

WOMAN'S WORLD.

MISS MARTHA CUNNINGHAM IS A TALENTED YOUNG WOMAN.

Women and Chemistry—Gail Hamilton Tells of Her Illness—Why He Opposes Woman's Suffrage—Southern Women of 1895—Some Opinions on Dress.

Martha Cunningham, a young poetess whose fame is steadily taking shape and who has been compared, even by some of our severest critics, to Browning, has accomplishments that are not confined to the field of poetry. She has, first, what all women prize above all things, and that is genuine beauty, and she speaks French, Italian and German with fluency.

She is also a harpist of exceptional power, her execution being something notable for a woman who has just passed her teens. She was at school abroad for



MISS MARTHA CUNNINGHAM.

six years, in Paris, Berlin and London, and has traveled over Europe, besides spending several months in the Holy Land. All this for a woman who has not yet gotten beyond her twenty-first milestone is a little unusual, even in this age of rapid development.

One of Cardinal Gibbons' last acts before embarking on his late foreign trip was to write to Miss Cunningham a letter of praise for her recent book of poems, in which his eminence was pleased to say that the work of the poetess displayed "a high order of literary merit." Through a large part of the products of this gifted and versatile young American woman there is a vein of religious mysticism as well as a touch of metaphysics, but here and there the genuine womanly sentiment crops out, as in this little gem:

Give me thy gold, O sunshines;
Of thy silver give me, moon,
And I'll take them to my sweethearts;
She will bid me enter soon!Then it will not matter, sunshine,
Then it will not matter, moon,
That we have no purpose from us,
Only love's sweet, priceless boon!

That Miss Cunningham's imagination has also a sublime and powerful range is impressively manifested in the sparkling verse entitled "Dawn," which has been highly praised:

Darkness, blackness, then a gray,
Blue light that silvers glows and pales.
Stillness, silence, then a stir
Of breathing life. White trails
Of somber clouds float to the west
And sink within the sea to rest.
Peak on peak leaps up rose tipped
And slope on slope then swells with thrills
Sweet and pipe and call of bird
And beast. Then high above the hills
The sun flares up and shepherd's horn
Resounds and echoes. Day is born.

—New York Herald.

Women and Chemistry.

A prominent physician, a man, wondered recently that more women do not undertake his profession. Chemistry, he says, is especially a woman's occupation. There is little or no manual labor, and what there is can usually be done by an assistant of scant knowledge. On the other hand, the pursuit of the science in a practical way calls for the keen eye, delicate perceptive faculties and fine manipulation we are accustomed to accord to women. Much, for example, is determined by shades of color, different phases of the work's progress being thus indicated. Women are proverbially skilled in color reading and in the detection of slight degrees of hue differentiation.

The work is profitable, and the field comparatively bare of woman tillers. Moreover, it does not seem to call for an especially leaning toward or talent for it—at least in any marked degree. One of the first women to invade the laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania was a Philadelphia girl, who, finding occupation needful a year or two after leaving school, had the suggestion made to her in a casual way to take up chemistry. With no more knowledge of the science than that obtained in the average educational course, and with no consciousness of special adaptation for the work, she began its mastery.

A preparatory course made her ready to go higher, and with one young woman companion pursuing the same study she knocked at the conservative portals of the university. There was a demur, but quiet persistence finally won, and to the zeal and discretion of these two pioneers is undoubtedly due the fact that today a large class of women is at work among the crucibles and retorts of the fine old institution in West Philadelphia.

The persevering first one has held for some time the position of assayer in one of the largest watch factories in the country, and so valuable are her services that while she is away, as at present, on a brief but much needed vacation, her work can be done by no one in the great establishment, but accumulates daily against her return.

Gail Hamilton Tells of Her Illness.

A paper written by Miss Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) was read in the church in Hamilton last Sunday evening. It was entitled "In the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Miss Dodge re-

fuses to give the manuscript of the paper, but a short sketch of what was said has been obtained. She tells in the paper of reading her own obituaries. Passing on to her own experiences, she said that she was taken ill last spring while locked in a room in the Blaine mansion at Washington. She felt that she was failing and realized that something very serious had seized her. Her most intense feeling was the shock that her friends would receive when they broke open the door and found her dead upon the floor.

She felt that the shock would be lessened to them if they should find her lying in a natural position upon the sofa, and so she made a mighty effort with her fast ebbing strength to cross the room to the sofa. She reached it, but stumbled and fell beside it.

