WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Wealth and glory, place and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due.
Sounding honors or heaps of gold,
What are they all when *all is* told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter what we claim?
For we step from the cradle into the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same,
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend—
Tender caresses or cruel sneers—
What do they matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies and the long night nears,
Passionate kisses or tears of gall,
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant, or honored guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great—
All are racked with the world's unrest,
All must meet with the common fate,
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is all when all is told?

A VERY FAST DUEL.

SKETCHED FROM REAL LIFE.

May be you have heard of "The Fastest Funeral on Record," and other fast stories, written by fast men; but I'll bet a sixpence to a kid of mush, that you never heard of the fast duel.

It occurred ten or twelve years ago—yes, thirteen of them—when I was a youngster aboard the sloop-of-war Boston, in the West Indian Squadron.

We had just got in from a cruise up among the Windward Islands, and hadn't had much fun for some time, for 'twas in the hurricane season, and we had seen heavy weather enough to satisfy any old blowhard that ever smelt salt water.

The very day we came to anchor at Pensacola, however, we had a God-send in the shape of a fresh caught midshipman, who coming from the backwoods of Alabama, had never seen anything higher than a flat-boat, and was as green as a prairie colt in harness, and pretty near as wild. His name was Ezra Blizzard, and the Commodore ordered him aboard of us, as we had a couple of vacancies, one of our mess having been shot in a duel, and another did worse by falling in love with an heiress and marrying her, and resigning.

Mr. Blizzard, therefore was, as I said before, a perfect God-send. He was soon initiated into the duties of keeping his own watch, a watch for some of the rest of us occasionally; taught how to pay over his mess-money, persuaded out of a dozen of wine for his "footing," and made the victim of a few harmless tricks; such as having his hammock cut down by the head, when he was asleep in it—being baptized by a sailor, by getting a bucket full of salt water poured over him when he was sleeping with his mouth open—finding a dead rat or two occasionally in his pockets, or salt instead of sugar in his coffee, etc., all of which he bore so mildly that we began to consider him a regular spoony, and not calculated to become a credit to his mess in particular or the service in general.

To settle the point and determine his quantum of spunk, it was voted that he must be made to fight a duel, and the plot was made up between three of us, that it should be a harmless one, just to try his spunk.

Accordingly Hogan B——, one of the best shots in the squadron, by the way, insulted him in due form, and, much to our astonishment, was knocked down for his pains. He arose as wrathy as a mad bull, and would have pitched into his opponent on the spot had we not interfered, and insisted upon the quarrel being settled according to the "code of honor." Hogan therefore challenged Blizzard, at the same time insisting with us that the fight should be real, and not in fun, with cork balls as first proposed. But we overruled him, inasmuch as the insult he had given was uncalled for, and the youngster declined the writer's volunteered service to act as his second.

"Must I fight him with pistols?" he asked. "I could wollup the life out of him in my own way!"

"Gentlemen only use pistols—you struck him, and of course must give him gentlemanly satisfaction. I hope you are a good shot—he is!" I replied.

"I never shot off a pistol in my life, but I'm some with a rifle!"

"Rifles are not allowed in the code—pistols are the only weapons, and Hogan has a first-rate pair, has killed two reefers with them already!" I could see that Blizzard didn't like this news, but he tried to look calm, and asked when he would have to fight.

I told him he would have it out that afternoon, as it was bad to let the blood cool over such affairs, and accordingly in an hour afterward we managed to get ashore, with the case of pistols wrapped up out of sight in an old pea-jacket.

We immediately went out to the old Spanish grave-yard, back of the town, to heighten the effect, and as luck would have it, we found a freshly-dug grave, which was probably to be tenanted on the morrow. Blizzard looked at it, and wanted to know what that was for. We told him that the death of one or the other party only could atone for the blow, and that the grave had been prepared for the one that fell, or for both, in case both were killed. The youngter turned a shade paler as he heard this, but still he gave no stronger signs of backing out.

Reaching a little orange grove near the new-dug grave, we halted, picked out, and measured the ground. Myself and the other second now opened the pistol-case, and commenced preparing the weapons. Hogan coolly lighted a cigar, looking as ferocious as a meat-axe at his opponent, who nervously watched our movements.

"Blast the luck!" I exclaimed, pretending to try the lock of one of the pistols. "The main-spring of the pistol is broken—what shall we do?"

"Fight with the other—toss up which shall have the first shot!" growled Hogan in a fierce tone.

"Yes," said his second, "that's fair."

