

worse. It's an evil thing you have done for your neighbours and a dangerous thing for yourself. The Perranpol man or woman as bates an inch of their rights, or offers this villian a thought of friendship, shall be hounded out of this village, or I'm nobody."

"If Sam Haddock hears tell of this, there'll be a fine coil," said old Libby, but Joan only laughed in response.

"You're scarey things," she answered. "Sam's not a fool, and thinks better of Lord Tregarth than of you. I met the man and he spoke me civil as need be. I answered him fair and plain; then he asked a word or two about the land and them as farmed it. And you needn't be for cursing me, Mother Vallack—it's wasting breath. You cursed the Silvers by sea, and land, by day and night, 'cause you hated them, but none were the worse, and none will be."

"None the worse, none the worse! Where are they now, then? Gone—dead—every mother's son and daughter of them. All but you, you froward young catamountain," screamed the old woman; and Joan laughed again.

"Here's Sam himself a-coming," said Fred Dando.

"He'll shake some right sense into her, if there's room for it," whispered Joan's uncle to a crony. He felt a wholesome horror of the girl, and knew by experience that to criticise any action or intention of hers was unwise.

Samuel Haddock approached. He was a huge, loosely-built, but powerful man, a head taller than anyone else in Perranpol, and the village champion. Leathern garters were strapped round his trousers below the knee, his hands were white and rough with mortar, splashes of lime adorned his hat and jacket, as well as his great red beard.

"Still clattering your tongues over the new master, I suppose," he said in a big voice, throwing down a basket of tools and kissing Joan ostentatiously. "Bless us all, there's only one man in Perranpol as don't shiver at the very name of him—that's me."

"Only one man, maybe, but there's a maid alongside of you now, as fancies him even better than you do," hissed Mother Vallack, pointing at Joan.

Sam started and turned to his sweetheart for an explanation. His sole reason for affecting to be satisfied with the changes now imminent centered in a desire to run counter, as usual, to the opinions of his fellow-villagers. Haddock was a pugnacious man, fond of strife and ever ready to find it. He differed upon this question simply for the sake of doing so; but Joan was much mistaken, as may be supposed, if she imagined that her lover would allow his liberty of thought to be so rapidly developed by her into liberty of action.

"Yes, Sam, I know Lord Tregarth, and have spoke with him; that's all the matter," she said calmly.

In answer, Mr. Haddock said nothing, but looked much and acted forcibly. He clenched a ponderous fist, frowned, till great tangles of red eyebrow met over eyes that were also red, and then, seizing his treasure by the arm, marched her off to privately administer such reproof as the case demanded.

A scene which followed need not be entirely reproduced. Sam swore roundly, dared Joan to go near Lord Tregarth again at her peril, and promised to "scat his lordship's brains abroad" if another word of the business came to his ears. Joan, upon her side, declared that nobody was her master, that she loved Mr. Haddock truly, and, if he couldn't trust her with a butterfly of a creature like the new Lord Tregarth, he had better say so and break off the match.

"All Silver folks have held their heads high till now," grumbled Sam at the close of this scene. "It's been left for you to go trapesing after lordlings and shaming them that be dead and gone."

"Who's trapesing after lords? You're a man to be proud of, that you are," sneered Joan in reply. "A pretty sort of stuff you think women are made of—sea-foam, perhaps?"

After further recriminations, the big bricklayer caved in. Words were not handy weapons against Joan, who could use them with greater effect; and Sam tendered uncouth apologies for presuming to doubt his girl.

"I've been free as air since I could walk, Samuel, and I'll remain so. Why, it's what you loved me for. You said you counted me a ready lass as would go fair shares in toil and trouble with any lad she mated to—not be a milstone round his neck, like most maids."

"I know it, Joan; and I say it again, I trust you: but there can't be any sort of reason for your seeing and speaking to this man. Lord only knows what town folks are. Their ways is hid from us, as ours from them. Only they be a powerful sight wickedder than country folks—that's allowed; and the richer they are the wickedder, I reckon."

"Don't fear, Sam. Mayhap I'll do Perranpol a service after all. Folks like him will put themselves more out of the way for a slip of a girl than they would for a thousand men." Which last remark did not tend to comfort Mr. Haddock.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Returned With Thanks.

"Who gave you these chrysanthemums?"

"Clara Harkins."

"Where did she get them?"

"I gave them to her."

#### ADVANCE OF WOMANKIND.

Julia Ward Howe, writes as follows:—The demand that the college curriculum should be as free to women as to men called forth from members of the medical profession an indignant protest. All the ills that flesh is heir to would visit them and their posterity if this demand should be granted. Insanitary sterility, deformity would afflict the college-bred woman. Either they would stay the men fatally in the race for academic honors, or the effort to keep up with these would shipwreck the health of the young girls for life.

In spite of these threats, coming from high quarters, the demand was persevered in, granted and availed of.

What followed? The inevitable conclusion that young women are as well able to bear the strain of college studies as young men are.

It also appeared that if some girls are physically disqualified for sustained intellectual labor a certain proportion of the young men are subject to the same limitation. Cases of breaking down among the male undergraduates came to be observed and reported. *Non, omnia possumus omnes.*

We can't all go to college, men and women of us, but many women can and should go. And thank heaven, they did go and still continue to do so.

