

DISGUISED AS MEN.

WOMEN WHO HAVE LIVED FOR YEARS IN MALE ATTIRE.

The Manchester bricklayer who mistook himself for a man—A Mysterious Case of Modern Times—Woman Who Lived for Years in Male Attire—A Prominent Professional Man?

In the month of April, 1888, Mr. Thomas, an attorney of Manchester, was seated at his office, when a stranger was shown in. She came, she said, to obtain a divorce from her husband, who was a master bricklayer, doing an excellent business. She complained that he drank heavily and that under the influence of liquor would beat her severely. This ill treatment she bore patiently until he finally refused to give her money for house-keeping expenses, whereupon she sought a separation.

When more closely questioned, the woman unfolded to the ears of the assembled lawyer the following remarkable story:

The master bricklayer had at birth been relegated to the feminine portion of humanity, but being early disguised with the restricted life of girlhood he assumed masculine attire and appeared himself to a bricklayer. (The personal pronouns are apt to get a little mixed in such descriptions, so I will adhere to the masculine.) He showed an unusual knack in his chosen trade and soon became his own master. He was a handsome young fellow, and many maidens fell in love with the dashing young mechanic, and he finally chose and married the woman who became Mrs. Thomas' client.

Upon investigation this astonishing story was found to be strictly true. The bricklayer had acted as special constable for Manchester and had occupied other essentially masculine positions in the community, always being on hand when riots or any other danger threatened. The true sex of this esteemed citizen had never been suspected during the 35 years he had worn the disguise until domestic differences caused his partner to reveal the secret.

There is a well authenticated instance on record of a girl who adopted masculine habits, as one of the parties concerned in still living, knows of a striking example pertinent to the subject.

But few short years have been told since the final scene in this drama of real life was enacted. But to begin at the beginning:

There were two sisters, educated and refined ladies, well clothed and well high persons. Both of them were beautiful, one tall, dark and courageous, the other blond, small and gentle. The older girl made up her mind to adopt a bold course. She took the little money she possessed and rented and stocked a table stove in a distant city, where they were unknown to them, taking her sister, who stole quietly away.

In their new home they represented themselves as man and wife, did well in business and were universally respected.

Years passed. The gentleman (?) saved money, took up a pursuit more congenial to his tastes and became one of the most prominent men (?) in the city. The couple bought a beautiful home on Blank avenue, entertained and were entertained by the best society in the place. Everybody said: "What a handsome couple, she so delicately beautiful with her golden hair, he so sturdy and dark."

One afternoon, when the lady was "at home" to her friends and was surrounded by a laughing, chattering group, she saw, approaching across the room, with his eyes fixed upon her face, one of the best known physicians of the city. The man's face was so grave that she started, and her heart began to beat heavily with a foreboding of evil to come.

The doctor came up hastily, and without the least formal greeting spoke to her in a low, excited voice:

"Mr. ——— fell dead of heart disease in his office about an hour ago. Only one of the clerks attended him, when I was called in. If you wish to preserve the secret, you had better come at once."

The doctor was not one who believed in breaking bad news gradually, but it seems better he had adopted her always manner in these instances, for the poor little lady was entirely overcome, and shrieking out, "What shall I do?" she fell at his feet in a faint.

Well, the story was hushed up and came to the ears of only a few people, but it is a true story just the same.

Such instances abound. There is today in one of the great cities of these United States a prominent professional man who is a disguised woman. He is a well to do bachelor and is considered a very desirable party by matchmaking mamma and marriageable daughters.

To attempt to enumerate the cases of women who have temporarily assumed masculine disguise would be a hopeless task. Even such instances as are on record, doubtless representing a very small percentage of the real occurrences in this line, would fill volumes.

This unusual feminine attitude toward life, arising from many causes, is a matter of psychological interest.

We hear a great deal lately about the "abnormal woman," but the term "abnormal" is relative and should be applied with much discretion, or it will become meaningless.

It would perhaps be hardly accurate to use the word to describe even the class of women represented in this paper, but they may be truly said to have led most abnormal lives and may in consequence be of much interest to the student of the "weaker sex."

WHITE HOUSE MINSTRELS.

A Performance That Was Given by Willie and Tad Lincoln.

