BEAUTY AT THE BATH.

A Talk With the Proprietress of a Fashionable Bathhouse.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER'S PERFUME.

The Gorgeous Apartments of a New York Swell Bachelor.

WHY ONE SOCIETY WEDDING IS OFF

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, October 5.

GORGEOUS are several of the ladies' Turkish bathing establishments of the fashionable type, and in them you can see the neatest things extant in washer-women. They are chosen for healthy presentability to begin with, and are dressed in becoming uniforms, from the prettily capped and costumed girl who ushers you into the ante-room to the muscular, bare-armed one who attends you in bathing and rubbing departments. The height of the luxury is attained in several of the rival baths, and our swell women are the customers who make the business profitable. By means of a small tip and a large lump of taffy I got the mistress of the lounging room at a Turkish bath to tell us some gossip. According to this mercenary long-tongue, Mrs. Langtry is one of the most persistent bathers who come to the establishment. She might fail to keep an engagement with some famous frockmaker, but with her bathing mistress never. But to let her talk:

AN EXPENSIVE BATH.

"It was a real pleasure to bathe Mrs. Langtry," said the woman, "she was so beautiful. Most women take medicine when they don't feel well, but Mrs. Langtry took a bath. She ordered the kind she needed, and it varied according to her feelings. Sometimes she would come here with a book and sit for two hours with her feet in hot water, studying a part, and the steam rolling up about her in clouds. The first of these foot baths cost her $50 she told me, and it was the only time I ever saw her angry. She was suffering from a sick headache, and she wanted the bath kept at a certain temperature for a full hour. While I was adjusting the steam she laid her book aside, and did not resume it for half an hour. In the meantime the vapor moistened the leaves, the ink ran all over the paper, and there wasn't a legible page in the book when she came to open it. It cost her $50 to have the work copied. At her bath Mrs. Langtry always had me rub her down with fine salt and alcohol to bring the blood to the surface and keep her from taking cold. Many a time I have kneaded her to break up a cold taken the night before, and I used to beat a tattoo on her throat and a rat-a-plan on her chest to exercise and rest her vocal organs. I washed her face, too, by inches to clean out every pore, and I steamed her hair and eyebrows and eyelashes to make them grow.

LANGTRY'S PRETTY FEET.

"She had the most beautiful pair of feet I ever saw on a woman: they were perfection in shape and color; not small, but long, and every toe developed and as soft as a baby's. Her heels were the regular pin cushion pattern, and it was her boast that she never had a skin blemish in her life, and didn't even know what a bunion meant. For a long time I washed her every day, sometimes with a sponge and not more than a gallon of water, and again with a ton of steam and a dozen brushes, always finishing by spraying her with violet water, rolling her up in a hot sheet, preparing a cup of coffee and protecting her siesta from the slightest disturbance. I never called her by her name. In the bath she was known to us as Mrs. Le. She was very generous and exceedingly kind hearted. She never gave me an ordinary tip, but she would tell me to buy a pair of shoes, or a dress, and give me the money to pay for it. Then she often told me how to take care of my health, what to eat, and the nicest way to get along with the patrons. I remember she once said that if I wanted to become popular I must first please people, and then always give way to them. First try to have my own way, and then by giving up in time I would generally get it in the end. I find it so, too.

MRS. POTTER'S RARE PERFUME.

"Mrs. Potter used to come here very often. She was nice, but didn't care for much water. She never took the showers. She wanted to be rubbed until her skin became soft, then douched with lavender water and orris, and hand-rubbed again. I had to keep this up until my arms were lame, and many times she has gone into the cooling room for a nap just to give my arms time to limber out again. I never could find out what perfume she used, but it clung to everything she had on, and I could always tell whether she had been in, during my absence, by the smell of the sheets and towels in the linen basket. She was generous, and always gave me a dollar 'to buy a pair of gloves.'"

When I asked if many ladies drank at the bath, she said: "All of them drink something. The stage women as a rule call for mineral water, ginger ale or coffee, and the non-professionals for claret and other light wines. As a rule I can almost tell the married women, for they order champagne or a mixed drink, while the single ladies take a glass or a pint of claret and drop off to sleep. Would you like something for a beauty sleep?"

"Yes; I don't mind," I replied. "What would you suggest?"

"Well, claret is a healthy wine, you know; but if you care to stay an hour I'll get you a cocktail."

I tried a glass of St. Julian at 50 cents, curled up in a warm sheet, and fell asleep.

A FASHIONABLE BACHELOR'S HALL.

If there is anything that delights a New York belle it is to get a view of a real, out-and-out beau's apartments. There is additional zest in it if the sight be surreptitious; yet invitations to suppers, such as our swell bachelors have taken a fancy to sometimes give in their lodgings, are always accepted with avidity. The party must be chaperoned, of course, to be quite right, and it was so with the one which I enjoyed last evening.

