

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., July 29, 1892

WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a girl, a true hearted girl, Just budding to fair womanhood, There's many a thing that I would not do, And numberless more that I would. I never would frown, with my mouth drawn down, For the creases will there and stay; But sing like the lark should the day be dark Keep a glow in my heart anyway!

If I were a girl, a bright, winsome girl, Just leaving my childhood behind, I would be so neat, from head to my feet, That never a fault could one find. So helpful to mother, so gentle to brother, I'd have things so cheery and sweet, That the streets and their glare could never compare With the charms of a home so replete.

If I were a girl, a fond, loving girl, With father or burdened with care, I would walk at his side with sweet, tender pride, With ever a kiss and a prayer. Not a secret I'd keep that could lead to deceit, Not a thought I should blush to share; Not a friend my parents would disapprove— I would trust such a girl anywhere! —Golden Days.

A TEST.

Although I had known George Martin a long time, he had only lately initiated me into the mysteries of his life. I knew well that he had been guilty of many kinds of excesses and indiscretions in his youth, nevertheless I was not a little astonished that he had once sank so low as burglary. Without further remark I relate the chief episode out of the remarkable career of this strange man:

"Yes," said he, "I had a hard time of it in those days, and finally I became a burglar. When Robert Schmiedlein proposed to me that we should break into the somewhat retired house of two doctors—Dr. Engler and Dr. Langner—I thoughtlessly agreed. Both doctors were well known on account of their scientific researches, and one of them especially for his eccentric manner."

"Well, the night fixed for the carrying out of our design arrived and we went to work with the greatest confidence, for all the circumstances were favorable for a burglary. It was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars visible, and in addition a strong west wind was blowing, which was very welcome to us, as it promised to drown every sound, however slight."

"It was toward 2 in the morning as we, assuming all was safe, began by filing through a chain which fastened a ladder to the wall. The ladder we placed under a window in the first story on the left side of the house. In less than five minutes we had opened the window, and hearing nothing, Schmiedlein climbed through it and I followed him. After carefully reclosing the venetians we ventured to light a lantern and then discovered that we were in a kind of lumber room, the door of which was locked."

"After picking the lock we determined first to explore the rooms on the ground floor, thinking we should thus run less risk of waking the inhabitants of the house."

"To our no little astonishment we perceived, as we crept down stairs, a light shining under the door of one of the rooms at the back of the building. 'At first we were both for beating a hasty retreat,' Schmiedlein soon recovered himself and proposed that we should force our way into the room, bind and gag every occupant, and then obtain by threats all desirable information."

"Agreeing, we approached the door. While carefully throwing the light around, I noticed, about seven feet from the door, a wire which appeared to pass through the door we were approaching, and on pointing it out to my companion he thought it would be connected with some bell."

"I replied in a whisper that we should try and avoid an alarm by cutting the wire, and as I could just reach it with my hands I would hold it firm while Schmiedlein cut it between my hands, and thus prevent it jerking back and ringing the bell."

"Setting the lantern on the floor I seized the wire, while Schmiedlein drew a pair of pinchers out of his pocket. But the moment I touched it I felt a frightful shock, which quivered through and through me, so that I fell all in a heap, leaving the wire down with me. I remember hearing the loud ringing of a bell, while Schmiedlein—whom, moreover, I have never seen since—disappeared like lightning into the darkness and escaped, very likely by the way we had come."

"On falling down I struck my head violently against the opposite wall and became unconscious, while the electric bell—at that time a novelty—rang incessantly."

"Regaining my senses I found myself bound and helpless, which after all did not surprise me, as I concluded I had been caught where I had fallen. It soon struck me, however, that there were some peculiar circumstances connected with my captivity."

"I was nearly undressed, and lay on a cold slab of slate which was about the height of a table from the ground, and only a piece of linen protected my body from immediate contact with the stone. Straight above me hung a large lamp, whose polished reflector spread a light far around, and when I, as far as possible, looked around, I perceived several shelves with bottles, flasks and chemical apparatus of all kinds upon them. In one corner of the room stood a complete human skeleton and various odds and ends of human bodies hung here and there upon the walls. I then knew I was lying on the operating—or dissecting—table of a doctor, a discovery which naturally troubled me greatly; at the same time I perceived that my mouth also was firmly gagged."

"What did it all mean? Had some accident befallen me so that a surgical operation was necessary for my recovery? But I remembered nothing of the

kind, and also felt no pain; nevertheless here I lay, stripped and helpless, on this terrible table, gagged and bound, which indicated something extraordinary."

