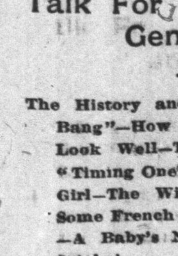
THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Feminine Chat and Wisdom from Various Sources.

THEIR FADS, FANCIES AND FASHIONS.

Talk For and About the Gentler Sex.

The History and the Future of "The Bang"—How One Girl Manages to Look Well—The New Fan Dance—"Timing One's Turns"—Last Summer's Girl—The Wife of a Workingman—Some French Novelties—The Rose Jar—A Baby's Need of Water—Beauty's Satchel.



IT may be said without fear of successful contradiction that the bang is eternal. It always has been and ever will be popular among women who study their glass. Cleopatra wore her cow's tail red hair banged round her face and ears. Old Mother Eve is pictured with loose tresses playing about her brow and temples. Salome, the Carmencita of Biblical days, wore a bang; so did Magdalen the beautiful repentant, cruel Queen Bess and the beau and beauties that Van Dyke painted. Louisa, the lovely Queen of Prussia, pinned her tresses with a star and let them fly again windward about her cheeks; the fascinating Mme. Roland, whose dark, serious, changing eyes no artist could paint, pulled her shock of brown hiar within an inch of her eyebrows and qound it with a fillet; Mme. de Steel, the religieuse, skeptic, sloven scholar, wit and queen of the salon frequented by such men as Talleyrand Schiller, Mirabeau, Voltaire, Rosseau, De Lafayette, Napoleon and Louis XIV., openly confessed that, although she might not wash her face once in a week, her front hair had to be looked after every day, and she wore a head dress of beaded crape with a frill of little spiral curls running across her forehead from ear to ear that kept in curl, but caught fluff, feathers and any dust that was flying. Empress Josephine, Queen Hortense, Marie Louise and other coquets of the First Empire banged their hair. With the Restoration and its elephant sleeves, Tam O'Shanters and barrel-size muffs, the frill of loose curls was still popular, and every woman of fashion under the Second Empire colored her hair a parrot or copper red, hoisted it up with an enormous chignon, and led by Eugenie in her hoop-skirted court, trimmed their pretty little foreheads with spit curls and beau-catchers.

The future of the bang is coeval with the future of woman. So long as she lives she will be beautiful, and so long as she is beautiful she will bang her hair. She may part with her teeth, surrender her eyebrows and even relinquish her hold on the powder puff and rouge pot, but never, never will she give up or pull back her front hair.

The bang is woman's best friend. It is the salvation of the matron and the amelioration of the homely young woman. Fancy a young lady with a prominent nose, high cheek bones, squirrel teeth that will not remain covered, hollow temples, projecting ears or ill-balanced features, and if you think a bang of no importance in softening her countenance you are very much mistaken. Even pale, colorless eyes can be darkened; "saucer eyes" can be toned down, a long face can be foreshortened and a broad one elongated by the simple process of banging the front hair and waving, curling, crimping, fluffing or scrambling it and pinning it in, down or up, according to the size and shape of the face and the height of the forehead.

A man with an ugly, brutal or weak mouth has the charitable shelter of a beard or mustache, and a woman with a hard face, coarse features and masculine brow can as completely change matters with a bang. The bang is a great institution. Its past is as old as human variety and its future is eternal. Whether furled or unfurled, it will still remain a frill for the brow of beauty and a veil to soften the ravages of time.

"Take all the curls, crimps and frizzes from the heads of the women with high foreheads and do you know what they would be under the Eiffel Tower toques and bonnets? Frights. The bang doubtless will change its weight, cut and style, but it will not disappear. Women may go without heels, corsets, gloves and skirts; they may lay aside their jewels and draperies, but the wavy ringlets of hair that frame the face will never be discarded. You may call it bang, front-piece, frizure or anything you please, but as long as there are girl babies there will be fussy hands to coax ringlets to grow about the smooth, white forehead, and although they may be carelessly brushed back by the girl in her teens they will be restored to the original place after the woman begins to realize that 'Youth the dream is past.' There is not only beauty and grace in the bang, but there is the charity that age needs. A suitable bang will take five or 15 years from the appearance of a face, and that is why the future of the bang is assured.

One Girls' Trouble to Hook Well.

A girl whose immaculately fresh and admirably neat appearance attracted the attention of her women triends, explained in her sly, little confidential was how it was that she contrived to always look well-dressed in spite of her limited income.

"It is simply," she said, "the result of carefulness—the old ounce of prevention worth the old pound of cure. Take my boots, for instance. Instead of doubling them into a shop bag, or letting the tops hang over standing against the wall, I never remove shoes, high or low, without the precaution of slipping in each one a hollow wooden form just the size of my foot. The uppers are neatly buttoned over a leg shape, and there they are until again needed for service. This applies to all my walking gear—often half a dozen pairs of boots at a time. My gowns are treated in the same fashion, the waists hooked up over sweet-scented pillows made for the purpose, with tiny-perfumed bolsters for the sleeves, polished wooden racks to support the skirts, and big muslin bags to encase the whole. I never permit a fine frock to be folded or hung under any circumstances. Immediately upon unpinning hat or bonnet they are placed on stand fitted into my closet, where wired paper-muslin caps are provided to protect them from dust and the crush of heavy garments. In a wide, shallow, flannel-lined drawer I have as many as 20 wooden models of my wrist and hand."

The Duty of Not Getting Tired.

