

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 theory that from 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 modern 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 the equality of her husband and her own property is a bright and ready pen, and is, therefore, known in the world of letters as well as the world of art.

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. Ten cents with bad whisky will make a man feel like a champion, while a thousand dollars of good whisky will make him feel like a child."

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.

August and September through the wildest, most beautiful and picturesque country I have ever seen. I am now set out on the road that will take me home. There are, however, some 400 miles yet to be made before I rest; the route lies directly through the country of "Lo," and the names of Standing Indian, Fenner, Creech, Blood, Rock, Hawk, Hanging Dog and Chucky Gak confront me.

I go now directly to Quantawan, the principal settlement of the North Carolina Indian reservation. Myself and my black mare Phoebe go alone, but like Phil Sheridan, "we are not afraid."

I came to-day upon a romance, ready-made to a novelist's hand. Phoebe and I had tarred on all morning under gray skies and came at noon, in a burst of repentant sunshine, to a tiny cabin perched on a spur of Big Black Mountain, overlooking one of the most wonderful views of this wonderful country.

A YANKEE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER. My customary "hello" brought out a woman with a baby in her arms, who said I could get some dinner. She bustled in the house to get me something to eat, a merry, red-haired old woman with a "tip-tilted" nose and a mouth that was continually smiling, and left me to talk to an old woman smoking a pipe on the porch, whom she addressed as "Maw."

"Your daughter don't look like the mountain folks," I ventured after she had talked a little. "Maw" said the old woman who showed track of having been a typical mountain beauty, her thick, half gray hair having still a riotous curl, and which she filled me with envy.

"Well, I was po'ly, but I didn't need 't becher fool ez I wuz. I holered an' cried for nigh six years, but I was only chile ez my father wuz. I was po'ly, but I didn't need 't becher fool ez I wuz. I holered an' cried for nigh six years, but I was only chile ez my father wuz."

POOLED THE ELDER. "Biddy allus wuz a masterful little trick 'um th' she did what she aimed ter, but I low she wuz mighty bad 't give me a good time ez she wuz. Bein' oneasy in her min' she hed cried most 't' time, an' she wuz never wuz her paw didn't come, and they never wuz her paw didn't come, and they never wuz her paw didn't come."

A REMINDER OF UTAH. While I was eating my dinner I noticed hung on the wall of the cabin a pair of fine buckskin riding gloves embroidered in colorful silk and blue, and exactly like them at home, sent me from Utah by a friend, and I was, of course, surprised to see anything of the sort here.

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

A SEPARATE PURSE. Independence is One of the Great Desiderata of a Woman's Life. Mrs. Harriet H. Robinson is not only well known as a speaker and writer in favor of woman suffrage, but it is also deeply and actively interested in all that pertains to woman's welfare and advancement.

A FAMILY BANK. Enigne Scheme by Which an East End Couple Dispose of Finances. A well-known lady of the East End responded to the request for her opinion with unusual freedom. Her desire that her name be withheld must be respected, but she offers the nom de plume of "A Satisfied Wife," over which she says:

How Did He Know. "Quality, my dear brethren, counts for a good deal more than quantity in this world. Ten cents with bad whisky will make a man feel like a champion, while a thousand dollars of good whisky will make him feel like a child."

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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, an English artist, and son of the great musician of that name. He was accompanied by his wife, who is a German, but who speaks English like a daughter of Albion.

Two American students, Mr. Townsend, son of Editor Townsend, of the Great Bend Tribune, Kansas, and Mr. Sellac, of North Carolina, recently arrived in Venice, having walked all the way from Paris.

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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.

PUNO, Peru, September 6.—Afloat on Lake Titicaca, but, however, sailing the highest navigable water on the globe, he must pay the price of many discomforts for his rare experience. Not only is there a narrow channel to contend with, which makes a narrow person feel as if grim death were clutching his heart-strings with icy fingers and piling a thousand pounds weight upon his chest, while all the blood in the body seems to fill the head to bursting, crimsoning the face and leaving the lower extremities cold as ice, but the most weather-beaten voyager is bound to suffer all the pangs of sea-sickness, though he may have never navigated the globe without a qualm of it.

Consulting a map of South America, you will find Titicaca about midway down the continent, but only 325 miles inland from the Pacific. It lies at an altitude of 12,500 feet above the level of the sea in an enormous basin whose eastern border is bounded by the lofty Cordillera of the Andes, an untrodden, snow-crowned wall, several miles high, which rises to a height of 15,000 feet and discharges into Lake Aullagas away to the southward.

In shape the lake is an irregular oval, though almost circular in plan, 120 miles long, its greatest width being about 50 miles. It has an average depth of 1,000 feet, but in many places lies and plummet the bottom. Though many rivers flow into it, there is no visible outlet except the Desaguadero river, a broad, deep, swift but turbulent stream, 170 miles long, which itself discharges into Lake Aullagas 600 feet to the southward.

The latter lake very little is known except that it has no outlet, and is supposed to be subterranean, though receiving the drainage of the great upper basin and having several other powerful feeders besides the latter. Surveys of the mountains show into it, there is no visible outlet except the Desaguadero river, a broad, deep, swift but turbulent stream, 170 miles long, which itself discharges into Lake Aullagas 600 feet to the southward.

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It was never attempted, and to swim any distance in these icy waters is impossible. WHERE OUR LIVES LIES BURIED.

The saddest of all the islands in Lake Titicaca is one very near to Puno, called San Estevan (Saint Stephen), which has become a Protestant graveyard. The latest addition to this desolate cemetery was made when Prof. Orton died. The well-known author and scientist, from Fougheepie, N. Y., died of consumption, brought on by over-work and the inhospitable climate of this far-away land; and when he knew that the end was near, requested that his remains be laid on the top of San Estevan. We made a pilgrimage to the spot in honor of his memory, going out from Puno in a canoe, against the protests of the villagers who assured us that we could not possibly land anywhere on the island, it being completely surrounded by an impassable marsh.

Paddling all around it we found a place where the swampy soil was somewhat firm, and, using a thick growth of reeds for support, we stepped on the island, which was a high, rocky hill, rising so precipitously that it was almost impossible to scale it, except on the farther side, where the ascent is not very difficult, though winding and pathless, and one is never allowed to stop and recover breath in the thin air.

THE INCA EMPIRE. To this day, poor Orton's resting place is unmarked. Not long ago a friend and fellow-professor, from Rochester, N. Y., came here and found it would cost perhaps \$1,000 to have one erected. It was on account of Lake Titicaca that, as tradition affirms, the Incas, or the great civilization of this hemisphere, sprang from the sun. Scattered all over its great basin are ruins of ancient architecture, singular in character, and having an antiquity greater than any other of ancient civilization on this hemisphere. Not an uninteresting relic, this, for the development of an original civilization like that which carved its monuments in marble and left a mark on the face of the Tianduanco, of which no tradition remains except that they were the work of the giants of old, who built them in a single night.

STAMMERER MAN'S WOR. He Offended a Heavy Man and the Latter Used His Fist. Lewiston Journal.

The heavy man takes as natural a mistake as the cockroach to the nests of its neighbors. I remember one winter a specimen of this class was driving along a narrow road, when he was overtaken by a man who came to an impassable drift. The day was bitter cold, the man was in an unparallelled hurry, and, of course, frantically impatient with the slow progress of the heavy man. Though Nature had done her best to prepare him for just such an event by wrapping him in 200 pounds of fat, and covering his head with a mass of hair, he nevertheless frequently foundered near the shore where the bays are shallow. This mysterious body of water exercises a very marked and important influence on the climate of the entire region, being always from 10° to 12° Fahrenheit warmer than the surrounding atmosphere.

A CLOSED BASIN. The great basin which contains Titicaca has been estimated to be 600 miles long and 200 miles wide, and to contain perhaps 100,000 miles, or three times that of the State of New York. The slope of the basin is gently toward the south, Lake Titicaca occupying its northern end, and Lake Aullagas the southern, connected by the Desaguadero. The prevailing winds are from the northeast. Blowing continually, they often come with prodigious force, raising a terrific sea, and driving the boats of the natives and very disagreeable, if not dangerous, by the steamers. Before the comparatively recent introduction of the latter, the boats were made of cane and covered with rushes woven together, were the only boats on the lake.