"No, it ain't! S'pose he gets the first shot, he'll kill me without my getting a shot at him!" cried Blizzard.

"Yes, sure as winking!" I added, "but then if you get the first shot you're safe. Trust to luck my boy, you'll stand as good a chance as he!"

Very reluctantly B. consented, declaring that he had never had any luck, but to his delight, and to our surprise, he won the first fire.

He was now more nervous than ever, and as I handed him the pistol loaded very heavily with powder only, his hand shook so that he could hardly hold it.

"If I should miss him, he'll kill me sure!" he muttered to me.

"Yes," said I, "but you mustn't miss him. Take good aim. I'll give the word very slow, bore him right through the heart; for you're dead if he gets a shot at you."

They were placed—the distance only ten paces, and Hogan stood with his arms folded, full breast to his foe, scowling at him as if he wanted to blast him.

"Are you ready, Mr. Blizzard?" I asked.

"Yes—but I—don't like to shoot at him so, and he standing there without a chance!"

"Come—be quick—no trifling, it is my turn next!" said Hogan in a bitter tone.

Blizzard's hand trembled more than ever, but his eye flashed, and he answered:

"I'm ready now—I'll see if it's your turn next!"

As I gave the word very slow, he raised the pistol, not as I had showed him, but with both hands, taking sight as he would with a rifle, and fired. Having held it a little too close to his nose, the recoil of the heavy-loaded weapon nearly knocked him down, and for a moment almost blinded him, drawing the claret in a stream from his nose. But to his utter horror and astonishment the first sight that met his bewildered eyes, was Hogan standing there with his arms folded, a most diabolical smile on his face, and evidently untouched.

"Oh Lord!" he exclaimed, "how could I have missed him. I had sure head of him!"

"You grazed his ear—that was pretty close!" I said by way of a comforter.

"Bear a hand and load the pistol—I am hungry—want to punish him and go to supper!" cried Hogan, sharply.

Poor Blizzard! He looked as though he would sink into the earth—he was pale as a ghost, but he had stopped trembling. He was evidently trying to nerve himself to meet his fate like a man.

"Is there anything I can do for you after you have gone, my friend?" I asked coolly.

"Yes," he replied, hoarsely, "write to my father and tell him that Ezra Blizzard died like a man—just as he told me to! cut off a lock of my hair, (here his voice trembled,) and send it to Mary Neal, in the same letter; poor gal, she'll break her heart for this. That's all—good-by, Buntline."

"Good-by, Blizzard, I am sorry for you, but it can't be helped," I replied, putting my handkerchief up to my face as if to hide my tears, but really to conceal the laugh that was trying to break adrift in spite of my efforts to look serious.

"Give the word slow!" said Hogan fiercely.

"The devil is in his eyes—he'll kill him sure!" I muttered, just loud enough for Blizzard to hear me. I could see the poor fellow begin to tremble.

"Are you ready?"

"No," said Hogan, "wait a moment till I finish this cigar."

Blizzard's tremor increased every moment—suspense was too severe. I added to his agony by again remarking in an undertone, that I never saw Hogan so deliberate and murderous.

At last Hogan said he was ready—and again said, "Give the word slow, now!"

"By heavens, I can't stand this, it's murder!" I cried, as if dreadfully agitated. "Run, Blizzard, run!"

My earnest cry, added to what he had already endured, decided poor Blizzard, and off he started like a wounded buck.

"Stop—stop till I shoot!" yelled Hogan.

"Stop, stop till you are killed!" yelled his second.

"Go it, Blizzard!" I shouted, at the same moment seizing a half rotten orange from the ground and hurling it with all the force I could after him.

The orange struck him plum upon that portion of his body named by philosophers as the seat of honor, bursting and deluging him with its juice at the very instant that Hogan fired his pistol.

Poor Blizzard heard the shot, felt the orange, and tumbled forward flat on his face, close beside the new-made grave.

"Are you killed?" I cried, rushing up and kneeling by his side.

"Oh Lord- oh Lord!" he groaned—"dead—shot in the back, too! Oh Lord—tumble me into the grave—I don't care, only I am shot in the back!"

"May be—I can stop the blood!"

"No, don't try, I don't want to live. I'm shot in the back!" he groaned. "Don't let Mary or father hear of it—bury me as soon as I'm cold!"

"Don't the wound hurt you?"

"No—no, nothing hurts me but being shot in the back. What did you tell me to run for? it was all your fault. I was ready to die like a man."

