

been asked to give their views on the matter, and, if possible, suggest a remedy for existing evils.

Among the first to respond was Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. She writes: Mrs. Ives has told the truth in the September Forum. I could add to it an appendix that would show greater meanness on the part of husbands than Mrs. Ives has even hinted at for my facts.

EQUAL WITH MAN. What is the remedy? The status of woman must be equal to that of man. She must be the legal equal of her husband in all things, that she may become self-respecting, and may compel the respect of the man she marries.

THE REAL REMEDY. And, finally, marriage must be lifted to a higher plane than it now occupies. It must be the union of two equals before the law.

A REMNANT OF BARBARISM. Lucy Stone Tells Where the Admitted Evil Customs Had Their Origin.

Lucy Stone presents the following facts and arguments in support of her contention that actual life to bring husbands to a realizing sense of the pauperized condition of their wives:

It is the cruel and barbarous old common law that is at the bottom of the impetuous poverty-stricken condition of the American wives. This law at the marriage ceremony gave all the personal property of a wife to her husband.

A MODERN EXAMPLE. The wife of a well-to-do business man, all her life had to ask for every cent she needed, and to return the unpaid balance.

THE EVIL OF PIN-MONEY. Any woman who doesn't like to explain her money habits to her husband is a woman who doesn't like to explain her money habits to her husband.

THE AGE OF SPECULATION. How a Quiet-Loving Citizen Fared at the Hands of the Small Boy.

A SEPARATE PURSE. Independence is One of the Great Desiderata of a Woman's Life.

A FAMILY BANK. Enigne Scheme by Which an East End Couple Dispose of Finances.

How Did He Know. "Quality, my dear brethren, counts for a good deal more than quantity in this world.

Why, I have actually grown wiser. I do not

BEAT THE MORMONS.

How Two Tennessee Women Escaped From Too Much Marriage.

A STARTLING TALE IN DIALECT.

Biddy was a Yankee Soldier's Daughter and Had Lots of Pinck.

PROSPECTIVE ELDER IN A BLANKET

ESTABLISHED OF THE DISPATCH. ESTABLISHED OF THE DISPATCH.

August and September through the wildest, most beautiful and picturesque country I have ever seen.

I came to-day upon a romance, ready-made to a novelist's hand. Frodo and I had trolled on all morning under gray skies.

My customary "hello" brought out a woman with a baby in her arms, who said I could get some dinner.

"Your daughter don't look like the mountain folks," I ventured after she had talked a little.

"Well, I was a Yankee soldier's daughter and had lots of pinck." I said to her.

"I'm glad to see you," she said, and I saw that she was a Yankee soldier's daughter.

While I was eating my dinner I noticed hung on the wall of the cabin a pair of fine buckskin riding gloves.

"I suppose I must have looked impudently astonished and inquisitive, for she chuckled and said: 'You are a Yankee soldier's daughter, aren't you?'

"I'm glad to see you," she said, and I saw that she was a Yankee soldier's daughter.

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GOSSIP FROM VENICE.

Chat With One of the Members of Mr. Carnegie's Coaching-Trip.

A GAS CITY COUPLE'S ADVENTURE.

Frolic on the Water With a Royal Party as the Attraction.

AMERICAN STUDENTS ON THE TRAMP.

VENICE, September 24.—I lately had the pleasure of passing a very pleasant evening at the Cafe Florian with Felix Moschelles,

"We was a powerful quiet family that day. Neither me nor Biddy spoke to 'ole man wuzan, an' she was in my room at the hotel."

"I had rolled up neat eye please an' took a little nap. 'Set down on his head, Maw, he'll holler next, sez she, 'like he wuz a 'recons boss.'"

"I kinder hate ter 'im so bad," sez I, while she was a-talking.

"Hate to see Biddy, given 'in head a rap with her knuckles like towa folks does whenst they was to come in."

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SAILING IN CLOUDS.

Trip on Titicaca, the Highest Navigable Lake on the Globe.

IT HAS NO BOTTOM AND NO OUTLET.

An Island Upon Which Criminals Frose or Starved to Death.

VISIT TO PROFESSOR ORTON'S GRAVE

CONCORDANCE OF THE DISPATCH.—Afloat on Lake Titicaca, but, however, sailing the highest navigable water on the globe,

"No he was from New York. Perhaps the Signor could tell how many days it took to get to the island."

"Well, the letter was couched in the most loving terms and would create much amusement in a breach of promise."

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A STAMMERER MAN'S WOR.

He Offended a Heavy Man and the Latter Used His Fist.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

A Good Piece of Advice for Spritless as Well as Many Other People.