"I astonished me not a little that there should be such an operating room in such a house, until I remembered that Dr. Langner, as the district physician, had to carry out the postmortem examinations for the circuit, and that in the small provincial town no other room was available for such a purpose. I felt too miserable, however, to think anything more about it. But I soon noticed, after another vain effort to free myself, that I was not alone in the room, for I heard the rustling of paper, and then some one said in quiet, measured tones:

"Yes, Langner, I am quite convinced that this man is particularly suited for the carrying out of my highly important experiments. How long have I been wishing to make the attempt—at last, to-night, I shall be able to produce the proof of my theory."

"That would indeed be a high triumph of human skill," I heard a second voice reply; "but consider, dear doctor, if the man were to expire under our hands—what then?"

"Impossible!" was the quick reply. "It is bound to succeed, and even if it did not, he will die a glorious death in the interests of science; while, if we were to let him go, he would sooner or later fall into the hands of the hangman."

"I could not even see the two men, yet their conversation was doubtless about me; and, hearing it, I shuddered from head to foot. They were proposing some dangerous operation on me, not for my benefit but in the interests of medical science."

"At any rate, I thought they won't undertake such a thing without my sanction; and what, after all, was their intention? It must be something terrible, for they had already mentioned the possibility of my succumbing. I should soon know the fearful truth, for, after a short pause, they continued:

"It has long been acknowledged that the true source of life lies in the blood. What I wish to prove, dear Langner, is this: Nobody need die from pure loss of blood, and yet such cases occur only too often, while we must all the time be in possession of means to renew this highly important sap of life and thus avoid a fatal result. We read of a few, but only a few, cases of a man who for some reason or other had lost so much blood that his death appeared inevitable if some other noble hearted man had not offered his own blood in order to let it flow from his veins into the veins of the dying man. As you are aware, this proceeding has always had the desired effect. I consider it, however, a great mistake to deprive a fellow being of necessary blood, for the one thereby only gains life and strength at the cost of another, who offers himself for an always dangerous sacrifice."

"Yes, I do not think that right, either," replied Dr. Langner. "And, moreover, how seldom is a man found at the critical moment ready to submit himself at once to such a dangerous loss of blood."

"That is very natural; no one lightly undertakes such a thing," continued the other. "So much greater will be our triumph if the operation succeeds. I hope to show you, dear colleague, that although we are thinking of taking that man's blood, even to the last drop, in a few hours we shall set him on his feet again."

"Just so! I do not see why we should not succeed. At any rate, in the interest of science, we should prove in a practical manner the correctness of our theory."

"And this proof, dear friend, we will undertake without delay. Let me just repeat my instructions, for we cannot go to work too carefully to preserve the life of this man. I will open a vein in his thigh and measure exactly the quantity of blood which flows out, at the same time watching the beating of the heart. Under ordinary circumstances nothing could possibly save him, but just before the extinction of the last spark of life we will insert the warm blood of a living rabbit into his veins, as we have already arranged."

"The theory is right, the pulsation of the heart will then gradually increase in strength and rapidly. At the same time it is important to protect his limbs from cold and stiffness, which will naturally take place with the loss of arterial blood."

"The conversation of the two doctors overwhelmed me with deadly terror. I could scarcely believe I was really awake and not the victim of some cruel nightmare."

"The fact remained, however, that I lay helpless on the dissecting table, that a threatening skeleton stood in the corner of the room, and, above all, that terrible conversation which I had to listen to in silence filled me with a fear such as I had never before experienced. Involuntary the thought forced itself upon me that I was at the mercy of two infuriated doctors, to whose mad theory I should here fall the victim."

"I said to myself that no doctor with a sound mind would propose such a frightful and murderous experiment upon a living man."

"The two doctors now approached the dissecting table and looked calmly into my face; then smiling, took off their coats and tucked up their sleeves. I struggled to get free, as only a desperate man under such extraordinary circumstances could have struggled. In vain. Their long acquired experience knew how to render me completely helpless, and to their satisfaction I could not even make a sound."

"Dr. Engler now turned to a side table, and I saw him open a chest of surgical instruments and take out a lancet, with which he returned to me. He at once removed the covering from my right thigh, and although I lay bound to the table in such a way that I could not see my limbs I was able to watch the doctor, busied with his preparations."