I could hold in no longer! I burst into a yell of laughter, and lifted up my principal to his feet. Hogan and his second came up and the cat was let out of the bag—everything was explained.

About the maddest person that I think I ever saw in my life, was that same Ezra Blizzard just at that time. He was utterly wolfish. He wanted to fight all three of us on the spot one after another, and nothing but our assurance that we were satisfied that he was true to the back-bone, would satisfy him.

He afterward became a smart man and a popular officer, and in real service by my side in the swamps of Florida, proved himself a trump card, and, though wounded on two occasions, he was never "shot in the back," except in that "Fast Duel."

Concerning Memory.

Memory is found in all healthy states of the brain, and consists of a revival in the mind of a past condition or act, says the New York *Ledger*. It is not enough that the original impression be renewed on the brain and comprehended; it must be registered, so as to produce a permanent modification of brain-structure or action, otherwise it passes from the mind and can only be vaguely recalled. A good memory depends on various considerations; one is healthy brain-structure, another is nutrition, and a third is training and culture. The young remember more easily than the old. Their brains are active, and there is an enormous amount of new healthy blood coursing through them at a rapid rate, and nutrition is active. Fatigue is fatal to good memory—it is then that nutrition languishes; but rest restores a healthful condition, and then the power of memory comes back again. As old age comes on nutrition is less perfect, and the cells of the brain in which memory takes place become filled up with debris of decay, become yellow, and actually lose their organized structure, and are no longer capable of action

A Hard Name Anyway.

Mr. Blobson—Didn't I hear you calling one of your little playmates hard names just now, Johnny?

Johnny Dumpsey (who is twice as erudite as his father)—Perhaps you did, pa. I don't see how I could very well help it. His name is Peter Stone.—*Burlington Free Press.*

GHOST OF LONE ROCK.

A Grandfather's Story.

BY CLARA M. HOWARD.

WAY back in the twenties,
Sum seventy odd year ago,
'Fore railroads were invented,
An' everything went slow,
Stage coaches were the fashion;
An' we hed our good ox teams
To haul the stuff to market
Thet now is pulled by steam.

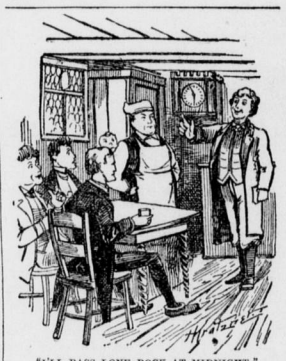
Among the crowd of teamsters
Thet gethered at the bar
Of the stanch old Halfway Tavern,
Kept by good old 'Zekiel Parr,
Was one, a sturdy feller,
Who often kem thet way
On his way tew Noo York City
With loads of grain, and hay.

I kin see him now before me,
As he stood thet stormy night
Sippin' at his glass o' cider,
In the firelight, warm and bright.
His hair wus brown an' wavy,
His eyes an honest blue;
His smile wus like a woman's,
An' his natur' brave an' true.

"Well, boys," settin' down his empt'y glass,
"What's the news about the kountry?
Hes the weddin' kum to pass?
Fer you know I'm quite a stranger,
'Tis six months or more since we
Last gathered here together,
In this pleasant hostelry!"

Then poured out a flood of gossip,
Jest and story went the rounds
Till the smoky oaken rafters
Echoed back the merry sounds.
All at once a silent youngster,
Who'd bin sittin' like a post,
Cried out, "Say, you, mister!
Hev you hearn about the ghost?"

Then a silence fell upon them,
While the wind howled long and wild,
An' the bravest man among them
Grew as timid as a child.



"I'LL PASS LONE ROCK AT MIDNIGHT."

An' they drew together closer,
Round the backlog's cheerful blaze,
While Tom, the tall young teamster,
Stared about him in amaze.

He smiled at their looks of terror,
And cried, "What do you mean?
What tale is this yer tellin'?
Where may the ghost be seen?"
"Ah, Tom, you doubt the story!"
Cried Zeke, the worthy host;
"But pass Lone Rock at midnight,
An' you'll surely see the ghost!"

"Come, tell me all about it!
What has his ghostship done?
Who's playin' tricks upon you,
Jest to see you brave men run?"
"There's never a trick about it;"
Zeke gravely shook his head,
"'Tis some poor, lone, lost sperit
Can't rest easy 'mong the dead!

"And you needn't talk of courage,
Fer the bravest man around
Couldn't face thet tall white figger,
An' before it stand his ground!"
Then a peal of merry laughter
Rang throughout the oaken bar,
Which made his listeners shudder,
And offended landlord Parr.

