

"Pardon me for disturbing you. I fear you slept poorly," he said. "But a friend has come in search of you, and I had no choice but to wake you. Here comes Jubilee with your boots. He will help you to dress and wait on you at breakfast. Take your time. There is no need of hurry. I will take care that your friend does not grow impatient."

"Who is it—Hawkins? I thought he'd look me up if the horse got back without me. I beg you not to let him get at that precious old brandy. He will stay till he drains the bowl," Young Fauntleroy said in an effort to speak lightly. He was far from feeling so. All his sleep had been a phantasmagoria of trouble of thick clouds, of swelling waters, with Dare in the midst of them, swept forever away in their flood. The night through he had not hidden from himself the fact that in their all too brief encounter she had taken captive his heart and his fancy. He must not, he could not, would not go away without further sight and speech of her. He would not startle, maybe distress her with any talk of love. Instead he would speak a little of the gratitude he felt for her timely aid and beg her, if ever the time came that she needed help, to remember that she had in him a faithful friend.



"I cannot go, Mr. Fauntleroy. I am an Overton."

"vons," the old man said through his teeth. Fauntleroy sprang to the girl's side, caught her hand in his and cried out:

"Major Overton, you—no man shall breathe one hurtful word of her. Here to your teeth I beg her to come away with me as my wife—chosen, honored above all the world."

[CONTINUED.]

Glad She Lives in America. "I'm glad I live in America," said a pretty young woman, talking to a Philadelphia Inquirer reporter, "because I am never afraid to travel by myself. Last year I was in London and went around with a friend who is married, and we were spoken to in an insulting manner every time we went out. Paris was still worse. People speak of the French politeness, but it is only a veneer. The men would get in front of us on every street corner and smirk and ogle and chatter like monkeys. I'm glad I didn't understand anything they said. There are no men like the American men, and I never was so fully able to appreciate it as I am, now I have seen those of other nations in their own lands. Besides, the girls are treated better here than anywhere else on earth, and I don't want to cross the ocean any more."