NEWLY DISCOVERED WOMAN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

I have intended for several weeks to call the attention of the readers of *The Independent* to an article by Helen Watterson Moody in the September number of *The Forum*. It is on "Women's Excitement over Woman." And of all the countless arguments concerning my uneasy sex, which I have heard in the last twenty years, it seems to me the most rational and sane. It comes in the midst of the shrill feminine hurly-burly everywhere, like the sound of the bell in the church tower, calm and steady, striking the correct time, high over the babel of the marketplace.

Mrs. Moody quietly asks of us women, a few questions, which I am afraid we will find it difficult to answer.

While she understands the rejoicing of her sisters that they have pushed their way into the professions, trade, finance and men's attire (these being regarded by them as solid rungs on the ladder to fortune and self-development), she finds a false note in their rejoicing. There is too much sex consciousness in it, and a great deal too much boasting.

She reminds them that women always have done one-half of the world's work, and that the women who did it in past ages were quite as able, as dignified and as usefully, if not as publicly, employed as those who so loudly trumpet their own achievements today.

She is perplexed, too, by the recent ecstatic announcement in Chicago, by the leaders of the new movement, that "a discovery has just been made more important than that of the New World by Columbus; the discovery this summer—of Woman."

While she sees the difference in the kind of work done by past generations of her sex, and this present just discovered rival of man, she mildly asks: What is the difference between the workers? The only change in them that she can see is that "while women once were content to do their work unostentatiously, and without asking special recognition for it, they manifest today a disposition toward the title roles and the limelight and the centre of the stage."

She asks, too, why women of today do not simply emphasize to the public the quality of their work, which is the only thing worth comment, but urge instead the fact that the worker wears skirts instead of trousers—a consideration which has no bearing whatever on the case. She cites, as an example, the Woman's Exhibit at Chicago. If the work was creditable, as work, why was it not placed side by side with that of men?

Probably every rational woman of the myriads who entered the Woman's Building asked, "Why is our work set apart, like that of savages or feeble-minded children?" The mere setting of it apart was an acknowledgment of inferiority.

I may add, *en passant*, that the exhibit was a mistake if it was intended to show the advance made by women in the last four hundred years. With the exception of one or two creditable pictures and some decorated china, there was no important art nor handicraft represented by the women in their building in which their sisters who lived before Columbus did not excel them.

Mrs. Moody points out in detail that women of other ages were the equals in art and literature of those who are now so widely advertised.

She might have called attention also to the fact that the women who inherit political power have been gradually more and more cramped and stinted in its exercise during the last four centuries. Queen Bess would scorn Victoria's scepter, which that worthy bourgeoise old lady cannot much accept under the direction of half a dozen men.

Or what woman reigning in this century would make or lead her forces into the field with the skill in strategy of Margaret of Anjou or Joan of Brittany, or any other of the warlike queen? It was a poor business; but we have lost their skill in it.

Or, to come down to the middle class, had not the wife of the English squire or Virginia planter, who superintended a great establishment—the weaving, the brewing, the clothing, the provisioning, the education and the morals of a host of children and servants, holding her place in social life also as a gentlewoman with grace and dignity—quite as much need of intellectual power and executive ability as if she had been a newspaper correspondent or had painted china saucers? Was not the influence of Mme. de Maintenon as she sat knitting her lace, or de Stael twisting her bit of ivy while she talked at dinner, at least as great over the age in which they lived as that of a woman lecturer in Chicago?

The graduate of Vassar or Smith has playing contempt for her grandmother whose life was spent in her nursery and kitchen, and whose Bible and Cookbook constituted her library. But her grandfather's life also was bounded by his shop and field; his weekly *United States Gazette* gave him his sole glimpse of the world; he knew no more of science or foreign politics or the Unions or Organizations in which his grandson has bound himself than did his old wife of mathematics and Women's clubs. When Eve span, Adam delved. They march together always. If Eve is "enfranchised," as she declared at Chicago, it is because Adam first grew tired of old bonds and gained a wider, freer life. She has lost power as a sovereign and gained power as a citizen, just as a man has done.