She realized the situation when her friends found her, and could hear them as they spoke about her, although apparently she was unconscious. Then came a long blank that lasted how long she knew not. At times she would partially recover consciousness and wonder whether she were dead or not. Her brothers, Stanwood and Brown Dodge, both of whom are dead, one of them dying less than a year ago, appeared to her and conversed with naturalness. She sometimes felt that she would like to speak and inquire if she were really in the other world, but found it impossible to enunciate syllables.

She decided to impress upon those who heard the paper read the truth of the sentence, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord," for death, she said, "is indeed a blessed thing." She felt no especial sorrow in leaving life and laying down its burdens, but she had a poignant sympathy for her relatives and friends who she knew would mourn long and deeply at her death. "Do not have a horror of death," was her thought. "It is a blessed thing."

Much interest has been taken in the paper since Sunday, and the audience that listened to its reading was rather a limited one. The whole thing was a complete surprise to every but the minister, Mr. Nichols.—Boston Herald.

Why He Opposes Woman's Suffrage.

The possession of the ballot has not purified the male voter from the heinous sin of a sold vote. Why should it purify the woman? It is a well known fact that in all our large cities there is a great body of women who sell themselves soul and body. It is idle to stop and say that men are responsible for this horror. I have no desire to screen men. I believe the man who sins against purity is, before God, a sinner equally with the woman. But the fact stands that a woman who will sell her purity, her honor, her reputation, herself, will sell anything. And in the city of New York, with its 50,000 fallen women, there is this enormous and awful possibility of a vote that might turn the tide of any election purchasable by the highest bidder, who would naturally use his disreputable bargain for disreputable and dangerous ends.

By some strange confusion of infantile innocence, unimaginable ignorance of facts, or malicious interpretation of words, men who have called attention to this danger have been accused of insulting their wives and mothers, or of implying that Mrs. Cady Stanton or Miss Anthony would sell her vote. But this sort of answer is only the action of the cuttlefish, which hides its method of escape, or the dust of the fleeing animal, which blinds the eyes of the pursuer. The hideous fact of the number of degraded and venal women remains. The awful fact of venal voters among men remains, and of the equally criminal class of political go betweens, who spend the money of candidates and corporations in these most illegitimate "election expenses." And the possibility and probability of the increase of a corrupted ballot giving, in a close election, the balance of power, secured by a purchase of the votes of women lost to all sense of shame, follows as an immediate and inevitable danger.—Bishop of Albany in North American Review.

Southern Women of 1895.

Whatever may be said for or against the new (?) woman or her predecessor, wherever found and under whatever circumstances, there is no gainsaying the fact that our southern woman of today is a very attractive feminine—tender, graceful, wide awake, but not aggressive; hospitable, intelligent, patriotic, ambitious—even if she does not parade her aspirations in huge posters along the roadside fence or climb the mountain yelling "Excelsior!" in a ten story stentorian voice, shaking the legendary flag in the traditional opposing winds, and she is very womanly, which is really true also of the "great majority" everywhere, notwithstanding the sometimes well deserved ridicule that is being heaped upon the sex that rules the world through denied the ballot.

And the southern woman is graceful, not athletic, perhaps not even strong. She doesn't ride a bicycle "from Atlanta to the sea" before breakfast daily nor "tramp" from three to five or even ten miles every day she lives, for the climate is against it, the social conditions of things forbid her going "all by her lonesome." She dances well and often, and that helps make up for lack of walking, although nothing else can really serve the purpose of this form of exercise.—Womankind.

Some Opinions on Dress.

A Paris morning paper has elicited from a number of "emancipated" ladies their opinion on the question, "Which, the skirt or the knickerbocker, is the best garment, from the triple standpoint of beauty, health and propriety?" Among the ladies interrogated who have sent replies are Mesdames Sarah Bernhardt, Brandes and Eugenie Buffet. Mme. Bernhardt does not trouble to go into the aesthetic consideration. She confines herself entirely to the moral and thinks that it is best for her sex to be kept sedentary. The cycle, Mme. Bernhardt fears, is going to make more sweeping changes than any one dreams.

A strip of oilcloth is recommended as the best possible belt lining, retaining its stiffness to the limit of wearing.

There are now 550 women physicians, of whom 88 are Jewesses, who are in attendance in Jewish hospitals.

of. All those young girls and women to whom space is nothing more than it is to birds are sure to be disgusted with confinement to their houses. The habit of utter liberty which the cycle gives will show itself in other ways than crying.

Mme. Bernhardt says that she has seen what the free education of America leads to and hopes that French girlhood will be kept on old fashioned French lines. Mme. Brandes says that the long skirt is to form what rhythm is to poetry. Women who wear puffy knickers, she thinks, are to be pitied. Mme. Eugenie Buffet considers all trousers, knickers or tights equally objectionable. She wants women to be women and will stick to the skirt.