"I'll tell you what, good Zekiel,
I'm comin' back next week;
I'll pass Lone Rock at midnight,
An' the ghost's acquaintance seek!"
Then spake again the silent youngster,
"Oh, that will be great fun;
For, despite his boasted courage,
We shall see this brave man run!"

But Tom, the merry teamster,
With his sprit undismayed,
Vowed that be it man or devil,
They should see the specter laid.

* * * * * * *

On the banks of Susquehanna,
Where the river makes a bend,
And the darksome forest branches
Cross the water shadows send,

"CAUSED HIS MANLY FLESH TO CREEP."

Stands the rock, on which, 'tis rumored,
A tall figure, clothed in white,
May be seen to stand and beckon,
In the watches of the night.

'Tis a lonely place in summer,
With the sunlight breaking through
The tall pines clustered round it,
Shuttin' out the landward view;
But at night 'tis dark and gruesome,
E'en the bravest shun the spot;
Just the place for ghostly revel,
Or to hatch some devil's plot.

'Tis the witching hour of midnight—
Diamond-decked the wintry skies—
The lonely road along the river
In the deepest shadow lies.
An' a stillness, deep an' solemn
As the hush of death is there.
The snow lies white, untrodden,
Save for foot of deer or bear.

But the silence soon is broken
By the slow and measured tread
Of four big, brown-eyed oxen,
Fastened to the teamster's sled.
It is Tom, the brave young fellow,
Who has vowed the ghost to lay,
And as his patient oxen
Slowly plod the frozen way,

With wondering eyes he scans the summit
Of Lone Rock's snowy crest—
Yes, there stands the tall white figger,
Object of their eager quest.
He gazes but a moment on it,
Then leaps softly to the ground,
Scales the rock, and stands beside it,
Turns the figger slowly 'round.

"Ah!" cries he, "at last I have you,
And no more tricks you'll play
On the teamsters. O, the cowards!"
And he drew the sheet away.
But the sight that met his vision
Caused his manly flesh to creep—
Not a ghost, nor yet a trickster,
But a maiden, fast asleep!

For a minnit poor Tom trembled,
Half inclined to leave the field;
He, who feared no man nor devil—
All his courage seemed to yield
Before this white-robed girlish figger,
With her dark, disheveled hair;
With her midnight eyes wide open,
And her purty feet all bare.

Calling back his recreant courage,
Down the snowy rocks he sped,
Clasping close the lovely specter,
Placed her safely in the sled;
Wrapped her well in robes and blankets—
For the night was bitter cold—
Walked beside the patient oxen,
Like a stalwart knight of old,

Hopin' he might reach the tavern
Ere the sleepin' girl awoke.
But the motion must hev roused her,
For she soon sat up an' spoke,
"Where am I? O, where am I?"
An' she giv' a frightened scream.
"Who brings me here at midnight!
Or is it but a dreadful dream?"

"TO THE SOUND OF DANCING FEET."

When he reached old Halfway Tavern,
Callin' loudly to mine host,
"I've passed Lone Rock at midnight,
And I've surely caught the ghost!
So come forth, good landlord Zekiel,
Do be quick, and bring your wife,
Here's a ghost who needs her 'tention,
Would you save the critter's life?"

* * * * * * *

Once again from top to bottom
Halfway Tavern's lighted up,
While old Zeke and all his helpers
Pass around the foamin' cup;
For a weddin' is in progress
An' there is no lack of cheer.
Tom's the groom—the ghost's beside him,
But he shows no sign of fear.

The inn is full of strangers,
Who hev come from miles around,
To see the fun and hear the story
How the purty bride was found.
The oaken rafters echo
To the sound of dancing feet;
Tom clasps close the lovely specter,
"Never yet was bride so sweet!"

Thus he whispers, "Annie, darling,
Just one year ago to-night
Since, upon the snowy summit
Of Lone Rock's dizzy height,
I lost my heart, but gained a treasure
Far more precious than my life—
Ah! you little thought, good Zekiel,
I should make your 'ghost' my wife!"

Now, Tom's children's children—
A goodly number he can boast—
Listen while their grandsire tells them
How he caught the purty ghost;
Grandma, listens, too, intently,
While the old-time dimples peep,
As she adds, "Ah, yes, my darlings,
'Twas the last time I walked in my sleep!"

HARVEY, Wis.

Horse Meat for Eating.