The difference between them now is that the man takes his development as a matter of course, and attributes it to the increased knowledge of science, to the public schools, to railways, the telegraph, newspaper—all things which bring the people of the world closer together. But the Woman (as she writes herself) is *telemimice* with her success and attributes it wholly to her own efforts. The persistency with which she sounds her own trumpet and calls attention to her virtues and perfections, makes the judicious grieve. As I write comes a meeting of the foremost woman's club in the country, in which the "blundering government of men" is arraigned and we are assured that "the future of the world is in the hands of Women," who will bring it all right.

This Woman seized on the World's Fair as an opportunity to exploit herself. If she had had her own way it would have degenerated into a game of brag. She besought every woman in the country who had ever written a paper in a magazine or invented a mousetrap to send her paper and her trap, her portrait and her autograph for exhibition. In some of the States it was suggested that folding screens should be erected by each county, on which should be pasted the photograph and a sketch of the life of every woman who had "done anything," if if it were only to keep a successful shoe-shop.

These are simple straws to show which way the current sets. It was flitting and right that women should take part in the management of the Fair, and that the papers, shoes and the mousetraps should be shown. But, in the name of decency, why should the private lives and faces of their makers be given up to the starting millions?

The majority of women in this country, strange as it may seem to this pretentious, wordy Woman, prefer not to be "discovered." Their work may belong to the world; but their personality does not. This is the class whose individual influence will make them potential in the future of the country.

As for their active sisters, no one questions the value of their achievements nor their just cause for triumph. They are so strong and so wise that one wonders that they are not wise enough to see that their work and not their words should recommend them, and that loud boasting and swagger in public is a sign of bad taste and ill-breeding as much in a club as in an individual woman.

It is the newly made peer who talks of his title; the prince of the blood drops it when he would be comfortable, and travels incognito. A man of sense is too busy with his work to ask what people say of him; it is the child who brags of what he has done and begs to be petted and applauded.—*Independent.*

The Keeper of The Door.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"Oh, dear! I am completely discouraged." Jenny pushed away her book, and looked up at her mother with an expression that was very much like despair, and yet not altogether that, for somehow her mother had a way of brightening up dark places that was helpful as well as comforting.

Her mother was rocking the baby, and she scarcely dared speak, lest the little tyrant should open his eyes for a new frolic; but she sent Jennie a smile that said just as plainly as words, "What is the trouble? Let us talk it over."

"It's about my besetting sins, mamma. You see, we were talking last Sunday about striving against sin, and Miss Marston told us the only way to overcome it was to fight as the sharpshooters did in the war, by taking aim at a particular one. She advised us to sit down and make an honest list, just for our own eyes, of our own special sins—the ones that made us most trouble—and then try, by God's help, to overcome them. I made up my mind to try it, and I had to write down ever so many things; but I truly thought that my tongue made me the most trouble."

"Your tongue! Oh, yes, I understand!" said mamma.

"Saying things, you know, mamma; things I ought not to say; and I am so sorry about it afterwards; but that doesn't seem to make it any better, because I go and do it again."

"Well?" said mamma, as Jenny paused.

"Well, I thought I'd just take aim at that one thing, and I did. I thought it would be a good plan to write down whenever I forgot, and so every night I put down in my little book the bad things I had said, and—and—mamma, it is just horrid! The days don't grow a bit better, and today is worst of all."

Jenny drew a deep sigh, and scowled at her little book. Then she said desperately, "I wish there was some way to just tie my tongue up, and keep it out of mischief."

"You need a gate-keeper," said her mother, laying down the baby and taking up her sewing. "When a city is in danger from enemies, they must do something more than put sharp-shooters on the walls; they guard the gates, and keep sentinels at their posts day and night, to give warning of the approach of danger."

