

OUR REFORM COLUMN.

"Get the best of whisky," said Eli Perkins, "an' it will get the best of you."

A West Point cadet who violates the law against cigarette smoking, is obliged to pace back and forth, rain or shine, for twelve hours, with a musket on his shoulder.

Dr. L. B. Coles in writing about tobacco said that medicine is usually administered in one of two ways—externally or internally, but that when tobacco is prescribed it is used externally.

The Governor of Virginia, has issued the astonishing order that hereafter not more than eight half barrels of beer shall be sold each day in the government saloon at the National Soldier's Home.

The National Brewers' convention held at Niagara Falls, June 6, appropriated \$8,000 to be used in defeating constitutional prohibition—\$2,000 for Dakota, \$2,500 for Connecticut, and \$3,500 for Rhode Island.

In England alone we spend at least \$60,000,000 a year on tobacco. What with pipes, matches, cigar holders, cigarette tubes, cigarette machines, we do not spend less than \$100,000,000 a year.—The Pulpit Treasury.

Statistics show that the consumption of alcohol in France doubled between 1875 and 1885. No wonder the Anti-alcohol congress resolved that the governments of the world "ought to place prohibitive duties" on this persistent poison.

A Massachusetts manufacturer is alleged to have paid one Saturday to his army of laborers seven hundred bright, crisp ten-dollar bills. Each man received one with his pay. All were marked so as to be recognized. By Tuesday 410 of these bills had been deposited in the banks of the city by the keepers.

The Governor, the Attorney General, the Chief Justice and a couple of Associate Supreme Justices of Kansas have made an official announcement that woman suffrage at municipal elections is a great public benefit.

That puts us in a hole, a quandary, a dilemma. We have always declared that the experiment wouldn't work, was well enough as a sort of Utopian dream, and might possibly be adopted in three or four centuries, but for this generation or the next it was not to be thought of for a moment.

No, we can't have woman suffrage in this section. Our wives, mothers and daughters must be suppressed. They suspect a good many things now, but if their suspicions were confirmed and they had the right and the power conferred on them, Tammany Hall would get a black eye, the County Democracy go into mourning, and the Republican bosses wish they had never been born.

Gentlemen of Kansas, you do us a grave disservice to put these new-fangled notions into the heads of woman-kind.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"She who establishes a woman's reading club in an agricultural district does more to check the deadly progress of farmers' wives to the insane asylum than all the doctors and medical journals in the land. The book selected for social reading and discussion may be nothing more dignified than a popular novel of health tone. It will lift the toiling creature's thoughts out of that straight, deep rut, worn by plodding feet, glorify 'the level stretches, white with dust,' of the 'common' days, which— heaven help them—are every day with this class."—Marion Herald.

The opponents say: "Suffrage should not be forced upon women." To this very proper sentiment nearly everybody will agree. We certainly do not know of any advocate of woman suffrage who could dissent from it. Suffrage should not be forced upon women, neither should it be forced upon men. In this respect there should be equality of exemption as between the sexes. Suffrage should not be forced upon women who do not want it. Good. Now again, suffrage should not be withheld from women who do want it. Good also. One idea is as good as the other, and both almost exhaust the subject. But not quite, for, after all, there are political duties as well as rights; and every man ought to be willing to help a good government by casting his vote for good men, so women should be expected to take their share of their great responsibility. One of these days they will see it in this light.—Woman's Journal.

The Boston Courier has omitted several facts that are brought out by the Collegiate Alumne statistics, such as that the percentage of divorce among the college women who are married is very small, and the death rate among their children unusually low. This may be taken to indicate that a college woman generally selects her husband with judgment, and gets a good one, from whom she does not need to be divorced; also that college women make good wives, whose husbands do not want to be divorced from them; also that an educated mother knows better than an ignorant one how to care for the health of her child. All of which—as the Courier says of the unlikelihood of college women's marrying—are "precisely the conclusions every sensible man would have made a priori." As the intelligence of the mother is apt to be transmitted to the son, it is possible that if the editor of the Courier had had a college graduate for his mother, he would not have written editorials of just this kind.