Are you one of the women who say, "I am perfectly well, only I get tired easily!" If you do, you are one of thousands. And yet, little woman, don't you know that getting tired easily is just of itself a disease? It shows a letting down of the vital forces that requires attention and toning up. You need, first of all, more rest, not necessarily more hours of sleep at night, but little half-hours of rest snatched here and there in your hours of work. And by rest isn't meant simply the physical rest that comes from lying down. Don't lie down to think over your plans for economy, or for entertaining, or for anything else. When you lie down to rest, shut your eyes and stop thinking. Ten minutes of this is better than an hour of the other.

Then you need more food, probably. Not more food at meals necessarily, but food taken oftener. Instead of waiting until luncheon, take a cup of beef tea during the forenoon. In the afternoon take a glass of milk and a biscuit if that agrees with you, or an egg lemonade if that suits you better.

And then get a little fresh air every day. Get it any way, if you have to cut short manicuring your nails or saying your prayers to do it. And get it in the exercise of walking, if you can.

Wisdom of "Timing One's Turns."

The following bit of household wisdom is going the rounds of the exchanges:

"When Capt. Duncan Knock asked Jeanie Deanes the secret of the housekeeping, remarking that the fairies must help her, for the house was always clean, yet he never saw her with a broom in her hand, she modestly answered, 'Much might be done by timing one's turns.' We have all seen such house-households where the mistress was always ready to receive her friends and her husband's friends; where everything seemed to move by some unseen rhythm. The secret certainly lies in perfect system, in 'timing one's turns,' doing the routine work of the house or seeing that it is done on exactly the same day and time of the day each week; and in training the servants to work so methodically that they always know what is expected of them. It is a fatal mistake to call servants away from their regular work and send them off on all sorts of spasmodic errands at any time of the day. It takes time to pick up the threads of a piece of work which has been dropped; and work that is done by piecemeal is never well done.

"If housewives were more methodical in their ways of laying out their servants' work for each day, and in adhering to it, there would be less trouble with servants. It is a noteworthy fact that servants remain the longest in families where the work is the most exacting and is done in the most methodical manner."

WIFE OF A WORKINGMAN.

What She Brought to Her Husband in the Brief Space of the Noon Recess.

One doesn't need the velvety side of life for the setting of every picture. The other day when the noon whistles blew a crowd of workmen left their tasks and disposed themselves in convenient nooks for the eating of their frugal dinners. After the slender luncheon four or five of them gathered under the staging and were chatting quietly, flecking the bits of mortar from their clothes, nursing a bruised place on the rugged hands, talking of the dismal little things which go to make up a hard day's work, when a woman walking along the opposite side of the street attracted the attention of one of the men.

He rose instantly, his whole face losing the dreary look which labor had left there, his movement lightened and quickened by the magic of love, his figure dignified in the blessing of paternity. For the woman who had come to see him bore in her arms the child that bound them together in a union as strong as that which holds the world in order. He joined her on the farther pavement, took the little one in his arms, pushed back its humble bonnet, kissed the willing lips, and walked with her away from the scene of his crucial toil. The roar of a busy city, the sunlight prisoned between stern brick walls, the greed, the selfishness, the depravity of life, were all forgotten in the moment's contact with those who were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

When they had reached the farther corner and crossed over he saw that movement among the men at the temple which told that work had begun again, and he lifted the child for a parting kiss, looked love and good-by into the woman's eyes, and hurried back to his station, better and stronger for a touch of the tender side of life.

Just as he turned into the littered entrance a carriage rolled past on the pavement. A woman sat back in the cushions, adjusted her sun shade with a movement of impatience and frowned a cumbered curb which slacked the speed of her horses. She had been to her husband's office, and now carried in the little bag at her wrist a check that would have made a home for the workingman. Yet the woman who carried away her babe in the little white sunbonnet was happier than she; and the man who stood on a scaffold up there above her was blest above the husband whose millions could not purchase one glimpse of the high noon of love.

The New Fan Dance.

Have you seen the new fan dance? It is not, as its name would suggest, a graceful evolution with various furlings and flutterings of woman's pet weapon, but the most laughable and grotesque performance imaginable.

In a beautiful drawing room the other afternoon a sparkling brunet consented to do the fan dance for the assembled party. Her brother struck up a fantastic jig on the piano and madamoiselle went down, down until she looked like a very attractive Chinese god or like a child about to make "cheeses" with her frock, daintily lifting her gray silken skirts high on each side, so that she presented a fan-like appearance from front and back.

Suddenly her scarlet slipper shot out with lightning rapidity, only excelled by the speed of a pinwheel. To and fro over the costly rug she shot, never once arising from this squatting position, while the room echoed with shouts of laughter and the fun became so contagious that suddenly a gray haired gentleman of 60 seized his coat-tails, and, sinking to the level of a pagan god, essayed this terpsichorean feat, which, though seeming to be very easy, is exceedingly difficult. The fan dance is splendid exercise after a hearty meal.

A Baby's Need of Water.

One of the things that mothers, and especially young mothers, need to be reminded of over and over again is that children oftener suffer during the warm months with thirst than with hunger. The fluid portion of the milk is quickly taken up into the body, leaving the solids in the stomach too thick to be digested.

In warm, dry weather healthy babies should have a drink of water once an hour, and their frequent fretfulness and rise of temperature are often directly due to their not having it. At the time of deuition water soothes and lessens the inflammation of the gums, and thus frequently stops the fretting restlessness universal in children at this period.

Some French Novelties.

The newest bridal bouquets are simply one or two long and full sprays of flowers.

The new blue bells-of-Scotland shade is trimmed with jet in preference to anything else.

