BASEBALL MUTATIONS.

Ups and Downs of Life In the National Game.

TOM LOVETT'S CHANGE OF HEART.

Hornung and Burdock Owned Boston Once Upon a Time—A Noted Auction Sale. Retrospective Thoughts of Trophies of Victory—Great Luck of Joe Quest.

DO "ALL things come to him who waits" according to the ancient adage? The kicking baseball player, Pitcher Tommy Lovett of the Brooklyns, does not think so. He waited an entire year at a cost of $3,300 for the Brooklyn officials to come into his presence, bow themselves in the dust at his feet and beg him to go to their aid at his own terms. They came not, however. He suffered and perspired in private one whole summer and meditated and shivered one entire winter, and then he saw a great light. The l[illegible]led him on and on till it brought him t[illegible] gates of Eastern park, the home of the Brooklyn club. To his knock came the invitation, "Enter." So the prodigal had returned. But they killed no fatted calf. They did not even open a keg of beer. All that greeted the penitent was a cold "Hello, Tommy." An hour later he had signed a contract calling for just $600 less than was offered him last spring and $900 less than he demanded.

The case of Lovett was a prod to drive many of the holdbacks of this spring into camp, and they are all there except about as many as you can count upon the fingers of one hand without going over the row twice. This, too, in spite of all the volume of threats from players who several months ago declared they would quit playing ball and "go into business" before they would accept a reduction in salary to fit the receipts of the game. Some of the boys were bluffing, but some were in "dead earnest." Each one of the latter class seemed to believe that there was an empty niche in the business or commercial temple waiting for him to step into and fill. He expected that "going into business" was as easy as going in and out of the rain, but somehow the tide of trade would not catch him up in its mad swirl, and when baseball salary days began to run he concluded wisely that a two-thirds loaf was better than none, and he hastened to get in touch with the club paymaster.

A reminder comes along here that baseball has none of the heroes now it had in the past. Last week Charley Jones was appointed an Eastern league umpire. And if there be one man on earth who has more enemies than any other that man is an umpire. But Jones is glad to accept the berth. For what it pays him he agrees to "bear the proud man's contumely" and take his chances of escaping with his life from the vengeance of the cranks.

Yet this is the same Jones whose popularity in the early eighties was sometimes annoying to him. I have seen him during those days take refuge from the worshipful throng of boys and men who followed him along the street until he became annoyed beyond the limits of his endurance.

Another applicant for an umpireship is Joe Hornung. He is anxious to get the berth at a salary of $150 a month. In the fall of 1883 I was a witness to this man's acme of popularity. The scene was the Boston baseball grounds; the occasion was the final meeting between the Boston and Providence clubs. This game decided the National league championship for that season. Nine innings were played, and the score was a tie. Joe Hornung, the Boston's left fielder, led off for his team in the ninth inning with a 3-base hit and scored the winning run on Burdock's safe single to right. The scene which followed cannot be described. Suffice it to say that Hornung and Burdock, both immensely popular before that day, could have had the keys of the city for the asking that night. Their names were on the lips of half the people of Boston. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes could have been spared more easily just then than Hornung and Burdock. That was less than ten years ago. Today Joe could not borrow a picayune from any of the thousand Bostonians who that night sang his praise, and Burdock last week was sent to the workhouse for ten days on conviction of drunkenness and loitering.

Since the proposition was made to bring the old Cincinnati Red Stockings and their conquerors—the Atlantics—together at Chicago on June 14 there has been unearthed a newspaper account of an auction sale which took place at the Union grounds—the Red Stockings' home in Cincinnati—in April following the celebrated game in Brooklyn mentioned in my last letter. Among the effects sold on that occasion were a pitcher and goblet won in a tournament in 1867, a gold medal won in 1866 and the different balls won in the celebrated year of unbroken victories. These balls sold for from $1 to $10. The latter price was paid for the 2-4 Mutual ball of 1869. Thus in less than nine months after the culmination of the Red Stockings' fame in their defeat on the Capitoline grounds the team was dispersed, the club had disbanded and all the trophies of victories were sold.