You further ask, "Has it a degrading influence?" Again I answer positively, no—a very loud no. I should laugh at this last question if it were not asked in such evident good faith. Just think of the ridiculousness of it. My wife goes with me to the theatre, the opera, to church and prayer-meeting. We also associate in the family circle from day to day, without apparent injury to her. She also takes my arm and we walk to the polls together and deposit our ballots. Isn't it ridiculous to suppose that our association in the latter act would be more injurious than in the former? It seems so to me.

"Is the report true that ladies there are petitioning the Legislature to repeal the law?" you ask. I answer no, positively no. Any such statement is unqualifiedly false.

I believe I have answered your several questions. I will only add, in conclusion, that woman suffrage is as firmly established in Wyoming as man suffrage, and the latter is in as much danger of repeal or abridgement as the former. Our people are satisfied with it, and are proud of the fact that the youngest of the territories has set an example that all the older ones and the several states of the Union are sooner or later sure to follow.

I am, madam, your most obedient,

MCLELLAN C. BROWN.

LARAMIE, Wyoming.

Adepts at Stealing.

The native races along the southern coast of South America are described as professional wreckers and thieves. Their practices are told by the author of "The Cruise of the Falcon," not for commendation, of course, but to warn sailors who may be cast away on those shores.

One sailor is sitting half asleep on his sea-chest. A gaucho comes up and taps him on the back.

"Bueno, Johnny; bueno, Johnny."

"If you are not off I'll send a bullet into you," says Jack.

"Bueno, Johnny; bueno; till to-morrow," and off skulks the gaucho to his horse, which he mounts. With a sardonic smile he takes off his hat to Jack, bids him farewell, and digging his spurs into the flanks of his wry little horse, leans over his neck and is off at full gallop over the short grass of the sandy plains.

At the first stride of the horse, to Jack's intense surprise, his box is wrenched violently from under him. He jumps up, rubs his eyes, and before he can recover his senses he sees his property rolling and bumping away over the sand-hills at the heels of the gaucho's steed; for this clever gentleman had managed to make one end of his lasso fast to the handle of Jack's box while engaged in conversation with him.

SOME ROYAL BEDS.

Two Princesses who Like Their Sheets to be Without Creases.

Clarence House, the residence of the Duchess of Edinburgh, is one of the most comfortable houses in London, and famous for its good beds, for the only daughter of Alexander II. of Russia is, like many Muscovite ladies, very particular about her beds, and will tolerate in her house none but the very best.

Even when a mere child, and long before her marriage, she was so particular about this very important item in domestic comfort that, to insure the sheets being tightly stretched over the mattress, she used to have them sewn down, for even the slightest crease or wrinkle would entirely destroy the repose of this imperial spoiled child, for the night.

Her royal highness used to be greatly chidden about this weakness by members of the royal family when first she came to this country, but the queen, who is also very particular about her beds, stuck up for her, and although now the sheets are not sewn down to the mattress, they are composed of the most exquisitely fine linen that can be procured, and stretched like a tight rope over the most perfect mattresses that can be manufactured in Paris, in which capital the making of mattresses has been brought up to the level of a fine art.

A curious and an amusing chapter might indeed be written about the beds of illustrious personages. The ex-Empress Eugenie is quite as particular about her beds as the Duchess of Edinburgh, or our gracious sovereign, and quite agrees with the first-named lady as to the fineness and the tightness of the drawing of the sheets, but her imperial majesty has an odd fancy to have her bed so low as to give a visitor to the imperial bed-chamber the impression that the widow of Caesar is almost sleeping on the floor. It is indeed hardly elevated more than a foot from the floor, as all who have visited in old days the private apartments of St. Cloud, Compiegne, and the Tuilleries, will remember.—[Modern Society.

Odd Facts About Shoes.

Grecian shoes were peculiar in reaching to the middle of the legs.

The present fashion of shoes was introduced into England in 1633.

In the ninth and tenth centuries the greatest princess of Europe wore wooden shoes.

Slippers were in use before Shakespeare's time, and were originally made "rights" and "lefts."

Shoes among the Jews were made of leather, linen, rush or wood; soldiers' shoes were sometimes made of brass or iron.