The Crœsus' dining room was extemporized out of the parlor. Usually he eats at Delmonico's or his club. The Croisis apartment house, the Knickerbocker, the Cumberland and others have many suites that excel this in size. Here are only two rooms, but they are spacious to a degree that is old-fashioned in these days of compactness. The bedroom and drawing room are separated by a passageway, out of which opens a bathroom, wardrobes and storerooms. The bedroom, hung with Indian silk flowered in crimson and cream, has a canopied bed that might do for a monarch. Isn't it a shame that it should have no queen? The drawing room, crowded with superb oak cabinets, seems half a divan, for soft seats cushioned in crimson plush are to be found on every side. There is one cabinet particularly interesting to connoisseurs. When opened it is found to contain every imaginable liquor and the newest and rarest glassware. The owner has only to telephone to be served with dinner or supper from a restaurant, but he keeps stocked with beverages. Thanks to his inherited wealth, he is entirely independent.

WHY SHOULD HE MARRY?

Yet mystified mothers, chagrined chaperones, wonder why the master of Liberty Hall, contingous to the restaurants of Madison Square, does not pop the question to the pretty girls with whom he talks and waltzes at Tuxedo. While about this particular apartment there is an atmosphere of the refinement of existence from the statue of Cupid triumphant to the flask of creme de menthe half empty, another bachelor apartment in the same block indicates the manly tastes of a master who rides hard at polo, engages the foils at the Fencers' Club, and has a bout with the boxing gloves at the Racquet. On the walls are hung foils and fishing rods, the pictures perpetuate cross country exploits of the good old coaching days, and the small but well stocked library is full of volumes of sporting reference. But in order that the æsthetic side of life may not be slighted, there is a pianoforte and a banjo, and while a Chopin selection or a nigger melody ripples from the one or the other, a capacious divan is occupied by spellbound golden youth, drinking at once the music and a brandy-and-soda, such being the contrasts of life in the abode of rich men's sons. But this sumptuous lodger is no anchorite hermit. He often invites bevies of his fashionable feminine friends to feastings.

A SEASHORE DRAMA.

All the summer's promises of marriage are not being kept this autumn. To one hotel near to New York came a dainty little maiden one warm July day, with a pair of feet so small and well shaped that before 36 hours had passed midst all the gayety and fun she was the envy of the girls. Her numberless variety of shoes and silken hose simply drove them wild with jealousy. Attached to this dainty maid with the wonderful feet was a handsome mamma and a devoted fiance. So devoted was he that the other tri-colored blazer young men simply stood at a distance cursing the lucky one, and vainly sighing for an introduction to the modest maid with the innumerable shoes.

As the summer wore on, the fun became fast and furious, and the soft, gentle girl was beginning to change. The timid, helpless look was giving way to a defiant, independent gaze, and the associations with the poker-playing, champagne-loving crowd was gradually doing its work. The devoted lover looked on in a despairing kind of way and vainly expostulated with mother and daughter. One day he went to the city to buy a birthday present for his reckless sweetheart. He intended to remain away until the following afternoon to attend to some business, but as the man was out of town when he reached his office, and the longing to get back and protect the pretty little girl was so great, he rushed to the depot, swung on to the last car and went back to the hotel.

HE HEARD ENOUGH.

It was 10 o'clock when he arrived. He hastily inquired for his fiancee, and was told she was walking on the beach. He started down there, listening for the merry laugh he knew so well. As he hurried on he heard the laugh he had been listening for, coming from a turn in the beach just in front of a fantastic little tent. He went quietly up to it and looked. Out in the water was the girl wading in the moonlight. Her companion was a man whom she had promised her lover never to speak to, and sitting on the beach was a red-lipped blonde girl.

The man listened and heard the girl laughingly tell her companions what a good joke it was on him; how he would scold her if he knew; what a bore he was, and how she was only marrying him for his money, and how independent she meant to be when she was married. The man stole quietly back to the hotel, wrote a few lines, put them in box No. 13, took the midnight train back to the city, and thanked kind heaven for letting him find out his mistake in time. The affair on the beach was too much for him.

CLARA BELLE.

CLOCKWORK LAMPLIGHTER.

A Curious Invention to be Attached to Street Lamps.

Boston Herald.]

For some time past pedestrians on State street have remarked a peculiar attachment to the lamp post at the corner of State and Devonshire streets, and many have been the surmises as to the contents of the little iron box and its usages. Superintendent Allen of the Lamp Department said it was an arrangement for lighting the gas at a certain hour each night and turning it out a certain hour in the morning. In fact, it is a newly invented machine designed to do the work of the lamplighter, with the single exception of cleaning the lamp. It has a clockwork arrangement, which is so regulated that it conforms to the moon's changes and lights the gas and puts it out early or late, according to the fullness of the moon or the change in time of rising or setting.

