

A Woman Who Dared.

By JULIAN RALPH.

I have a story for the women's rights advocates to weave into their argument when they go to Albany this winter to argue for those privileges which the sex can have whenever it wants them, but which it does not possess because only a few women desire them. This is the best story I ever heard for a woman's rights argument, because it shows how a woman forsook her own affairs, invaded the man's field of practical affairs, and made him rich against his will.

The curtain rises in Minnesota. The scene is a view of a small tract of land—half farm and half garden—with a modest frame dwelling in the foreground. The principal characters are a man and his wife; type ordinary, age 40, means \$500 in bank and the cotage and grounds; aim in life, to work a little longer, to save a little harder and then to rest—to loaf along to the cemetery.

Unknown to this couple some expert prospectors in the pay of the men, who were then about to form the great steel combine have been spying out the land in that section, which is known to show signs of rich deposits of iron ore. These experts have all agreed that the little piece of land owned by this couple—together with the land on either side of their plot—promises a greater yield in quantity and a richer yield in quality than any other land in that part of the state.

But, as I have said, the married pair are wholly ignorant of all this.

Enter the hired girl. She speaks:

Hired Girl—A letter, sir.

The Man—Ah! What have we here?

The Wife—Why not read it and see?

The Man (keeping up the pretense of being the superior person and lordling it over the wife yet a little longer before the exposure of his wretched conceit)—How dull you are! How you would botch everything in your life were it not for me. A letter is not a morsel tossed to a hungry cur, to be flown at and choked down at a gulp. A letter is in a way the embodiment of mystery and the chrysalis of fate. It may break to us the chilling news of death—it may convey the tidings of a marriage, a birth—

She—Oh, it may be Thompson's bill for the fertilizer; but, for heaven's sake, read it.

He (looking at her scornfully, but reading the envelope, takes out the letter and reads):

"Chicago, Feb., 1900: Dear Sir—Some parties in this city whom I represent are desirous of meeting you to talk over the business outlook in your section and desire me to invite you to come to Chicago for that purpose. They hope that you will bring your wife and have placed at your disposal a suite of rooms in the Auditorium Hotel, which will be at your disposal from Wednesday morning next—

She—They want to buy our place and I am to go with you so as—

He (reading)—"A reply by wire will greatly oblige. Yours truly,

"T. Jenkinson, Sec'y."

She—I am to go with you in order that I may sign the deed."

He (taken off his guard, begins to reveal his inferiority)—Why, I believe you are right. I never should have thought of it.

The curtain falls, and between the acts the railroad transports the wedded pair to Chicago, which, to their western minds, is a genuine and magnificent metropolis. Its soul river, its searching winds, its easily avoidable dirt and dust and the troops of haggard, dyspeptic men, rushing along the streets and talking to themselves, seem to them necessary to and inseparable from a world's capital. Even the noise and bustle in the hotel and the combined efforts of all within its walls to destroy all sense of repose and comfort are, in their eyes proofs of the perfection of the place. Once shut in their splendidly appointed suite of rooms they feel deserted and lonely, and both are seized with an irresistible desire to drop down the elevator shaft, to squeeze through the crowds in the office and to fit themselves in the human hurly burly of the street and chase madly along the pavements.

He—I suppose if we should stay here a week we would both mutter to ourselves like true Chicagoans, saying over and over again, "Wabash 96 1-4, Consolidated condensed milk 102, Argonaut preferred 77 1-8." Would it not be glorious! How like being in heaven it must be to be a Chicagoan, dreaming stock quotations, eating stock quotations and breathing the air of the exchange.

She—And actually seeing the costumes of the ladies, which are bought with these same quotations—instead of merely reading about them in the papers.

Again the curtain falls, and when it rises they are still in Chicago, but now find themselves in the top of a 30-story office building, whose windows command an unbroken view of the lake on one side and of the city on the other—the latter resembling a squat body with numberless curving legs reaching to the horizon from a dozen directions. The city, or body, perspires steam and smoke as if it were a creature infernal, while the speeding trains make the legs of the octopus quiver as with life and movement.

The room in which He and She find themselves is furnished in the costliest manner. The mantelpiece is exquisitely carved marble, supported upon columns of onyx. The electrolites are golden. The furniture is carved mahogany rosewood, upholstered with rich velvet. The 24 snittons on the floor an-

pear to be bowls cut out of solid gold, and the heavy silk rugs are from the royal looms of Persia.

She—Ask them \$50,000, and do not take a cent less, if they want our property.

