

## CAN WOMEN DRIVE?

AN OLD LIVERYMAN TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE SEX.

"Isn't it rather singular that women never learn how to drive a horse properly?" remarks some irate man as he inspects a tired animal and finds the bridle over its ears and the bits half down its throat.

"But women can drive," cries a champion of the sex. "Don't they drive seven or eight miles to market with vegetables or loads of hay? Don't they take their babies out to ride whenever they can get hold of a horse? Why, there never was a woman who couldn't drive, and some of them can handle a horse much better than their husbands can."

"Can women drive? and do you let them handle your best horses?" were the questions put to a good-natured livery-keeper by an interested party.

"Drive!" he answered. "I should think they could; but as to letting them our best horses, that is another matter. We have horses in our stables few men could drive. We keep what we call safe horses for ladies' use—the kind that will go anywhere if you just guide them—old family nags, sensible enough to trot along and mind their own business, and not fret if they are pulled two ways at once."

"Do you object to letting horses out for women to drive?"

"No indeed; we have from twelve to fifteen ladies a week come to us for horses, and we give them good ones, too; but, somehow, women fret horses when they drive them, so we don't care to give them high-spirited animals. Now, look at that sorrel," pointing to one from which the harness had just been removed. "I let that horse this morning to a bit of a woman with wrists no bigger than my two fingers. I didn't want to let it go, because it's such an ugly puller, I told her it had a mouth like iron, but she said she wanted to take an old aunt that was visiting her out to see the town, and she drove off quietly enough. But half an hour after I saw her coming down Woodward avenue like a streak of lightning, everybody running to get out of the way, and the old aunt hanging on for dear life. She just had the lines wound around those little wrists, and braced her feet on the dash board, and when she came to a corner whisked round it on one wheel. The rig came in all right, but that horse won't get its breath for a week."

"Do they often meet with accidents and have a smash-up?"

"No, it is curious, but a woman will take a team through a dozen hairbreadth escapes and bring it back all right. We have any amount of trouble with men, who take our best rigs, get on a spree, and break things all to pieces. A woman is either more cautious, or she will call upon every man in sight to help her out of the scrape. They are more apt to lose their heads in a crowd or collision, but there is most always some special providence at hand to help them. If you notice, the most disastrous runaways happen when some man has the rein."

Further talk developed the fact that women were not considerate in their management of horses. They forget to blanket them in winter and to tie them in the shade in the summer. They sometimes use the reins as hitching straps, and have a settled dislike to learning proper names for harness. Not one in a hundred could tell the difference between the sarcingle and the martingale, or had the least idea to which end of the animal the crupper belonged; and if compelled to divest a horse of its trappings would undo every buckle in the service, and take the collar off over the animal's head, to all of which the intelligent beast would submit, as if charmed by being steadily talked to during the process in the witching tones of a woman's voice.

All of this may be a libel on the sex, but it is certainly true that when an old family horse, with a ten-minute gait, comes see-sawing down the street with a comically reckless air of running away, a woman's head looks out from under the buggy top, a woman's hand guides the steed in its eccentric orbit, and a woman's voice shouts in distinct tones, "Wh-o-o-a-a," at the same moment that the reins are jerked and the whip applied, while pedestrians scud to the sidewalk in terror. However, liable a woman is to run over a cow or a street car, she will always stop or turn out for a baby. This is one of the instincts of her maternal heart to which even "get up! gl-a-n-g" is sacrificed.

## MORE WIFE THAN COUNTRY.

The other night, soon after a ward meeting had opened, one of the electors present began edging for the door as if he meant to leave the place. He was soon stopped by a friend, who said,

"Don't leave us now; I want you to hear what that speaker is saying. Hear that! He says that we must triumph, or the country is doomed."

"Yes, I know, but I have got to edge along towards home," was the reply.

"Home! great heavens, how can you talk of going home until he has finished that speech? There he goes again! He asks if you want to see grass growing in the streets of our cities,—our fertile farms returned to the wilderness,—our families crowding the poor-houses until there is no longer room to receive another."

"No, I don't know as I would, but I guess I'll sort of work my way out."