"Directly after removing the cloth I felt a prick in the side of my leg, and

at once felt the warm blood rush forth and trickle down my leg. The conviction that he opened the principal vein in the thigh would have sufficed to shake the strongest nerves."

"There is no danger," said Dr. Engler, looking into my staring, protruding eyes with terrible calmness. "You will not die, my good man. I have only opened an artery in your thigh, and you will experience all the sensations of bleeding to death. You will get weaker and weaker, and finally, perhaps, lose all consciousness, but we shall not let you die. No, no! You must live and astonish the scientific world through my great discovery!"

"I naturally could say nothing in reply, and no words can adequately express what I felt at that moment. I could in one breath have wept, implored, cursed and raved."

"Meanwhile I felt my life's blood flowing and could hear it drop into a vessel standing under the end of the table. Every moment the doctor laid his hand on my heart, at the same time making remarks which only increased my horror."

"After he had put his hand on me for at least the twentieth time, and felt the beating of the heart, he said to his assistant:

"Are you ready with your preparations, Langner? He has now lost an enormous quantity of blood, and the pulsation is getting weaker and weaker. See, he is already losing consciousness, and with these words he took the rag out of my mouth."

"A feeling of deadly weakness as well as of infinite misery laid hold of me when the physicians uttered these words, and on my attempting to speak I found that scarcely a whispering murmur passed my lips. Shadowy phantoms and strange colors flitted before my eyes, and I believed myself to be already in a state past all human aid."

"What happened in the next few minutes I do not know, for I had fainted. When I reopened my eyes I no longer lay in the dissecting table, but was sitting in an armchair in a comfortable room, near which stood the two doctors looking at me."

"Near me was a flask of wine, several smelling salts, a few basins of cold water, some sponges and a galvanic battery. It was now bright daylight, and the two doctors smiled as they looked at me."

"When I remembered the terrible experiment I shuddered with horror and tried to rise. I felt to weak, however, and sank back helpless into the chair. Then the circuit physician in a friendly but firm voice addressing me: 'Compose yourself, young man. You imagined you were slowly bleeding to death; nevertheless, be assured that you have not lost a single drop of blood. You have undergone no operation whatever, but have been the victim of your own imagination. We knew very well you heard every word of our conversation which was only intended to deceive you as much as possible. What I maintained was, that a man's body will always completely recover under the influence of what he himself firmly believes, while my colleague, on the other hand, held the opinion that the body can never be hurt by anything which only exists in the imagination. This has long been an open question between us, which, after your capture, we at once determined to decide. So we surrounded you with objects of nature to influence your imagination, aided further by our conversation; and finally, your conviction that we would really carry out the operation of which you heard us speak completed the deception."

"You have now the satisfaction of knowing that you are as safe and as sound as ever you were. At the same time we assure you that you really showed all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death, a proof that the body can sometimes suffer from the most absurd unreality that the mind can imagine."

"Astonishment, joy and doubt at finding myself neither dead nor dying struggled within me, and then the rage of having been deceived by such an awful but heartless experiment by the two doctors overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, however, on trying to give free scope to my indignation."

"We had not exactly any right to undertake such an experiment with you," he said; "but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from certain punishment instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglary. You are certainly at liberty, but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interests, I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered."

"Under the circumstances," continued George Martin, "I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so treating me."

"The doctors kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present, and troubled themselves about me in various ways, so that since that time I have been a more fortunate and, I hope, a better man: Still I have never forgotten the hour when I lay on the dissecting table—the unexpected victim of a terrible experiment—in the interests of science, as Dr. Engler explained."

"Such was the strange story of my friend. His death, which recently took place, released me from the promise of secrecy given to him about an event which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unabated horror.—Strand Magazine.

No Free Coinage This Session.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—The silver question was probably settled for this session at least, by the house, to-day, after a lengthy debate, defeating the resolution reported from the committee on rules setting aside to-day and the next legislative day for the consideration of the senate free coinage bill.

All About Gypsies.

Their Origin, Manners, Customs and Method of Living.—The General Impression Regarding the Race is Wrong—Most of Them are Industrious in Their Own Way—They do not Like Civilization.

A reporter has had the novel pleasure of passing an evening with a family of genuine full blooded gypsies at their home near this city. To the average reader this statement will not appear particularly startling nor interesting, for the average reader is probably not sufficiently conversant with gypsies and their ways to be interested in a family of them which journeyed across the water to make a new home in the United States. It is safe to say that the popular idea of gypsies is far from being correct. All have seen our wandering nomads, travelling along our highways or bivouacking in their filthy tents and still more filthy camps. Ask ten people what a gypsy is and six of them will substantially say:

"People who travel about the country and exist by doing as little work as they can and by stealing all they can lay their hands upon."