The machine is about the shape of a pear, and contains a clock of the eight-day pattern, which in turn is attached to a fulminate cylinder in which are 400 small pit holes filled with a water-proof fulminate compound or enough to last a whole year. In place of the alarm on the clock, is a spring which is attached to a cylinder, and when the hands of the clock point to the designated hour, the cylinder is turned by a ratchet having the same number of teeth as there are pits on the circular of the cylinder, a spring is loosened, the gas turned on, and a small hammer strikes one of the pit holes, and the result is that the gas is lighted at a uniform hour all over the city, or wherever the appliance is attached.

By a simple mechanism after the gas is lighted, the reverse is the order, and at the same time at which the clock is set in the morning, the gas is turned off all over the city. A man is only required to visit each street lamp by the new arrangement once a week to clean the lamp, and at the same time to wind the clock; or, if he should happen to miss a day, the work will be performed just the same by this automatic lamplighter, as the clock runs nine days.

SHE SNUBBED THE PRINCE.

A Very Little Lady Who Refused to Kiss Albert Edward.

St. Louis Republic.]

A friend of The Man About Town has a daughter who enjoys the unique distinction of having refused to kiss no less a personage than the Prince of Wales. It was at Nice, and the child, who is just old enough to have a mind of her own—she is about 7—was out of doors playing with some other children. The Prince came up at this moment, saw the pretty child and asked for a kiss.

"'Deed I don't kiss gemmen," answered the baby indignantly, as she rejoined her parents and told them that "that man out there wanted a kiss."

The way the Prince is being snubbed by American girls, big and little, is refreshing, to say the least.

Grandma's Eyes.

They wonder why I loved her so;
They marvel where the magic lies
That knits me to her, they who know
That Gladys has her Grandma's eyes!

They say she's but a thoughtless tot;
They say 'tis true she never tries
To pleasure me—but, try or not,
She can't but please with Grandma's eyes.

They say her sisters are as sweet;
It may be so, as they surmise,
But who but Gladys comes to greet
Me gayly with her Grandma's eyes?

She'd have the Moon? I'd give the Sun!
What wonder that my heart denies
No draft that's made on it by one
Who always asks with Grandma's eyes?

She lights up all this world of woe,
She silences e'en sorrow's cries;
She follows me, where'er I go,
Forever with her Grandma's eyes.

Ah, who that knows what powers proceed
From simple things, in what strange guise,
Can doubt a little child may lead
An old man with her Grandma's eyes!

With Gladys I grow young again!
I, who am gray—so fast times flies—
Am young, yet how my heart aches when
She looks at me with Grandma's eyes!

My Child Wife smiles once more on me.
Glad tears within mine own arise.
As with my Grandchild on my knee
I gaze into her Grandma's eyes.

—*Mary Norton Bradford.*

BISMARCK AT WORK.

How He Has Taught the Young Emperor to Obey His Suggestions.

NO MERCY FOR HIS ENEMIES.

The Happy Home of the World's Greatest Diplomat.

FEEBLE IN BODY, BUT STRONG IN MIND

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

What sort of a man is Bismarck?

Much has been written about him, yet even in Germany his personality, his method of life, his method of work, and his own peculiarities are known only to those who surround him.

I may say that he is no longer a worker in the sense that Americans mean work, for he has passed that time of life. The hewing of wood and drawing of water he leaves to others. He simply looks on now with satisfaction at his own work, with the magnificent prospect of Germany; smiles at his adversaries, leads the young Emperor along the road he should take, looks him calmly in the face, and knows that his sovereign believes in him and all is well. He is an early riser. All great men seem to have that unfortunate peculiarity. Some of us who are not great like to lie abed late in the morning. Neither Bismarck nor Gladstone is of these. At daylight the Chancellor is awake. He seems to consider himself a sentinel on duty. He begins his work early, but only such matters as are of the utmost importance are brought to him. The details of unimportant work he leaves to others. His son, Count Herbert Bismarck, who bids fair to become a great diplomat some day, shoulders most of it. But the old Chancellor's usefulness is not over, and, when he wants to, he is capable of doing as hard a day's work as anyone in the empire. His body is feeble, but his mind is still as vigorous as it was when he kept all the great statesmen of Europe awake, thinking what new plot he would spring on them. He sleeps in an unpretentious and plainly furnished room. Like the old Emperor, who has been laid away forever, he likes a military cot or iron bedstead. Those who have seen his room say that it is so unpretending as to be almost uncomfortable in these days of luxury. There are none of the modern conveniences which are considered necessary even by those who are not quite well-to-do.

THE DAILY ROUTINE.

His morning meal is a plain one, and is usually taken in his room. After this such business of the nation as it is important for him to see and decide upon is brought to him. If there be important documents that need his signature, or a conference of ministers or heads of departments, or if there be any episode of a national or international character, he informs himself thoroughly about it, and discusses it frankly with his son, and then with his chosen advisers. After this he spends an hour or more with the Emperor. The old man has so molded the character of the young man who now sits upon the throne that only a word or a look is necessary for royal approval.

