

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

### Marry a Gentleman.

Marry a gentleman,  
Girls, if you can,  
Minded and built  
On the generous plan.  
Though he may neither  
Have silver or gold,  
Title or fortune,  
"To have or to hold."

Though he may labor  
With spade or with hoe,  
Though he may not  
But his mother-tongue know,  
Though he may live under  
Society's ban,  
Marry a gentleman,  
Girls, if you can.

Marry a gentleman,  
Girls, if you can,  
Gentle and tender  
Though no less a man,  
One who will treasure  
His child or his wife,  
Scorning to rob them  
Of sweetness in life.

One who will never  
The brute's part assume,  
Filling his household  
With sorrow and gloom,  
If on love's altar.

The flame you would fan,  
Marry a gentleman,  
Girls, if you can.

You will be happy,  
And you will be glad,  
Though he only  
Be commonly clad,  
Pleasure is fleeting,  
And life but a span—  
Marry a gentleman,  
Girls, if you can.

### News and Notes for Women.

Mrs. John Hurd, of Urbana, seventy years of age, sues her husband, forty years of age, for divorce and alimony.

Mrs. Hatton is at the head of the Tennessee State library, and she and her daughters keep the 20,000 volumes of the library in as perfect order as they could be kept by any male librarians in the land.

A school-girl saw a play performed at San Luis, Cal., in which the heroine died by poison, after suffering very much from unrequited love. The girl had an unhappy love affair of her own, and the performance on the stage impressed her so deeply that she bought arsenic on the way home and committed suicide.

A New York paper has discovered that there are many American women who would rather have a work-basket, writing-desk or table made and ornamented at odd times and during stolen moments by their husbands, lovers or brothers, than a dozen pair of earrings bought at great expense.

Regina Dal Cin, the uneducated Italian peasant woman, has again put the educated surgeons to shame by performing a difficult operation which they considered impossible. The operation was the reduction of a dislocation of the hip joint of twenty years' standing, during which time the patient had grown from childhood to maturity, and it was performed in Philadelphia. The wise doctors give it up and the dull fellows shake their heads and refuse to acknowledge. There is no bigotry like the regular school of anything.—*Boston Herald.*

Mrs. Renfro, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., was accused of theft and fled to Cairo. She was arrested, but attempted to jump in the river. On her way back to the Cape she tried to throw herself under the cars. An examination of the charge against the woman proved her to be innocent.

### The Women of New York.

A writer for the Cincinnati *Enquirer* has been looking critically at New York women, and the following is one of the conclusions:

As a rule, the higher you go up in the social scale of New York the less beauty you find. I could name top-lofty families whose women are generally ugly to the extent of positive hideousness. There is a theory that the product of several generations of high culture is a palpably superior article of women, with small hands and feet, arched insteps, sensitive nostrils, and other points supposed to indicate physical and mental refinement. Observation proves that the truth is no such thing. The shop girls of the Bowery are prettier, as a class, than the idle girls of Fifth avenue. This reads like heresy, no doubt, but it is nevertheless a plain statement of a fact. Criticize the two sorts without allowing the judgment to be prejudiced by the matter of dress, and the prize medal must be awarded to the Bowery, notwithstanding its sins of clothing and manners.

### Fashion Notes.

Irish poplin is again in favor in Europe.

Dresses are worn fastened at the back this winter.

Rose colored tufted gauze veils are very becoming.

Small buttons are preferred for silk and wool basques.

Ribbed cardigan jackets are worn under the plush basques.

A chenille fringe makes the prettiest collar for a street jacket.

Little satin-lined shoulder caps are worn with house dresses.

English brides now wear the veil drawn back from the face.

Real Spanish or Alencon are fashionable laces for bridal veiling.

English women think that serge makes the best of costumes for all weathers. Americans do not like the material.

Combs, if worn at all, are now placed low on the left side of the head.

A little circle of fringe is sometimes placed around ornamental buttons.

Six plaitings of different colors are used to trim some black velvet skirts.

Tight sleeves are sometimes left open at the wrist and finished by a bead fringe.

Fringes, having each strand finished with a jet ball, are used to trim satin dresses.