"Wait fifteen minutes—ten—five—wait until he finishes. There it is again! He asks whether you are a freeman or a slave. He wants to know if you have forgotten the patriotic principles defended by the blood of your grandfathers, if you have forgotten the sound of liberty bell."

"I don't know as I have, but I must go—really I must."

"Hear that—hear that! He says your country will bless you."

"I can't say as to that," replied the man as he crowded along; "but I'm dead sure that the old woman will if I don't get home in time to put this codfish to soak for breakfast!"

"Great guns! but do you prefer codfish to liberty?" exclaimed the other.

"I don't know as I do, but I get more of it."

"And you will see this country ruined—see her go to destruction."

"I'd be kinder sorry to see her go down hill," slowly observed the delinquent as he reached the door, "but if you had a wife who could begin jawing at 10 o'clock and not lose a minute until daylight, and then end up with a grand smash of crockery and a fit of hysterics, you'd kinder stand off as I do and let this glorious old Republic squeeze through some mighty fine knot-holes."

## VARIETIES.

**THE KING OF SAXONY.**—who is a Catholic Sovereign, postponed the date of a visit to Italy in order to be present at the ceremony of opening the Cologne Cathedral on the 15th of October, which the Empress refers to, in a letter to a meeting of the Red Cross Society at Frankfurt, as "a symbol of German unity." The Catholics of the district lately met and agreed to observe "a dignified reserve" on the occasion, and also to present the Emperor, personally or by writing, with an address whereof the contents should not previously be divulged. Everything points to the ceremony having more of a secular than of a religious character.

**GERMAN SOCIETY.**—In Germany, "Society" consists exclusively of those of noble birth. No one without the magic "von" before his name can hope for any social success. The "vons" either ignore the existence of the vonless, or regard them much as an English lady of fashion would look upon her grocer. They may be wealthy, witty, and wise; all this does not make up for the absence of nobility, and the poorest and stupidest "von" in this land of caste feels himself, and is felt by all, to be immeasurably their superior. It is this sense of social inferiority that, no doubt, prevents them from asserting themselves. They read books, drink beer and coffee, knit stockings, make money, and pass through existence, the world forgetting, and by the world forgot.

**THE HUMAN FIGURE.**—The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good, any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead, is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the nostrils. The height, from the feet to the top of the head, is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

**SHORTCOMINGS.**—The sins and the follies which trouble both our own selves and others ought to be bravely done battle with and checked, or overcome. If we have a quick temper, we must hold it in. If we are of a suspicious nature, we must refuse it exercise, and must cultivate confidence in others. If we are close-fisted, we must open our hands. If we are too forward, we must study to keep in the background. If we are unsocial, we must strive religiously to make ourselves agreeable. If we are shiftless and unsystematic, we must train ourselves to do things in time and in their order. If we are over-sensitive, or uncharitable, or resentful, we must recognize and battle with this fault. Whatever beam there is in our eye—as we can find it out of ourselves, or by the help of friends—that is the thing for us to remove and get rid of, until it is under foot instead of in the eye.

**THE SULTAN AND THE INFANTA.**—The Porte made great manifestations of sympathy with Spain the other day on the occasion of the news of the *accouchement* of Queen Marie Christine. As soon as the news was received, the Sultan telegraphed to his "dearly beloved friend," Alphonse XII, felicitating his majesty upon the happy event. That same evening a dinner was given at the palace in honor of the Marquis de Vila Mantilla, the Spanish Ambassador and his wife. All the ships of war in the Bosphorus also were gaily decorated during the day, the Spanish colours floating in the place of honour at the masthead. Further, the Sultan has decided to send a special envoy to Madrid to assist at the celebration of the baptism of the young princess, and upon this occasion the Sultan will send the order of decorations (in diamonds) of the first class, especially founded for ladies upon whom his majesty desires to confer extraordinary favour.

**ROYAL LOVES.**—The Emperor and Empress of

Germany see each other as little as possible. But each year they meet at Baden, when the Emperor celebrates the birthday of Augusta. Considering what the relations of the worthy pair are to each other, the festivities which took place a year or two ago on their "golden wedding" were as absurd, says London *Truth*, as were the gushing articles which appeared on that occasion in the English newspapers, in which the occasion was improved in order to point the moral of the blessings of domestic felicity. It is somewhat curious how few monarchs do get on with their wives. Emperors and empresses, and kings and queens seldom adore each other. Between the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Italy, it would be difficult to award the palm as the worst husband, but it would be still more difficult to find—so far as their wives are concerned—four worse husbands in Europe or America.