Jeweled nailheads resembling different stones for sewing over sleeves, revers, vests, collars, girdles, etc.

Pointed girdles of beads and cord, edged with a deep fringe in gilt, steel and silver effects, with a Medici collar to match.

Light-colored cloth capes are studded all over with stars, composed of single flat-cut jet beads, surrounded by smaller ones.

One of the leaders of fashion in Paris is wearing a diadem of diamonds, with a row of pear-shaped pieces of pink coral standing up all around it.

"Life belt" brooches, bearing the name of a favorite yacht in small diamonds, and across the centre a flag rests, with a gold cord twined around the whole affair.

Last Summer's Girl.

I saw her to-day in a crowded place,
My heart didn't throb and my blood didn't glow,
As I looked with critical eye on the face
I thought was an angel's—a year ago.

Yet, perhaps if we played at last year's game—
If we sauntered now where we used to go,
Arm in arm, heads close—she'd find me the same
As did her bidding a year ago.

How well she looked in her fresh white gown!
But this is the folly that naught condones;
For she is the wife of Mr. Brown,
And I am the husband of Mrs. Jones.

To Freshen Rancid Butter.

To freshen rancid butter, knead it in fresh milk, then in fresh water. By this treatment the butter is rendered fresh and sweet as when first made, as the butyric acid, to which the rancid taste and odor are owing, is readily soluble in fresh milk and is thus removed.

Beauty's Satchel.

Two oranges, a spool of thread,
Three handkerchiefs, a box of candy;
Two letters, saved to be re-read;
A button-hook, to have it handy;
A novel, she ought not to see;
Some hooks and eyes, her tiny purse;
Her Cæsar, that to-morrow she
With stumbling efforts will rehearse;
Two nickels glued by tutti-frutti;
A rosebud which a paper wraps;
A tract to teach her moral duty,
Another with her fortune maps,
With this array and more beside
Was her small handbag overladen,
And still for more and more she sighed,
This blushing, charming high-school maiden.

IN KINGSTON AND SING SING.

THE APPALLING PUNISHMENT OF THE DARK CELL.

A Mental Terror More Frightful Than Physical Agony—What Rev. Dr. Field Says About it—It is Hell, He Says—A Form of Discipline That Should be Used Sparingly.

The subject of the following article possesses as much interest here as it does in New York City where it appeared in the columns of The World. In all the penal institutions of this country the dark cell is used. Even in the common jails refractory prisoners are subjected to this discipline, and men who cannot be brought under by any other means are completely cowed by a course of dark cell. There can be no doubt that it is a terrible punishment and one that should not lightly be resorted to. A representative of The World who went through Kingston Penitentiary not long ago, although not at all of a nervous or excitable disposition, felt the terrible depressing and bewildering effects of complete darkness by stepping into one of the dark cells there and having the door locked on him for a few moments. Brief as was the time there was an appalling sense of abandonment and hopelessness that seemed to take all the manliness and courage out of one's nature.

Here is The New York World's story of it in Sing Sing:

A stone box, cold and damp and dark. A cage remorseless as death and maddening in its stillness! It is the dark cell in a prison.

It is twice as large as the ordinary cell, but it is yet small. There are no furnishings, not even a cot, nor a chair—nothing but the bare stone walls and the cold stone floor. And the darkness and the stillness filled with horrors and with fright—this is for punishment in Sing Sing.

"I have no fears of Hell," said a convict last week. "I have been four days and four nights in the dark cell. There can be no new terrors in this world or the next."

The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, well-known as the editor of The New York Evangelist and as one of the most aggressive philanthropists of the day and one of that famous family of brothers which included Justice Field, Cyrus W. Field and David Dudley Field, recently visited Sing Sing State Prison in company with Charlton T. Lewis, one of the Prison Association and a recognized authority in the whole matter of the treatment of the criminal classes. Together they made a tour of the prison, and an account of this visit was published at the time. That incident is now revived for the purpose of pointing out a strange coincidence between the story of his experiences as told by Dr. Field and the story of similar experiences as told by Charles Reade in his "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," which story Dr. Field has never read.

Dr. Field and Mr. Lewis saw the various workshops of the prison and the prisoners at work. They saw the two large chapels—Catholic and Protestant—where services are held each Sabbath, and they admired, as all visitors admire, the paintings and decorations on the chapel walls, placed there by convict hands.

Then they went back to the office of the prison, where they were met by Mr. Brush, then the Warden of the prison, but since removed, and by him they were conducted through a narrow passage to the long row of dark cells, reserved, it is said, for refactory convicts.

Dr. Field's Story.

"I looked into one of the cells," said Dr. Field. "Warden Brush asked me if I didn't want to try it, so I stepped inside. He closed the inner door, which was merely of crossed bars, which let in an abundance of light. This was bad enough. To be locked and barred in a dungeon cell, though only in fun, has a serious side to it.

"Then with a creak and a groan and a clang the outer door was closed and every ray of light was shut out from our straining eyes. There are no words at my command—there is no language that I know—that can describe the awful horribleness of that time. It was as if I had been buried alive. I seemed to be shut off not only from man, but from God. Five minutes would have driven me mad! I should have fainted had I not been quickly disentombed. It was the 'outer darkness of the damned.' It was hell."

As he said these words the excellent clergyman closed his eyes and clenched his hands, and his frame shook with the recollections of those few moments of horror.