Physically it may be distinguished from beef or mutton by its appearance, says the *Nineteenth Century*. It is coarser in the grain than beef. In this respect it resembles bull beef more than any other. It is darker in color and looks more moist than beef. It has a peculiar smell and a peculiar sweetness of taste. Its flavor is generally considered to be half way between the flavors of beef and game. It is something like the flavor of hare. One reason why horse flesh is, as a rule, darker in color than beef, is that horses which are poleaxed or which have died from injury, disease or old age are not properly bled and dressed by the slaughterer. It is, however, by its fat that horse flesh is most easily distinguished. The fat of horse flesh is not generally mixed with the lean. It is yellow in color. It looks more moist than the fat of beef. It soon melts and soon becomes rancid. Consequently, unless a rapid sale is effected or the fat removed, an advance price must be charged in order to secure the butcher from loss on unsold meat.

Lastly, horse flesh can be distinguished from beef by its chemical characteristics, and it is in this way that it may be recognized when mixed with other substances. Who can tell, except the chemist, what are the component parts of a sausage, polony or saveloy? Or who can tell by taste what these parts are? We do not judge by taste, we judge by flavor, and in the making of flavor—to use Sam Weller's phrase—"it's the seasoning as does it."

His Picture Killed Him.

One day a man came over to our mine, which was about seven miles from Virginia City, and told us that a photographer had just opened up in town, says an old miner. Next day being Saturday, a lot of us knocked off at noon and went up to have our tintypes taken. Among the crowd was old Bill Lawson, who was the homeliest man you ever set eyes on. He was not only lop-shouldered and hump-backed, but a bear had clawed his face and a fighter had bitten his nose and blinded him in one eye. It was a matter of remark that his looks would scare a panther, and we had known of men coming six miles to look at him; but, as the old man would never look into a glass, he couldn't realize how homely he really was. He might never have realized it had he not concluded to sit for a great big tintype—the largest the artist could make. When a finished picture was handed him he stared at it in blank surprise; then he scratched his head and rubbed his good eye, and looked again. Then he came over to us and asked in a faltering voice:

"Pards, who is this chap in the pictur'?"

"That's you, Bill."

"Looks like me?"

"Exactly."

"Can't be no one else?"

"No."

"I'm as homely as that, am I?"

"Worse, if anything."

"You don't say! Look a-hyar, boys, how long hev you known this?"

"Two years."

"And never let on! Well, that was white of you and no mistake. Can't be any other feller, can it?"

"No."

"That's my mug—my blinker, my nose, my mouth and chin?"

"Yes."

"That's enuff. Good-by, boys."

"But where are you going?"

"Back to camp. See you later."

But he never did. He started for camp alone, and at the half-way spot he sat down on a rock and suicided by putting a bullet into his head. On a flat stone lay the tintype, and with a piece of clay he had written on the stone:

"Gone to get a decent-looking mug."

Knew What Hurt Most.

Little Nan, of four summers, considering it her duty to entertain a lady who is waiting for mamma, enters into conversation.

Nan—Have you got any little girls?

The caller—Yes, I have two.

Nan—D-do you ever have to whip 'em?

The caller—I'm afraid I have to sometimes.

Nan—What do you whip 'em with?

The caller (amused)—Oh, when they've been very naughty I take my slipper.

Nan (most feelingly as mamma enters)—Y-yo-you ought to use a hair-brush; my mamma does, and it hurts awfully.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A COLDEN GRIST FOR OUR FAIR READERS

Inartistic Women—Beauty of Our Girls—The Women of the Future—Rules for a Clear Skin—Women as Physicians—A Girl's Athletic Costume.

With the thought of common-sense in dress manifest all round us, a girl's costume for athletic sports can be losse, and still lady-like. A divided skirt below, a wide, light-weight skirt over it, reaching just below the ankles, and a loose blouse, would be all that practicability would demand.—*Ellen Le Garde, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Inartistic Women.

"Women make strange mistakes in the artistics—to coin a word—of dress," says an artist, "but one of the strangest is the way in which they treat their necks when wearing a low corsage. Nearly every woman believes that a black-velvet band heightens the beauty of her neck. Especially if it be long and slender, does she insist upon putting black velvet about it. And thus she makes it look even longer and slenderer. The effect of black close up to the neck and face is always to make them look thin. A very stout woman, with a neck too plump, may employ the black band with advantage, but the thin woman should wear a light ribbon, white or blue, or a string of pearls or of gold beads, if she wants to produce the pleasantest effect."

Rules for a Clear Skin.