A Mother's Heart.

One of the women attendants out at the children's sanitarium on the Lincoln park lake shore tells a pretty story.

"A woman who was sick enough herself to be in a hospital came up here with her child. It was a tiny thing and so weak that it could hardly cry. The mother had to be assisted under the shelter, and then we gave her a reclining place from which she could see the lake. Soon after there stopped in front of the building an imposing carriage and team. The occupants were a woman, whose dress indicated riches and refinement, a pretty and elaborately dressed baby and the nurse. The three came in. The mistress of the party saw the sick woman and spoke to her. I did not hear what was said at first, but a few moments later I heard the rich woman say:

"Don't be afraid. I will leave you my child as security." And then the rich woman picked up the tiny child that was so weak and carried it herself to the carriage and got in and was driven away. The nurse and the rich baby remained at the sanitarium and entertained the sick woman, and when the other returned the sick child had on a new dress and a bunch of sweet peas was fastened about its neck. It was so quietly done, and so pretty, too, I just went off alone and cried from joy."—Chicago Chronicle.

Willing to Live Another Century.

Mrs. Euphemia Leigh recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John N. Alpaugh, near High Bridge, N. J. She was the daughter of Andrew and Sarah Van Fleet, and was born near Flemington, Sept. 18, 1795. She was married to John Leigh in 1820, and has been the mother of ten children, five of whom are living, three in New Jersey, one in Illinois and one in Nebraska. She has 26 grandchildren and 37 great-grandchildren. Mrs. Leigh's husband died about 20 years ago. For the last seven years she has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Alpaugh, who lives on a farm about a mile from the village of High Bridge. Mrs. Leigh is in good health, and in possession of her faculties, with the exception of her hearing. She is a bright, cheery and exceedingly interesting old lady, very sociable and appreciative of the comforts she enjoys. At her recent centennial anniversary, one said to her, "I suppose you would not care to live another hundred years?" "I don't know about that," she replied in a sprightly manner. "I've had a good time all my life."—New York Tribune.

She Brightened Things Up.

An American girl stopping in an English country house and bored to death by the manner in which men talked nothing but horses and hunting and shooting, and almost ignored the presence of ladies altogether, thought she would read them a lesson and put an end to the boredom at the same time. She waited a few days, and then, when the talk was drifting in the usual direction, she suddenly said, with a bright laugh that took the sting out of her rebuke: "Now, look here, you men, I've got an idea. Suppose you stop harping on horses and hunting and just make yourselves agreeable to us women. I know you're all dying for a new sensation, and this will be strange and weird to you." The men stopped, stared, then laughed, and from that day forward all the ladies in the house had a much brighter time of it.—Philadelphia Press.

Two London Clubs.

American members of the famous Pioneer club of London, one of the few London woman's clubs, are Dr. Helen Densmore and Miss Willard. In this club, to obliterate all social distinction, the members are known by numbers, not by their names. Mme. Grand, for example, answering to the designation No. 40. The Writers' club, also of London, has a royal highness for its presiding officer, the Princess Christian. The salutation "Mme. President" is out of order in that club.

A paper to be read at Atlanta on Nov. 6 by Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland of the New England Woman's Press association has the suggestive title, "A Plea For Womanliness In Business Women."

The Frankfurter Zeitung says that Finland, a dependency of Russia, boasts several fire engine companies composed entirely of women, and that these have already won glory at several great fairs.

Female letter carriers have been installed at Aachen, Germany. They wear black dresses with yellow trimmings and black glazed hats with yellow ribbons.

Stewardesses are the latest innovations on the east and west Pullman "limited" trains and a decided comfort to the traveling lone female.

A strip of oilcloth is recommended as the best possible belt lining, retaining its stiffness to the limit of wearing.

There are now 550 women physicians, of whom 88 are Jewesses, who are in attendance in Jewish hospitals.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

What She Was Doing When She Was Too Busy to Call Her Mother.

In a small town not far from York lives a young girl heroine, although she does not know it. One night lately she had a mother good night. The hall was lighted by a small hand lamp, which she was accustomed to light for herself. She struck the match—it was one of the kind called parlor matches—and having put on the chimney carefully blew out the match that was still burning in her hand.