"Keep your mouth shut and you can win," was the advice I heard a Western man giving to a young sprinter of his acquaintance.

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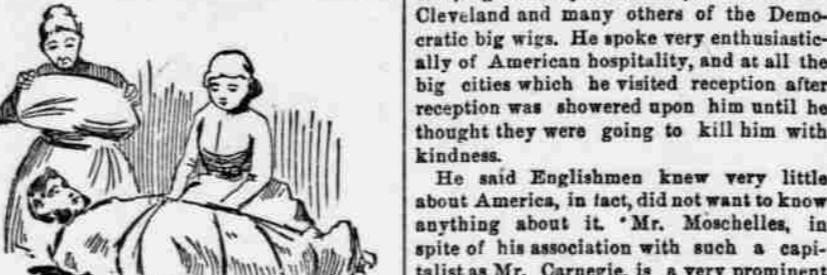
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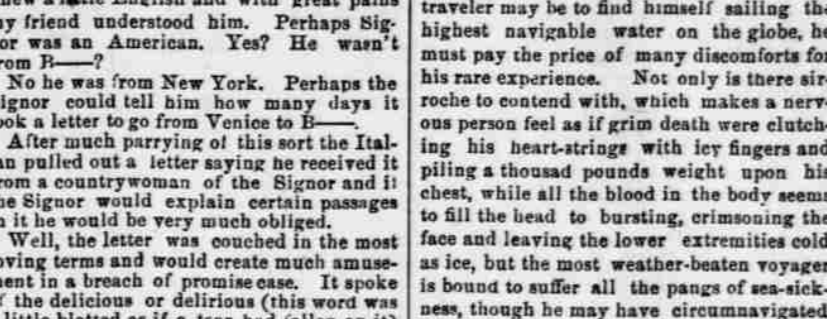
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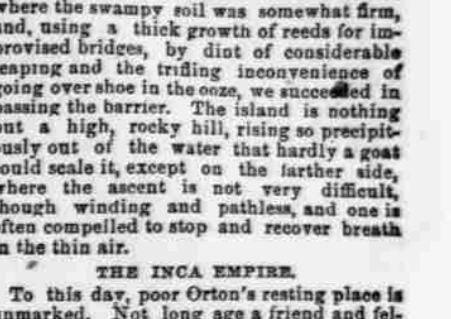
Tying Up the New Elder.



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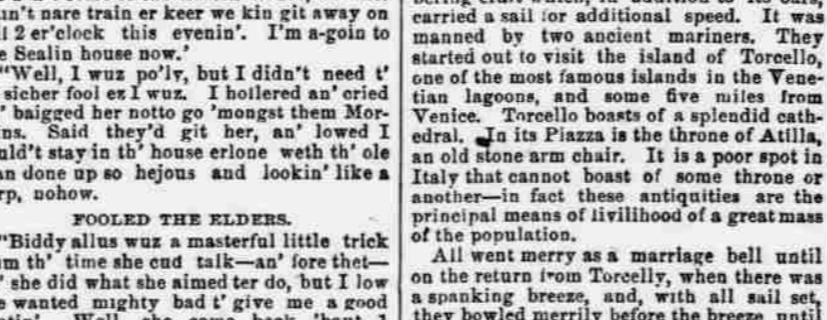
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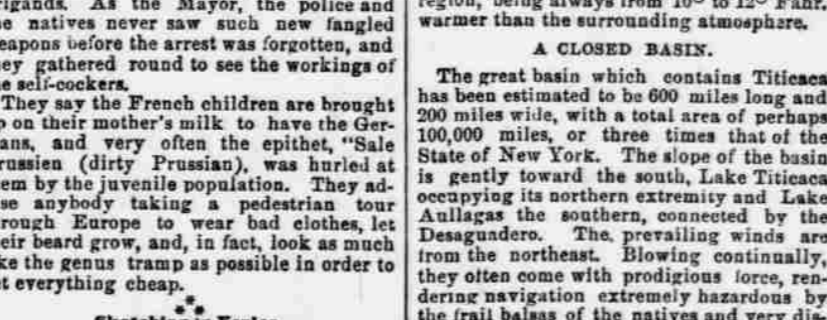
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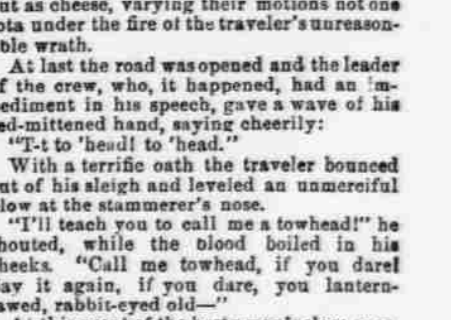
The Stat Smoking at the Door.