What an hysterical view was this, that all the discoveries of science, the improvements of hygiene, the ameliorated views of diet, ventilation and of the use and care of the body, should not sufficiently benefit women to offset the danger of a thorough course of Latin, Greek and mathematics!

How much were it to be wished that the zeal of the faculty had directed itself as openly and efficiently against late hours, tight lacing, high heeled shoes and the use of nerve stimulants and cosmetics, as it did against the healthful and satisfying pursuit of learning.

Much as I consider women to have gained by the position and opportunities secured to them I have yet to name an important item, which is both a condition and a mark of their improvement. This is the fact of their ever increasing tendency to associated action.

The social instinct is strong in human nature, but it does not attain its best results without study and self-discipline.

The women's clubs which are springing up all over the country are marks of this study and discipline. I know of many of them, and I do not know of one which does not keep in view serious and worthy objects. The feeling of sisterhood which naturally grows out of club intercourse among women tends to put out of sight the inordinate ambitions of the few and the self-distrusting passivity of the many.

In this country, of which we can speak with the greatest certainty, the whole ideal of womanhood has been lifted bodily, and placed upon a secure elevation. How should it be otherwise where freedom has given woman room to grow and expand to her full stature and where the cruel gyves of servile superstition have been stricken from her intellectual faculties?

No creature can be noble that is forced into an apologetic position. The first sinner, who stole the forbidden fruit and led the man to taste it. Who can tell how severely this ancient mythus may have reacted upon the position of woman? Not the Hebrew scriptures alone, but others of the Oriental religion threw the burden of the world's evil upon womankind. Philosophers of our own days who have become enamored of these ancient faiths have endeavored in their way to set forth this mean and ungenerous doctrine, and to maintain with the followers of Buddha that the evil principle, throughout creation, is the female. From the Buddhist point of view this doctrine has indeed its logical justification.

If, as this assumes, existence is an evil, then the great part which women bear in the production of life is primarily an evil. Has not our Christianity put all these cobwebs to flight, with its wholesome showing of the absolute value of human life? Even the genius of Schopenhauer will not efface the sacred image of the Mother and her Babe.

#### For Women of Leisure.

In these days there is much done for the amelioration of woman's sufferings and wrongs, as inflicted on her by the "sterner sex," and all honor to those men and women, who strive daily to make the path of a fellow-being more easy to tread.

But there are certain wrongs to which one woman is subjected by other women, which we think might be greatly modified. That a woman would deliberately inflict a wrong upon a "sister" is hardly to be imagined. We can only suppose, therefore, that the two things of which we are about to speak are the outgrowth rather of thoughtlessness than carelessness of another's comfort, or of evil design.

First, we have the question of street car crowding. Whether it is or is not the legitimate and proper thing for a man to give up his seat to a standing woman, is a question open to much discussion, but that is not the view which we wish to present in the present article. The tired shoppers and the tired working-girls go home in the same cars. Could not the shoppers manage to go home say a half hour earlier,

and leave the vacant or vacated seats to the tired work-women?

A lady on one of our city lines was heard to remark the other day. "I am late to-night. I usually make an earlier car than this. For, while I cannot stand, I exceedingly dislike to have any one give me a seat, for, probably, the man who gives it is as tired as I, who have only been shopping. I think all shoppers should try to get home and out of the way of those who cannot choose their own time." All honor to the woman who takes this view and lives up to it. She shows a thoughtfulness for the well-fare of others that is well worthy emulation.

The next subject in question, is the time of shopping. Surely those who have all day to do it in, can find some other time than just that which a working woman finds between twelve and one, after a hastily swallowed luncheon. Let a working-woman try to make some purchases at the only time of day that is her own, and she will be balked at every turn by crowds of women who could as easily select some other time of day at the one hour between twelve and one. In many cases the very women who are keeping the working girl from purchasing some really necessary article are merely "looking," with a view to "seeing what there is."

It seems as if there might be a radical change made in some way. Does it savor of tyranny and dictation? By no means! We are only suggesting one means by which the condition of the many young women obliged to earn their bread, may be very materially alleviated by a little thought, or perhaps sacrifice, on the part of their more fortunate sisters.

And last, but not least, let us consider the luncheon hour. This in almost all large establishments, is from twelve to one. Cannot the shoppers just as conveniently take some other hour in the restaurants, and thus give the working woman time to be waited on and consume her little lunch comfortably?—[Ladies Home Journal.

#### An Algerian Wedding Feast.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bride-groom goes to bring the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house. The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive-branches, amid much laughter. In the evening, on such occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally. But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. A leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to the music; they shake; they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils; and their minds seem lost in the abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women, looking on, encourage by their high, piercing, thrilling cries which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.

To the traveller, the scene is one not alone of interest but full of a weird and strange fascination that absorbs the mind and attention.

#### Are Beautiful Women Happiest?

In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life, as well as of human nature. Now, are these women, blessed as many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women?

With one or two exceptions, No. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer-by, they have acquired through the force, the sweetness, or originality of their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and, consequently, their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good-will which is as far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful, as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame.