

## WOMAN GOSSIP.

### Ladies, Pay Your Bills.

The fact that womenkind ever neglected to pay their bills had never entered my benighted mind.

It may show my indigenous rusticity that no acquaintances, with whom I am sufficiently intimate to speak with authority, think of allowing personal expenses to go unpaid.

I am aware some of them never bother their brains with paying bills or informing themselves how they are paid. They are buttery creatures who provide themselves with all they need, and their husbands and fathers attend to the rest of the business.

Again, some, who are furnished a certain allowance for such expenses, find the quarterly amount inadequate, and they are forced to borrow on very poor security from headquarters, but that don't count.

Indeed, one young lady had gotten herself into such a dilemma this holiday time there was danger of her being closed up by the Sheriff, and having a receiver appointed to administer upon her business affairs. This was only avoided by members of her family, conversant with her condition, giving her generous Christmas presents of hard cash. She is thus enabled to resume with the new year on a new financial basis, not to mention an enormous capital of experience.

Yet again, I hear many ladies lamenting they must do without certain most coveted things they cannot afford. They think it horrid to be so poor, and one, most exasperated of all, was heard to declare she would marry a man without arms if he was very, very rich, because she did not now have all the money she thought she needed.

But among them all there is not one who does not religiously pay for all she purchases, consequently I was shocked to read in one of our great dailies an appeal to ladies from one of their dressmakers, to pay their bills of long standing before the first of the year. It ran something like this:

"I trust this notice may reach the heart of every lady who has adopted the method of allowing bills to stand. Pay us, for we earn our money, and remember we must pay our bills if we wish to keep our credit good, and you can help us to do so."

"Being the last of the year we need all which is due us, and I appeal to all those to help us in a struggle for an existence. At least I think it high time somebody should have the courage to speak on so delicate a subject, so as to keep the wheel moving."

The appearance of this card shows depravity that is startling and worthy of investigation.

A pleasant little woman, who is carrying on what is apparently a successful business, was approached. She is almost worked to death designing and fitting, keeping a large number of girls and machines busy from daylight till late at night.

In answer to the confidential question: "Do your customers pay their bills?" she stepped to a drawer, drew out a bunch of paper slips neatly covered with itemized accounts, all she could hold in one hand, and said:

"There, all of that is due me, and yet I had a very difficult time to pay my rent this morning. There is one bill aggregating nearly one hundred dollars that has been running since last June. The greatest trouble is, I have to provide and pay for so many of their trimmings, linings, etc., that I am greatly out of pocket."

"Now you wouldn't suppose a lady living in such grand style on the boulevard would let such a little bill as this, only twelve dollars, stand for three months, would you? But she does."

When you ask, "Do you urge them? Do you ever threaten them?" she continues, "Oh, I can simply repeatedly send the bill with a polite request to pay. It wouldn't do to try anything else. I should only lose their custom, and other ladies learning of it would be frightened away from patronizing me."

Other modistes approached on this subject had the same story to tell.

Such a state of things is deplorable. It is as hurtful to the moral condition of the debtor as it is to the financial condition of the creditor.

It is probably only another manifestation of the awful mania of these times to make a show of splendor far beyond your means. It leads to most deplorable results.

We should always remember the laborer is worthy of his hire, and not engage services we are unable, or unwilling, to compensate. It is a duty we owe ourselves as well as the community at large.—Annie E. Myers.

### Women Who Hate Women.

It is a fallacy to imagine they never do. You may have heard a woman wishing there were no men in the world. They would soon all commit suicide, until there would be none left to tell the doleful tale, were they given the earth to inhabit alone.

There are women who hate women so persistently they get into a rage doing it.

The intensity with which the other women in their boxes hate that woman who persists in ornamenting her opera box in New York with a slimy, crawling crocodile, is absolutely paralyzing.

They hate her for making them look at the ugly thing. They hate her because she does an outlandish act they can not legally prevent. In other words, they hate her because she defies them. They hate her because she attracts attention by means of an unwomanly freak.

The unmitigated hatred with which a girl hates the sister of the young man she admires is also morally shocking. The sister takes occasion to remark, it may be in her presence, that she wonders what any girl of ordinary intelligence could ever see in her brother to try to encourage his admiration. That does the whole business. The insuited damsel forgets how she despises her own brother, and in her secret heart hates the sister as intensely as she does her mother-in-law—when she legally gets one.

If there is anything that enrages a woman, it is to go rushing into a store to buy, in a great hurry, a bunch of pins, and to be met with a dead stare from the bang-browed saleslady, who, after stupidly listening to the request, saunters away to wait on some one else. The savage hate of a wildcat is tame in comparison with that woman's affection.