In the reign of William Rufus of England in the eleventh century, a great beau, "Robert, the Horned," used shoes with sharp points, studded with tow, and twisted like rams' horns.

The Romans made use of two kinds of shoes—the solea, or sandal, which covered the sole of the foot and was worn at home and in company, and the calceus, which covered the whole foot and was always worn with the toga when a person went abroad.

In the reign of Richard II, shoes were of such absurd length as to require to be supported by being tied to the knees with chains, sometimes of gold and silver. In 1463 the English parliament took the matter in hand and passed an act forbidding shoes with spikes more than two inches in length being worn and manufactured.

The Metric System Spreading.

Although the metric system of weights and measurements has made no headway in this country outside of school arithmetics, it is stated to be steadily spreading. It is now legally recognized in countries having a population of almost 800,000,000—more than half the population of the world. It is compulsory in countries which contain more than one-quarter of the entire population of the world. The strange part of the spread of this superior system of weights and measurements is that such half-civilized countries as Russia, Turkey, and British India seem to be more alert to realize and take advantage of its admitted superiority than England or America, with all their boasted genius for adopting the best methods and systems. Shall the turbaned Turk nimbly reckon up his accounts and meters, simply arranged on the decimal scale, while the highly civilized American, laboriously figures over the irregular proportions of ounces and pounds, feet and yards, gallons, bushels, and barrels? How much easier is it to say: Ten mills make a cent, 10 cents a dime, 10 dimes or 100 cents make \$1, than to struggle with grains, ounces and pounds. Why don't the American people adopt the same simplicity in weights and measures that is followed in money?—[Omaha World-Herald.

TOM'S LETTER.

I like to stand about the general delivery windows at the post office and watch the faces of men and women who receive letters or are disappointed and turn away to betray anxiety, regret, and despondency.

The owner of a box or drawer comes briskly in, turns his key with a snap, and grabs and pockets his letters as so much merchandise. It is business with him. He has written to A. B. C. and D on such and such a matter and expects replies beginning with "Dear Sir," and ending with "Yours truly."

But it is different at the general delivery window. Letters come from the poor who cannot afford special conveniences—for the very, very lowly—for sailors, mechanics, teamsters, seamstresses, washer-women, strangers, and all those who go to make up the seven-tenths of a city's population. Four out of every five who approach the windows do so with faster beating hearts. A letter is hoped for from far off Russia, from the hills of Italy, the alps of Switzerland, the sun-kissed plains of Spain or France, from mother England, or old Ireland, from who can guess where? Has it arrived? Does it contain good or bad news? Is father, mother, brother, or sister dead? I always rejoice with those whose faces light up as a letter is handed out, and I always sympathize with those who are turned away empty-handed.

One day in the months ago an old woman—a poor, lame, and gray-haired woman, whose vocation I never asked—came up to me in the corridor in a half-afraid manner, and asked:

"Would you mind, now, about asking if there is a letter for Mrs. Ann Taylor?"

I inquired, but there was none, and all the mother in a mother's heart swelled up into her throat as she whispered:

"Dear, dear, but I am so very sorry. Shall I never hear from him again?"

And that same day week I met her there again. You would have said we would not recognize each other again, even though we did. She came over to me with anxiety in her face and said:

"Would you take the same trouble for me again to-day? I dreamed last night that I got a letter from him."

"Nothing for Ann Taylor," was the reply of the clerk; and when I repeated the message she clasped her wrinkled hands, and gasped:

"May the Lord be merciful, but I fear he is dead!"

And so the weeks went on, and at least once each week I met the poor old body in the corridor and inquired at the window if there was a letter. None ever came, nor did I ever question her, but one day, as her old heart overflowed and the tears came to her eyes, she walked with me out of the throng and said:

"He—he ran away from me two years ago, my—my boy Tom. I'm a widow, he was my youngest, and the only one left to me. He wasn't a bad boy, but he got with a wild lot, forgot the prayers of his old mother, and one day ran off."

"And you have not heard from him since?"

"Never a word. God help me! I'm fearing he's—he's dead."