You want to keep your skin nice all summer? Well, then, here are some rules for you.

Don't bathe in hard water, soften it with a few drops of ammonia, or a little borax.

Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it.

Don't wash your face when you are traveling, unless it is with a little alcohol and water, or a little vaseline.

Don't try to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off of it.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast-iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately.

Don't use a sponge, or linen rag for your face; choose instead a flannel one.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead give your face a Russian bath every night; that is, to bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then, a minute after, with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby while your skin is growing firmer and coming from out of the wrinkles, and you are resting.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Beauty of Our Girls.

The beauty of American girls is a much-discussed question. It is said they have no distinct points, but it seems to me that any one who has traveled must easily have settled upon the salient points which go to make up the beauty of an American girl, says a writer in the *Illustrated American*. A general delicacy of outline as well as coloring are demanded. A woman with very large eyes and no other charms is never rated as a beauty here. When a woman is said to be beautiful in America it means that she has a face molded in delicate lines, features that are thoroughly harmonious, a figure which is neither pronouncedly athletic nor too plump, and small hands and feet. In England if a woman is six feet two, and broad across the shoulders, she is invariably spoken of in the society paper as beautiful, though her feet may out-class the iron-clad and her knuckles stretch wildly abroad.

In Italy and Spain a pair of big expressive eyes are enough, but in America a thoroughly balanced series of attractions must be shown to win the title. American girls form a lofty, gay, intrepid and dashing army, whose audacity should be feminine. They have all of the athletic look of the Engliglish woman, without the ill-fitting gloves and ponderous boots. The assumption of semi-masculine attire robs them of their greatest charm. Womanliness is still the most attractive quality of woman.

Women as Physicians.

Every day brings news of the advancement of women, say the Boston *Traveler*. Slowly but surely they are working their way into the various professions and trades and approaching that ideal of equity in work with men which the progressive woman has always persistently cherished. The appointment of Miss Belle Smith—who, by the way is said to be only 23 years old—as resident physician of the Woman's Prison at Sherborn, a position of great responsibility, is another evidence of the fact that in this country women are advancing, and advancing rapidly. In this connection it is interesting to note the increasing number of women who are adopting the profession of medicine.

Not many years ago the feeling prevailed among the unthinking people that women had no right to act as physicians; that by so doing they were guilty, not only of impertinent intrusion upon the exceclusive province of the male practitioners, but of indelicacy and unwomanliness as well. It seems strange that this prejudice should have been entertained, for from time immemorial women have been regarded as ideal nurses. Is it a sign of the advancement or of the retrogression of men that while women are entering the masculine profession of medicine men are adopting the feminine work of nursing? And the difference between the functions of a nurse and physician is by no means a vast one, the physician's duties being, on the whole, rather more delicate than those of the nurse.

Another consideration which favors the admission of women to medical practice, and which, it would seem, ought to have outweighed all considerations against it, is the fact that they are peculiarly fitted to treat in certain cases the members of their own sex, and that they are gifted with a certain feminine intuition (a quality, strange as it may seem, used by Mr. Grant Allen as an argument against the higher education of women) which would be invaluable to them in their diagnoses of those nervous diseases which are rapidly increasing with the advance of our civilization, the pressure of the competition for existence, and the ever-growing demands which are made upon the faculties of the mind. There is no doubt that in a few years women, instead of being admitted to the practice of medicine on sufferance, will hold legtimate and honorable places in this most important and arduous profession.

The Woman of the Future.

Combination among skilled women workers, says the *English Illustrated Magazine*, is increasing every day, though slowly, for women are naturally conservative, and they do not readily accept the principle of unionism. They have, many of them, suffered sorely from the effect of strikes, and though they realize that prolonged combination, if carried out consistently, must improve their position and in the long run raise their wages, never lose sight of the long period during which their employment must cease till their ultimate demands are conceded. Added to which they do not forget the bitter feelings aroused—the breach between employer and servant, and above all, that in a struggle such as a long strike must always be, it is only the strong who win; the weak ones go to the wall.

All these things make women shy and slow to join a trade union, while the introduction of foreign labor in England and the increasing demand on account of their cheapness, for foreign goods have made a much deeper impression on their minds than is generally admitted. The skilled woman worker has, however, the security of knowing that she can take up her stand with a greater chance of success, for with the best women workers, as with the men, the supply is scarcely in excess of the demand. And were technical instruction given to women a good deal of the better class work they cannot do would be carried out in England instead of being executed by French women who are trained for it in many technical schools which exist for women in France.