This impression is all wrong and there are few, very few, genuine gypsies in this country. Gypsies are a distinct race and nationality in themselves; as distinct as the Germans are from the Chinese or the Russians from the Americans. They are supposed to come, as their name indicates, originally from Egypt. They have a language of their own, the Romany chik; or "Gypsy tongue," which it still preserved and spoken almost purely as it was centuries ago. It is made up of the Egyptian, Hindoo, Roumanian and other languages.

Gypsies are scattered over all Europe, and there are to-day over 70,000 of them on that continent. It is not known when first they left their native country and began to make their appearance in Europe. They entered Germany in 1122, and as early as 1531 many of them were in Scotland, following the occupations of actors and dancers and tinkers. They are known to this day in Scotland as "tinklers." The better and more progressive class of gypsies seem to have adopted Great Britain as their home. While the men have as a rule followed the trades of a business, and the women fortune telling and basket making, they have turned their hands to nearly all trades and occupations.

NEITHER POOR NOR LAZY.

Gypsies have figured as engravers, metal and iron workers, actors, artists, musicians, clergymen, evangelists, carpenters, physicians and so on. Working upon iron and metals appears to have been their forte, however, next to horse dealing. In 1726 they cast a large bell at Edgell, and at about the same period they practised engraving on pewter, lead and copper. Gypsies also conducted an iron foundry near St. Andrew's, in Hungary, in 1496, they made bullets and cannon balls. No one should for a moment think that gypsies are either poor, careless as to their personal appearance or shunned socially by the people with whom they come in contact. Many gypsies are very "well fixed" financially, and few if any in Europe or on the Continent are not well supplied with all the necessities of life. They own valuable horses, fine wagons and caravans, comfortable tents and furnishings. In return, they have been entertained by kaiser and pope on the Continent, and by dukes and earls in England.

One Charles Bosworth, a gypsy "king," lived and flourished at Rossington in Yorkshire in 1709. According to all accounts Charles was a roistering blade and enjoyed himself to the utmost. History informs us that he "was a mad spark, mighty fine and brisk, keeping company with a great many fine gentlemen, knights and esquires. An idea of the social standing of the gypsies may be formed when the Prince and Princess of Wales journeyed to Norway to visit "Queen" Margaret. Like the Jews, the gypsies have for centuries been a greatly oppressed race, and great injustice has been done them. As late as 1872 forty-seven gypsies were arrested in Germany upon various charges and imprisoned. When they came to trial not one of the charges could be sustained and they were all released.

HOW THEY LIVE.

As a rule the gypsies are superior to many of the people whose countries they pass through. They are bright and extremely courteous. They remain frequently several weeks in one camp. Reaching a town they hire a camping ground, which is usually a large field affording sufficient pasturage for their horses and donkeys. The tents are pitched, the camp made and then the men begin to buy and sell horses, this in England and Scotland is called "topping." It is being difficult to cope with a gypsy on horse dealing—and the women devote their spare time to basket making and fortune telling. There is a throng of visitors at their camp the greater portion of the time, and a tribe usually takes more money out of town than it brings in.

The camp is a model of picturesque beauty. The tents are small affairs, the grassy soil being the floor, generally covered with dry leaves gathered from the neighboring hedgerows. In front from a tripod hangs a large kettle, and the women wearing dresses and shawls of bright gay colors combine to make the scene a most cheery one. The gypsies are great tea drinkers and brew the beverage in a way that would have delighted the heart of "Sairy Gamp."

From the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

A Hopeless Outlook.

No man remembers of Kansas ever before being fighting ground in a presidential year. Iowa, which used to roll up immense Republican majorities, is in the possession of the Democrats. So are Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, New York, which has always been doubtful heretofore, Democratic in every branch. Republican must have a hard time trying to keep up an appearance of hopefulness.

Funny American Slang.

A Simple Sentence Creates an Amusing Scene in a Devonshire Church.

It was the privilege of a certain Detroit to be invited to the country seat of a delightful English family in Devonshire. He is rather shy, and although accomplished and a good story teller, did not make great efforts to foist his talents upon the congregation of guests who were assembled there and who comprised many bright people. One of the daughters finally said to him:

"Mr. G—, do you know one thing which has surprised me awfully?"

"No. What is it?"

"You have been here a week now and haven't used any slang."

"Well, really I don't think that I—"

"Oh, please use some just to oblige me. I have heard so much about American slang!"

"I can't think of any just now, but I'll tell you what I'll do. The first time I think of something I'll say it."

"Very well; but mind, it must be awfully American, you know."

The next Sunday everyone went to church, for the family homestead was located near a village which was said to be one of the most orthodox places in that part of England. No one would even ride to church, except those who were to old to walk or were disabled. The American walked with the eldest daughter, and her five sisters came on behind, for, like most English families, the girls were in the majority.

When they were all seated and the guests managed to crowd into the little church, the choir composed of village girls, sang in a very pleasing manner. Before beginning the sermon the minister, a small man who spoke slowly, said:

"It is with extreme reluctance—that I would call your attention—to the fact that it is necessary—to realize a small sum—for the benefit of our choir—who, as you know—have kindly volunteered their services."

All the guests looked at one another, for extra contributions for some pretext had been the rule and not the exception for the last three months.

"I know that you have already—given generously for various causes—and I dislike to tax you all—but our young friends—whose voices have just now blended so harmoniously—and pleasing to the ear—are perhaps entitled—to some slight recompense—for their great services in the past—and the earnest endeavors."

As the minister proceeded, getting more and more monotonous, until it seemed as though he would never reach the conclusion of his request, the American shifted uneasily and then, leaning over, whispered to the girl who had asked for a little slang:

"Oh, tell him to cut it short and pass the plate!"

The girl was nearly convulsed with laughter, but, managing to control herself, leaned over and said to the sister sitting next to her:

"Mr.—says to tell him to cut it short and pass the plate."

The remark went along the line, and when the five sisters had absorbed it they were fairly shaking with suppressed laughter. Then it was passed on to the guests, and before the minister had concluded his dissertation every eye in the church was striving to suppress outward indication of merriment by means of handkerchiefs. But when the plate was really circulated the eldest sister tilted loudly and the five sisters followed, the youngest whispering lightly:

"Cut him short and pass the plate!"

The American was a lion for the rest of the day, and the half a dozen girls all vied with each other in showering attentions upon him, while the old gentleman, their father, declared that American slang was awfully funny, don't you know.—New York Telegram.

"Say, Mister!"

She was perhaps 10 years old, ragged, dirty, barefooted and bareheaded, low-life-topped but fearless—calico wrapper, alley filler. She stood by the counter in a florist's and threw her thin voice at clerk whose body was bent over an ice chest.

"What do you want?"

"How much for them red things in the tumbler?—I want 'em fer Ally—she's goin' on two."

"Them red things," it may be said, were a cluster of sweet pea blossoms. "Fifty cents," said the clerk.

"Oh!—I only gotter nickel—!" so regretfully and so resignedly that it sped straight to the mark. "They's fer our Ally—she went on, 'She was only goin' on two.'"

Who's Ally?" said the man good naturedly.

"She was our baby and she goin' to be buried this afternoon. How much would a nickel get? I ain't got no more," and a tear ran down over her hard little knowing face, the face of poverty, the face that knew no childhood.

"Bob!" the voice came from the dark corner where desk stood.

"Well, sir?"

"Give her the bunch—tell her to keep the nickel."

She said nothing but stared at the dark corner while the flowers were put up in paper, then she lowered her sharp voice and asked: "Who's him?"

"That's the gentleman who owns the store."

She started for the door with her treasure, halted, looked back and said: "Tell him 'thank you.' He's fer our Ally—she went on, 'She was only goin' on two.'"

Carter Steers The Craft.

Has Das Not Had Much Experience, but He is Willing.

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 17.—Tom Carter's selection as chairman of the National Republican Committee was received in Washington with great surprise. Tom Carter is all right, and it may be said that Uncle Jerry Rusk has claimed for some time past that there are no flies on him. Still he does not represent quite the element in the party that the President would like to make conspicuous in the coming fight. Carter is a typical Western hustler. He has never justified his reputation, except to button-hole men and figure up results at Minneapolis. Because he looked wise and was close-mouthed at Minneapolis men say he is a great and wise politician.

The World of Women.

An artistic-looking straw hat is half hidden by ruffled lace and sweet peas. Have you a black dress among your wardrobe? If not procure one at once; they are all the go.

Velvet ribbons in all colors and seldom more than an inch wide are rarely absent from smart gowns.