If anything were needed to show that Bismarck is a man of iron, it is found in the fact that he was one of the few persons who looked so far into the future as to see that William III. would some day be Emperor. Bismarck molded his character to suit himself, and in doing so he taught the boy to despise his own mother and England and all that was English. The unfortunate ex-Empress Frederick, it may be said, has left Berlin forever, unless the death of Bismarck and the return of her son's love and respect should call her thither. It may be all well enough to say that the Emperor loves his mother, and to point to the fact that he eagerly embraced his royal grandmother upon his recent visit to England, and to give other evidences of loyalty to his mother's country and her family; but those who know the facts well know that it is only for show. Bismarck not only hates England with all the ardor of his great nature, but he hates every other country in Europe, and he has taught his Emperor to do the same. William III. loves and respects Bismarck. They are like father and son. The young man does as he is told. He has never taken the bit in his mouth yet, and he probably never will. Bismarck's influence over him is really remarkable. He controls him in every way. In a word, the Emperor is a puppet in the Chancellor's grasp.

HE NEVER FORGIVES.

One of the strong peculiarities of Bismarck is that he never forgives nor forgets. The word mercy is unknown to him. He had none even for his Empress when the Emperor Frederick lay dying; he has even less for those who have antagonized him through life. He has a remarkable memory. He never forgets, and if he sometimes appears to have given up a treasured plan it is only in the appearance. He has been a patient waiter as well as a great diplomat. He has been a believer in the old adage, "All things come to him who waits." He is the most hated and most despised but most admired and the most feared man in Europe. His remarkable plots and his superior intellectual powers are unquestioned, and, with the exception, perhaps, of Gladstone, it is not too much to say that he is the greatest man in Europe, if not in the world, to-day. He is the one man who holds the scale balanced between peace and war.

After his conference with the Emperor he takes a walk in the magnificent gardens of the palace and then a frugal lunch. The afternoon is spent in seeing a few callers, or with his family or attending to some state business that demands his attention. But he knows, if he knows anything, that increasing age and physical infirmity demand that he shall have rest, and he takes it. His dinner, at 6 o'clock, is the heartiest meal of the day. For the benefit of thousands who may like to know upon what the great man feasts, I was informed that his usual dinner consisted of soup, a roast, vegetables, black bread and a light wine or beer. He dines out occasionally, but not often. Two or three times a week a few of his chosen friends are invited to sup with him. After this they smoke and chat and tell stories. Sometimes there is music, a song, and if not, an occasional game of whist is indulged in, and at 11 o'clock the great statesman retires. One day differs little from another. The bow of peace seems to be set in the sky, and there is nothing to trouble the old man at present. The details of government work he leaves to others; but he insists that he is as well as ever, and occasionally he surprises some of his subordinates by appearing unexpectedly on the scene and by showing that he possesses a great deal of information upon the minor details of government.

BISMARCK AND GLADSTONE.

It would be hard to find two men who are so radically different as Bismarck and Gladstone. Both have arrived at the age when most men have passed into senility, but both seem to be vigorous and capable of doing yeoman service. Bismarck differs from Gladstone in that he pays little or no attention to literature, and rarely, if ever, makes a speech. Gladstone, as all the world knows, is continually speech making or writing pamphlets, or discussing this or that ism, or plunging headlong into some work that many a younger man would feel unequal to; but Bismark, trained as a lawyer, schooled in statecraft as no other man in Europe, able to speak half a dozen languages, conversant with all the classics of the time, cares nothing for them now. He seems to have but one hope and one ambition. It is Germany. Few persons know that he is a proficient Greek and Latin scholar, and it may surprise people to be acquainted with the fact that in his early days he made numerous translations of Virgil and Homer. History and geography have always been his favorite studies. He would not be a German if he did not love music. He is a great admirer of Beethoven, and, while he dislikes everything that is French, he speaks in high praise of the realistic novelists of that country. In his younger days he was a great gambler, and it is on record that he has not bet on a card for many a day. He is a great smoker and prefers the old-fashioned pipe to a cigar. In personal appearance he is very stoop-shouldered, and when walking leans heavily on his cane. His clothes are ill fitting, but his eye is clear and the firm mouth is easily discerned through a gray mustache that hardly covers his lips.

There is scarcely anything remarkable in his house at Friedrichsruhe. It is absolutely plain. The furniture is of the simplest character. There are evidences here and there of the handwork of woman, but no great paintings decorate the walls, and his library is filled with a choice but inexpensive assortment of books. Portraits of his wife, his daughter and his sons, of Von Moltke, of Cardinal Hohenlohe, of Thiers, of Beaconsfield, of Gladstone and of the three Emperors under whom he has served decorate his walls.

THE CHANCELLOR'S HOME.