Can you measure the feelings of the woman whose back hair is contrariness itself—never will twist, coil or curl with a particle of style—whose best beau incidentally remarks that Laura's fringed hair is his idea of loveliness? Now, she knows Laura doesn't take half the trouble to arrange it that she does on hers; that Laura looks coquettish from under that Russian bang on purpose to inveigle Augustus; that it is the look as much as the coiffure he is ad-

ming. If it were the days of double-dilted secret poison, or sharp cold steel, Laura should tremble in her Saratoga ties.

There has been so much said about it that perhaps you slightly realize how an actress hates another one who, can rant more artistically, or a diva who hears of a rising singer who goes her an octave higher. Women hate women who try to patronize them. They hate those women who look younger but who are really older than themselves; those who get their next dress made exactly like her latest one.

High-tempered women always hate good-natured, namby-pamby, non-explosive women. But a grand, broad-spirited woman looks with pity and compassion upon all these soul-fretted, temper-harried sisters, and prays to be delivered from all such follies.

### Women Who Work.

THE largest diamond owned by an American is called "The President Cleveland," and is worn by Minnie Palmer.

THERE are no newsboys in the City of Mexico. The papers are all sold by women who hold them out to passers-by, but never say a word.

The Empress of Russia is said to be an excellent marksman, and rifle-shooting ranges have been made for her at all her residences.

Mrs. RACHEL FRANCIS, who died recently in Atlanta, Ga., left about \$30,000, which she had made mostly from her dairy and truck farm.

It is reported that Miss Alice Whitacre, a former church choir singer of Brooklyn, has made a tremendous hit as an oratorio soloist in Liverpool.

MISS MAUD HOWE thinks that women should be allowed to vote for superintendents of streets in order to protect their skirts from a mud bath.

ONE of the features of the "Women's Section" at the Edinburgh International Exhibition is a neat little pamphlet issued by the ladies—the Duchess of Buccleuch and others—who form the committee of that section. It is entitled "Women's Industries." The type was set, proofs read, and covers designed by women.

### Loneliness.

In "Aurora Leigh," by Mrs. Browning, occur these passages:

"My father! Thou hast knowledge only Thou, How dreary tis for woman to sit still, On winter nights by solitary fires."

Being present also in the unkuissed lips, And eyes undried, because there's none to take The reason they grew moist.

To sit alone—

While we sit loveless! is it hard, you think? At least 'tis mournful."

Thinking of these lines to-night by my "solitary fire," I wondered how many women with "undried eyes" were, perhaps, within a few doors of my fireside. In my daily walks I find myself studying the faces of the women whom I meet, and weaving imaginary histories of their lives.

Women, as a class, are presumed to wear their hearts on their sleeves, but I feel safe to assert the number is few, of those who really do this. Could we know the innermost feelings of our friends and acquaintances we should find how little we knew of their real selves.

Some years ago I knew a woman of whom it was said, "She is a happy wife, for she has a kind, devoted husband," and not until the burden of her unloved, unloving, miserable life became too great for her to bear longer did the world learn that for years she had borne uncomplainingly, and successfully concealed from even her own family, such treatment from this "devoted husband" as made her life a curse to her; and thus it is, on every side. While the few women do not become faithful helpmates, the many bear burdens of sorrow of which the world often remains in ignorance. "Into each heart some rain must fall," and even the happiest lives have their little clouds, which the sunshine of love soon dispels. Do they ever think of the many who sit by "solitary fires" and "none to ask why their eyes grow moist?"

How many women with hearts capable of loving and making happy homes for good men, sit "alone?" Such loneliness can be better borne when the air is filled with the fragrance of flowers, and the sweet voices of birds, and all nature is alive with joy and loveliness, but in the time of frost, the flowers and birds gone, when one sits "alone" and sees the pictures in the fire, how sad, then is the fate of the "solitary!"—Detroit Free Press.

### Ice Rivers.

Ordinary glaciers are accumulations of ice descending along valleys from snow-covered elevations. They are ice streams, 200 to 5,000 feet deep or more, fed by the snows and frozen mist above the limit of perpetual frost. They stretch on 4,000 to 7,000 feet below the snow-line, because they are so large that the heat of summer can not melt them.

Some of them reach down into open cultivated tracts, the extremities of the Grindelwald and Chamouni glaciers, for instance, being found within a few hundred feet of the gardens and houses of the inhabitants of the valleys.