He (unconsciously abasing himself by surrendering to her shrewd guidance)—Would you? Perhaps we might not get so much. We only paid \$11,000 you know. But, Martha, I almost feel as you do. This is a palace. These people would not be scared if I asked \$50,000, would they?

She—Fifty, sure; may be more, but never a cent less.

A door leading into the room opens, and—enter four gentlemen. They are not especially portly. They wear no jewels, and their raiment is not noisy. But they bring with them an atmosphere of great worldly solidity, of luxury and confidence, and peace of mind. Though their dress is sober, it is made of the softest cloths, and fits them as maidenly modesty fits a girl child's face. They are white-haired, yet rosy faced. They eat and drink the best.

He sees nothing of all this. She sees and feels it completely. He is wondering whether he dares to ask \$50,000 for his \$11,000 place. She feels that for the first time in her life she is in the very presence of some of the fabulous fortunes of which she had read so much.

Remember that though I am writing this great comedy in dramatic form it is a true story of what really happened at the close of last winter. I had the facts from a very sober man of great affairs in Wall street—a man who knows and has accomplished whatever he wishes. If I told his name no American would question a word of the story. I am sorry I have not permission to add to his story the convincing hall mark of his identity.

The spokesman of the quartet of great millionaires speaks:

The Spokesman—You are Mr. — I presume? And I think we have also the pleasure of meeting your wife, Mrs. —

He—Yes, I am the man you sent for to come here.

The Spokesman—Well, Mr. —, I do not see why we should beat about the bush. We have been buying land here and there in the neighborhood of your little place and have taken a fancy to your piece of ground. We would like to make you an offer for it.

At this point the wife reaches over and plucks at her husband's coat-sleeve. He has been about to reply by asking the sum he and she had agreed upon as their price. But she pulls his sleeve so hard that he pauses and leans toward her. She whispers something in his ear.

He shakes his head as if her remark was a foolish interruption. He pulls away from her and clears his throat to speak.

Again she plucks at his sleeve. Her face is strained with excitement and anxiety, her eyes shine with eagerness and earnestness. He pulls himself farther away and she says out loud: She—Yes; yes; I tell you, yes.

He—Oh, you are crazy.

The Spokesman—May we hear from you, sir, what price you set upon your little place?

She (whispering)—Henry, do as I say. I tell you I am right.

He (disdaining even to look at her)—Well, gentlemen, the truth is I am not particularly anxious to sell. We bought that little place to end our days in. Of course, if money were made an object to me, I would part with it, but I would not take less than—

She—Gentlemen, will you excuse us a minute? I want to take my husband aside. I want to go into another room and say something to him privately.

The Spokesman—Why, certainly, madam; you can go into that room (points to a door). We are in no hurry and if we buy we want all hands to be satisfied.

He—I do not want to talk the thing over any more than I have. Martha, you are acting crazy. Gentlemen, if we sell our little nest we shall want fifty thou—

She (rising with great excitement and speaking sharply and loudly)—We want one million dollars. We will not take a cent less. I will not sign that deed for a cent under a million. We know you want it and you have got the money. A million is our first and last figure.

He, about to disclaim any share in this wild and senseless dream, is about to speak, but is interrupted.

The Spokesman—Very well, madam, we are prepared to give a million. If that is satisfactory we will have the deed drawn up and will ask you both to call again this afternoon or tomorrow and sign it.

(Last curtain.)

What kind of a figure does the "Woman Who Dared" (in fiction) cut beside this one—The Woman Who Did? There are plenty of men who boast that they never consult their wives upon matters of business. Some say they wish to spare their wives all unnecessary care. Others say that their wives have not brains enough to be of any assistance in the serious and practical affairs of trade. Let all such men ponder this story. This Minnesota woman is not unique, is not without thousands of counterparts among her sisterhood. It stands to reason, then, that a great many men are missing the shrewdest assistance, and are looking afar for counsel and for wealth while missing better than they seek, because it is so close at hand—at their fire-sides.

I am not a woman's rights man. I know that whatever rights that sex wants it can have on the day it decides to have them. But, all the same, this story makes a better woman's rights argument than any of which the agitators have yet made use.—New York Mail and Express

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—Fancy waists of all sorts are much in vogue. But no style is more popular or more generally becoming than the one which included



WOMAN'S FANCY WAIST.

the yoke effect, with round open collar. The smart May Manton model shows one of the very latest styles, and is adapted alike to the odd waist, and the entire costume. As shown it is made of wool crepe de chine, in pastel pink, with yoke and front of white Liberty satin, and trimming of black velvet ribbon, with tiny jewel buttons, and is worn with a skirt of the same; but all waisting silks and wool materials are equally appropriate.