Since that day the fame of those Red Stockings has had a resurrection, and it will live as long as the game lives. The balls, which sold in 1871 for mere songs, would, if put up at auction now, fetch many times as much money.

News comes from Chicago that Joe Quest, who at one time some years ago was a famous second baseman, is one of the heirs to an estate of $40,000,000 located somewhere beyond the Atlantic. To anybody but a ball player such news would be interesting. With ball players of experience, however, a little matter like that has no powers of excitement. Mr. Quest will probably fall into his millions (when he gets them) as naturally as a duck goes swimming and will not make half the noise about it which some of the players produced this spring when they were offered not more than $10 an hour for playing ball.

As a rule, more ball players fall heir to immoderate sized fortunes than any other class of citizens, and yet they manage somehow to keep in a state of financial solicitude. There are not many of the Quest family living, however, and if Joe gets a fair section of that $40,000,000 he should be able to keep up appearances among the playing princes of the National league, and now that the ice has been broken, as it were, we may expect to hear of many other retired players who expect to live luxuriously the remainder of their days on the wealth from over the sea to which they are heirs.

O. P. CAYLOR.

THE CHICAGOITES'LL GIT YE.

Ef yer goin to see the circus called the big Chicago fair,
Ye'd better cut yer wisdom teeth an sharpen 'em with care,
An keep yer wits about ye and mind what yer about,
For they'll skin ye like the mischief
ef
ye
don't
watch
out!

They're a-goin to charge fer gazin an a extra lump fer thinkin
It'll cost a heap fer eatin an they'll sock it on fer drinkin,
An ef ye git a bed at night or ef you go without
They'll skin ye like the mischief
ef
ye
don't
watch
out!

It's a cent apiece fer coughin, an jes twice as much fer sneezin;
A nickel ef ye hold yer breath and two of 'em fer breathin,
A shillin fer a whisper an a quarter fer a shout—
They'll skin ye like the mischief
ef
ye
don't
watch
out!

They'll tax yer fer the privilege o' walkin on the ground,
No matter ef ye go ahead or ef ye turn around,
An jes' because yer livin—don't ye never have a doubt—
They'll skin ye like the mischief
ef
ye
don't
watch
out!

—New York Evening Sun.

Four Different Standpoints.

"Literature," said the sad eyed, stoop shouldered pilgrim with his baggy trousers, "is an attractive and ennobling thing, but considered as a business it doesn't pay."

"You have had some experience in that line perhaps," observed the comfortable looking party in the new spring overcoat.

"Yes," sighed the other.

"As a publisher or as a dealer in books?"

"Neither. As a writer. I have tasted the joys of authorship. I am the father of a successful novel. It went through eight or ten editions, and papers all spoke well of it. And what do you suppose I made out of it? Seven hundred and fifty dollars. Three months' work, nine months' waiting and $750! It may have netted the publisher more than that, but that's all I got out of it."

The sad eyed pilgrim was silent, and the other ventured to ask:

"Are you still writing novels?"

"Oh, yes. I've got one or two on hand, but I am in no hurry to publish them. What's the use? There's more money in running a good grease tank, only I don't know how to run a grease tank."

"You are engaged in literary work of some kind, I presume?"

"Yes, I write an occasional newspaper 'special,' have had articles accepted by the magazines which I hope to see in print if I live long enough, and I assist in keeping the books during the busy season at one of the big book stores. Altogether I manage to make a living for myself and family of six children, but that's about all."

"My experience," said the man in the spring overcoat, "is somewhat different from yours, and I am in the same line of business too. I make about $5,000 a year with my pen."

"Writing books?"

"Writing books? Great Scott, no! I do these nice little newspaper stories that turn out to be puffs for patent medicines after you've begun to get interested in them."—Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Care to Sit.

"Why don't you sit down?"

"This morning I asked you how many made a million, an you said darned few. I told teacher that in arithmetic class today, an that's why I can't sit down."—Life.

No Faith In Him.

Medicine Vender (at Mrs. Wayback's door)—I am introducing Dr. Cureton's specifics for aches and diseases of every nature. Only 50 cents a bottle. Try one, madame?

Mrs. Wayback—I don't hev no faith in yer new fangled remedies. I've done buried three men and 13 childers in my time, an ther good ole yarbs air plenty good ernough fer me.—Brooklyn Life.

A Suggestion.

Doctor—Your case is serious. If you don't want to break down, you must take a perfect rest.

Patient—But I'm an employee of a government office!

Doctor—Then try hard work for a time.—Chicago Record.

Woman's Judgment.

Mr. Perte—I can't see how it is that I always lose at the races, while you win.

Mrs. Perte—You would win if you followed my advice. I told you to bet on the jockey with the pink jacket and old gold sleeves.—Truth.

Where They Were At.

A Scottish clergyman heard a contention in a house and asked, "Who is the head here?"

The man said, "Sit down a little, we're just trying to settle that point."—Tit-Bits.

Hurrying Up.

Mrs. Witherby—What are you wearing your new hat for every day?

Witherby—I haven't any time to lose on that hat, Miranda. In a few days it will be out of style.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Enough.

"Dear me!" cried mamma. "What is the baby crying for?"

"He's mad at me, mamma," said Mollie. "I was trying to make him smile with the glove stretcher."—Harper's Bazar.

Only One Living.

Friend—Does the new landlady at your boarding house appear to be getting a living out of it?

Boarder—Yes, she is, but we are not.—New York Weekly.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

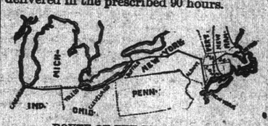
From Boston to Chicago In Ninety Hours.

ALL EYES ON THE RELAY RIDERS.

A One-legged Wheelman to Ride Across the Continent—Zimmerman and Sanger, the Rival American Riders, and Their Coming Tour Abroad—The International Championships.

The great relay bicycle race from Boston to Chicago scheduled for April 30 and May 1, 2, 3 and 4 promises to be the most remarkable event of the kind ever run. The swiftest and hardiest wheelmen between Boston and Chicago compose the respective relays, and they are pledged to cover the distance in 90 hours. Each relay will consist of two wheelmen, one carrying a pouch containing a message from Governor Russell of Massachusetts to Governor Altgeld of Illinois, and the other holding himself in readiness to hurry the message ahead in case the regular carrier is disabled.

From the instant the message leaves Boston until it arrives in Chicago not a moment will be lost. Night and day without pause two riders will be pedaling toward the World's fair city at the best speed they are capable of. The distance is about 1,264 miles, and if the message is delivered in 90 hours every relay rider must cover his small section of the course at the speed of 14 miles an hour. With good roads this would be comparatively easy for the swift wheelmen who participate in the race, but if our naturally bad roads are under water most of the way, as they were during the Chicago-New York relay bicycle race last year, the message will hardly be delivered in the prescribed 90 hours.



ROUTE OF THE RELAY RACE.

The riders in the Chicago-New York race, although confronted by as unfavorable weather as was possible, covered the 1,000-mile course in about 109 hours, or at the average rate of over nine miles an hour, although many of the riders who had relays of 10 miles or more performed their work at a speed of 20 miles an hour. It will thus be seen that the weather must be auspicious, the roads in good condition and the riders the very flower of American manhood if they succeed in making the 1,264-mile run from Boston to Chicago in 90 or even 100 hours. The route followed from New York to Chicago will be the same as that of last May, and among the cities through which the riders will pass are Worcester and Springfield in Massachusetts; New York, Albany, Rochester and Buffalo in New York state; North East in Pennsylvania; Ashtabula, Painesville and Cleveland in Ohio; Goshen and South Bend in Indiana, and Chicago in Illinois.

Zimmerman and Sanger.