The best known glaciers are those of the Alps—numbering 1,150, as Prof. Heim has just ascertained, and covering a total area of more than 500 square miles—but important ones also occur in the Pyrenees, the mountains of Norway, Spitzbergen, Iceland, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, the southern extremity of the Andes, in Greenland, and on Antarctic lands. One of the Spitzbergen glaciers stretches eleven miles along the coast and projects in icy cliffs 100 to 400 feet high. The great Humboldt glacier of Greenland, north of the seventy-ninth parallel, has a breadth of forty-five miles at the foot, where it enters the sea. This glacier is but one of many in that icy land, in the interior of which, according to Nordenskjold, one may pass over a vast ocean of ice and snow, 1,200 miles long and 400 miles wide, without seeing a plant, a stone, or a patch of earth.

Dr. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" is the debilitated woman's best restorative tonic.

OHIO is called the Buckeye State because a tree of that name flourishes there.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

Who Should Not Go.

Mr. De Grace—My dear, if you hadn't such a tender conscience, I'd buy seats for the grand opera to-night.

Mrs. De Grace—Why, my love, our church does not object to music. Get them, of course. I shall be delighted, and you know sister Edith will.

Mr. De Grace—But this one has a ballet.

Mrs. De Grace—Oh! that's different. Get only two seats then, and Edith and I will go alone.—Tid-Bits.

RICHES should be admitted into our houses, but not into our hearts.

### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$8 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

### Arousing His Ambition.

"The boy is all right," said the doctor, "but you want to talk to him and arouse his ambition. Promise him that you will take him somewhere when he recovers sufficiently to go out; talk to him about playing tag with the boys; there are lots of ways in which you can interest him."

Then the doctor addressed the boy, who was just recovering from a fever, saying:

"Come, Mickey, cheer up, my boy; wouldn't you like to go and play tag with your playmates?"

A faint smile stole over the boy's face, but that was all.

"Stop, sir," said the father, "I'll rouse him. See here, Mickey," said the doctor, addressing the boy, "wouldn't you like to go out and throw a rock through a Chinaman's windy?"

The boy immediately sat up in bed and asked for his pants.

"I thought that 'ud fetch 'im," said the father, with a proud smile; "he's all right, doctor, dear."

MR. JACOB FROELICH, a well-known tailor of Cincinnati, O., after suffering for years with rheumatism, was cured in a short time by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

### A ghastly Fireplace.

A south side physician has capped the climax of suggestions. He is something of an artist in modeling in clay, and after he got his office supplied with natural gas he made a cast of a skull. The thing is horribly natural, even to the sutures across the skull and one front tooth knocked out. This is set up in the grate in such a way that the bluish-crimson flames of the burning gas steal through the eyes and nostrils and flicker playfully around the ghastly jaws. Little jets of flame flash through between the sunken jaws and light up the bony countenance, heated to a white-red heat in a manner horribly suggestive of other fires which are said to burn but not consume.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

MRS. C. KELLOGG, Edgwood, Cal., says: Red Star Cough Cure is the best medicine she has ever used for colds for the children.

### Sure to Suit.

They only needed one chair between them, and had been talking about the happy time when he would have some money saved up and she would have pa's consent.

"You would never do as some husbands do, would you?"

"No, indeed. Never. In what way do you mean?"

"Why, go out of evenings and come home drunk, and go to bed with your boots on."

"No," replied he, "I'm sure I'd never do anything like that."

"I thought so," she murmured fondly.

"I always wear shoes, anyhow," he added, thoughtfully.—Merchant Traveler.

### A Genial Restorative.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are emphatically a genial restorative. The changes which this great botanic remedy produces in the disordered organization are always agreeably, though surely, progressive, never abrupt and violent. On this account it is admirably adapted to persons of delicate constitution and weak nerves, to whom the powerful mineral drugs are positively injurious. That it initiates those processes which result in the re-establishment of healthful vigor is conspicuously shown in cases where it is taken to overcome that fruitful cause of debility, indigestion, coupled, as it usually is, with biliousness and constipation. Thorough digestion, regular evacuation, and abundant secretion, are results which promptly and invariably attend its systematic use. It is, besides, the best protective against malaria, and a first-rate diuretic.

### Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

Nature gives us some common sense, but she don't can stuff reason in mit.

Don't got yourself mat on leadle tings. When you get mat, it was cost you a goat deal, conekerwdenly it was awful foolishness to gif it away for nothing.

Der peoples in dis woldt who was a great succeed in pishness, was not der fellers dot got dher draining on der top of a shtool by der fire blace of a saloons.—National Weekly.

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### G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and T—K— never felt better than when his friend asked him how he got over that severe cough of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T—K—, "G. M. D. did it." And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors, for T—K— had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he, just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Deserved, as my friend J—S— always dub's it. Sold by druggists.

A MAN at Genoa, Ohio, has a clock two hundred years old. That must be one of the old times we read about.—Tid-Bits.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday:

Jones—Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith—How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J—D. as I did. I had the disease in its worst form, but I am well now