A recent visitor to Bismarck's home, in describing the place, says that although some of the rooms contain much that is plain, others show evidences of luxury and of decidedly historic importance. In the drawing room the floor is covered with a rich carpet, there are three fireplaces here, where, as soon as the cold weather sets in, blazing logs light up the room and make it warm and cheerful. There is an abundance of couches, sometimes two and three in one room. The dining room is severely plain. Its chief adornment is the bronze statue of the Emperor given by himself to Bismarck. There is a bronze imitation of Niederwald, which stands in a fine oak cupboard in the smoking room. A leaflet is attached to it, with the following words written in the Emperor's own hand: "Christmas, 1883. The crowning stone of your policy. A festival destined chiefly for you and which you unhappily were not able to attend. W." In Bismarck's study there is a small card table bearing a brass plate, on which is an English inscription to the effect that on the table the preliminary peace between Germany and France was signed at Versailles in 1871. When opened there appears the central round of green cloth with the very candle spots that were there when Bismarck and Favre put their names under the treaty. Bismarck often laughingly explains how he became possessed of this curiosity. It required some diplomacy even on the part of the great diplomat. The landlady of the house, who owned the table, obstinately refused to part with it for any consideration of money, so as a last resort Bismarck called in a cabinet maker and ordered him to make another table exactly similar. When the twins were put side by side the landlady, womanlike, decided in favor of the new and shiny table, and Bismarck triumphantly carried off the old one. If the Chancellor's study and bedroom is plain to severity, the guest rooms, situated on the first floor, are distinguished by comfort, ease and luxury.

A SILENT MAN.

It is a happy home, as those who have been entertained there will testify. In it its owner forgets, so far as he can, all strife. The torch of hate is put out. There is no thought of war, but instead there is feasting and music, the prattle of children's voices and an air of quiet and peace that bodes well for Germany. The silent man, the man of blood and iron, the man who has put the standard of statesmanship and diplomacy so high that his successors will have great difficulty in reaching it, the most hated and best loved man in Europe, is nearing the end, disguise it as much as his friends will. What his thoughts are amid the scenes of revelry in which his children and his grandchildren take part no one can tell, for he has few confidants, if any. If his life had been a failure in every other respect, he would still be great, for he has taught one magificent lesson to statesmen, which is the value of silence.

FREDERIC SANBURN.

RELICS OF SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

A Few Mementoes Still Preserved of the Persecutions of 1692.

New York Sun.]

In the busy little city of Salem are preserved a few relics of the horrible year of 1692, when a number of the best citizens of the town were hanged on the accusation of some poor, deluded persons, mostly girls in their teens, who asserted that they had been bewitched and tortured by the prisoners. The relics are displayed on a large stand in the center of the main office of the Register of Deeds. The first thing that attracts attention is a little bottle containing a half dozen witch pins. These implements are nothing more than the ordinary pins used two centuries ago, when pins were still manufactured by hand. The interest attaching to these specimens come from the fact that they are the very pins that were used at Salem to stick into the accused persons to see whether they were witches. If the unfortunates were hurt by this treatment it was a sure sign that they were witches unfit to live.

Beside the bottle of witch pins is the official seal of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before which the prisoners were tried. It is a little iron stamp fitted with a black wooden handle, and its impress is seen upon the only warrant for the hanging of one of the prisoners that has been preserved. This warrant, as it was written out by the Clerk of the Court, fills the greater part of a sheet of paper about foolscap size. It is written in a crabbed hand but is quite legible. It is addressed to the Sherif, recites the crime for which one of the female prisoners had been tried and convicted, and orders the Sheriff to hang her on a certain day. On the lower part of the page appears the Sheriff's return, written in a round, bold hand, certifying that he has carried out the mandate of the Court. Photographs of this interesting document are on sale.

But the most interesting relic is the court record of the trials of these unfortunate prisoners. These papers are kept in a large volume so arranged that every document may be read without being touched. Here are the affidavits of the ignorant girls and boys who tell of the tortures the alleged witches made them suffer. Here is the detailed examination of the prisoners, giving question and answer. The record was neatly written, and is still as legible as though it were recently committed to paper. It was doubtless written out each day by the clerk from his notes after the adjournment of the court. It tells the story of a great delusion, and probably no original documents that have come down from our forefathers are so replete with tragic interest.

CHARACTER IN TYPEWRITING.

The Writing Expert Not to be Baffled by the Little Machine.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The use of the typewriter does not baffle the writing expert. Men and women who use tpyewriters show nearly as much individuality in their work as they would do if they used a pen. It is harder to detect, but that is all the difference. Any business man who is used to reading correspondence from concerns which employ several typewriters can tell at a glance which one of the half dozen wrote the letters he receives. Signs of carelessness, haste, ignorance of punctuation or the profuse use of punctuation marks, a wide or narrow margin around the writing, some peculiarities in capitalizing—all these things carry meaning to the expert examining typewritten copy.

But the personal characteristics of the typewriter are better concealed by the typewriter than the person using a pen. Nervousness can be discovered, but the qualities depending upon temperment cannot. You can tell a hopeful, despondent, generous, close-fisted man by the work he does with a pen, but when he does it with the machine he hides himself.