After a time he went on more calmly. "They tell me," he said, "that convicts are not infrequently kept in that place for four or five days and nights. I cannot conceive how any human being can endure it. Mr. Lewis, who was with me at the time, told me subsequently that he had once stayed in the dark cell for half an hour. He told the Warden to lock the cell door and go away and not return for thirty minutes. Mr. Lewis said that he was able to keep up by repeating aloud some hundreds of lines of Greek poetry. But Mr. Lewis has stronger nerves than I. I verily believe that in five minutes I should have been a hopeless maniac."

"Would you abolish the dark cell altogether?" said the reporter. "Is it not necessary in some cases as a means of prison discipline?"

Men Are Not all Evil.

"I have traveled much," said the clergy man, avoiding a direct answer to the question, "and I have seen much of human misery and depravity, but I have never in all my life seen a people or an individual in whom kindness did not beget kindness or in whom, as I believe, there was no element of good. Severity towards persons convicted of crime seems to be common to all nations and to all ages. We probably have less of it than formerly. How much of it is absolutely necessary and how much of it is the result of brutality of the jailers I cannot say. It seems hard, very hard; but there are many sides to the question.

"I remember when I was in China," continued Dr. Field, meditatively, "that I then saw prisoners subjected to the most excruciating torture, inflicted to make them confess their guilt. There is no trial by jury in China, and what is more, there are no lawyers to confuse the case with their arguments, but the judge is simply confronted with the accused, and they have it out between them.

"I remember particularly the case of two men who were accused of robbery with violence—a crime punishable with death; but by Chinese law no one can be executed unless he confesses his crime. And if he will not confess the Court proceeds to take stringent means to make him confess, for which purpose these two men were at once put to the torture.

Modes of Torture in China.

"There were two round pillars in the hall. Each man was on his knees with his feet chained behind him, so that he could not stir. He was then placed with his back to one of these columns and small cords were fastened around his thumbs and great toes and drawn back tightly to the pillar behind. The suffering produced by this torture was intense, but it was acute. There was nothing of the steady awfulness and maddening agony which I experienced in the few hours that I was in the dark cell in Sing Sing.

"But in a few minutes the breasts of these poor wretches began to heave, the veins on their foreheads stood out like whipcords and I could see in every roll of the eyeballs the most terrible suffering. Every few minutes an officer of the court asked if they were ready to confess, and as often did they declare their innocence. They were told that still greater torture would be inflicted if they persisted in their refusal to confess, but they still held out, though every moment seemed an hour of pain.

"The suffering and agony of those men," Dr. Field went on, "I shall never forget. It seemed to me that no one who had a spark of humanity in his heart could inflict such torture upon a human being. I turned to the judge to see how he bore the sight of so much suffering. He sat at his table quite unmoved. Yet he did not seem like a brutal man, but like a man of education and refinement, such as one might see on the bench in England or America. He seemed to look upon it as in the ordinary course of proceedings and a necessary step in the conviction of a criminal. He used no bravado and offered no taunt or insult. He sat there quietly, fanning himself and smoking his pipe, as if he said he could stand it as long as they could. He seemed to view it simply as a question of endurance in which, if he kept on long enough, there could be but one issue.

"But still the men did not yield, and I looked at them with amazement, mingled with horror, to see what human nature could endure. The sight was too painful to witness more than a few moments, and I rushed away, leaving the men still hanging to the pillars of torture. I confess I felt a relief. when I went back there the next day to learn that they had not yielded, but had held out to the last."

The clergyman ceased, and for a few moments his eyes took on a far-away look, as though he were passing through again those scenes of torment and of misery he had witnessed so long ago and so far away.

"Would you favor the substitution of this Chinese torture for the use of the dark cell?" ventured the reporter at length.

The Dark Cell is Horrible.

"Public opinion would never countenance it," replied the clergyman. "The sentimental philanthropy of our day recoils from the idea of the infliction of bodily suffering, so that even a criminal who has tried to kill his keeper cannot be flogged, lest it should be degrading to his manhood—as if the degradation were not in the crime itself rather than in the mode of punishment. But the dark cell is horrible—horrible. For me the most terrible of physical suffering would be preferable that."

The description given by Dr. Field of his experiences in the dark cell are almost identical in words and manner with the description of similar experiences by Chaplain Eden in Charles Reade's novel. And it is all the more strange when it is remembered that Dr. Field had never read that book and knew nothing of the story of torture in English prisons which is there told.

Forty years ago or thereabouts it was that the publication was announced of "It Is Never Too Late to Mend." The book had an enormous sale and was read all over England and extensively in this country, and its direct effect was to provoke a public discussion of prison methods and prison discipline, which resulted in many changes and in the introduction of many reforms.

One of the principal characters in "It Is Never Too Late To Mend" was Francis Eden, a cultured clergyman of the Church of England. He was appointed to be chaplain in one of the jails not far from London, and entered upon his duties with all the ardor and enthusiasm of a crusader. He was shocked—horrified at the cruel and brutal punishments inflicted in the prison under his very eyes, and he early set himself to securing in some measure an amelioration of the prison discipline.

In an English Prison.

He induced a keeper to lock him in one of the dark cells and there he remained for six hours. In the course of a few days it appeared that a prisoner named Robinson had taken some religious tracts and pasted them together, and from them had made a pack of playing cards. The chaplain himself was vexed and annoyed, not so much that the prisoner would amuse himself in making cards as that they should be made out of tracts which he had furnished for religious instruction.

As he stood there, reddened at the sight, the governor of the jail came up with his satellites, and the author thus describes the scene which followed:

"Take No. 19 out of his cell for punishment," commanded the governor.

At this word the chaplain's short-lived anger began to cool. They brought Robinson out.