White, yellow and red are the colors most in vogue for evening dresses this winter.

Kerchiefs of black hernani, edged with fringe, are worn with mourning costumes.

Collars and cuffs for morning wear are made very large and are embroidered in colors.

White plush is the newest trimming for bridal robes. It is becoming and stately in effect.

House dresses are made to fit rather tighter than last winter, and no longer suggest dressing gowns.

Sicilienne and brocade, in pale colors, are the favorite materials for young ladies' evening dresses.

Gold embroidered scarfs of black lace are wound around the neck and fastened with a large, old-fashioned gold brooch.

The hair is now worn in a loose twisted coil or a bow-knot, instead of the braided coil, for full-dress occasions.

Chatelaines of gold or silver, with a multiplicity of brocheques, are again worn by both French and English ladies of fashion.

A late style of coiffure is to coil the hair in tight rings on the side of the head, Japanese fashion, keeping the ring in place with long jeweled pins.

Chatelaine bags are worn far back on the left side now. Those which accompany street costumes have a stiff lining. Those meant for house wear are limp.

Honeycomb silk and wool stuffs are used to make the Watteau overdresses worn with tea gowns, and surah or satin forms the vest and the plaitings under the train.

Many house dresses have the corsage cut pompadour or heart-shape and filled in with a full shirring of brocade Spanish net, and a high ruching of the same lace about the neck.

"The eagle's-wing tunic" is the latest shape in overdresses. It has two long, sharp, sheath-like points in front and two in the back. Very little trimming is used upon these tunics.

The Marguerite gauntlet sleeve is very fashionable and stylish. The top is made of the material of the dress, and the long cuff which reaches to the elbow is made of plush velvet or satin. The cuff fits closely to the arm, and is buttoned or laced up the back.

Gloves are much the same as they have been for some years past. Woolen gloves are worn over kid ones by ladies who do not carry muffs. Kid gloves lined with fur also serve for this purpose; they are called "gants moscovites," and have only two buttons. Many gloves for evening wear are laced. On the ends of the fine cordings are small tassels. These gloves come in different lengths.

### A Desperate Duel.

The Pesth correspondent of the London *Standard* describes a tragical affair which occurred recently at Bittse, in the Trenczin county, Hungary. M. Smialovsky, who was in his nineteenth year, and son of a landed proprietor, and M. Moravsky, aged twenty-one, whose father was district magistrate, agreed some weeks ago to settle some romantic differences by a duel. Having ordered pistols from Vienna they went together the evening before the combat to a local ball and appeared to be on the most friendly terms. In the early morning, when the dancing was over, they went arm-in-arm to the apartments which they were occupying in common and took a few hours' rest. At 8.30 o'clock they went out alone to a neighboring forest and took up their positions at a distance of only three paces from each other. Both fired and both fell. M. Smialovsky was unable to move from the spot, but M. Moravsky was able to drag himself to his lodgings. An hour elapsed before a surgeon was able to reach the man who had been left on the ground. On the sixth day after the duel both of the duelists died, each having previously made a formal declaration that the cause of this desperate encounter was an affair of honor.

### A Hollow Man.

Joshua Joyner, a man well known in the eastern part of Virginia as a glutton, sat down to dinner near Onancock, Accomac county, and disposed of a bill of fare which consisted of fifteen pounds of pork, twelve links of bologna sausage, sousé from one large hog, one large goose, which the gormandizer had been fattening for a month, one full grown chicken, one peck of sweet potatoes, one dozen large biscuits, one large mince pie, and six cups of strong coffee. Joyner sat down to this repast at one o'clock, and at 2.30 he had disposed of every article named, picked the bones of the fowls, and took a glass of egg-nog. He then smoked a pipe, jumped on a horse, and rode five miles through the frosty air. Joyner weighs 250 pounds, and is a good-humored old fellow of sixty.

There are 20,000 hounds in Great Britain, kept at an estimated cost of \$2,500,000.