Unknown Heroes.

Not to the brave upon the battlefield
Alone, the palms of victory belong;
Nor only to the great of earth the song
Of praise and pæan should the singer yield.
Greater the souls that, single handed, wield
The battle-ax against the hosts of wrong,
Unknown, un-noted, in life's reckless throng,
And only in God's day to stand revealed,
How many such, in patient, humble guise,
Beside us walk their grief appointed way!
Nobly enduring; worthiest to shine
As fixed stars in Fame's eternal skies.
For these, for this, I reverently lay
On their dear dust this little leaf of mine.

—*Overland.*

LONE WOMAN'S WORK.

Shirley Dare Gives Practical Advice to Widows and Single Girls

ON WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING.

Avenues of Employment in Country Towns Pointed Out.

THE WOMAN WHO GOES OUT TO HELP

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The case is old and sacred as the times of the first church of Jerusalem, when the earliest election of officers was for elders to see that the widows were not neglected. Widows and lone women to-day do not seem to have anybody to look after them in the church or out of it, or why should they write to a stranger those homely letters one knows by the envelope and writing from North Gardiner beyond Troy, and Gardiner Falls, Ia., Gardiner Canyon, Col., and Gardiner's Bend, Miss., not to mention the New England Gardiners, all bearing the same request. "Do tell us something a woman can do to make a living."

One letter that came while I lay helpless from an accident has haunted me days and nights, coming from a woman no longer young, saying in trusting confidence that she has very little to live on, was "lying awake nights contriving how she could pay off the mortgage on her little home," and begged to know how she might earn just enough to keep a roof over her head in old age. There is enough in that line about "lying awake contriving" to fill an outline of struggle, praying, toiling, trusting—the history of humble lives that will be very sweet reading in the leisure hereafter, when even tired women's work will be done, and sorely tired women's troubles ended. Then the memorials of life will be held precious as the rust battle flags and army buttons from jackets torn by shot on the field. You would hardly take the price of your homestead for that button and those few relics of the desperate fight which meant so much to you and yours. The time will come when we will not barter one of these bitter experiences of earth for anything heaven has to offer, but they will live with us, tender, sacred memories, whose secret lies between us and our Maker, and bows our hearts in thankfulness to remember. But

WHAT THE WIDOWS WANT NOW

is practical help, in pointing out ways to help themselves. The time will come when every parish will include with its church, parsonage, schools and social clubs, its church house, like those of the devout Moravians in this country, when the single women and widows and those left solitary and destitute find a home, out of their own means if able, but all, provided or unprovided, under the shelter and counsel of the wise men of the society, who look after the investments, collect debts and take thrifty care of business interests in which women go so helplessly astray. This by the way, as the suggestion also whether it is not better to take thought for the lonesome women before hand, so caring for their narrow incomes may keep them in comfort through age, rather than leave to the benevolent the tardy, fruitless labor of picking up the dropped stitches of a purblind life. Could not the deacons of South Gardiner, in their business thrift arrange things for that widow so that she need not lie awake weary nights over the mortgage? With money in "Governments" at 2½ per cent, why not invest a little in "preferred stock," lending money to struggling women at the same rate. Mortgages on real estate are good security, and it will make life and death difference whether people pay 3 per cent or 6 per cent interest. This also, is by the way.

Meanwhile, I would be, not the dove of promise, with the olive, but the raven to bring bread to these solitary ones. There are not a few homely helpful ways in which women can make their services valuable in any community beside the dressmaking, nursing, or taking boarders, which are the three standard vocations for women, and which must be considered separately before we are through talking. Take half the towns and townships in the Union where anybody who wants a ribbon dyed must send it to the city or do it herself, perhaps not to her satisfaction in either case. Men's coats need refreshing, and long cloaks and good gowns rusty with a season's wear would be useful years longer if the colors were renewed. Most women of mature age, in the country towns at least, know enough of dyeing to turn out a good black, nut brown, madder red, bottle green or indigo blue, the colors most in request.

AN EVERYDAY DEMAND.

I for one would be grateful to-day to find a clever woman who would take last year's cashmere, and the old indestructible American silk, and return them the same full black with honest logwood and vitriol which Mistress Lucy Perham used to dye in one of those thrifty Northwestern towns where domestic arts are still held in honor—towns which have the reversion of all the down East virtues. I can dye things myself, but I had far rather pay some woman who needs the $2, then take my mind off other things, for with writing and making pear syrup, drawing the plans for the new seaside cottage and grounds, doing up the window curtains and composing the ode for the town centennial, besides getting up the women's petition to the State Legislature, making new sheets and the fall dressmaking, that small mind has enough to do already. If I could only find a woman to come into the house, do up those shades and put them up when done, it would be a Godsend to all the housekeepers in the place, for shades and curtains are just the things which trouble and burden them more than all the rest of their cares. Everybody knows it is a nice piece of work to hang white shades so they will run true and smoothly. Servant girls refuse utterly to touch them, the laundries charge the price of new shades to iron them, and only the high priced upholstery houses send out men to hang them when laundried. The old fashioned luxury of fresh shades every spring and fall is forbidden to middle class families, and with it, we lose a dozen niceties of touch which gave a charm to homes of old.