In Scotland the question has been warmly espoused by the women who work in Glasgow and Dundee, and the prospect of combining for the unskilled as well as the skilled workers is very much more promising than in England. Scotch women are more independent and self-reliant, added to which, though the pay is bad, their surroundings are less deteriorating than those of the London women, and their dwellings are better and rents are lower.

The rapid increase of the population and the influx of people from the country to the large towns makes the problem of how to deal with unskilled female labor every year more difficult. The education hitherto given to women in England is purely intellectual, and when a girl has passed the standard she at once goes into the ranks of the unskilled. If she can give time she may be apprenticed and learn a trade, but the number of girls who can afford to do that are getting fewer every day. The few shillings a girl can earn at once is too important an addition to the family income to be rejected, and as the majority of them marry while practically children, neither the necessity of being apprenticed nor of joining a union appeals to them.

Darkness Had No Terrors for Them.

Miss Giddimiss was angry. Mr. Gettethere had actually attempted to kiss her and had known her only twenty-four hours.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed. "Why, I have known gentlemen for years who never presumed even to press my hand."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Gettethere, "but they could not have been so susceptible to beauty as I."

The compliment was like a stream of water on the blaze. Miss Giddimiss came very near smiling.

"I fear you are too susceptible," she said. "I cannot trust myself with you. You know mamma and papa are both out this evening, and since you have been so bold I'm really afraid of you. You won't insist on staying if I ask you to go, will you, Mr. Gettethere?"

"I certainly would not be so rude," he returned.

"I knew you would not," Miss Giddimiss added; "and so I am going to ask you—— Do you know that lamp is slowly but surely going out? Those stupid servants must have forgot to fill it."

Thus she interrupted herself.

"You were going to ask me——?" suggested Mr. Gettethere.

"Oh, yes. It would never do for us to be left here together in the dark. I was going to ask you to say good-night to me."

"But I may stop until the last drop of oil is burned, may I not?"

Miss Giddimiss hesitated.

"Well," she said, with a half smile, "if you promise to behave yourself, I will permit it. I'm sure it won't be for long. How warm the room has grown!"

"May I raise a window!"

"Thank you. I wish you would."

The lamp, which was a high one, stood between one of the windows and the door. It was this window that Mr. Gettethere raised.

No sooner was it up than a strong draught swept across the apartment and carried the lamplight with it. The room was enveloped in darkness.

Miss Giddimiss sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Mr. Gettethere!" she exclaimed, "have you a match? Do re-light it. I am sure there is some oil left."

Mr. Gettethere had no match, but he, too, was sure there was some oil left. Until that oil was exhausted he had been granted the privilege of remaining.

Accordingly, he sat down beside Miss Giddimiss and informed her that he rather enjoyed a dark room.

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Two hours later there was a sound of a key in the front door.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!"

It was Miss Giddimiss who spoke, and though she whispered the words, Mr. Gettethere realized that she was very much alarmed.

"Light the lamp! Light the lamp!" she repeated, nervously. "It is papa and mamma returning. If we are found in the dark we are lost."

"But you know I have no matches," returned Mr. Gettethere.

"Oh, how stupid you are! There are dozens in that little vase on the bottom shelf of the cabinet."—*Town Topics.*

A LITTLE railway just opened between Lynton and Lynmouth, in England, has the steepest incline in the world—a uniform gradient of 1 in 1¾. The line is only 900 feet long, and was built to give passage over a cliff nearly 500 feet high separating the two places. Water is brought from a distance of a mile to the summit of the cliff, and is drawn from the reservoir to move the cars, two of which are connected together by a wire cable and sufficient water-load applied to the descending one to drag the other up the incline.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

A MOUTH Organ—a dental newpaper.

A TWO-FOOT rule—Stand on your own pins.

SOME who pose as self-made men relieve their Creator of a great responsibility.

THAT was a mighty strong Irishman who, with a single wheelbarrow, went to Wheeling, West Virginia.

THE industrious washerwoman always has the satisfaction of knowing that she is near the clothes of her work.

"MY wife is just crazy over baseball. She goes every day to see the game." "So does mine, and not only that, she wears fowl tips on her hat every time she goes."

SOME one says that the "happiest-looking man is the one who is not burdened with wealth." He evidently did not form his opinion from seeing a friend returning from the races.

KITTY—How far have you got on your graduation essay? Nellie—Oh, I haven't begun to think about writing it yet. Why, I haven't even selected the color of ribbon to tie it with.