### One of Mr. Moody's Stories.

One of the secrets of Mr. Moody's power is his ability as a story-teller. This is well illustrated by the following from one of his addresses in San Francisco: "When I was a young man, before I left my native town, I was at work in the field one day in company with a neighbor of mine. All at once I saw him begin to weep. I asked him what the trouble was. He then told me a strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: 'My son, seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto thee.' 'This,' said he, 'was my mother's favorite text.' When he got into the town where he was going, he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to church, and the minister too this very text: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' He thought it very strange. Well, he said he would not seek the kingdom then; he would wait until he got a start in life, until he got a farm and some money. Yet that text troubled him. Again he went to church and to his amazement the sermon was on the very same text. He did not attend church for some time. At last he was induced to again enter the church, and behold, he heard the preacher take that very same text. He thought then it was God speaking to him, that his mother's prayers were being answered. But he coolly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not be a Christian. 'I never heard any sermon since,' said he, 'that has made any impression on me.' I was not a Christian myself then, so I didn't know how to talk to him.

"The time came for me to leave home. I went to Boston, and there I became a convert. When I got to be a Christian, the first thing that came into my mind was that man. I made up my mind to try to bring him to Christ. When I came home I mentioned the name to my mother, and asked if he was living. 'Is he living?' she exclaimed. 'Didn't I write to you about him?' 'Write me what?' 'Why, that he had gone out of his mind, and is now in the insane asylum.' When I got up there he pointed his finger at me. Says he: 'Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God.' He had never forgotten the text. Although his mind was shattered and gone, the text was there. The next time I returned home my mother told me he was at home idiotic. I went to the house to see him, and there was that vacant look in his eye. I said: 'Do you know me?' He pointed his finger at me, and said: 'Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God.' God had driven that text into his mind, but his reason was gone. The next time I returned home he was dead, and when I visited my father's grave I noticed a new grave stone had been put up. I stopped to read it, and found it was my friend's. The autumn wind was making a mournful noise, and I seemed to hear it whispering the text: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.'"

### The Turkish People.

A Constantinople correspondent of the London *Standard*, ignoring, for the moment, the eternal Eastern question, writes as follows of the Turkish people: "The commonest form of a rich lady's cloak is entirely native as regards material and shape. It is a piece of heavy silk, rarely good in color, upon one end of which formal and meaningless devices have been worked in gold. The character of them suggests that in former days this out-door garment consisted of two pieces, one a golden scarf for the head, with pendant fringe and tassels, the other a mantle of plain silk. In process of time the scarf and tassels were incorporated, as it were, in the mantle, surviving only as a cumbersome ornament. It is not necessary to describe the appearance of Turkish women thus apparelled. Every one knows how they stride along like animated sacks, showing ill-made French boots, or else trailing low slippers. Not a few wear socks, always down at heel, often trailing in the perennial mud. Fine eyes, both gray and black, are common, and quite enough in seen of the features to assure one that beauty of face is not sparingly distributed. While lightly digressing in this by-path I would point out the exceeding fairness of the race. The Turkish peasant has a whiter skin than the Greek townsman. Southern Italians even are more dusky of complexion. Fair hair and light eyes abound in all classes, and, unless it be a man evidently crossed with negro blood, you will scarcely ever see a Turk so brown of skin as are the vast majority to Greeks. In height and strength of build, also, they are superior to all their subject peoples, excepting the Albanian. This magnificent race, the Skiptar, is the Pathan of Europe, but vastly above its Asiatic antitype in all the finer qualities of man. No unprejudiced observer can doubt that the Albanian, with all his shortcomings and his faults, is the most hopeful, as he is most interesting, of the nationalities subject to Turkey. Above all, he is artistic, permeated with a sense of fitness and beauty, which he displays in manner, in dress, in all and every one of the many arts cultivated by the nationality, which the utilitarian Greek calls barbarous.

A New York undertaker displays in his window a miniature hearse, drawn by four prancing horses, and a little coffin with a doll inside, surrounded by a group of mourning dolls.