In my mother's time there used to be a very important woman in society, some far off cousin of the best families very possibly, who undertook the finer performances for which good housekeepers always need help. She could be had by the day or week to do up shades and embroidered pillow covers, to retrim lounges and toilet tables, to clean and press the dominie's coats, to make preserves, mince pies and fruit cake, and quilt bedcomfortables—homely duties, but no artist in the exhibition was ever held in higher esteem than this artist of all work. Talk of your women of to-day who go out to dust china, arrange flowers for dinner parties or advise about furnishings! Their chief range is in the brains of the vaporing newspaper women who invent them. What society stands in suffering, perishing need of are the clever, capable women of domestic arts, who to some serviceable strength add the precision which comes of practice. There is a sphere for such women in town or country, or if they fail to find it in remote villages where all housekeepers are clever and capable, let them send their address to me, and I will find them places enough in towns. They used to be respected and valued by every householder in the town, sent for in the family chaise, treated as a familiar guest, and returned with store of fruit or nice things, or the reversion of a good gown, besides their earnings, and I am bound to say they were felt to be worth it all.

FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND WORKERS.

They were great talkers, like most women of force, but they were famous workers. And it would make a town woman tired to hear what they could do in a day. They survive in New England to this day, and I found one such woman the main support at a seaside hotel this last summer. She was a widow of good connections and had a small property of her own, but chose to add to her income by helping her cousin, another widow who kept the hotel. The laundress left, and the stout cousin took her place a while, and this is what she told me was a specimen day's work. Beside caring for 15 bedrooms, and helping serve dinner, she washed 56 sheets, 6 bedspreads, 37 towels and over 50 table napkins beside the family wash, the only convenience being a clothes wringer, and ironed most of these things. This woman was a grandmother herself, over 50 years of age, and her cousin, who carried on the responsible business of the hotel and did most of the cooking, was another spirited, cheerful dame of 75, though nobody would dream it, and had brought up eight children. Such were the women among whom I was reared for eight years of girlhood. In country phase they "knew how to turn off work," and in straitened circumstances they "went out to help," and no more honorable phrase could be devised or desired. They were the help and salvation of many an overwrought housekeeper, true sisters of mercy, though wanting veil or habit, and there is room and bountiful pay for their like in every age. Such mixed employment is the healthiest for women, far better than sewing day in and day out, and you don't find women who take it up broken down and aged before their time. On the contrary, all these skilled helpers I have known, lived past the common age of women, in firmer health and livelier spirits than any others. A woman who lets it be known that she is ready to go out by the day in families, to do the nice or the exceptional parts of housekeeping, and earns her salt at it, can be sure of liberal patronage. Let her go at it in a business way, and buy a few conveniences, mattress, needles, a raisin seeder, a sleeve board and sleeve irons for pressing the narrow, high shouldered dress sleeves of the day, a fluting iron, furniture polish, cleaning fluid, perhaps a pair of yard wide steel rollers for calendering window shades and widths of cretonne or cloth at home. Such linen rollers are sold in cities on installments, and manufacturers will find it to their interest to extend the system to smaller towns. A woman can provide herself with hot rollers and mangle, worth $50 in all, by paying $1 a week when she would never have the $50 in one sum in the world.

WHAT SHE IS WILLING TO DO.

Then she must let people know what she is ready to do. There is sure to be a boy printer with a card press in the neighborhood who will be delighted to print a hundred business cards for a dollar or less, saying that Mrs. Blank goes out in families by the day or hour to do fine cooking and baking cake, preserving, putting up shades and curtains, refushing clothes, and doing fine laundry and toilet work. Orders taken at home, also for dyeing once a fortnight or a month as may be. Leave these cards where they will do the most good, at the railway station, the postoffice, news stand and confectionery. Enclose some by mail to the families likely to have work. And then my dear woman, let me give you the key to success, or file the word which oftenest keeps it from turning—be ready for the first chance that offers at a moment's notice.

Write this down in your mind, and bend every effort toward making it good. To hear the frantic wail that goes up from the prisoners of poverty one would say women desired nothing so much as the chance to earn. Yet never in a lifetime can I remember going to a woman for help, whether in typewriting, dressmaking, sewing or housekeeping that she was ready to undertake work at once. No matter what the emergency, or how liberal the pay, or how much her need. She was never ready at the call to put on her apron and set to work. She wanted to see her cousin across the river, or to wash out a few collars, or finish a dress, or pay a call or do something which put off the order a day and a half or till the week after next, which might well be the week after never.