"So you've been at it again!" cried the governor in threatening terms. "Now will you tell me where you got the paint to make these beauties with?"

No answer.

"Do you hear, ye sulky brute?"

No answer, but a glittering eye bent on Hawes, the governor.

"Put him in the jacket!" cried Hawes, with an oath. Then as two keepers laid each a hand on the man's shoulder, "Stop!" cried Hawes, suddenly. "His reverence is here and he is not partial to the jacket."

The chaplain was innocent enough to make a graceful, grateful bow to the governor.

"Give him the dark cell for 24 hours," continued Hawes, with a malicious grin.

The thief gave a cry of dismay and shook himself clear of the turnkeys.

"Anything but that!" cried he with trembling voice.

"Oh, you have found your tongue, have you?"

"Any punishment but that!" almost shrieked the despairing man. "Leave me my reason. You have robbed me of everything else. For pity's sake, leave me my reason!"

As the convict was being taken away he caught sight of the governor and the chaplain looking down at him over the rails of the corridor. At sight of the latter the thief wrenched himself free from his attendants and screamed to him:

The Convict's Curse.

"Do you see this, you in the black coat? You that told us the other day you loved us, and now stand coolly there and see me taken to the 'black hole to be got ready for the mad-house! D'ye hear?"

"I hear you," replied the chaplain gravely and gently.

"You called us brothers, you!"

"I did and do."

"Well, then, here is one of your brothers being taken to hell before your eyes. I go there a man, but I shall come out a beast, and that cowardly murderer by your side knows, and you have not a word to say. That is all a poor fellow gets by being your brother. My curses on you all! butchers and hypocrites!"

"Give him twelve hours more for that!" roared Hawes. "I'll break him!" he added with an oath.

"Ah!" yelled the thief, "you curse me, do you? D'ye hear that? What! does this lump of dirt believe there is a God? Then there must be one." Then suddenly flinging himself on his knees he cried: "If there's a God who pities them that suffer, I cry to him on my knees to torture you as you torture us. May your name be shame, may your life be pain, and your death loathsome! May your skin rot from your flesh, your flesh from your bones, your bones from your body and your soul split forever on the rock of damnation!"

"Take him away! yelled Hawes, white as a sheet.

They tore him away by force, still threatening his persecutor with outstretched hand and raging voice and blazing eyes, and flung him into the dark dungeon.

The Chaplain's Story.

The governor and the chaplain were not on good terms with each other, but nevertheless in half an hour the tender-hearted chaplain sought out the jailer and said: "Mr. Hawes, I come to you as a petitioner."

"Indeed!" said Hawes with a supercilious sneer very hard to bear.

The other would not notice it. "Pray do not think I side with a refractory prisoner if I beg you not to countermand but to modify Robinson's punishment?"

"What for?"

"Because he cannot bear so many hours of the dark cell."

"Nonsense, sir."

"Is it too much to ask that you will give him six hours a day for four days, instead of twenty-four hours at a stretch?"

"I don't know whether it is too much for you to ask. I should say by what I see of you that nothing is too much for you to ask; but it is too much for me to grant. The man has earned punishment, he has got it, and you have nothing to do with it at all."

"Yes, I have the care of his soul, and how can I do his soul good if he loses his reason?"

"Stuff! His reason's safe enough—what little he has."

"Do not say 'stuff'! Do not be rash when the stake is so great or confident when you have no knowledge. You have never been in the dark cell, Mr. Hawes; I have, and I assure you it tried my nerves to the uttermost. I had many advantages over this poor man. I went in of my own accord, animated by a desire of knowledge, supported by the consciousness of right, my memory enriched by the reading of five-and-twenty years, on which I could draw in the absence of external objects; yet so dreadful was the place that had I not been fortified bh communion with my omnipresent God I do think my reason would have suffered in that thick darkness and solitude. I repeated thousands of lines of Homer. Virgil and the Greek dramatists; then I came to Shakespeare, Corneille, Rocine and Victor Hugo; then I tried to think of a text and compose a sermon, but the minutes seemed hours, leaden hours, and they weighed my head down and my heart down, and so did the Egyptian darkness, till I sought refuge in prayer, and then I found it."

A Fruitless Appeal.

"You pulled through it and so will he, and now I think of it, it is too slight a punishment to give a refractory, blaspheming villain no worse than a pious gentleman took upon himself for sport," sneered Hawes.

"You heard his language to me, the blaspheming dog!"

"I did, I did, and therefore pray you to pity his sinful soul, exasperated by the severities he has already undergone. Oh, sir, the wicked are more to be pitied than the good, and the good can endure trials that wreck the wicked. I would rather see a righteous man thrown into that dismal dungeon than this poor, blaspheming sinner."

"The deuce you would."

"For the righteous man has a strong tower that the sinner lacks. He is fit to battle with solitude and fearful darkness. An unseen light shines upon the soul. An unseen hand sustains him. The darkness is no darkness to him, for the Sun of Righteousness is nigh The wicked have not this comfort. To them darkness and solitude must be too horrible. Satan, not God, is their companion. The ghosts of their past crimes rise and swell the present horror. Remorse and dispair are added to the double gloom of solitude and darkness. You don't know what you are doing when you shut up a poor lost sinner of excitable temperament in that dreadful hole. It is a wild experiment on a human frame. Pray be advised, pray be warned, pray let your heart be softened and punish the man as he deserves, but do not destroy him."

But the governor of the jail was immovable, and the chaplain went sorrowing away.

THE NITRATE KING.

The Twenty Millionaire Who Helps the Chilian Insurgents.

