

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Another Enterprise for Women.

A young woman was overheard speaking of her new venture in a business way. "I thought," she said, "I had an entirely original scheme, and here I am told another woman, in New York, is coining money at the very same thing."

"And what is that?" she was asked.

She was eager and enthusiastic, and not yet tinged with the hope deferred of great returns, and pleasantly gave details:

"For some time I have had the idea of opening an office for doing letter writing—for conducting all styles of correspondence—and now I am situated so that I can commence without very great extra expense, and am making the venture."

She is a good stenographer and typewriter, as well as a beautiful long-hand penwoman. An experience in a lawyer's office has made her familiar with legal terms, and being highly educated and accustomed to the best social customs, she is well equipped for her enterprise. She is ready to do all kinds of writing. Who will she have for customers?

In the first place, she will have educated people who cannot write an intelligible line. This class is small, but they exist and must have letters written to their relatives at a distance, to their sweethearts, or in relation to business matters. She wants to write those letters.

Another class who will probably patronize her is made up of foreigners.

Their letters are generally addressed to people in their own language, but they frequently must send letters written in English. These she wants to write.

She may make a little money accommodating such people, but there are other classes who will pay better.

It is in the highest society considered the best form to have all invitations for private entertainments hand-written. Invitations for dinner parties, invitations for lunches, children's parties, and "high teas" come to us in pretty, clear chirography. The writing of them is an irksome yet particular task for a busy person. She is ready to do this work.

The above are samples of work sought through social sources; but the work to be obtained of a business nature is unlimited. Legal, arch tectural, and scientific papers will be carefully written and copies made.

Again, there are many gentlemen whose business does not warrant the engagement of permanent stenographer and typewriter, and who often have certain letters or documents which must be so prepared, or whose correspondence reaches suddenly, and for a limited time, such proportions that they must employ the aid of a swift and reliable amanuensis. She is ready to do this work.

Another branch which must be managed with practical common sense is to keep on hand a limited but varied stock of writing materials, paper, pens, ink, blanks, pencils, etc. Paper from the most delicate note to the largest legal cap, pens and blanks in variety, all in readiness upon demand. For a careful, intelligent buyer there is excellent profit in this retailing.

This woman is doing this work and succeeding so well that her only grievance seems to be that her scheme is not entirely original. Her pride is hurt because another woman thought and executed it before she had a chance, that her predecessors, having been longer in the business, is making more money.

Now, what these women are doing others can do. The expenses of such an enterprise in a great city are large. In the first place a light, centrally located office must be obtained and telephone connection established. A typewriter or caligraph must supplement a neat writing-desk.

In smaller cities or towns these expenses are proportionately lower, and the skill required in the same ratio less. It is lady-like, gentle, and not particularly irksome occupation, and the income will be proportionate to the energy, thoroughness and reliability of the projector.—*Chicago Ledger*.

Jewels.

Some one who knows very little and does not go about much says jewelry is not in fashion. This is news! To be sure, cable chains and lockets as big as plates and jingling bangles are no more seen, but jewels in settings of which each design is a work of art are worn and will continue to be as long as purses are deep enough to buy them and there are handsome women upon whom to bestow them.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde has written a very sensible article on jewelry, in which she urges a change in the use of precious stones. She thinks that women have gained more harm than good from the love of jewels. As a means of personal decoration jewels have been the cause of much avarice and much misery.

If people would learn to look upon jewels as works of wonder in nature beyond all art, she feels sure they would receive more pleasure than is gained from their use as a display of wealth. "Then, like other beautiful things," she says, "jewels would work us good and not evil."

If Mr. Oscar had displayed a tithe of the good sense, during his aesthetic crusade, that his better-half here displays, we might have been more patient with him.

The petty jealousies indulged in among women of society in general, perhaps, are not so well worth observing as those noticeable among young women in their puerile attempts at decking themselves with gems.

That a Mrs. Astor covers herself with diamonds may cause a Mrs. Vanderbilt a heart-pan of envy, but her competitors are of necessity limited to a very narrow circle of millionaires. But when Sapphira Brown sports a solitaire over the counter at Woods' every other girl is unhappy if her gift is not similarly ornamented.

If Mrs. Vanduzen, whose husband is bookkeeper at Prints & Checks, appears with jeweled earrings at table in Mrs. Hash's select boarding-house, all her female fellow-boarders are sighing because they cannot dazzle you in the same fashion. Their poor, round-shouldered husbands are nagged and cajoled to thus indulge their better-halves.

Another place where this fashion of wearing jewels creates a most unhealthy atmosphere is among our school girls.

Girls in college particularly are preys to this vanity. Indeed, a girl's social standing often depends upon how many rings she wears; if she possesses bracelets or a necklace.