### Changed Her Mind.

George Bovard is the name of a young Methodist minister who attended the annual conference of the M. E. church at Mercer a couple of years ago. While there he and a young lady teacher of the Soldiers' Orphan school, located in Mercer, fell in love with each other. Her name was Clara Shaffer. He was about to start for India to Christianize the heathen. A correspondence was kept up between the two, and he wanted her to come to him, be married, and assist him in his labors. He had no money to pay her expenses, and she had none. In this emergency a few months ago she made a confidante of "Dick" Wright, a heavy clothing merchant of Mercer, and he being a big-hearted man with generous impulses, offered to supply her with what money she needed to reach her far off lover. She gladly accepted his offer, and at once began her preparations for the long journey. "Dick" and Miss Shaffer were thrown much together for a while, and about the time she was ready to start he was deeply in love with her himself. But he said nothing, and she started for New York with enough of "Dick's" money in her pocket to take her to India.

Two or three days after her departure he grew despondent, and chided himself for having given away his chance for marrying Miss Shaffer himself. A thought struck him, and that was to follow her, and, if possible, overtake her before she boarded a steamer in New York for distant India. He acted promptly on the thought, took the cars, reached New York, and found the vessel on which she was to sail. Miss Shaffer was already on board; he made known his affection, asked her for her hand for himself, was accepted, and the two returned to Mercer a few days ago as man and wife.

The outcome is a little rough on the young minister who is wrestling with superstition and idolatry in the jungles of India.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial.*

### Corn for Fuel.

There are places in the West and Northwest where scarcity of fuel has forced people to burn corn again this winter. The frequent recurrence of the fuel famine in those places leads a correspondent in the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* to suggest what he calls a practical solution of the problem. Coal cannot be found, and the use of wood will soon exhaust the available supply of that article; corn is the only substitute, and must be the fuel of the future. For stoves it is superior to any other substance, hard coal only excepted, and it is cheaper than anything that is likely to be used for fuel. Two of three acres of corn will afford an ordinary family a year's supply of fuel; and this writer alleges that the same corn sold in the market, and the proceeds turned either into wood or coal, will not begin to do it. Of course he speaks of the far northern prairies. Corn may be used in either a wood or coal stove without any change of grates, and makes a steady hot fire, which can be regulated as readily as a coal fire. Two bushels of corn in the ear, it is estimated, will keep a comfortable fire the coldest day in winter. Regarding the squeamishness about burning an article that is used for food, the writer says, pointedly: "I would sooner have an acre of corn that can be replaced in a single year than to burn an acre of timber that it takes years to replace, even on the score of sentiment." There is common sense in this. It is cheaper for people on the fertile prairies to raise their fuel, as they do their food, and save what little timber they have for other purposes—sentimental squeamishness should not deter them from doing so. More cooked food is daily thrown away than would feed the hungry poor, and it is done without compunction. While there can be no excuse for this wastefulness, there is good reason for burning corn when it is of more value for fuel than the proceeds would be if used in the purchase of wood or coal.

### A Child Telegrapher.

The frontier telegraph office at Williams' ranch is managed by Hallie Hutchinson, a little girl nine years of age. A gentleman who returned from there a few days since says that Hallie is the most remarkably intelligent little girl he ever had the pleasure of meeting. She handles her instrument with the success and precision of an old operator. Recently, when election returns were coming in and the whole country was wildly excited to know the result, little Hallie sat at her instrument, her eyes aglow with intelligence, and gathered in the news from all over the Union, while dozens of brawny men crowded round to hear what the lightning brought, and to admire the wonderful skill of the little operator. While controlling the wires as she does Hallie is not unlike other little girls of her age in her habits and inclinations. For instance, one end of her operating table is piled full of baby dolls, and she spends a great deal of her leisure time dressing and nursing them. Brown county may claim the youngest telegrapher in the world.—*Waco (Texas) Examiner.*

During the recent civil conflict there were two volunteers lying beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars in a Virginia sky. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I love war. What made you go, Jack?" "Well," replied the latter, "I had, and I love peace, so I went to the war."

### HOME OF THE VENDETTA.

How the Corsicans Avenge Wrongs—Instances of Terrible Vengeance—Bloody Vows.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* at Vivario, Corsica, writes: The Corsicans are brave, temperate, hospitable, but indolent, impetuous and particularly vindictive. They are very quick to take offense, and equally quick to revenge or resent any wrong, actual or imagined. These traits are not much observed in the large towns, though they crop out constantly in the sparsely-settled districts, and contribute to the continuance of the vendetta, which the French authorities, with all their efforts, have not yet been able to eradicate. The vendetta has been the chief cause of the stationary, even diminishing, population, systematic homicide in different quarters being far more numerous than any natural increase. Thirty or forty years ago it was not uncommon for whole families, so far as the male members went, to be exterminated by the blood-feud, and at the beginning of the century the number of inhabitants was steadily declining from the same cause.