In St. Nicholas is a paper by Julia Taft Bayne on "Willie and Tad Lincoln," who were playmates of Mrs. Bayne's brother. Mrs. Bayne gives the following picture of one of their pranks: I went to the White House. As I approached I saw that it was standing in fact, but I noticed a strange grin on the face of an orderly holding a scroll across. Some soldiers lounging near at hand wore the same grin, which was intensified on the countenance of a negro coming down the walk, and this wild grin rippled and spread like a wave as I went on—orderlies, soldiers, doorknockers, all wore that peculiar smile. I set out on the way, and, "Up stairs, miss," the man said, and I heard him chuckle as he turned away. As I came along the upper corridor Tad appeared.

"Oh, Julia, come and see our circus!" he cried when he saw me. "We've got a circus in the attic. We're minstrels. I've got to be backed up, and Willie can't get his dress on, it's too big. Fix it up, will you? Hurry!"

I took a horrified survey and said: "A circus! Does the president know it?"

"Oh, yes, he knows it," said Tad. "He doesn't care. He's got some general or other in there. Come on, hurry!"

Willie was struggling with the fall long skirt he had brought down. He had seen Mrs. Lincoln wear it at an afternoon reception, while Dadd was a ruffled morning wrapper which he was pinning up in billowy festoons.

When the boys were nearly ready to go before their "audience," Tad began singing at the top of his voice. "Oh, Abe Lincoln, come out of the Wilderness!"

"Hush!" said Dadd. "The president will hear you."

"I don't care if he does hear, and he don't care either," said Tad. "We've got to sing that in the show." And I think he did. But some time after, as Tad was singing a campaign song at our house about "Old Abe splitting rails," Willie asked my mother: "Mrs. Taft, ought Tad to sing that song? Isn't it disrespectful to pa?" Tad kicked the chair, as he always did when displeased, and said, "Everybody in this world knows pa used to split rails."

Mamma explained why she thought it in bad taste, and Tad, who did not know how to sing, but was a great success. Every one who paid I cent went in. I think, though, it said "5 cents" on the bill. Servants, orderlies, soldiers, strangers, came and went all day.

THE MARINE ENGINEER.

An Officer With Very Notable Qualities Who Sold Him Guts Credit.

From the time, less than 60 years ago, when the first steam vessel crossed the Atlantic the evolution of the marine engineer has been rapid, but he is the one class of marine craftsmen that, above all others, has kept pace with the developments of this fast speeding age, and he stands today the most finished product of a century that has created more new types and more new occupations than any that has preceded it. The marine engineer today is more important than any dock officer, but his importance is as little recognized by the non-seafaring man as his identity is concealed from the view of those who travel in ships. Down in the bowels of the vessel, he controls not only the propulsion, but the steering, lighting, pumping, anchoring, ventilation of the modern marine structure, and on the warship he is even responsible for the manipulation of heavy guns. The eyes that steer the ship are those of the officer of the watch, but the brain that regulates her internal economy is the brain of the marine engineer. He is the real responsibility, and he is not afraid, his is the brain of the heart, that is given to those who serve their country or their employers with courage and devotion on the sea.

All the world heard of the gallantry of Captain Kane of the *Calliope* in working his ship out of the Bismarck anchorage in the teeth of a cyclone. Who heard of the struggle of the engineer officers with the machinery down below, and how they saved the ship and the names of them?—Pall Mall Gazette.

Recent Failure.

No greater opportunity is afforded the commercial man to exemplify the amenities of business than in a case of distress of his fellow man who has honestly failed in business. I say honestly failed because there are many such failures. There are the cases where the commercial venturist, once as the commercial gravedigger, the other as the physician with the bals of fellowship and brotherhood. The first will try to squeeze the lifeblood, but the second will stand and demand that, although it is stipulated in the bond that a pound of flesh shall be forfeited, one extra ounce of blood will cause the loss of that which he might have received. Swedenborg said, "Charity itself consists in acting justly and faithfully in whatever office, business and employment a person is engaged in."—Hard-ware.

An Old Proverb.

The proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," can hardly be traced to one independent source. The idea was expressed by Persius, the Roman satirist, about A. D. and is found in the previous form now quoted in Richard French's "Northern Memoirs" (printed in London in 1694) and in various later English writers.

WISHING.

I wish I were the fly that buzzes
Around on yonder wall,
For he can ride a bicycle
And not fall off at all.

I wish I were the bird that swings
Her nest in the oak green
Of yonder tree, fish in the air,
For home is always clean.

But most I envy the old wall,
So dimly and so dim,
For I adore the poster girl,
And she is stuck on him.