The steamers, which by light squeezing, were accustomed to carry 400 passengers, and 100 tons burden. Being never heavily loaded, they roll and tremble and toss about on the stormy waves in a way calculated to excite the nerves of the most courageous and courageous of the natives and very disagreeable, if not dangerous, by the steamers. Before the comparatively recent introduction of the latter, the boats were made of cane and covered with rushes woven together, were the only boats on the lake.

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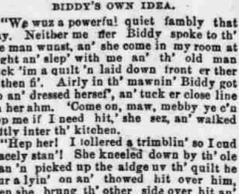
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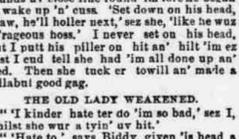
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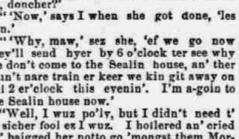
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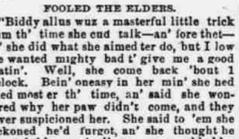
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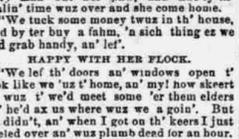
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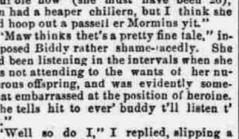
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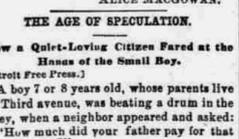
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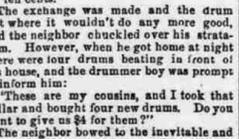
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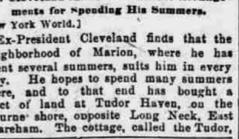
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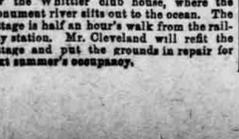
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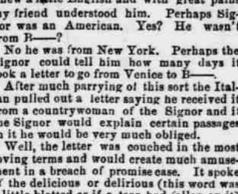
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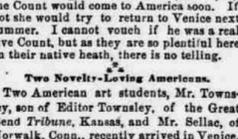
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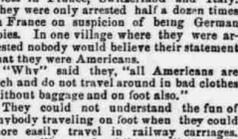
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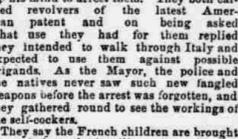
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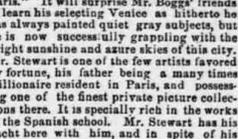
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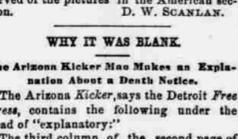
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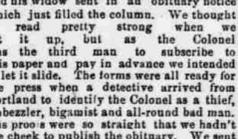
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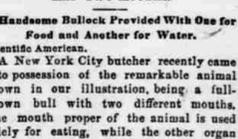
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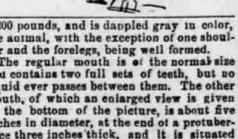
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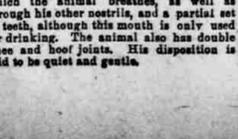
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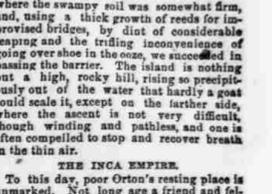
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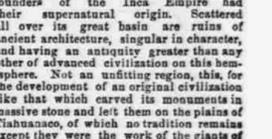
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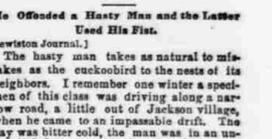
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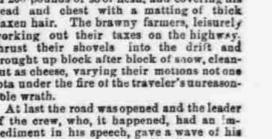
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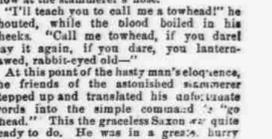
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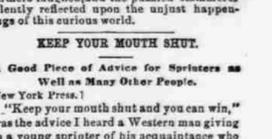
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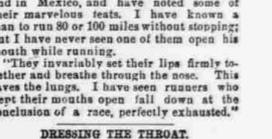
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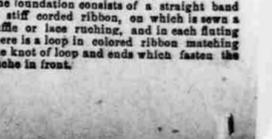
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