LITERARY WOMEN

are the only ones who seem to have the slightest notion of the value of time, and who are able to sit down in the middle of affairs to do the work wanted in an hour. I have known one, a housekeeper too, wind up her affairs and leave at 24 hours' notice for the farther side of the continent, or leave Chicago to live in New York in the same space, or whisk away, finding three lines at the office, to catch the next train for a camp-meeting in the heart of a southern pine forest. A newspaper woman can write with the blotting pad, propped by the sleeping baby on her knee, or sitting up in her sick bed, or flat on her back, when too disabled to sit up, but the average woman, in debt and half starving, must take her own salvation. Perhaps this slackness of fibre keeps her always poor and in want. But do you, who wish to find your way made secure and easier, be ready for a call. Have your clothes ready, your working dress and apron at hand, and make your mind to drop personal interests, or keep them so in hand as to be able to say, when an employer asks "How soon can you come?" to surprise her with the answer, "At once, if you want me." Women commonly want as much room to swing round as a ship does. Do you learn to turn on a pivot and stop at a touch. In short, be ready for good fortune when it appears.

SHIRLEY DARE.

PRETTY FACES IN WATCHES.

Wives and Sweethearts Now Carried Around in Chronometers.

New York Morning Journal.]

"Try and bring out the soft expression of the eyes, and be sure to have the hair deep brown as in life, won't you?"

A swell young grain broker stood in a John street jeweler's talking with the head of the house. As he spoke he snapped the chain from his heavy gold watch and placed the time-piece on the counter.

"We will make a perfect likeness of the young lady, have no fear of that," said the jeweler. With another injunction to be exceedingly particular about the eyes, the Produce Exchange man left the store.

"Photographs in watches are becoming very popular," said the manager of the house to a *Journal* reporter, who stood at an adjoining counter. "The young gentleman whose order we have just taken wishes the portrait of his intended wife placed in his chronometer. The face of the young lady will be photographed directly on the inner case of the watch.

"During the past month we have taken orders for over 300 photographs. Here is one of ex-Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn. Isn't it an excellent likeness?"

"What does it cost to put a man's best girl inside his watch?"

"About $15. All our work is done by a French photographer uptown, and once a pretty face is placed in a watch by his method it will remain as long as the watch lasts. And another thing," said the jeweler, with a sly wink, "once a fellow places the picture of his sweetheart or, if he is married, his wife in his watch, the chances are 99 to 1 that it will never find its way to a pawnbroker's."

SWEETMEATS ON A STRING.

A Peanut Vender Whose Customers Are Very Far Above Him.

Detroit Sunday News.]

A dealer in peanuts, bananas and confectionery, who is located at the corner of Grand River and Washington avenues, has a valuable clientage in the girls who find employment in the big building of the Western Knitting Company, under whose shadow he does business. Those who pass that corner during the morning or afternoon may have been moved to sympathy for a man who never seemed to be selling anything, and whose business appeared too be to dull even to pay a small interest on his investment.

However, those who have passed at the noon hour can readily understand how this shrewd dealer in sweetmeats, who so well understands the feminine weakness for confectionery, can afford to buy lots on the boulevard and build houses to rent. When dinner time comes the pennies and nickles fairly shower down upon this fortunate dealer from nearly every window on his side of the building, and they are followed by strings to which he attaches bananas, caramels, chewing gum, etc., according to the taste of the purchaser. Since he has a monopoly of the patronage of something less than 500 girls, it is no wonder that he contemplates a winter residence in Florida, and a retirement, within a few years, to a life of ease and luxury.

A NERVOUS PEOPLE.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton Talks on the Increase of Nervousness.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE BRAIN.

We Think Too Much of Business and Too Little of Pleasure.

BRAIN FOOD A DELUSION AND A SNARE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The brain is one of the most delicate organs of the body. Doctors have more trouble in curing any ailment of the brain than in tending to any other disease of the body. Brain troubles are very numerous. Nervousness, insomnia and dyspepsia are three of the minor troubles caused by a disordered brain; while some of the greater troubles are general paresis, softening of the brain, etc. General paresis has been very prevalent of late, and many men prominent in their profession are now in insane asylums suffering from this disease. There is no cure, so doctors say, for paresis. Insomnia and nervousness are more prevalent in this country than in any other country in the world, and doctors claim that it is due in a great measure to the way in which Americans live and try to get ahead.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, of New York, an expert on brain and nervous troubles, says: "Nervousness is the great brain trouble in this country. It is caused chiefly by the continued strain of business. Americans take too little time to think about their health, and to think especially about their brain. All the time they are thinking of business; how to get on in the world, and how to make a fortune. Many of them would work 23 hours out of the 24 if they possibly could, and would then complain that they hadn't time to attend to their business properly. This continued strain on the brain is also the cause of so much insomnia that is prevalent. People who live in foreign countries do not have anything like the amount of brain trouble that those who live in this country have.

MORE HOLIDAYS NEEDED.

"They give themselves more rest than we take here, they