—Savannah Journal.

DOUBLE ROYAL WEDDING.

Ceremony Followed by the Most Splendid Feast of Modern Times.

Max von Bizer, who served as "a page at the Berlin court" upon the occasion of the double royal wedding in 1877, graphically describes the ceremony and attendant festivities in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "At 11 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of February, 1877," he writes, "the day of the wedding, we found ourselves seated again on a special train for the White Hall. As the royal procession entered the chapel at 12 o'clock, a magnificent chandelier, one of Montblanc's superb pendants. The illustrious group ranged themselves before the altar, and Dr. Kugel, court chaplain, began the impressive ceremony. As the wedding rings were exchanged heavy artillery boomed forth the king's salute of 101 guns. The royal families exchanged congratulations, and the cortege returned again to the White Hall for a short reception, and at 6 o'clock we were summoned again for the great wedding banquet. Unquestionably this banquet was the most unique of modern times.

"Covers for 150 persons were laid on tables arranged in the form of a horseshoe in the Hall of Knights. None but those of princely blood was to sit at these tables. The most noble and distinguished vassals of the emperor were to serve their royal master and his guests. The Count von W—— and myself were detailed to Leopold, king of Belgium. However, we were not linked in a chain of nobles along which the hands were passed to his majesty. Next the king and immediately back of his chair stood the commander of an entire army corps; next in the rear stood a court chamberlain, to whom we handed the various dishes. He in turn passed them to the general, who personally served King Leopold. The emperor, William I, was served by the most powerful noble of the empire. Count von Stolberg-Wernigerode, grand master of the hunt, carved the game; Prince von Plon, the grand cup bearer, filled his imperial majesty's crystal goblet with the rarest wines of the 'Vaterland.' But, curiously enough, none of the recipients of this royal banquet seemed at ease, with the exception of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, who was evidently much interested in the Grand Duchess of Baden, the lady on his right. They alone talked and laughed in an unconstrained manner. The wedding ball followed this remarkable banquet."

A Good Peter Pan.

The recent funeral of Miss Furtado-Heine, which took place at the chateau of Recouvenot, recalled a pretty story of a marvellous fete given a few years ago in honor of Dom Pedro II of Brazil. In September, 1890, the emperor, then but recently exiled, after a reign of 30 years, was staying at Versailles, passing the autumn months with his daughter, the Comtesse d'Eu. One day, as he passed before the iron railings of the garden of the castle Recouvenot, he saw the splendid hot-houses and the massive beds of flowers. Curious to know who lived there, he said he would much like to visit the estate. Miss Furtado-Heine hurried to receive him and showed him round the garden and through the hot-houses. "Madame," said Dom Pedro, "I see the vegetation of my country; the trees are the same, and I breathe and smell the same flowers. I owe to you the first joy that I have felt since my exile. Thank you, thank you."

"I hope the emperor will feel at home here," said Miss Furtado-Heine. "My door will ever be open to receive your majesty." A week after Dom Pedro returned and consented to remain to dinner. The walls of the dining room were decorated with rose leaves of every color and formed the imperial arms of Brazil. The park was illuminated, and a splendid concert was given in his honor.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Sea.

Pliny says that the sea was first invented by Demetrius, but, according to Apollonius, it was the invention of Talus, who used the jawbone of a crocodile to cut through a piece of wood and then made an iron instrument in imitation of it. The sea is represented on the monuments of Egypt from 3000 to 3000 B. C. As early as A. D. 1322 sawmills driven by water power were in operation at Ancona, and it is believed, before this they were in operation in Paris, driven by the current of the Seine. The first sawmill erected in the Norway fisheries was in 1530. Sawmills were numerous in Italy in the sixteenth century. They were not introduced into England until 1667, when a native of Holland built one, but was compelled to abandon it by the opposition of the populace, carpenters and other artisans, who saw no good in such a new fangled contrivance.

Neatly Stated.

Rather a neat way of stating an awkward fact was adopted by a recent applicant for a pension. The applicant had been wounded while his regiment was in retreat, but he did not say it in that way. "I received my wound," he said, "while marching rapidly in front of the enemy."

A Plain Case.

George—Is it true that your cousin is in love with Jack Fitzcocky?

Fred—You can judge for yourself. She eats her dinner before she opens his money.—Roanoke Gazette.

Life in Olden England.