When a murder has been committed here the murderer is pursued, not only by the officers of justice, but by the kinsmen of the slain, who regard it as a solemn duty to avenge his death. The latter seize their arms at once, follow the homicide, resolved upon his death. If he should escape altogether they feel bound to take the life of his relatives; so that anybody and everybody who is consanguineously connected with the homicide is obliged to be perpetually on the alert. Men who are hunted always carry weapons with them, and when they are in the fields set a watch to warn them of any hostile approach. At home they keep their doors and windows—if they have any windows—barred, and as the would-be assassin is seldom far off they are ready in an instant to start upon a chase. Persons who, as the phrase is, are suffering the vendetta, have been shut up in their houses for ten or fifteen years, and shot dead the moment they ventured out-doors.

The women incite the men to revenge by singing songs of vengeance. These people are noted for improvisation over the corpse of the person murdered, displaying at the same time his bloody garments, and acting out dramatically their vehement passion. Not infrequently a mother attaches to her son's garments a bloody shred of the murdered man's shirt as a reminder of his duty, and enjoins him not to remove it until the vendetta has been satisfied. Comparatively small injuries may give rise to it, even purely casual occurrences. Mediators, termed *parolanti*, often volunteer to heal a quarrel, especially when life has not been sacrificed, and when they succeed, an oath of reconciliation is sworn, and the oath is regarded as solemnly binding; but it is broken occasionally.

The brigandage which prevails on this island can be almost always traced to the vendetta. A man kills another from revenge; he takes refuge in the mountains, and, as it is never safe to resume his old life, he adopts robbery as a trade.

There are family feuds, independent of the vendetta as properly understood. These feuds are hereditary, and exist sometimes between entire villages. The prominent families used to hand down feuds from generation to generation, and not the relatives alone, but the retainers and servants were involved, and fought with one another desperately, like the Guelphs and Ghibellines and the Nerl and Bianchi of the middle ages in Italy. The vendetta is not confined here to men. Women also share in it, especially where they have been betrayed. Any woman who slays her lover under such circumstances is considered heroine, and ballads to celebrate her courage are sung in her honor. I have seen many a stone dwelling, having iron doors and perforated with holes, through which an approaching enemy could be seen and shot.

I have been told of a man living near Zicavo, a sufferer from the vendetta, who had been a self-made prisoner in his own house for seventeen years. He knew that his foe had all this while been lying in wait for him; but learning that he had gone to Sartene for a week, he ventured forth, rejoicing once more in the open air and looking up to the blue sky in thankfulness. "This is meet," he murmured, and as he pronounced the last word there was a sharp report, and he fell dead with a bullet through his brain. The vigilance of seventeen years had been recompensed. His unrelenting enemy had bribed somebody to deceive the "sufferer" with a false report, and the sufferer had fallen into the trap. The man who had been revengeful was slain a week later as he was leaving the village of Solaro by a cousin of the victim at Zicavo.

Another man, a relative of Santa Maria, killed a shepherd in dispute, and conscious that the man had six brothers, fled to Bastia, and there took ship for Leghorn. He remained on the peninsula ten years, and having been assured that the brothers had either died or quitted the island for France, he returned home. He lived unmolested for months, but one stormy night one of the brothers shot him fatally as he opened the door to a gentle knock.

These occurrences belong to the past. The government has, by the severest measures, nearly crushed the vendetta and its accompaniment, brigandage. It executed every assassin and brigand as a common enemy of the State and humanity; it made the carrying of arms a

penal offense, not excepting those carried for the chase, and imprisoned every one known to harbor or aid in any manner an offender against each statute. A large force of gendarmes was engaged for years in hunting down assassins and brigands among the mountains; they had desperate work and any number of romantic adventures. They were often killed, but they triumphed in the end. While the vendetta is not absolutely crushed, it is comparatively so, and strangers can travel anywhere except among the mountains, with almost no danger, if they will keep their temper and mind their own affairs. Homicides are still frequent, owing to the hot blood and extreme sensitiveness of the natives, but the homicides are not followed by the old means of vengeance. At one time, on this island, which then had a population of not more than 225,000, as many as 4,500 are said to have perished by the vendetta in thirty years—a terrible proportion indeed.