TRAVIS—Say, De Smith, did you know it had leaked out that Von Moukishein is a man of rank in his own country? De Smith—No! But I might have gussed it from his cigars.

FOGG—I went to hear Gusherleigh preach last Sunday. Brown—Why, I thought you hated to hear him. Fogg—So I do; but it was his farewell sermon. I went out of pure gratitude.

A SLIGHT ERROR.—Se here, fraud, hand over that cent I just put in your hat—you're a swindler—you have as good eyes as I have. "Why, excuse me, sir; I got the wrong sign to-day. It oughter be 'Deaf and Dumb.'"

CENSUS Enumerator—Well, I have finished a big day's work, and I am tired. His Wife—I'm so sorry I can't help you. Now, sit down, dear, and tell me all you found out about our neighbors.

YOUNG Dr. Freshfield—And why won't you let me feel your pulse, Miss Dollie? Miss Dollie—Well, you may, but I shall stick out my tongue at the same time to show that your action is strictly professional.

"I WOULDN'T run away with any girl, I remember going boldly up to the old man and asking him for his daughter. He told me to go to Hades." "And did you go?" "Well," he mused, hesitatingly and reflectively, "I married the girl."

GREAT Editor—I see it stated that the new electrical chair will not kill. Detail a reporter to try it. If he escapes it will make the biggest kind of a sensation. City Editor—But what shall I do if it does kill? Great Editor—Get a new reporter.

DEFRAUDING the Mails—Gaggam—Are you going to post that letter, Pat? Pat—Yis. Gaggam—Well, why don't you put a stamp on it? Pat—Whist! Oi'm goin' teh thry teh slip it in the postoffice without anyone seein' me.

MRS. DE FIRM—I tremble to think of our daughter marrying that young man. Why, he orders his mother and sister around as if they were slaves. Mr. De Firm—Don't worry, my dear. He won't order our daughter around more than once. She takes after you.

ANXIOUS Mother—And so you and your husband have a great many differences? Weeping Daughter—No, only one; but that keeps us nagging and quarreling and fighting from one week's end to the other—boo, hoo, boo! "Only one? What is it?" "We differ on religion.

"WHERE do we find the laughing jackass, professor?" asked the fresh man, and the class tittered. "Usually in Australia," replied the venerable instructor. "I think, however, that if I had a gun with me, loaded with buckshot, I could bring down about two dozen right in this room.

What to Do with the Hands.

"Few people are thoroughly at ease about the disposition of their hands in company," said a teacher of the art of gesture. "And yet there is a very simple thing that may be done to get rid of that disagreeable consciousness of the members which give rise to the difficulty. You see, the hands are far more highly educated in this age of mechanical civilization than they have ever been before. It may also be said that the brain has found its way to the end of the fingers—that these extremities have come to possess an inherent intelligence. For this reason the attention is so fixed by habit upon the hands that they feel awkward, just as any other part of the body will do if you think particularly about it.

"In order to be graceful in the disposal of your hands, it is only necessary to get rid of consciousness about them, and you may accomplish this to a surprising extent by a very simple gymnastic process. Let them hang limply and wring them as violently as possible for five minutes, say. This will render them unconscious to a great extent, so that you will not be disturbed for some time after by excess of feeling in them. Consequently, while the effect lasts, you will find yourself at ease about your hands and will have no trouble about their management.

"You will be astonished, if you try it, to find out how admirably it works. I have recommended it to hundreds of people, and they have uniformly found it successful. Do it once every day for a month, and you will discover that by mere practice of the habit, your embarrassment in this regard has been greatly diminished. The time to perform the operation, obviously, is just before you enter a room full of company, though it will not do very well to be found wringing your hands in the vestibule of a house to which you have been invited, or engaged in what may appear to be a frantic exhibition of grief in the reception room,"

A Good Manager.

A bare-headed woman, with a faded and ragged dress, solicited alms the other evening of a gentleman who was crossing the City Hall Park. He came to a halt and asked:

"Is it for drink?"

"No, sir; it's for food."

"But I don't know how you live. I have to practice economy in order to have money in my pocket. You may be recklessly extravagant for all I know. How much money have you spent to-day?"

"Well, sir, I've made 7 cents run five of us on cold potatoes so far; and if I can get 3 more we'll top off with bread and water before we go to bed. Might leave out the bread, sir, if I can find a bit of tar somewhere to thicken up the water and deceive the children. Can you draw it any finer than that, sir?"

The man held out a dime as he passed by.—*New York Sun.*