W. C. Sanger of Wisconsin and A. A. Zimmerman of New Jersey are soon to meet the best riders on the other side of the Atlantic. Although each is a representative American wheelman, and although both have covered a mile in time few men have equaled, they go separately and in a sense as rivals. Zimmerman has covered a mile with flying start in 2 minutes 64-5 seconds and is probably the swiftest amateur in the world at distances under a mile. Sanger is very fast at any distance up to 10 or 15 miles and claims to have beaten Zimmerman in a half-mile race in Canada last year. Sanger expects to get back by June 27, in time for the Canadian and World's fair championships. If the two men meet abroad, a lively race will undoubtedly be the result. Zimmerman has already sailed, and Sanger goes in a short time.

ZIMMERMAN. SANGER.

A One-legged Wheelman's Tour.

Frank S. Beedleson, the one legged bicyclist of Syracuse, will leave San Francisco May 23 on his wheel and endeavor to cross the continent from Frisco to New York in 100 days or less. Beedleson will follow the line of the Union Pacific railroad to Omaha, thence the Chicago and Northwestern to Chicago. From the latter city he will follow the route of the relay ride through Cleveland and Buffalo. He is a hardy rider of four years' experience, who has done his five miles in 18 minutes and 90 miles in the day without much discomfort. He lost his leg in a railway accident when 11 years of age. Beedleson is in his twenty-fifth year, is a telegrapher and a member of the Century Cycling club of Syracuse. He will ride a safety and carry about 50 pounds of luggage in addition to an extra set of tires and a pair of crutches.

The International Championships.

Chicago wheelmen are predicting that the aggregation of foreign and domestic bicycling talent which will race at the international championships in the World's fair city in August will succeed in lowering the world's record for a mile to 1 minute 50 seconds, and that at least 30,000 people will attend the races daily. The great meeting will open Aug. 7 and close Aug. 12. John S. Johnson's alleged mile in 1 minute 56 seconds was not accepted by the L. A. W., and the world's record for the distance is held by W. W. Windle, whose last trial against time gave him a mark of 2 minutes 5 3-5 seconds. There was wonderful record breaking last year, but it seems hardly probable that the record the coming season will be lowered 15 seconds.

Schofield May Meet Zimmerman.

British wheelmen believe that if any one lowers the colors of A. A. Zimmerman during his English tour. J. W. Schofield, a comparatively new comer, will be the man. Many British wheelmen think that Schofield is the fastest man in England today.

Tom Roe's Long Jaunt.

On May 14 Tom Roe leaves New York equipped with the conventional number of legs and will endeavor to reach San Francisco in 65 days.

EARLE H. EATON.

A VICTIM OF FATE.

He Had Tried Various Things, but Luck Was Against Him.

He wasn't a tramp exactly, but he was on the way there. He had struck the merchant for a dollar, and the merchant was rather interested in him.

"I don't see," he said, "why you go about asking for money or help. You are an intelligent man, and I should think you could get something better to do."

"I don't know about that," was the despondent rejoinder. "The Lord knows I tried hard enough to get along before I lost my heart entirely."

"What did you do?"

"Well, a little of everything. I had some money, and I thought I'd go to raising rice in South Carolina and show those people down there how to do it right. I knew it all, of course, and one day a man came along selling a new brand of seed rice. He was a nice looking man from New York, and I liked his style. He liked my style, too, he said, and would sell me the exclusive right to handle his stuff in South Carolina. It was something new—a seed that could not be exposed to the light, but that would yield three times as much as the old varieties. That was what I was looking for, and very quietly I took it in, paying $900 for the right and four sealed cans of seed. I did all the work at night, and when it was finished I sat down to wait and to chuckle over my enterprise. But I waited and waited, and nothing came, and one day I looked into the old cans and found I had been stuck with some mean little wheat grains, and you might as well try to raise icicles in the bad place as to raise wheat in a South Carolina rice swamp."

"That was bad luck," said the sympathizing merchant.