It is not for this that girls are sent to boarding schools, but it sometimes looks so. "The poor child," says the doting mamma to ditto papa, "is going away alone from home. She must have this costly necklace or that pretty and expensive pair of earrings to console her. Thus her teachers and fellow-pupils will see she has parents who cherish her and give her

everything she wants, and they will treat her with more consideration."

They are level-headed, if that is what is alone desired for the young miss. Her jewels will be admired and envied, and she will think they are herself, and, unless she proves more sensible than a child of such parents is likely to do, her head will be turned with pride and her heart puffed up with vanity, and the poor little thing, sated with admiration, will grow greedy and avaricious for yet additional ornaments.

To what base uses doth the best thing come is not literal, but true. It would seem it were better to look upon and use these beautiful creations of Nature's with the superstition of the ancients.

How consoling it must have been to those heathen lovers to think that, in possessing a gleaming topaz, the course of their sincere true love could not be ruffled. Or that, by wearing a piece of agate stone on the hand, the immortal gods would always be propitious in all earthly undertakings.

This belief in precious stones as "charms," while dawning back to the remote ages, exists to-day in parts of the Indian Empire. The Shah of Persia has, on good authority, a number of gems, in the possession of which he puts the firmest faith as a protection against all earthly ills and misfortunes. Accidental circumstances, perhaps, helped to strengthen this faith, for on one occasion the bullet of a would-be assassin glanced off from the casket of jewels which the "King of Kings" wears always on his breast. It may be that on this account the Shah of Persia has come to be the proprietor of the largest collection of jewels in the world.

There was some good logic in the belief of their supernatural power. When man was created and looked around and above him through the universe, he soon perceived there existed a few things that were very rare. Among the rarest of rare things were precious stones. It was quite logical that he should conclude, because they were before all things precious, that they had been created by supernatural power and were endowed as such with supernatural virtues.

They gave us a pretty philosophy which, in our more developed yet scoffing age, have not improved upon, it would seem.

The Story of a Kiss.

A Circassian was walking along one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united in one, and reaching the point of juncture at the same time, they walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. They neared a dark ravine. Said the woman: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." Said the man: "How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman; "but if you stick your cane in the ground and tie your goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom-side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance." "Success to thy ingenuity, O, woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself. "I should never have thought of this or similar expedients." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, and gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat." And then—so runs the legend—lowering the kettle from his shoulders he put the fowl under it and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

Interesting Women.

FANNY ZAMPINI SALAZARO is to be the editor of a new Italian review giving exclusive attention to the discussion of feminine interests.

MISS LAURA MOORE, a very pretty young woman with a lovely voice, who was heard once or twice with the National Opera Company this season, has resigned her position and gone back to Paris.

MARY A. LIVERMORE proves that there are no superfluous women by the statement that there are now two hundred and twenty-seven vocations open to women, as against seven at the beginning of the century.

MISS CHANDRAMUKH BOSE, a native Christian lady, has been appointed Superintendent of the Bethune School of Calcutta. The *Indian Messenger*, the organ of the Brahmo-Somaj, cordially approves the appointment.

MRS. FANNY CHAMBERS GOOCH is a new departure among literary women. She has written a history of Mexico that President Diaz considers so authentic he will have it translated into Spanish for the benefit of his countrymen.

The adopted daughter of the late William H. Seward has promised to give to the Art Gallery of the University of California, at Berkeley, the original painting by Leutze of his well-known picture, "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way," which hangs in the Capitol at Washington. The university has another of Leutze's works, "Washington at Monmouth," presented by Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the widow of the railroad millionaire.

THE four daughters of Ignatius Riggan, of Madison County, Illinois, not only make their own dresses and other clothing, but spin and weave the cloth of which they are made from raw cotton and wool. Mr. Riggan is a rich man, rated worth \$250,000, and his daughters are pretty, intelligent, and accomplished. They live luxuriously in a handsome house, expensively and tastefully furnished. Home-made clothing is the father's hobby, and the girls sensibly indulge him in it.

Forest-Destroyers of Australia.

The crop-destroying rabbit appears to be not the only animal plague in Australia. The decay of the forests is traced by Rev. P. Macpherson, of the Royal Society of New South Wales, to the opossums. After much investigation it was ascertained that a single animal would devour about 200 leaves of the eucalyptus, or blue gum tree, in a night, proving that the 18,000 opossums killed annually in the county of Victoria were sufficient to destroy upward of 13,000 trees and lay bare a space of 700 acres, or more than a square mile.

CIRCUMSTANCES are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.—*Samuel Lover*.

THE NEXT UNITED STATES SENATE.

How It Will Be Made Up in Regard to Politics—The Republicans Will Not Be Able to Keep Out the Democrats from Indiana and New Jersey.