The late dramatic episode of the escape of the Itata has again brought prominently forward the famous John Thomas North, Nitrate King. He has been credited with supplying funds to the insurgents, because drafts on the Bank of Tarapaca, of which North is principal partner, were paid at San Diego for coal and provisions.

North may be largely interested in the results of the conflict in Chili, as he may find the insurgents, if victorious, willing to make concessions which he could not get from Balmaceda.

Apart from this, "The Nitrate King" is an interesting character, whose fortune reads like a fairy tale. North was born in Leeds, England, some fifty years since, and was brought up as a mechanic—a boiler-maker—in one of the Leeds workshops. Some five and twenty years ago he was sent out to Iquique, then belonging to Peru, to set up some nitrate plants. He worked at places along the west coast at a wage of about $3 (American) daily.

When he went to Chili like a sovereign recently with a retinue of twenty, among others Russell, the famous war correspondent, a special artist for The Illustrated London News and various secretaries, he took them all on shore at Tocopilla and showed them his bench in the machine shop and the box in which he used to keep his tools. He was in nowise ashamed of his early humble surroundings.

North acquired some small nitrate grounds and began gradually to buy nitrate and embark in its manufacture. He associated himself with Sewell and the firm grew and prospered. North was always a man to get the best in everything, and even as a workman learned to beat every one at billiards and cricket. He always pursued the same course and set himself to beat all competitors.

A Sudden Fortune.

When the Chilians took Iquique from the Peruvians, writes Dr. Richard Cannon in The Oakland (Cal.) Tribune, there was a huge heap of nitrate, some 40,000 tons, accumulated at Iquique. This the Chilians were about to set fire to, or had already fired, as a reprisal on the Peruvians. North begged them to let him have the lot, offering one pound sterling per ton. He got the nitrate and made a huge profit. Then he acquired larger and larger nitrate grounds and works and built up a fortune of some $20,000,000. He now went to England and set up as a country gentleman, buying a fine place in Kent, where he still holds high state.

He planted out fields with various manures and then summoned agriculturists from all parts to witness the superiority of these fields sown with salt, after Scriptural fashion. Sometimes he would have a great garden party and a huge word "welcome" would stretch across his lawn in letters of grass several inches high. Visitors would wonder how it was done. "Oh," North would reply, "I have scattered nitrate over the places where the high grass is."

He became Colonel of the Tower Hamlets Volunteer Artillery, and he was wont to entertain the whole regiment, some 800 strong, with many days' feasting and games at his country home during the annual drill of the corps. The quantity of champagne consumed on these occasions would float a line of battle ship. The Colonel must always be styled as such, although only a volunteer. Any one who called him Mr. North would get nothing out of him.

He came out strong, in the charity line, and built a hospital at Leeds and bought up a ruined abbey, Kirkstall, and its grounds, near Leeds. This he converted into a public park and presented it to the city. He gave big balls, one a masquerade, which cost some $50,000. Here Mr. North figured as Henry VIII., for which character his ruddy visage, red hair and bluff aspect eminently suited him. Lord Randolph Churchill and many of the gay and grave and the most noted fair ones of London and some of the highest nobility flocked to the "Oof Bird's" ball, as it was styled. The Prince of Wales he was not able to catch, but he sat opposite him at some aristocratic dinners. Huge "N's" adorned the flower-decked walls of the ballroom, whether those stood for Napoleon, North or Nitrate, no one could tell.

The Nitrate Boom.

Everyone ran mad on nitrate after his ball, and the highest aristocrats crouched to beg the favor of the Nitrate King, and nitrate had a huge boom. Fabulous sums were paid by syndicates for the possession of nitrate fields. Many of the buyers must feel very sore to-day, as the boom collapsed.

North then set off for Chili with his retinue. The captain of the steamer which took him out, writes Dr. Cannon, told me that champagne had flowed so freely that he wondered how he ever reached Chili in safety. North, in spite of his presents, could get no concessions from Balmaceda and had to beat a retreat. He was everywhere received with royal honors, and went home in triumph via Panama.

He now determined to win the grand Waterloo coursing match, and bought up all the best dogs in England and succeeded in winning the cup. He is now a great master of foxhounds and county magnate, and is gaining the highest honors of the turf. He also intends to build a yacht and beat the Americans in a race across the Atlantic. He is sure to "get there" in all he undertakes. He is a jovial, good fellow, and when at Valparaiso, in order to give a lift to one of his old pals who kept a saloon, bought up all the saloon-keeper's collection of curiosities at a big figure. He takes his "tots" like a man, but never exceeds.

Good to His Children.

He is married and has a daughter, Emma, to whom he gave £500,000 and told her to marry whom she liked. All the young sparks in Chili used to laugh about her, but she will probably end by being at least a Duchess. He has one son, Harry, or as he used to be called when I knew him "'Arry." He was then a small boy going home to school, and on landing at Montevideo came off with a box of common grass as a curiosity to take to England. He had never seen a blade of grass at Iquique, where nothing grows, and the boy could not understand our laughter at his greenness. North gave Harry $50,000 on his twenty-first birthday and told him to have a "jolly spree." I believe Harry is now in the army.

There is no man in London whose commercial acumen is more held in esteem than North. If he puts his name to a company of directors, shares after go up cent per cent. He will probably have made vast sums from his stock of nitrate, owing to the great increase in the value of that article, due to the Chilian troubles, and "the Nitrate King" will be a bigger man than ever. He owes his greatness to his indomitable pluck, and to a far-seeing eye and a level head. Whether he will end in a blaze of glory or not "quien sabe." The old proverb saith: "No man can be esteemed happy until he is dead."