"I try to watch," said Jenny. "I thought of it all the morning while I was dressing, and then when I came down and heard Rob fretting at Hatty for taking his slate, and at Norah because there was no toast, and even at the baby for pulling his hair, I went to singing,

'Brother, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as a summer breeze,'

though I knew perfectly well that always makes Rob madder than anything else. Then he threw his book at me, and papa sent him out of the room, and I just wanted to pound myself on the head for being so mean."

"You must have a gate keeper," said her mother, more seriously than ever; "and I would ask for one before I was an hour older. Your father will give you one."

"Papa!" exclaimed Jenny. "How can he?"

But the mother opened her Bible, and, turning over the leaves, gave it to Jenny with her finger on a verse in Psalms. 'Read that," she said; and Jenny read aloud: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

There were tears in her eyes as she repeated the words, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth." "I never thought about that, mamma; somehow I expected to take care of that sin myself, but I should like a keeper. Just think, mamma, of an angel standing on guard to keep the door of my lips. "Will he have a sword, I wonder?"

"I think so: the 'sword of Truth.'"

"And what will be the watchword?"

"'Peace,' I think, or 'Love'—the love that 'worketh no ill to its neighbor;' at least, I would try that watch-word today, and ask the keeper to challenge every word, and let nothing pass without the watch-word."

When Jennie went to her room that night she found a little card pinned up over her dressing-table, with David's prayer written upon it, and she added it very earnestly to her own petitions. In the morning it was again before her eyes, and she went down to breakfast repeating it to herself. The first thing she saw was Johnny tormenting her beloved white kitten by trying to drive it in harness.

"You mean, cruel boy!" was upon her very lips, but the keeper drew his sword and stopped the words.

At school Jenny's temptations came thick and fast; first a temptation to evil speaking, then to unkind criticism, then to uncharitable judgment, then to tell a ludicrous story of a simple-minded Christian, then to punish the self-conceit of Mamie Morris by repeating what a lady had said of her, and then to keep back a cutting reply to a most ungenerous taunt. It seemed to Jenny, as she reviewed the day, it had been a specially hard one; and yet she was conscious that through it all the keeper had been standing at the door, and she could look back with gratitude, and not with shame.

"How about the watchman, Jennie?" asked her mother, when she came home.

"He stood at his post, mamma; twice, I think, something slipped by without the watch-word, but he killed it with his sword before it got far enough to do much mischief."

Cousin Sue heard the story, and on Jenny's next birthday sent her a lovely motto for her room—a wreath of daisies and wild roses, delicately painted as a border for the text: "Keep the door of my lips."

"I think Cousin Sue might have sent that to me," said Rob, honestly; "I am sure I need a doorkeeper more than Jennie does.

And Mamie Morris confessed to her dearest friend that she really did believe Jenny Wilder was a Christian, because she never said things to make folks uncomfortable.

"She's so funny, and so smart to think of things, that I never used to open my mouth before her without expecting to be set down, but now I like her best of any girl in school."

Mamie's friend had a pang of jealousy.

"Well, Mamie Morris, to tell the truth, I think you just need setting down once in a while. You're such an awful little puff-ball that if somebody didn't step on you or squeeze you, you'd—you'd just burst!"

Which shows that Mamie's friend needed a keeper of the door also.—*Sabbath Magazine.*

How Alice and Tommy Helped Each Other.

Little Alice Archer was almost discouraged that day. She knew by many signs that the beautiful, mild spring had come. Through the open window sweet scents came floating in upon the invisible wings of the wind; scents from the spicy buds of the balm of Gilead trees fragrances from the near by woods, where the Mayflower was opening its pink buds and the maples were preparing their crimson tassels. The great horse-chestnut tree in the front yard was all ready to break into leaf, and underneath its sturdy branches the robbins were hopping about on the green turf.

"How nice to be a bird, and go just where one likes!" thought Alice. "O, dear me!"

"Want to buy some candy?"