New Paris passementeries in colored beads and tinsels are beautiful enough to warrant the somewhat extravagant price per yard.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe has lately received from a philanthropic woman \$150,000 to be used in her various lines of humane work.

Miss Addie M. Stevens, of Concord, N. H., has been registered as a skilled pharmacist. She is the first woman in the State to qualify for this position.

Black chip hats are prettily trimmed with black velvet ribbon strings, two or three rows of white lace and two of the black Mephisto feather ornaments in front.

Great fluffy bows of polka-dotted silk are also tied like the new scarfs, which now come eleven inches wide and a yard and a half long with becoming effect.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a wonderful linguist; she is versed in French, German, Spanish and Italian literature, to say nothing of Latin Greek and Hebrew.

If you wish to make new sleeves out of your old ones simply cut them off just below the elbow, put on a deep ruff of lace and wear suede gloves to meet them.

Plain India muslins have reappeared with embroidered borders in colors, and lighter than the popular wool crepons are the creped India silks and vaporous creped silk muslins that are used both for afternoon and evening toilettes.

Heliotrope, which has not been much favored this season, is coming in as it were, at the top. The newest bonnets and hats are in a pale shade of this color and are trimmed with lilacs, heart's ease, violets or jonquils, intermixed with green velvet ribbon and ecru guipure lace.

The fashions of the present are severe on short woman—capes, flounces and puffed sleeves, elaborately trimmed corsets, beaded hats, beaded waists, girdles, peasant bodices and sheath-like outskirts that reveal the too solid figure. The choice appears to lie between these at the moment.

A pretty shirt waist is made of white wash silk with fine stripes of blue. Around the collar and cuffs is a double row of feather stitching worked in silk to match the blue stripes. The waist is made like a sailor blouse and is held in place by an elastic. This baggy effect in shirt waist is a novelty lately introduced.

Besides the large straw hats now worn, small sailor hats are also finding much favor, especially since they have received the novel addition of strings. Stripes of chiffon edged at one side with feathers are a pretty novelty, a bunch of roses with bows at the back completes the trimming. As already noted, sailor hats this season have soft crowns.

The butterfly fan is an expensive summer fancy. It is made of shaded silk in the exact shape of a butterfly, with wings of various colored crepe, studded with jewels. The handle is of tortoise shell long and slender. A black and yellow one, wings ablaze with topaz was effective carried with a gown of black crepe de Chine, trimmed with gold.

A dainty gown for morning wear is of baby-blue cotton crepon with a yoke and a deep ruffle around the bottom of embroidery on a grayish tint of pink muslin. This was introduced also for a side panel and formed a cap for the sleeves. The pattern was in open work. Ribbon in pink, blue and gray were used profusely in trimming the gown. They formed a lattice effect over the panel of embroidery at the side.

A writer on medical women claims that there is not an institution of learning, not a woman's club or a woman's art class, not a university law school or woman's annex, not a diploma granted at Harvard or a certificate of proficiency given at Harvard but owes its existence, its toleration and its triumphs to the courage of Emily and Elizabeth Blackwell, of England and New York, and the other women students of 1850, who demanded recognition and place and honor in the medical world.

Mrs. Woods' "Village Tragedy" has been translated into Russian. Stepaniak's influence had probably something to do with this; he is said to admire Mrs. Woods' work very much and in reviewing "The Village Tragedy" wrote: "One cannot read a chapter without being thrown into ecstasy of admiration. The whole thing lives. It is simply and natural all through. Yet every line tells, every stroke of the pen reveals new and unexpected perspectives."

Reliable fashion sources make white pique gowns the novelty of the hour. They are worn at Lenox and Newport by the most fashionable women for dinner and evening occasions, and are made with half low corsage; fitted coat back and a Directorate front, turning back in large pointed revers. The front is a full gathered one of white silk, mull or crepe, with a lace jabot in the middle, and about the waist is the now fashionable broad sash. The sleeves are made with a large puff to the elbows and have a flaring cuff turned back on the full puff. The skirt is a bell, made plain and slightly trained.

In the Kingdom of Dahomey the women not only fight, but propose. When a Dahomey girl fancies a young man she tells her father and mother, who solicit the hand of the young man as her representatives. If he is favorably inclined, he is taken into the family on probation. If he does not prove satisfactory he is rejected. But if he continues to gain in favor permission is asked of the chief for a formal marriage. If the girl should be very beautiful the girl is sent to the King, who has the final disposition of the pretty girls of the kingdom. If nothing stands in the way the girl is married to the man she has chosen.