### Looking for a Wife.

Sakti Kumara, the hero of a curious Hindustani story, preferred testing a damsel's capability before tying the knot. Master of a prosperous and profitable business, he came to the conclusion that a wife was wanted to complete his happiness, and determined to go in search of one. Adopting the guise of a fortune-teller, and carrying some rice bound up in his cloth, he started on his travels. Whenever he encountered a girl that pleased his eye he asked her to cook his rice for him. Some laughed at him, some reviled him and none seemed inclined to comply with his modest demand. At last he met with a beautiful girl who, instead of ridiculing or abusing the strange traveler, relieved him of the rice, and bade him be rested. Then the kindly maiden set about preparing the rice. First she steeped it in water, then dried it in the sun, and, that accomplished, rubbed the grains gently on the ground, removing the awn without breaking the rice. Calling her nurse she dispatched that worthy to sell the bran, and with the proceeds to purchase an earthen boiler, two platters and some fuel. By the time this mission was executed the rice had been brayed in a mortar, winnowed and washed and ready to put in the boiler with five times its bulk of water. As soon as it had swollen sufficiently the boiler was taken from the fire, the water cleared off the scum, the boiler put back, and the rice constantly stirred by the pretty cook until she was satisfied it was properly done. By turning the boiler mouth downward she extinguished the fire, and collecting the unconsumed fuel dispatched the old woman to convert it into butter curds, oil and tamarinds. This achieved, she told the enraptured Sakti Kumara to go and bathe and not to omit rubbing himself with oil. Having obeyed orders, the wife-seeker was directed to seat himself upon a plank on the well-swept floor, on which were already laid a large plain-tain leaf and two platters. His charming hostess then brought him water in a perfumed jug and administered two spoonfuls of well-seasoned rice and ghee, preparatory to serving up the remainder of the rice mixed with spices, curds, butter and milk, of which Sakti Kumara ate his fill and then indulged in a siesta. As soon as he woke he asked the girl to become his wife, and she being willing the necessary ceremony was gone through without delay, and the supposed fortune-teller took his bride home to astonish her as the Lord of Burleigh astonished his rustic love, but the Hindoo lass was luckier than Tennyson's heroine, for we are assured that she lived long to worship her husband as a god and made her house the abode of bliss.—*Chamber's Journal.*

### The Missing Link.

Miss Bird, an English lady, describes in a book on Japan, and especially on the Ainos, how she was ferried across a river by one Aino "completely covered by hair, which on his shoulders was wavy like that of a retriever, and rendered clothing quite needless, either for covering or warmth;" and how in another place she met with a second old man, whom she emphatically describes as "the missing link." His face was vacant and apathetic, his arms and legs were unnaturally long and thin, he squatted with his knees tucked under his arm pits, and his whole body was covered with black hair more than an inch long, and slightly curly on the shoulders. He had, however, a bare patch on each side, probably marking the parts on which he rested when asleep, a peculiarity found in the gorilla, who has a bare spot on his back where he leans against trees.

### Changed His Mind.

"Ah, that's what I like! that's what I like!" chirped old Mr. Whistleblossom as he came carefully down the hill where the boys were exercising their sleds. "If there's anything I really love it's to see the boys, full of animal spirits, enjoying these wintry sports." And just at that instant a hundred and fifty pounds of animal spirits came dashing down the hill on a double-runner, and caught the unsuspecting Mr. Whistleblossom between the heels. There was a sound of revelry by night, and when they picked up the unfortunate gentleman, and had pinned together the ruptured back of his coat, he remarked in a tone so gentle that it made him quite black in the face, that the city government who would refuse to pass a law making a reform school crime to slide on the streets, were a set of pusillanimous yahoos.