The voice came in at the open window, as if in reply to Alice's impatient exclamation. Alice peeped out. There stood a boy about eight years old, one would say; that is about Alice's own age. He was barefooted, and his coat and short trousers were patched so thoroughly that one could hardly see the stuff of which they were made. But he had a clear, bright, honest face, and soft, dark curls that fell over his tanned forehead.

"Come in," said Alice. "Come right in without ringing the bell. The door isn't locked."

The boy did as he was told, wiping his feet carefully on the door mat.

"Come and show me your candy," said Alice, as he entered the room.

There was a market basket partly filled with "sticks" and "cakes" and "drops" and chocolate creams and taffy.

"How nice it looks!" said Alice. "Will you please bring me that little purse there on the end of the mantel? The money in it is my very own, and I needn't ask mamma if I can spend it."

The boys eyes opened wide as he saw the silver pieces in the purse—half dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels—a great deal of money for so small a girl to possess, he thought.

"How rich you are!" he said. "I wish I had as much money as that. Wouldn't mammy be glad?"

"Who is your mammy?" asked Alice.

"Mis. Kelly. She goes out washing. Father's dead; and mammy and I must pay the rent, and buy things for Toddy. If father hadn't died, I should go to school and learn to read, and be President some day."

"Who is Toddy?" inquired Alice.

"She's our baby—a pretty one, too. I wish you could see her."

Alice bought a liberal supply of candy and the little peddler turned to leave the house.

"Don't go yet?" pleaded Alice. "I am so lonesome today. Mamma has a headache, and she's trying to get a nap."

"Why don't you go out and play?" asked the boy. Alice took up a little crutch that had been lying on the floor out of sight.

"I am lame," she said. "I can hop about the house, but I can't go out alone."

"My!" said the candy boy, "that's worse than not knowing how to read and never being President."

"I love to go out of doors," said Alice. "You can't think how much I love it. And now its spring, and the wild flowers are beginning to bloom. I would give heaps of money for one good run in the woods."

"Why, mebby I could help you some day," said the boy. "Anyway, I must go now. And, if your mother wants her washing done, Mrs. Kelly, in the old red house at the corner near the grist mill, would be glad to do it. My name is Tommy Kelly, an' I'll fetch an' carry the clothes." So saying, Tommy touched his cap and walked rapidly away.

Alice told mamma all about the candy peddler when the lady came down stairs to sit with her little daughter. "And only think, mamma," she said, "how good it was of him to say that he would help me walk!"

"Isn't there some way that you could help him?" asked mamma. "I shall go to see Mrs. Kelly; for I need a better laundress, and I do not doubt that Tommy is a manly, honest fellow."

"Why, how could I help anybody?" said Alice, the tears coming into her eyes.

"You might help Tommy to be President," said her mother.

"O, now you are laughing at me," replied Alice. "I wouldn't think that of you, mamma."

"A boy who can read has the key to all knowledge, and 'knowledge is power.'"

Alice looked thoughtful for a moment, then a new light came into her face.

"You mean that I might teach Tommy to read," she said.

"Yes, dear, and fill up many a lonely hour for yourself."

"It is just like you, mother dear, to think of that perfectly lovely way of helping; and don't you see, I can teach Tommy while he is helping me to walk about."

"We must get acquainted first, my child; but I think that will not take long."

One sweet June morning a boy and girl might have been seen slowly walking among the flower-beds in Mrs. Archer's garden.

"Now, can you spell rose?" said the girl. The boy spelled it correctly.

"And pink?" was the next question. Pink was spelled; also leaf and vine, and stem and stalk, and root.

"Now," said the girl, "we will sit down and read this story about the pink and the rose that grew side by side in the garden."

While they read, a sweet two-year-old baby came toddling up to them. Tommy lifted her to his knee, and Alice gave her a cooky out of a little bag she carried on her arm.

"See there, ma'am!" said Mrs. Kelly, who was washing in the kitchen. Mrs. Archer, who was helping about the clear-starching, looked out at the happy group.