**PLON-PLON.**—Prince Napoleon, who now and then "goes under," as the Americans call it, is apt to be found again in all sorts of odd places. The last heard of him was at Billach, where he had just arrived under the title of Count Moealiéri. The prince was accompanied by a young lady and by young Georges Lachaud, the son of the great advocate of the Paris Bar. He only stayed for a short time at Billach and never left his carriage, and, it seems, was much annoyed at the crowd of idlers who gathered round the vehicle while the horses were being put to. The strict incognito he had been at so much pains to maintain was completely destroyed by his great resemblance to the portrait of Napoleon I. which, painted in fresco, adorns the walls of the little inn where the prince changed horses. History repeats herself in small things as in great. Was not Louis Seize recognized at Varennes by his effigy upon the crown piece he flung to the innkeeper as the great lumbering coach he occupied drove from the inn door?

**THE FALLEN EMPRESS.**—A letter in the *Voltaire* states that the Empress Eugénie will shortly leave England to take up her final residence at Arenenberg, where she possesses a beautiful mansion on the banks of the Lake of Constance. The ex-Empress has not been well since her return from Zululand, and has recently been compelled to remain in bed, much affected by severe attacks of fever. Her once beautiful eyes are now dim and fatigued, surrounded by a dark circle; her face is furrowed with the lines of sorrow and tears; hardly fifty-five years of age, the former Empress of the French looks as if she were over sixty-five. Speaking some time ago to Père Goddard, the chaplain of Camden House, she told him that she would not remain much longer in England, which had been so fatal to her affections, nor die at Chislehurst; that she wanted to breathe her last in a more sunny country, and that as soon as she was strong enough she would leave Chislehurst, taking with her the remains of her beloved husband and son.

SARAH BERNHARDT seems to have taught his Excellency the German Minister Plenipotentiary at Copenhagen that newspaper fame is but a poor recompense for private misery. The real facts of the case, says *Truth*, were these:—Baron Mangus long a fervent admirer of the divine Sarah, found himself deeply in love with her when she came to the Danish Capital. He sent her many bouquets; and although not at first invited to the banquet in her honor, he schemed for and ultimately received an invitation. At what he thought the telling moment, he proposed "La belle France," and advanced to clink glasses. Sarah had some difficulty, it seemed, in finding her glass; but at last she stood erect, and, amid profound silence, responded with "La France entière!" There was great cheering. The Baron hesitated. Sarah, seeing this, called out loudly to him, "La France entière!—n'est ce pas, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur?" She advanced, too, with her glass. The poor Baron was abashed; he clinked glasses and left the room, the most miserable man in Denmark.

ANOTHER relic of Old London is fast disappearing under the improving hand of the modern builder. Leadenhall market, once the head quarters of the hide and skin trade, but of late years known as the chief game and poultry market in the metropolis, has in great part been razed to the ground, and a few months more will see its quaint passages and wynds, through which many an agile thief has eluded his pursuers, replaced by broad avenues and spacious shops. The dog-fancying business which has long been the glory of Leadenhall will, it is expected, transfer itself to less reputable quarters in St. Martin's Lane. Hitherto the hapless Londoner whose favorite dog had by some mysterious means disappeared, might safely count in nine cases out of ten upon recovering him—often, however, altered beyond recognition by clipping or cropping of ears and tail—if only he were willing to pay a reasonable sum and ask no questions. The new Leadenhall will be too respectable for such a trade to thrive within its borders, and some of the most heterogeneous collections of animal life to be witnessed anywhere will be broken up.