"So I thought, and I left the state and went to raising cattle in western Kansas. Hadn't more than got my herd set out before a cyclone came along and blew every horn of it clean over into the next county, and when I went after my stock a pious cowboy who had gathered them in with his own informed me that they had been sent to him by Providence, and he'd like to see any son of a gun try to take them away. As he had a winchester and a lot of friends with him I didn't see my way clear to interfering with the ways of Providence, and I left the country."

"It's pretty hard when Providence goes against a man," ventured the merchant kindly.

"Yes, but that isn't all," sighed the disconsolate one. "With what little I had left I went to Pennsylvania and bought a water power gristmill in the mining regions. I fixed it up with new machinery, and for awhile it looked as if my luck had changed and I was going to come out on top at last. But one night a big mine lying under the stream that gave me my mill power caved in, or sank down just enough to change the lay of the land, and, by gum, the water began to run the other way, and when I got to the mill in the morning the water gates were open, the stream was running up hill, as it were, and my mill machinery had been running backward until every blamed wheel was busted and the whole shebang was a wreck."

The man wiped a tear from his eye.

"Then it was," he went on, "that my heart broke, and I laid right down and quit. Now, do you blame me for what I am doing?"

The merchant gave him $2, and the man was in the police court next morning.—Detroit Free Press.

Sad.

A good many older persons who have been in difficult positions and have felt that the world was really very hard can sympathize with little Flo Seaborn, of whom an exchange writes:

She had been censured by her mother for some small mischief which she had been engaged in. She sat thinking it over for some time, and finally said in an utterly discouraged tone:

"Everything I do is laid to me."—Youth's Companion.

All Took a Hand.

The Bavarian peasants are in many respects similar to the Irish. They drink a great deal and are very witty and are never so happy as when they are fighting with each other. A story is told of two Bavarian peasants meeting on the road and holding the following conversation:

"Were you at the wedding last night?"

"Indeed I was. It was the nicest wedding we have had this season. Why, even the bride took a hand in the fight."—Texas Siftings.

His Fault.

Miss Summit—What made you stick so close to Mr. Fiddleback all last evening when you saw I was dying to talk to him?

Miss Palisade—Don't blame me, my dear. He begged me to do it.—Truth.

Improving Exercise.

Papa—See here, sir! The policeman tells me you are one of the boys who jump on and off of railroad trains at the crossing.

Small Son—Oh, that's real improvin exercise. When I grow up, mebby I can get on an off of street cars without gettin killed.—Good News.

As a Rule.

"Do you eat anything usually before going to bed?" asked Dr. Paresis of his patient.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Cumso. "I eat breakfast, dinner and supper as a regular thing."—Jury.

Candor.

Willie Wilt—Aw—really, Miss Perte, I'm not such a fool as I look.

Miss Perte—But Mr. Wilt, you know we cannot always see ourselves as others see us.—New York Herald.

Studying Her Requirements.

Dora—Don't you think my gowns fit better than they used to?

Cora—Yes. Your dressmaker told me yesterday she was taking lessons in geometry.—Quips.

THE WAY OF A WOMAN

HER INTUITION IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR MAN'S SKILL.

Like the Humming Bird, She Pursues a Zigzag Course, but She "Gets There" Just the Same—Sage Observations by Mrs. Frank Leslie.

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"YOUR charming sex, as a rule, are not possessed of reasoning power," remarked a gentleman to me the other day. "They rush at conclusions in the same sort of zigzag fashion that a humming bird darts at a bed of clover. Nobody can tell which blossom she is aiming at, and I doubt if she knows herself."

"And yet I observe that the humming bird generally obtains the honey," remarked I dryly, "and however a woman reasons I observe that she generally 'gets there' in the end."

"Aw! Ya-as—ah—'gets there,'" mumbled my companion, who was an Englishman not yet up in American slang. So I came to his aid with:

"She extracts what she wants from the question in hand just as the humming bird extracts the honey, and I imagine the honey is just as good and considerably less adulterated than if it had been crushed out of the clover blossom by a steam engine."

"And do they make honey by steam in your wonderful country?" demanded my Englishman, eagerly catching at what seemed a tangible fact.