"Alice has been much more contented since she began to teach Tommy," said the lady.

"And Tommy is that set up," said Mrs. Kelly, "that I wouldn't wonder if he gets to be President after all."—*Examiner.*

Tired, Weak, Nervous,

Mans impure blood and overwork, or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood. Thousands of people certify that the best blood purifier, the best nerve tonic, and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What it has done for others it will also do for you—Hood's Cures.

Nervousness, loss of sleep, loss of appetite and general debility all disappear when Hood's Sarsaparilla is persistently taken, and strong nerves, sweet sleep, strong body, sharp appetite, and in a word, health and happiness follow the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The strong point about Hood's Sarsaparilla is that they are permanent, because they start from the solid foundation of purified, vitalized and enriched blood.

HAD PRACTICED.—Cardinal Richelieu once listened to an earnest sermon by a shoemaker. The man was simple and unaffected, and apparently not at all dismayed by the presence of the cardinal.

"How could you preach to me with so much confidence?" Richelieu asked him in evident surprise.

"Monseigneur," replied the shoemaker, "I learned my sermon by reciting it to a field of cabbage-heads, in the midst of which was one red one, and this practice enabled me to preach to you."

Are You Bilious.

A bilious condition is indicated by costiveness, headache, bad morning taste, variable and poor appetite, cold feet, chilliness and depression. If you are bilious a certain cure will be found in a course of Hawker's liver pills. They are very easy to take, mild in action do not gripe, and do not sicken. They are sold by all druggists, at 25 cents per box.

Give it One Trial.

Are you "all stuffed up" with a cold in the head? Hawker's catarrh cure will clear it out quicker than anything else you can use. A box costs 25 cents and will cure a whole family. It is a very simple and effective remedy and those who have once tried it will use no other.

TOOTHACHE is quickly cured by Dr. Manning's German Remedy, the universal pain cure. All druggists sell it.

INSTINCT AND REASON.—A wise teacher learns by instructing others. Sometimes he picks up very curious information in this way.

Thus a teacher, according to *Good News*, asked a boy to explain, if he could, the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. It was a pretty hard question, but the boy was equal to it.

"If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to without learning it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves 'most blind or be a fool."

MODEST REQUEST.—There are some disadvantages which attach themselves to persons who have become famous. These, however, often have their ludicrous side.

It is said that at one time Henry Clay was traveling in the west, and stopped overnight in a little log cabin inhabited by an old man and his wife. After breakfast the next morning his old host, who had been in a flutter of excitement ever since he learned who his distinguished guest was, said he would like to make one slight request before the visitor departed.

"Couldn't ye," he said, with evident anxiety, "couldn't ye just make my wife an' me a little speech before leaving us?"

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure diphtheria. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER. French Village.

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I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth. JOSEPH A. SNOW. Norway, Me.

LATE.—"Excuse me, madam, I am afraid I am very late." "O my dear Herr Von Fifferl, you are never too late."

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"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen:—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with scrofula in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there were large bunches on my neck so sore that I could

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 11th Sept., 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.50
Express for Sussex	16.30
Express for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal	16.50

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.40 o'clock. A freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.20
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 29th Sept., 1893.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after THURSDAY, 4th January, 1894, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows.

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.18 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 p. m; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.50 a. m.

Flag Stations—Trains stop only when signalled.

Steamer City of Monticello leaves Digby for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway leave Annapolis: Express at 12.45 p. m. Passengers and freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 a. m.

Steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

International steamers leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday.

Canadian Pacific Railway trains leave Saint John at 7.30 a. m., daily (Sunday excepted) and 8.30 p. m., daily for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and 10.40 p. m., daily (Saturday excepted) for Montreal and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Trains of Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Middleton for Lunenburg daily at 2.05 p. m.

Davison's Mail Coaches leave Yarmouth daily (Sunday excepted) after the arrival of No. 4 train from Annapolis, for Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

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Use K. D. C. for all Stomach Troubles.

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