She then busied herself folding and smoothing the pretty blue ribbons that had been used to tie her long brown braids, when suddenly she saw a great stream of light flash up in the mirror, and turning quickly discovered the muslin curtains all on fire. Part of the head of the treacherous match had flown off unnoticed by her and set fire to the light drapery. Did she scream? Oh, no. Her face was very white and she looked frightened, but she rushed across the room and got the pitcher of water from the toilet stand and dashed its contents on the flames. Then she ran in the next chamber and seized another pitcher standing there and poured the water on as high as she could lift the pitcher, and grasping the curtains with shaking fingers tore them down and threw them into a smoldering heap on the floor. She ran for yet more water, and quenching the last bit of flame she lifted the sodden mass and dropped it out of the window.

"What in the world are you running about for, May?" called her mother at this time from the foot of the stairs. "Oh, mamma, mamma, do come here!" answered a faint little voice. "I—oh, my curtains are all burned!" sobbed May, whom her mother found limp and white on the bed.

The ragged ends of drapery, the open window and the blackened heap beneath, which her mother saw when she looked out in answer to the girl's pointing, told the story, and the mother's face was as white as the daughter's as she excitedly asked, "Why didn't you call me at once?"

"I don't know," replied the plucky child. "I hadn't time, I guess; I was too busy."—New York Times.

America's Smallest Tandem.

We illustrate herewith the smallest and lightest tandem ever made. It is the property of Lewis and John Benner of Philadelphia, aged 4 and 6 respectively. This wheel, a marvel of cycle con-

struction, was made to order. Its weight is but 15 pounds, it has 16 inch wheels and is enameled "Crimson." It is without doubt the smallest tandem ever built and made for the smallest racers in the world.—American Cyclist.

To Be Read Aloud Quickly.

As I was going down the street I saw two bootblacks. One was a black bootblack and the other white bootblack, and both had black boots, as well as blacking and brushes. The black bootblack asked the white bootblack to black his, the black bootblack's, black boots with blacking. The white bootblack consented to black the black boots of the black bootblack with blacking, but when he, the white bootblack, had blacked one black boot of the black bootblack with blacking, he, the white bootblack, refused to black his, the black bootblack's, other black boot with blacking unless he, the black bootblack, paid him, the white bootblack, the same as what he, the white bootblack, got for blacking other people's black boots, whereupon the black bootblack grew still blacker in the face, called the white bootblack a blackguard, at the same time hitting the white bootblack with the black boot that he, the white bootblack, had already blacked with blacking.

Game of Grace Hoops.

One of the prettiest outdoor games of this season is the revival of the old fashioned game of grace hoops. One way of playing it is for each player to have two sticks, one in each hand, and throw the hoop from one to the other, catching them on the stick. This is a graceful sport and excellent exercise. Another way is with a center pole. A tall pine tree is used to good advantage. It should be cut off about five feet from the ground so that its top is stocky. The side branches are then trimmed a little, and the hoops will fall on them easily. The grace hoops are made of light wood, are about 2 feet across and are covered or wound with flowers, each hoop being decorated with a different flower. After all the players have thrown the grace hoops upon the pine tree they let them hang until the score has been counted, then the prizes are given to those whose hoops hang highest on the pine pole.

Quality, Not Place.

Said A, "Whene'er I stand between The letters B and C, I'm in the midst of all that's Ba'd, As you plainly see."

"How strange!" said merry, laughing B.

"When I between them am,

I'm tucked up comfortably in Bed

And happy as a clam."

"It's quality within ourselves,"

Then mused the letter A,

"And not the place we occupy

That makes us sad or gay."

—Mrs. H. M. Greenleaf in St. Nicholas.

MOTHERS

recovering from the illness attending childbirth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displacements of the womanly organs, will find relief and a permanent cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription"

MAKES CHILDBIRTH EASY by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

THE MARRIED WOMAN

be delirious, run-down, or overworked, it worries her husband as well as herself. This is the proper time to build up her strength and cure those weaknesses or ailments, which are the cause of her trouble. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep and makes a new woman of her.

Mrs. ABRAM LYON, of Lorraine, Jefferson Co., N. Y., writes: "I had been suffering from a severe attack of the disease for several years, and for several years, since the birth of my youngest child. I consulted all the physicians around here and they gave me up and said there was no help for me."

At last, almost discouraged, I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and took two bottles. It is three years since and I have not had any return of the trouble. I feel very grateful, and in fact over you my friends. For do you know I should have been alive now if I had not taken your medicine."

MRS. LYON.

ARRIVE FROM THE WEST.

No. 7 Western Express (V&S) 1:30 a m

No. 15 St. Louis Mail 10:10 a m

No. 21 St. Louis Ex* (PDV&S)