Well, an American would not have said it, but I am sure a good many of them think it, and especially those men whose reasoning powers are of the heavy, wooden order which work like an old cider mill I once stood and watched in the country, with creaks and groans portentous, and which required a yoke of oxen to drag it round its little appointed circuit.

Of course we all know that woman's reason differs from man's reason, just as her light, agile figure differs from his breadth of brawn and muscle. No woman is likely to excel in "putting the hammer," or in lifting heavy weights, or in a bout of fisticuffs in the ring, but a great many women excel at tennis and billiards and archery, a good many are excellent shots with light rifles, and some are as invincible with the foils as Bussy d'Amboise or Henriot. Look, for instance, at the Chevalier d'Eon, who fought many duels and killed many opponents before she was discovered to be a woman. All of which goes to prove that where quickness and skill are the qualities required a woman is just as likely to succeed as a man, although where weight and brawny muscle are essential she does not claim equality.

What is true of the body is true of the mind in most cases; in fact, our friends, the theosophists and psychists, claim that the body is only the outward and visible sign of the spirit within, and that what a man is so he is bound to look, if not at the start surely at the finish. I don't say this is true, for I have not made up my mind about it, but it is a theory much in vogue just now.

I was saying very much the same thing the other day to a man, who replied:

"Yes, women often play well at billiards, but they win the game by a series of the most daring flukes and impossible hazards—plays that no man would ever venture upon and would be howled at if he did."

"But you say they win the game," remarked I, and he grumpily responded:

"Yes, they win, but they've no right to, and it's just the same in fencing. They dart under and over your guard and use a foil more as if it were a sting than a recognized weapon."

"But if it were a real combat they would be likely to kill their opponents?"

"Yes, the poor fellow would be spitted while he was trying to make out what his fair enemy was doing."

"Capital! That is just the parable I want to support my theory. You men can't or won't allow that a woman has reasoning powers, but her tongue is like her rapier—she may not use it according to the rules laid down by men, but while her opponent is wondering what his fair enemy is doing he finds himself stabbed to the heart."

"To the heart, yes, but not generally to the brain," responded my friend, and I assured him that his retort was quite feminine in its patness and conclusiveness.

But it is not only in argument that women show this side of their complex nature, but in achieving whatever end they set before themselves. They are not—that is, women, as a rule, are not—consciously scheming and cunning; they do not say, "The best way to win this success is to appear indifferent and to seem bent upon something else," but they all unconsciously act out that plan and so achieve their end they scarcely know how.

I have a friend who possesses a great many pictures and other ornamental items of furnishing a room. She is, like many Americans, very peripatetic in her disposition, and nearly every year sees her in a new set of apartments. I lately visited her in her latest home and noticed that very few of the pictures were hung, and that the bronzes, china, statuettes, shrines, brackets, draperies—in fact, all the objects of "bigotry and virtue"—were piled upon tables in the back drawing room, evidently awaiting their fate.

"You have been here almost a week and not arranged your pretty things yet!" exclaimed I, and she with a little sigh replied:

"No! The inspiration hasn't come yet. Until it does I haven't the faintest idea of where any of those things belong, and if I insisted upon arranging them very likely I should take such a dislike to the rooms that I couldn't stay in them."

"But when the right moment comes," suggested I, with a laugh, "you will be like a poet who cannot wait for pen, ink and paper to put down his idea."

"Exactly," replied my friend gravely. "When the right moment comes, I shall see the precise spot where every picture should hang, every vase stand, every drapery be flung so as to look as if it had dropped there by the happiest of accidents. My only trouble is lest the inspiration shouldn't come before my reception day comes round, for I positively won't let anybody else arrange them, and neither will I let the world see the naked framework of my home."

"Well, I shall come at any rate, for the skeleton in your cupboard is an old friend of mine."

"Yes, you may come, but the maid will probably tell you that I am in bed with neuralgia. Then come right in to my bedroom, and we will have a cozy cup of tea all to ourselves."