I comforted her as well as I could, but she went away sobbing. That night I dreamed of being on an island in mid-ocean, and of walking down to the beach and seeing a corpse lying there. It was that of a boy of fifteen, lying on his back and his blue eyes wide open and staring at the blue heavens above. As I looked at him his lips moved and I caught the word "Mother!" Then, still in my dream, I hurried away, and journeyed for days and days until I found the old woman who was ever and ever hoping for a letter. I took her back with me to view the body of the drowned boy, but it had disappeared, and her wails of anguish broke my slumber.

Two days later I entered the post office to find the poor old woman waiting for me. A letter was handed out before I could say a word, and as I placed it in the mother's hands I knew it was from her boy. She was too excited to read it, and too impatient to wait a minute, so I read it for her. It was from Tom and mailed from a town in Texas, and carefully folded inside was a postoffice money-order for \$50. He wrote that he was well and doing well, and should hereafter write regularly. He expressed his contrition, asked forgiveness, and wrote like a boy who had made up his mind to do right in all things.

And as I read a little crowd gathered around to listen, seeming to realize how it all was, and as I read the glad tears of the mother reflected their moisture, and the general sentiment was aptly expressed by a messenger boy, who said:

"Say, let me eat o' here before my sand gives way!"

Since that letter came I have not once seen Tom's old mother, but I know that she is weeping tears of joy, if any at all, and that her prayers to God have a tone of rejoicing. May her fond old heart—the heart of true mother—never have to grieve again for her last born.—[New York Sun.

Possible, but not Advisable.

Some men are always positive, with or without reason, while others err on the other side, and are never certain of anything. General Knox, Washington's first secretary of war, who afterward lived at Thomaston, Me., had a "general factotum" named Gleason, who was commonly supposed to know more about Knox's affairs than did Knox himself.

He was obsequious in his temper and could never say no—a weakness of which the general occasionally made game.

On one occasion Knox was passing a new three-story house, which was one of several he had nearly completed, when he took it into his head to see whether he could get a decided negative out of his useful superintendent.

"Gleason," said he, "don't you think that the chimneys in this house—then all finished and topped out"—could be removed without being taken down, and be put into that house yonder?" pointing to another in a less forward state half a mile away.

"Yes, sir," said Gleason, as usual.

Then in a moment he saw the absurdity of his answer, and added:

"Yes, sir, it might be done, but it would injure the buildings."

MISSING LINKS.

A stone mansion built in 1650 on a farm near Greenbush, N. Y., still stands.

A Warren county, Kentucky, couple are celebrating their golden wedding by engaging in a suit for divorce.

There is an entire township in Stanton county, Kansas, in which there is not a single family left, outside of the prairie-dog holes.

John Praugh, of Goshen, Ind., aged 84 has become the father of a bouncing baby boy, presented to him by his wife, aged 76.

We are now about to have the Eiffel tower in paper-weight, inkstand, thermometers and letter scales, all from a celebrated Paris bronze worker's place.

A lawyer, while arguing a case in a Louisville court, was attacked with rheumatism of the heart, and calling out, "What, am I dead?" fell lifeless to the floor.

John Cardwiller, an Ohio wealdigger,

claims to have found at the bottom of one of his diggings a piece of rock on which the stars and stripes are distinctly formed.

A lawyer of Tarpon Springs, Fla., advertises as follows in the local paper:

"Marriages and divorces secured with neatness and dispatch, with or without publicity."

The Astor library in New York city now contains 250,000 volumes. The new catalogue in four volumes of 4,000 pages each, has just been completed at great expense.

Smokeless powder has proved a humbug, as it will not retain its normal explosive quality under prolonged field service. Such is the verdict of the English ordinance department.

Ferry Hanshaw, of Portland Ore., has

gone into the business of raising Mongolian pheasants.

He has, a score or two

that were hatched by an old black hen.

They are all doing finely.

The old double log cabin long ago occupied by Andrew Jackson, near Nashville, Tenn., has been repaired and preserved for another century at least, by the enterprise of a local association of ladies.

A woolen mill at Charlottesville, Va., has

for three successive years obtained

the contract for furnishing the cloth for

the fall and winter uniforms of the Philadel-

phia letter carriers—between 800 and 900 men.