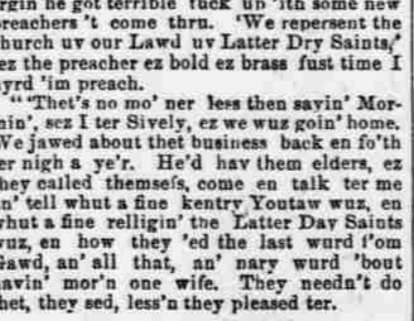
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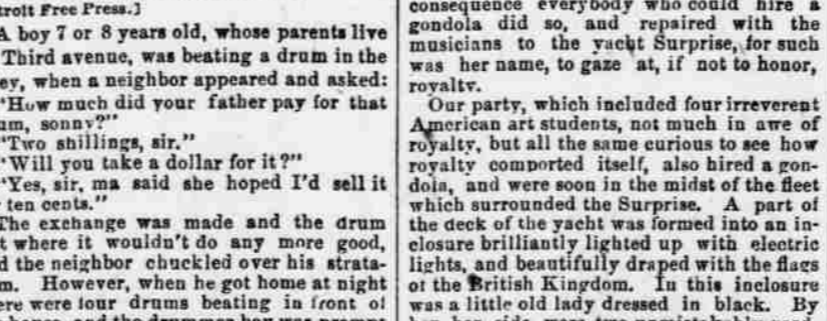
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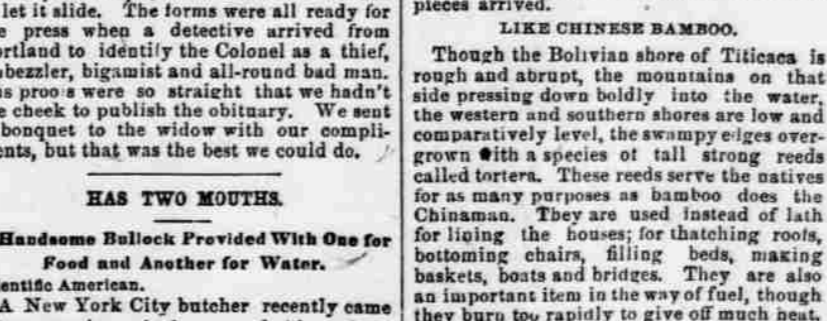
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Mr. Cleveland's Cottage.



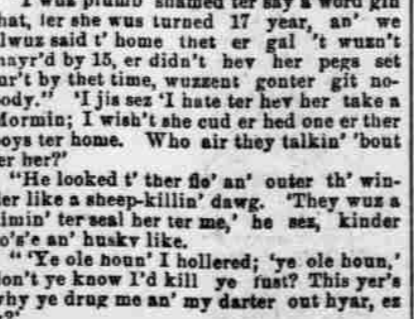
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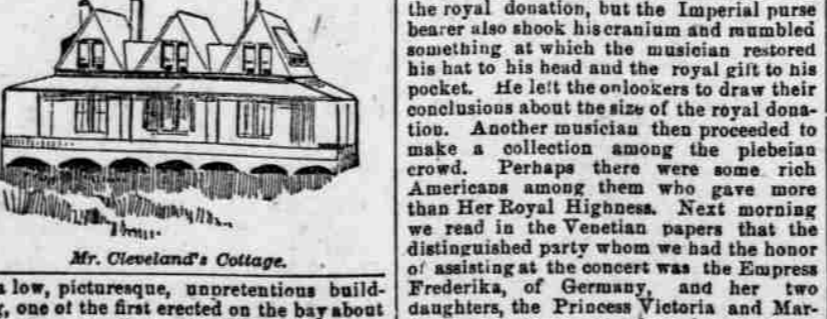
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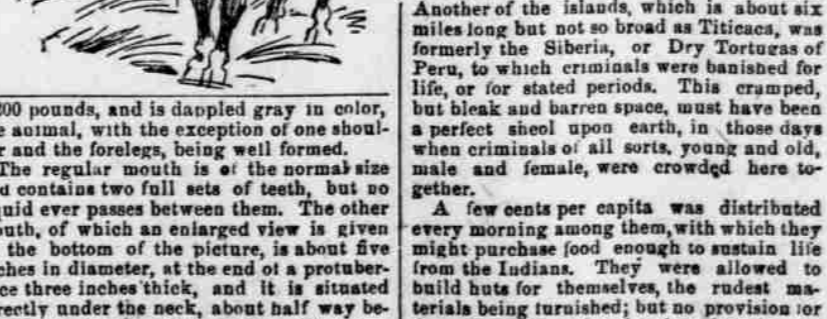
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