But when the reception day came round and I presented myself with an expectant smile just under the surface the maid simply ushered me into the drawing room, where stood my hostess in the midst of her charming surroundings, every one of which had found the very place of all others where it looked the best and the most at home. Somebody was saying to her as I approached:

"I am sure, Mrs. ——, that you select your apartments to fit your pictures and ornaments. You saw, for instance, when you looked at this room that your Bouguereau never could find another such light, and that Venetian mirror and that pier were made for each other."

"An eternal fitness for each other, haven't they?" assented my friend, turning to me with a twinkle of the eye as she murmured:

"The inspiration never came until noon today, but the moment it did I called the servants, and we had everything done by 3 o'clock. Not bad, is it?"

"Perfect, my dear, but your demon is a very unreliable official."

"Wouldn't do for a business man, would he?"

"Nor for a man of any sort," thought I to myself as I moved away, and presently in my lonely drive I fell into my favorite fit of musing upon the different characteristics of man and woman and of the difficulty each has in comprehending the other fully.

Probably of all the problems that puzzle the masculine student of woman the most utterly insoluble is this matter of intuition. It is far easier for a woman to understand the formal and laborious methods of a man's mind than for him to grasp the idea of an intuitive process which cannot be formulated even by its owner. A man of intellectual nature and regular education bases his every argument, his every conviction, upon mathematical truths. He is fond of saying, "It is as certain as that two and two make four," and that to him is a perfectly unassailable standpoint. He perceives that to the woman with whom he argues the fact that two and two make four is not of the slightest importance. She says, for instance, that a perfect army of street roughs threatened her, and it was hours before she could get through them. The man corrects her with:

"There were but four of the roughs, and it was not five minutes before you were out of their reach and quite safe."

"Only four indeed! More likely 44!" cries the woman, with scorn and indignation.

"I assure you there were only four—two on one side of the door and two on the other, and two and two make four, don't they?"

"Not always, by any means," retorts madame, with all the courage of her convictions. "Not in this case, for instance. Two and two made a great deal more than four for me, I assure you."

And she is actually more correct than the man is. Four street ruffians inflamed with the lawless spirit of the mob and attempting to hustle and annoy a lady simply because she is well dressed and looks scornfully at them become in her eyes and to her consciousness a great many more than two and two—they become a crowd, a mob, a phalanx, a terrifying and perhaps deadly force. She is quite right in saying that in this case two and two did not make four, but 44, and that the period of time during which she felt herself in their power was to her without bounds or limit, but a chaos of endurance answering to many hours of ordinary life. If the clock said it was but five minutes, why, all the worse for the clock, and it must have been a male clock, although they are generally called "she."

But you can't make a man see this. You, for instance—you are reading it. Tell me, aren't you saying to yourself:

"She means that to the frightened woman, the mob *seemed* large and the time *seemed* long, but in point of fact two men and two men are only four men, and five minutes are but five minutes."

There! That is exactly the difference between a man's mind and a woman's. The man is fast bound, "tied and fettered in the chain," not "of his sins" perhaps, but of his mechanical makeup. He simply *cannot* take in the idea that an event is not what actually and literally happens, but it is to each person the results it produces upon that person's mentality.

A volcanic eruption, for instance, or an earthquake is to the scientist a perfectly regular and comprehensible phenomenon of nature—the combination and explosion of certain gases and the liquefying and projection of certain mineral subterranean deposits. He gets out of the way of the rivers of lava just as he would get out of the way of a locomotive, but he is no more terrified by the one than the other. It is simply a phenomenon of nature, like a snowstorm or a high tide.

But to a savage who had never seen or heard of such a thing this volcanic eruption is the malignant or tyrannical act of some mighty spirit, some all powerful demon who is threatening to destroy mankind unless he is propitiated. He accordingly propitiates him either by throwing his eldest son into one of the raping chasms or by vowing to do some tremendous act of heroism, or perchance, if he is a very, very good savage, by resolving not to flog his wife any more.

In any case the eruption makes a big change in this savage's career. It is to him a matter of life and death. Its results last perhaps after the man is dead.