The fitted lining closes at the centre front; on it are arranged the tucked yoke and front, which closes at the left shoulder, and the portions of the waist proper. The back is plain across the shoulders, and drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the fronts

ated, as it were, with smoked pearls and with ivy-leaf pendants, are one and all extremely pretty. Turquoises are well used with white or gray enamel beads and forget-me-not pendants, and any artistic jeweler could evolve a dozen different and equally attractive modes of blending the slender tubes and round pearls.

The White Fox's Tail.

There are white fox tails which dangle in a row from the ends of your new ermine pelierine or stole. Ermine tails would be ridiculously inconsequent if attempted, but the snowy fur of the white fox is conspicuous in beauty and softness, and so is appropriate to be used in connection with other white furs. A fox tail has something very handsome in its proportions. It is especially noticeable this season in fine neck furs. The tail is not needed on the muff, but it gives appropriate finish to a stole, boa or pelierine, continuing the length of the garment, and preserving the long lines now so much admired in winter furs.

Worn Well Forward.

In dressing the hair for an evening, whether it be spent at home or abroad, be sure that you pin your pompon or aigrette very well forward. Even if you arrange your coiffure low at the back of the neck. The bowknot does well in the street, and is gaining slowly indoors, but most of us comb the hair up on the head. The "forward wave" is so becoming to a youthful profile, and it sets off a profusion of natural tresses.

Spider Web Trimming.

A cheerful looking blouse of crimson flannel is ornamented half-way between under arms and the waist line with a broad, horizontal band of trim-



A FAVORITE BLOUSE.

ming. This consists of a series of pastels of black taffeta silk, cut out like spider webs, but having all the lines radiating from a common centre. The rim of the pastilles is deep enough to accent the circular shape. This is a stylish and effective little blouse.

Child's French Dress.

No style of dress suits the childish figure more perfectly than the long waisted one. The very pretty May Manton model shown is adapted to many materials, but in the original is made of pale blue cashmere, with collar of blue silk and trimming of black velvet ribbon.

The waist portion is laid in box pleats and is arranged over a body lining. The skirt also is laid in box pleats, but wider than those of the waist, and is joined to the lower edge of the body portion, the seam being concealed by the sash. At the neck is a becoming pointed collar that flares apart at both front and back. The sleeves are short and form full puffs that are gathered into bands. The closing is effected invisibly beneath the centre box pleat at the back. When desired the frock can be worn over a guimpe, thus making the high neck with long sleeves.

To cut this dress for child of six years of age, six yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with two and one-half yards of embroidered bands to trim as illustrated.



A PRETTY CHILD'S DRESS.

New and Stylish Necklets.

A new and very fashionable style of bracelet and necklet is composed of pearls and enamel "bugles"—to use the old-fashioned word for those long, narrow-tube beads, which are again in evidence. The bugles are black, white or colored. Black studded with white pearls, and with a black and white enamel shamrock pendant, are charming for mourning. White beads, with the faintest pink pearls, and little rose pendant, or green bugles punctu-

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A systematic war is now being waged on the malarial fever breeding mosquitoes along the west coast of Africa. The unsanitary conditions in the towns are being corrected and mosquito ponds are being drained.

A dispatch from St. Thomas, D. W. I., reports that an explosion of refrigerating chemicals took place on the royal mail steamer Para, which did so much damage to the steamer that she was unable to proceed. The boat had just been equipped with the Lavton fruit-preserving process to enable her to compete in the fruit-carrying trade, and the inventor was making the trip personally to observe the working of the installation. He and three of his workmen were killed by the explosion, and several others were injured.

A patent has recently been filed in the patent office for a device which applies power to an automobile motor only when the driver's seat is occupied. The instant the operator rises from his seat or is thrown therefrom, the cushion is raised by means of a spring, and this carries with it a plunger which shuts off the power, and the vehicle comes to a standstill. This invention will prevent runaway accidents from automobiles. When the application for this patent was filed in the patent office it was found that there were 23 other applications covering like ideas.

A new gunpowder is the latest invention. It is said to have been made by a private firm, and the Belgian government has just appointed some officers of the army to experiment with it. According to their statement this powder is insensible to shocks, even those of bullets; it remains unchanged in spite of dampness, frost or heat. It is even asserted that when in contact with fire it burns without detonation. The inventor claims that it is invaluable for coal mines, as the degree of heat created by its explosion is inferior to the one at which fire-damp catches fire. Its strength is said to be considerable.