[Washington cor. New York Star.]

Now that Republican bribery is likely to fail in New Jersey, as Republican bulldozing certainly has failed in Indiana, Republicans are calling upon the United States Senate to keep out Senator Turpie and the Democrat, whoever he may be, who is to come from New Jersey. No longer ago than yesterday the New York Tribune congratulated its readers that a Republican Senate could keep out these Senators as long as it saw fit. Republicans will be just as powerless to deny the Indiana and New Jersey Senators their rights as they have been to browbeat one Legislature and bribe the other.

When the United States Senate meets next it will consist of exactly fifty members, of whom twenty-five will be Democrats and twenty-five, including Mr. Riddleberger, will be Republicans. There will be no President pro tempore unless a hold-over Senator be elected before adjournment in Sherman's place, as the term of the latter expires with this Congress, and he will be, next December, a Senator-elect and not a Senator qualified to take his seat at once.

Besides the fifty qualified Senators there will be twenty-six waiting to be sworn—twelve Democrats and fourteen Republicans. The Democrats will be Hearst, Gray, one from Florida, Turpie, Gorman, George, Cockrell, one from New Jersey, Bate, Reagan, Daniel, and one from West Virginia. The Republicans will be Hawley, Hale, Dawes, Stockbridge, Davis, Paddock, Stewart, one from New Hampshire, Hiscock, Sherman, Quay, Aldrich, Edmunds, and Sawyer. The West Virginia and New Jersey successors may be settled any day. Florida will elect a Democrat in April, and New Hampshire a Republican in June.

It may be asked what difference it will make whether the Indiana and New Jersey Senators are sworn in on the first or a subsequent day? All the difference in the world. Without them there will be thirty-five Democrats, thirty-eight Republicans and Riddleberger, a clear Republican majority of two. This majority can keep out Turpie and the New Jersey Democrat indefinitely. What is of more importance, this majority can organize the committees and keep them even after these Senators are admitted, whereas in a full Senate tied by the vote of Riddleberger, committees could only be organized through a comrade, which would give the Democrats at least one-half. But if the Republicans first secure the committees by keeping two Democratic Senators out, a tied Senate could not change them any more than it could turn out the present Republican Secretary and clerks, such action requiring a majority of affirmative votes. There are reasons enough, therefore, why Democratic Senators should insist upon the immediate qualification of all Senators-elect at once. They can do it with half the Senators, the twenty-five whom they have. They can do it easier with the help of Riddleberger.

The proposed arrangement is lawful and proper. When the Senate met at the call of President Arthur in October, 1881, to elect a President pro tempore, there were present thirty-seven Democrats, thirty-four Republicans, William Mahone and David Davis. Standing outside, ready to be sworn, were three Republican Senators-elect, Warner Miller, Elbridge G. Lapham and Nelson W. Aldrich, chosen during the recess to fill vacancies. The Republicans, led by Edmunds and Logan, insisted that no President pro tempore should be elected until the Senators-elect were sworn in, but they were voted down by the thirty-seven Democrats against the thirty-four Republicans and Mahone and Davis. The same vote made Bayard President pro tempore, although Davis' going over to the Republicans later gave them the committees and made him President pro tempore.

It is the duty of Democrats at this juncture, as at all times, to claim and secure their rights. The Senate Republicans, like their brethren outside, will never give up voluntarily any advantage they are able to retain, even by the most unscrupulous tactics.

Revenue Reform and Economy.

In a lecture recently delivered at Baltimore, on the tariff question, Frank Hurd reminded the audience that one of the accomplishments of the revenue reformers was that from the day John G. Carlisle and William R. Morrison entered the House of Representatives there has not been an increase of duty upon a single article. That is to say, while the revenue reformers have not been able to remedy the abuses in the protective tariff—while they have not been able to bring the tariff down to a revenue standard—they have presented such a solid array against protectionist rapacity that the high tariffs have been unable to gain the further bounties from the people which they so greedily desire.

The revenue reformers, constituting as they do the large majority of the Democratic members of Congress, have also contributed positively to the relief of the people by the economy in public expenditures which they have enforced by their appropriations. This economy has enabled the Government in the eleven years since the Democratic House, elected in 1874, first instituted much-needed retrenchment, to reduce the volume of the interest-bearing debt nearly \$300,000,000, and the amount of the debt, less cash in Treasury, \$850,000. This has been done without any increase in the receipts of the Government, and notwithstanding the much larger payments for pensions which the House authorized.