Now, the scientist's estimate of this phenomenon and the savage's estimate of the very same event are both true, perfectly true to the individual forming the estimate. Neither one could possibly view the occurrence from the standpoint of the other; neither one could perhaps even put himself in the other's place enough to see just what it was the other believed. Each is to the other a poor deluded fool, and the savage despises and marvels at the philosopher just as much as the philosopher at him.

Now, who shall say that either is absolutely right, to the stultification of the other, any more than a mirror is a false mirror because it shows you a different image from what it shows me?

And so by this rather roundabout course we come back to the different workings of the man's and the woman's mind. Each arrives at a solution of the problem, whatever it may be, by a route utterly unfamiliar, even impossible, to the steps of the other. Perhaps the solution is the same in essence, although somewhat differently expressed; perhaps, on the other hand, the results are widely different; but in either case I contend that both are right and neither wrong, and most women will be ready to agree with me. Most men, on the other hand, will disagree and exclaim contemptuously:

"How ridiculous! How exactly like a woman's argument! Of course a thing is either right or it's wrong. How can two opposing views both be correct? If two and two make four on one occasion, they do on every occasion. It's all nonsense, utter nonsense."

So speaks the lord of creation and considers the matter settled, and so it is for him, but the lady of creation has an equal right to an "ipse dixit" on this and every other topic of common interest and value to both sexes, and she says:

"My friend, you are wrong. Things are not what they seem either to you or to me. Things are what they become in the consciousness of the individual receiving them. Two and two do generally make four, I grant you, but there are occasions when they make infinitely more or infinitely less, and it is your misfortune to be a man and therefore unable to perceive this truth."

If some reader of the masculine persuasion asks me, How do you know this rather startling truth, and how do you prove it? I reply, with that grand simplicity characteristic of great minds and great truths:

I know it by intuition, and I prove it by looking in upon my own convictions, which tell me it is a truth.

If yours don't tell you so, it is not a truth for you, and we continue gazing the one upon the gold and the other upon the silver side of the shield, each assured that our own is the true side.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

Self Help.

She was a New Jersey girl. Her father was dead, and she had no big brother. Not long ago a slanderous neighbor attempted to injure her good name. He circulated some extremely bad stories about her, and they finally reached her ears. She thereupon called four of her intimate young lady friends together and asked them if they would help her thrash the wretch. They said they would, so they all went to the man's house one evening and tossed pebbles against his windows until he came out to see what was the matter. The moment he appeared he was seized and despite his struggles tied to a convenient fence. Then he was whipped until he yelled for mercy and awoke all the neighbors. Such summary vengeance cannot be encouraged, yet it may be tolerated, for it did the girl more good, and, let us hope, the culprit also, than if the slow courts of justice had been appealed to.

Bodice For Wash Material.

It is often difficult to find a mode of making gingham and cambric bodices that shall be pretty and fanciful and at the same time capable of passing through the hands of the laundress without being ruined. Here is a neat and graceful style which fulfils all requirements. The lined bodice is close fitting and perfectly plain, fastening in front with hooks and eyes or small, flat buttons. The sleeves have a full puff of the goods reaching from the shoulder to the elbow, and the turnover cuffs are edged by a ruffle. The neck is finished with a ruffled sailor or round collar. The plastron is unlined and is shaped to the figure by the shirrings. It has a ruffle on each edge and is buttoned on the bodice on both sides with round pearl buttons, thus allowing it to be removed and laundered separately.

A cocoanut shell makes a good double receptacle, one part for burned, one for unburned matches. Saw the cocoanut in two parts, one larger than the other, and scoop out the meat. Then wash the shell, taking care not to injure the rough, hairy coating of the outer shell, as it will add to the looks of the match receiver. Screw three brass screw eyes on each part of the shell to suspend it by. Rich yellow ribbons run from the screw eyes in the smaller part straight through those in the larger part, terminating in a bow for decoration. Another cluster of the ribbon is tacked on the bottom.