A report recently published in Germany refers to mineral deposits which might be utilized in Palestine. This report states that the newly discovered mineral deposits lie on both sides of the Jordan and Dead sea. The salt deposits of the Dead sea could be developed into an industry. The waters hold magnesium chlorides and bromides and some potassium salts. Besides, there are the bituminous springs of Nebi Musa, which contain from 30 to 40 percent asphalt. The most important of all the deposits is phosphate. The fields of phosphate to the east and west of the Jordan need only better means of traffic and communication in order to insure their development.

Professor Woodward of Columbia university has recently printed a mathematical investigation of the effect of the secular cooling (and hence contraction) of the earth and of the accumulation of meteoric dust (and hence expansion of the earth) on the length of the day. Prof. Woodward concludes that the cooling of the earth in 20 centuries is not sufficient to change the day so much as one-thousandth of a second of time. So slowly do the effects of secular cooling accumulate that the day will not change and has not changed by so much as half a second during 19,000,000 years. But such cooling will finally affect the length of the day materially. Suppose, for example, that, initially, the temperature of the earth was 3000 degrees Centigrade, and that its cubical contraction was the same as iron. It follows that the length of day will ultimately be shortened on that account by nearly an hour and a half from its original value. The length of time required for cooling is immense. Three hundred million years are required to accomplish the first 95 percent of the progress.

Dynamite as Cure for Stomachache.

Of all the strange methods invented by man to separate him from his trouble the strangest is that devised by one Jose Diaz of the City of Mexico, to ease a stomach ache. To cure it he made a bolus of dynamite and inserted it in a detonating cap, to which was attached a thread of copper wire. He swallowed the bolus, and with the copper wire hanging from his lips went out to seek an electrical connection. He met a policeman first, and under questioning explained the situation. After an official consultation Jose was taken into the suburbs. He was made to lie down, and a long rope was fastened to his feet. Then the copper wire was made fast to a fence, and three policemen at the other end of that long rope drew Jose and the detonator apart. The dynamite remained in his interior department, however, and Jose is now shunned as a dangerous character.

Rainbow in a Clear Sky.

The appearance of a distinct rainbow in a clear sky, at Richmond, Va., created a sensation. The bow was visible for more than an hour. Dr. Taylor, the state chemist, explains the picture as the reflection of the sun's rays upon minute particles of ice crystals that have been carried high in the sky and by the cold snap of several days' duration. The heat from the sun is sufficient to drive the light through the icy bank, and in this penetration the colors that cause the resemblance of the phenomenon to a rainbow are generated.—Philadelphia Record.

Any butcher can break several ribs without hurting himself in the least.

Farm Machinery in Norway

Comparatively little modern machinery is used by the farmers of Norway. Here or there upon the larger farms you find an American mower or reaper or threshing machine, but the great part of the work upon the small farms is done by women, and they use heavy and awkward homemade tools. On account of the necessity of practicing economy, the low price of labor and their isolated situation, farm hands in Norway are expected to do anything that is necessary about the place, and the Norwegian farmer is a jack of all trades. He grinds his own rye and barley, shoes his own horse, makes his own hoes and rakes, whittles out the handles during the long winter evenings, and is usually able to replace or repair both household and outdoor utensils. In this respect the country is a hundred years behind the age.

THREE CHICAGO DOCTORS

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was in an awful state for nearly three years with a complication of female troubles which three physicians called by different names, but the pains were all the same. I dreaded the time of my



MABELLE L. LAMONTE.

monthly periods for it meant a couple of days in bed in awful agony. I finally made up my mind that the good doctors were guessing; and hearing from different friends such good reports of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I tried that. I bless the day I did, for it was the dawning of a new life for me. I used five bottles before I was cured, but when they were taken I was a well woman once more. Your Compound is certainly wonderful. Several of my friends have used it since, and nothing but the best do I ever hear from its use."—Yours, MABELLE L. LAMONTE, 222 E. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

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Significant Religious Statistics.

A strong and painful light is thrown on current conditions by the analysis of church accessions in the Presbyterian Church during the year ending March 31, 1901, by the accomplished stated clerk of the General Assembly, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts. He shows that of the 7516 churches carried on the denominational roll, 2141 went through the entire year without a solitary addition to their membership by confession of faith.

Almost if not quite as appalling, is the fact that of the remaining 5375 churches, 2509, or almost one-half, reported five or less additions each. The 2509 embrace the large body or ordinary and typical churches, outside of favorable conditions and of leadership quality. Of the 2776 churches receiving five or more, 1171 received ten or less, leaving only 1605 that reported over ten accessions during a whole year. No one could claim that this is a healthy spiritual condition.—The Church Economist.

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