It is the economical policy which a Democratic Congress has pursued which has brought the question of tax reduction up to the point where it must soon be squarely met. Had it not been for this economy—had a Democratic House been as lavish with the people's money as their Republican predecessors had been—there would now be no prospect of an unavailable surplus—a mere heaping up of dollars in the Treasury; and bloated protected interests could rest in peace and quiet. But, thanks to that economy, the necessity for tax reduction will be so pressing when the Fifteenth Congress assembles that there will be no way of escape from the demand, and the revenue reformers will then undoubtedly gain much of that for which they have so long and earnestly labored. And the people, when they see the great benefits they will receive from tax reduction, will wonder why they did not appreciate and realize them before—will wonder why they so long submitted to the protective tariff tax robbery.—*Will Wildwood, in Turf, Field and Farm.*

HUMOR.

THE home-stretch—trying to make both ends meet.

A CRY for quarter—That raised by the sleeping-car porter.

"MISS JAY's cake is a poem," remarked an enthusiastic admirer of that lady. "Yes," replied her companion, "but you know some poems are awful heavy."

"WHY do the heathen rage?" asks a religious paper. We don't know, remarks an exchange, unless it is because they are sent red flannel shirts in summer time.

"CONVICTS wear striped clothes, don't they?" asked Mrs. Fangle. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband. "Don't you think knavy blue would be more appropriate?"

"SPRIGGS—How much older is your sister than you, Johnny? Johnny—I dunno. Maud utsler be twenty-five years, then she was twenty, and now she ain't only eighteen. I guess we'll soon be twins."

"WHAT is a hero?" asks an exchange. A hero is a man who can pass a crowd of boys engaged in making snowballs without turning his head to make sure that they have no design on him.—*New Haven News.*

In central Africa a wife costs \$15. Pretty high on the start, but then they never cost a cent after that, particularly for clothing. No sealskin sacques in that country, nor Easter bonnets.—*Danville Breeze.*

A PETRIFIED Indian has been exhumed in Arizona. The savage is supposed to have been petrified with astonishment on discovering an honest Indian agent, but the statement lacks confirmation.—*Newman Independent.*

CAPTIOUS Deacon—"Our people desire extempore sermons, and yet you persist in using notes." Famishing Pastor—"My dear brother, as I never have any notes in my pocket-book to use, you should not object to my using notes in the pulpit."

MERCHANT (to applicant for a job)—Do you know anything about figures, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah. Merchant—Well, if I were to lend you \$5, and you promised to pay me \$1 each month, how much would you owe me at the expiration of three months? Uncle Rastus—F'i dollars, sah. Merchant—I'm afraid you don't know much about figures. Uncle Rastus—No, sah; but I specs I know all 'bout Uncle Rastus.

HE—Yes, I think men are more considerate than women." She—What makes you think so?" Well, you see that young lady in front of us? She wears a high-crowned hat and the man behind her can't see over it." I see, "Now see the man in front of her, who is so earnestly watching the pretty girls in tights." "Well?" He is so considerate of those behind he does not even wear his hair, let alone his hat."—*Boston Courier.*

THIS story originated in another locality, but they localize it in Georgia now: A fair and buxom widow, who had buried three husbands, recently went with a gentleman who in his younger years had paid her marked attention, to inspect the graves of her dear departed. After contemplating them in mournful silence she murmured to her companion: "Ah, James, you might have been in that row now if you had only had a little more courage."

SUCH A DUCK. Once Venus, deeming Love too fat, stopped all his rich ambrosial dishes, Domiciled the boy to live on chat—To sup on songs and dine on wishes. Love, lean and lank, flew off to prowl—The starveling now to beauty boasted—He could have munched Minerva's owl, Circe's peacock, boiled or roasted. At last, half famished, almost dead, He shot his mother's doves for dinner; Young Lilla, passing, shook her head; "O, not at me!" she urged her flight— "I'm neither dove, nor lark, nor starling!" "No," fainting Cupid cried, "not quite; But then—you're such a duck, my darling!"—*Anonymous.*

Author and Sportsman.

That Ned Buntline was a marvel of literary industry, his voluminous writings amply prove, and that his labor was well directed is evident from the fact that his income from this source was larger than any of his American contemporaries in the line of serial writing. His time was pretty equally divided—"all summer in the field, all winter in the study." In a letter to the writer, he once remarked that he had no love for the cities, but was happiest in the camp, with the music of birds and breeze and rustling branches and flowing waters around him. His hunting experiences embrace all kinds of game, and his rambles with gun and rod extended to every quarter of the United States. He preferred buffalo, elk and antelope hunting to all other field sports, and in angling cared for only salmon and trout fishing. His library, sanctum and armory, he remarked, were one. Gun-cases, sabers, fly-rods, pistols, etc., could be seen in every corner, and around his bookcases were many relics of the field and stream. The picturesque sanctum of the novelist and sportsman is carefully kept in order by loving hands, and the casual visitor at the Eagle's Nest may behold it in much the same condition as when the gifted Ned Buntline lived.

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