England has more women workers than any other country in proportion to population; 12 per cent. of the industrial classes are women.

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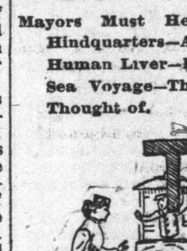
TORONTO FULL OF KICKERS.

SUPPOSE THE BARON OF CHESTER HAD WORN THOSE BOOTS!

Mayors Must Hereafter Have Sound Hindquarters—A Casual Glance at the Human Liver—How to Prepare for a Sea Voyage—The Biggest Jump Ever Thought of.



TORONTO is well supplied with that style of humanity classed as kickers. Stay where you happen to be and they will come to you and kick—go where you like and they will be there ahead of you and kick because you came. If you get upon a street car you will hear somebody kick because a sign tells him that he must not smoke, and if he defies that sign and glares at it and puffs smoke at it, why some other kicker who has just been cudgelling his brain for something to feel miserable about will fume and growl and leave the car in a very fury. A funeral, a marriage, a sermon, a fire, an excursion, a picnic—anything, everything on God's broad, green earth is a mark for the kicker to kick at.

As representative of a city cram-full of kickers we had a right to expect Mayor Clarke to kick in the doors of the street railway offices three weeks ago to-night. When those doors refused to open at command of the law nor swung on hinge at the county pass-word of the Orange Order there was nothing but boots left.

But those boots were on the wrong feet. Just suppose that E. A. Macdonald had defeated Mayor Clarke last January, and on the night in question Ned was a private citizen in his little bed, and Earnest Albert had on the mayoralty boots. Need I pursue the thought further? Arriving at the closed doors at ten minutes before midnight that brief space would have seemed hours to my suppositious mayor. Probably, on the advice of Engineer Jennings, he would have conquered his desire to scale the dizzy steeple of St. James' cathedral and turn on the lazy clock. But if he had waited his feet would have grown more muscular with each aggravating minute, until, when the chimes rang midnight at last he would have used his boots in such a way that the surprised door would have thought in its shivering, wooden way that it had been kicked by the foot of a mountain. At 12.01 o'clock Sunday morning the city would have kicked a wide pathway to its inheritance. A one-legged man, or a man with corns—a man with an hereditary or acquired weakness for patent leather shoes or prunella gaiters—none of these will do for mayor of Toronto. We must insist on sound hindquarters in future mayors—no split-hoof, spring-halt or spavin can be allowed.

* * *

My medical adviser last week ordered me to take a sea voyage, or my constitution would cave in and smother my vital spark. I have every faith in the doctor for once when I was ill and feared death, he bet me $100 that I would outlive him and the money is deposited in the bank. The doctor is of the gamey sort and he'll win that money if he has to commit suicide to do it. But he'll keep me alive if he can. A sea voyage always was my dread, but when I came to think of it I rather preferred a trip on a boat to a quiet ride in a hearse. A fellow whiles away his stalwart youth and never knows he has a liver, kidney and other vital organs until some day a doctor takes out what is left of them and shows them to him in a jar of alcohol. Of course everyone who goes to school has it impressed upon him that he has a liver and that there is a lake called Victoria Nyanza in Africa. He has, moreover, seen one on the anatomical chart, and the other on the map of the world, and was taught to rattle off the names of his parts of anatomy as he did the counties and county towns of Ontario. But while he was made to recite the chief exports, imports and staple products of the different counties, he never leaves school knowing the staple product of his liver, and the leading industry of his kidneys. The geography of his interior is as unknown as the heart of Africa, and he has to engage a professional Dr. Livingston or fit out an expensive Stanley Exploring Party to trace the stream of his ailments to their unknown source in his dark interior. This has been my experience—but I was relating about my sea voyage.

Whether I would go by the White Star, Cunard or Allan Line puzzled me, so I called at each of the offices and got several hats-ful of pamphlets, time-tables and tourists' guides. What use these printed books of information are I cannot make out when the clerks know everything under heaven—I questioned them no further than this. After repeated calls at all the offices I decided to patronize Barlow Cumberland, for the simple reason that he gave me the lodge grip or so I fancid. Therefore I went in and told him that all doubts were gone, that I had decided to get my ticket from him and he could make out one for the Island and return.

"Ireland, sir!"

"No, the Island."

"What Island?"

"Mr. Cumberland, how many islands are there?"

"Do you mean the East Indies, West Indies, or where, sir!"

"Well, I mean The Island, and I don't care whether boat carries me to Hanlan's Point or Mead's. I'll leave that all with you, Mr. Cumberland," said I in my most successful book-selling voice.

"See here," said Mr. Cumberland, throwing down his pen, "It's not a sea voyage you want at all. You want some sharp exercise. Now just get out there and run down Yonge-street with all your might and jump—jump hard and you'll reach the Island without a tedious sea voyage. Yes," said he, coming around the counter and looking down the street, "you will light about half way between Mead's and Hanlan's, and can take your choice."

I couldn't jump across there, and wasn't fool enough to try. Next day I went over on a boat and it did me a world of good. I shall write an account of the voyage later on.

Things Worth Knowing.

To render cloth or any fabric fire-proof dip it into a weak solutian of chloride of zinc, ten cents worth to one quart of water.

To clean smoky lamp chimneys put one teaspoon of oil of vitriol into a little water, and dip pieces of newspaper into it and rub off the spots with them. Draw pieces of paper through the chimneys to wipe them dry.