**QUOTE THE RAVEN.**—In his latest work Mark Twain tells us that, when he was abroad, he wandered into the beautiful Heidelberg woods, and was standing in meditation beneath the pine trees. A raven croaked. He looked up and saw the bird observing him, and felt as a man feels who finds that a stranger has been secretly watching him. "I eyed the raven and

the raven eyed me. Nothing was said during some seconds. Then the bird stopped a little way along his limb to get a better point of observation, lifted his wings, stuck his head far down below his shoulders towards me, and croaked again—a croak with a distinctly insulting expression about it. If he had spoken in English, he could not have said any more plainly than he did say in raven, 'Well, what do you want here?' This was bad enough, especially as Mr. Twain's refusal to bandy words with a raven only encouraged the adversary to the use of what was evidently the most horrible language. But when, not content with this, the raven called to another raven, and the two together discussed Mr. Mark Twain with the most complete freedom, he felt that there was nothing for it but flight.

**A SINGULAR TEXT.**—Many doubtless remember the style which obtained among ladies some years since, of gathering their hair together and piling it in a stationary mound on the upper portion of the head by the aid of sundry little steel instruments. While this fashion was in vogue, an orthodox clergyman of a certain village, regarding it as an abomination, was determined to use his influence against it and "preach it down." Accordingly, one Sabbath morning, he mounted his pulpit, and gave out as his text, "Top-knot come down;" and in short the congregation were much "exercised," because the worthy pastor had preached from a text not to be found in the Scriptures. On Tuesday they called him before a convocation of the saints for the purpose of making a formal charge against him from his cure. The charge was made, and he was asked if he had ought to say in reply. He mildly remarked that the text was to be found in the Bible; and that if they would hand him one he would point out its location and read it to them. A Bible was given him, and he turned slowly to the place and read, "And let those upon the house—top-knot come down!" A vote of adjournment was then passed.

**FANS.**—The ever popular and elegant lace fans hold their sway among their newer rivals, and are shown in the finest qualities of point d'Alençon, point à l'aiguille, and Valenciennes. Le a extravagant in price, but of equal beauty, are the fans in point appliqué, the newer articles for this season showing larger figures and a bolder design than heretofore. These lace fans are all mounted in cream-tinted mother-of-pearl, either plain or carved in open-work. Hand-painted fans, finely executed in water-colours on kid, are mounted on sticks of mother-of-pearl, adorned with elaborate carvings and gilding, the value of the fan being proportionate to the fineness of the painting and the delicacy of the carving. For a fan by a noted artist almost any price may be paid, as witness the following sums that were given during the past year: For a fan by Edward de Beaumont, 3,000 francs; for Maurice Leloir's "Hussar Gathering a Water-Lily" (a reproduction of the aquarelle purchased by Mr. Schaus), 2,000 francs; for Lambert's "Cats," 7,000 francs; and for the "Temptation of St. Anthony," by Louis Leloir, 15,000 francs. These, however, are less to be considered as fans to be carried than as works of art to be hung up in a gallery.

**ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.**—In the days when it was believed that Hebrew was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden, it was not to be wondered at that the alphabet should be regarded as a Divine invention and a direct revelation made to Adam. In the discussions which arose after the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, a certain Dr. Warr denounced as blasphemous the attempt to trace the human origin of the alphabet. But there are one or two reasons which may justify us in asking fresh attention to the subject on the part of any persons whose opinions were formed twenty years ago. In the first place, the doctrine of Evolution, now accepted by so many naturalists, and found so fruitful of results when applied to other domains, suggests to us a new method of inquiry. Nothing springs into being full-fledged; everything full formed has a growth, and has had a history, the record of which it retains some traces of. Connected with this, yet still separable from it, is the fact that recent ethnological research has traced the parentage of civilized nations to savage tribes, and of the arts and inventions of civilized life to a rude and crude original; so that the origin of the alphabet can no longer be thought of as specially divine. And a third reason is the discovery, in the year 1868, of the famous Moabite Stone, a monumental inscription in the so-called Phœnician character, dating from nearly nine hundred years before Christ, and bringing us nearer, by at least a century and a half, to the earliest forms of our alphabetic letters. The operation of these causes may account for the difference of view between T. J. H., who wrote the article on Alphabets in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," edition 1853, and J. P., who wrote the corresponding article—I mean an article which does not correspond—in the edition of 1875.

## NOT A BEVERAGE.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them." Rochester *Evening Express* on Hop Bitters.