In his youth Augustus J. C. Howe lived with his adoptive parents at a rectory in Shropshire, and of the life there he gives some picturesque details in the story of his life.

What a time was "a wash" at Stone, which was about every three weeks, it was a rule with granny that, summer or winter, it must always begin at 1 a. m. At that hour old Hannah Berry used to arrive from the village, the coppers were heated and the maids at work. The ladies' maids, who were expected to do all the fine washing, etc., themselves, had also always to be at the washhouse at 3 a. m.—by candlelight. If any one was late, the housekeeper reported to Mrs. Leycester, who was soon down upon them pretty sharply. Generally, however, her real practical kindness and generosity prevented any one minding Mrs. Leycester's severity. It was looked upon as only "her way," for people were not so tender in those days as they are now, and certainly no servants would have thought of giving up a place which was essentially a good one because they were a little roughly handled by their mistress. In those days servants were liable to personal chastisement at the will of the house and would as little think of resenting it. "You don't suppose I'm going to hurt my hand holding your ears," said granny when about to chastise the school children who were teaching, and she would take up a book from the table and use it soundly, and then say: "Now we women's let the children be beaten," and turn the child round and lay on again on the other side. Granny constantly bored her housemaids' ears, and, alas, when she grew very old, she used to box dear grandpapa's, though she loved him dearly, the great source of offense being that he would sometimes slyly give the servant's elbow a tip when his daily subsistence of brandy was being poured out.

Where Golf Began Was.

"A grand joke developed itself not long ago," says a Monte Video correspondent. "A native paper published a startling paragraph to the effect that the British war vessels were making soundings and taking surveys and effecting other highly suspicious operations near Maldonado and that they had landed an armed force with instruments and terrible unknown engines."

"The government was warned to prepare for an invasion or at the very least a second Trinidad affair. These revelations were apparently confirmed by a telegram from a newspaper correspondent in Maldonado, who said that he himself had seen 'those dreadful English' at their tricks."

"Before such a denunciation the authorities could not remain silent, and accordingly an official telegram was sent to the captain of the port at Maldonado for information. His reply was to the following effect: "It is not true that the English have been making plans of the port or manning lands at Punta del Este. What they have done is to mark out a golf course in English, and that they played before and which is called 'golf.'"

Japanese Alloys.

It is said that a number of Japanese recipes for the making of alloys which have hitherto been kept a close secret have been revealed by workmen engaged in making them. Among these is the casting of an alloy of iron and from 1 to 10 percent of gold. This, when placed in a solution of sulphate of copper, alum and verdigris assumes the copper or blue black hue of sword blades and decorative articles. Gscheidt's alloy is a copper alloy with 30 or 60 per cent of silver, of the well known gray color. Moksens is a compound of several alloys. About 10 plates or foils of gold, shadhu copper, silver and the last mentioned alloy are soldered together. In this hole are made, the plate is hammered out and put into the mordant. The finest Japanese brass, shaku, is given a coating of ten parts copper and five of zinc. The bell metal brachman is made out of 10 parts of copper, 4 of tin, one-half of iron and 1 1/2 of zinc.

Task For Adventurers.

A clergyman in a southern state was called to perform a marriage ceremony in a poor white settlement. After the knot was tied the mother of the bride placed before the guests refreshments in the form of eye whiskey. The pastor, by virtue of his office as a Christian minister, remonstrated with her for thus starting in life the new couple. The mother, a large woman, about a foot taller than the minister, placing her arms akimbo and looking him straight in the eye, said, "Look a yere, minister, yer kin yere to marry this yere couple. Ye've married this yere couple, now git."—New York Tribune.

A Man of Resources.

A good story is told of the late Count Gleichen when he was an ambassador in London. At a dinner party it was his hard luck to have to conduct to a lady of a taciturn and unresponsive nature.

To all his polite remarks she answered never a word. Nothing daunted, he continued to ply her with small talk, till at last she slowly turned her head toward him and deliberately yawned. The count was equal to the occasion. "Ah, madam," he said loudly, "I also have gold in my teeth."—Strand Magazine.

Velvet.

Velvet is manufactured by placing in the loom rows of very short threads of the material designed to be employed, whether cotton or silk. These are then caught up by the cross threads in the weaving and fastened in such a way that the floor ends present themselves all on one side of the fabric. The manufacture of velvet is so slow that for a hand weaver a yard is considered a good day's work. The machine made velvets are of course turned out much more rapidly.