To take iron rust out of linen, hold the part that is rusted over a bowl filled with boiling water, rub it out with lemon juice and salt, or with a solution of oxalic acid. When the spot disappears rub out the place in hot water.

A sure indication of death is determined by the injection beneath the skin of a drop of strong spirits of ammonia. Should a red spot appear, the patient is in a comatose state; should no such effect follow, death has taken place.

To make gum arabic that will remain sweet, dissolve one pound gum arabic in one pint of boiling water, adding a piece of borax the size of a walnut. Pour into a large-mouthed bottle; shake once or twice every day for four days, and then add one tablespoonful of alcohol.

So many people are easily poisoned by the poison ivy vine, a touch of a leaf of it resulting often in a long and painful siege of illness, that we think a cure for the same a thing well worth knowing, and so give it below: Dissolve a piece of sugar of lead about the size of a hazelnut in one-half teacup of boiling milk, and apply as hot as the sufferer can bear it with a thick linen cloth. Three or four applications will effect a positive cure. If the poison is on the face, and is approaching the eyes or mouth, lay on cloths wetted in the solution, covering them with dry cloths, and keeping them damp all the time. It is a marvelous antidote, and by watching attentively you can see the fevered blisters turn from white to yellow while applying it, and its use will prevent a great deal of suffering. It is a good plan for those who are easily poisoned to make a solution of sugar of lead in water and keep it bottled. Milk is more soothing than the water, but if the solution is prepared and it can be applied at once to the poisoned parts, the formation of blisters can be prevented. Mark the bottle poison and keep in a safe place out of reach.

Mrs. Jenness-Miller advocates plenty of sleep for the preservation of woman's youth and good looks. It is her custom to take every fifth week off and do nothing but sleep, nap and lie around. In view of the lawsuit Mrs. Miller has on her hands it is just possible that she will be in dreamland when the case is called.

POPULAR PEN WORKERS.

A Half Column of Paragraphs About Writers and Their Work.

The article by B. O. Fowler, editor of The Arena, on "Society Exiles," is a leading feature of the June number of that magazine.

It is an odd fact that most of the so-called Boston authors live either in the country proper or out in the suburbs of the modern Athens.

Rudyard Kipling is very ambitious to shine as a play writer. The English public will probably have an opportunity to judge of his ability in this direction before long.

A history of South Africa down to 1872 has been written by George McCall Teall of the Cape Colonial Civil Service. MacMillans are to publish it in five volumes.

The Macmillans have in press another volume in the "Adventure Series." entitled "The Filibusters of the Spanish Main." The author is John Jeffrey Roche, successor to John Boyle O'Reilly in the editorship of The Boston Post.

"The Science of Language," by Professor Max Muller, founded on the lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, will be published shortly by the Scribners. The book embodies the results of the author's studies during the past thirty years.

The short story writers certainly have reason to exult over the present demand for fiction in its briefer form. Five volumes of short stories were published in Boston in a single day recently, and several more are in preparation in that town. The appetite of the American reading public for sketches and novelets is keen and growing.

The Cassells will publish in London next month "Possible Cases," consisting of twelve short narratives "in which singular improbability is accompanied by bare possibility." The contributors are Frank R. Stockton, Sidney Luska, Maurice Thompson, Franklin Fyles, Edgar Fawcett, Kirk Munroe, Anna Katharine Green, Ingersoll Lockwood, Joaquin Miller, Nym Crinkle, Professor Brainard G. Smith and Walter Besant.

The portrait of Washington prefixed to Mr. Fiske's work on the American Revolution has some special points of interest. The crayon sketch by William Birch from which the miniature was made is believed to have been the last important portrait taken of Washington, being one year later than the Stuart and several years later than the Rembrandt Peale. The face, as given in this portrait, has great strength and dignity, its lines are full of character.

The most valuable recent gift to the Lenox Library, mentioned in the annual report just issued, was that of the president, Mr. John S. Kennedy; it consisted of a collection of portraits, books and manuscripts, including some of the original editions of the works of Sir Walter Scott; a letter of John Knox, dated Januarie 13, 1563; the proclamation of Prince Charles Edward for raising troops, dated at Perth, September 10, 1745; a passport issued by Oliver Cromwell, September 10, 1650; a letter of Queen Elizabeth to Lord Moray, from Windsor this 15 of Januarie, 1575; a letter written by Mary Queen of Scots, signed Stirling, August, 1564; a letter written by Charles I. to James Armstrong in June, 1632, and 155 manuscripts of Robert Burns.

In the preface to her "Life of Robert Browning" Mrs. Sutherland Orr says: "Such letters of Mr. Browning's as appear, whole or in part, in the present volume, have been, in the most cases, given to me by the persons to whom they were addressed or copied by Miss Browning from the originals under her care. * * * For my general material I have been largely indebted to Miss Browning. Her memory was the only existing record of her brother's boyhood and youth. It has been to me an unfailing as well as always accessible authority for that subsequent period of his life, which I could only know in disconnected facts or his own fragmentary reminiscences. It is less true, indeed, to say that she has greatly helped me in writing this short biography than that without her help it could never have been undertaken."

The Countess de Meremberg, who was recently married to a member of the imperial house of Russia, has negro blood in her veins. She is a daughter of the poet Pushkin, who was a descendant of a negro favorite of Peter the Great.

Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, has returned to London from her winter sojourn at Montreux, Switzerland, to find on her arrival that an enterprising firm of publishers has made her the offer of $10,000 for the year's serial and three-volume rights of her next novel before a line of it is written.