

WOMAN IN WASHINGTON.

I have thought sometimes that I would write you one letter dwelling on the "seamy side" of society life as a correspondent at Washington sees it, says a writer in the *Boston Transcript*. Yet it seems ungracious to do so, where the pleasant side predominates so largely. I have no ambition, for the sake of being cheaply satirical, to caricature those who can not "strike back."

Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Still more, a sister woman's heart, whose sorest point would be wounded were it known to the world that she lacked *savoir faire* in matters so vital as those that pertain to success in society.

Many things do come under a correspondent's notice, however, that appeal irresistibly to the comic vein, and this arises largely from the transiency of those who figure here, the crudeness of the relays of social forces that are all the while coming to us fresh from the people. As illustrating this, I call to mind the letter of a far western senator's wife whose term expired some time ago. She had been ill, or otherwise prevented from figuring in what she regarded as "society," during the most of her husband's term, and the last winter of their stay she evidently resolved to cut a figure or perish in the attempt. She was brought by a friend of mine to see me early on one of my reception days, just after she had come on from New York in December with a stunning wardrobe, which she kindly described to me at some length. The elegant velvet carriage-dress she wore she rose and particularly called my attention to, in the details of its trimming and other salient points. Finally she told me that if I would take care of her interests in my column during the winter I should be well paid for it. By this time I had discovered that the lady did not know any better, and I said that if she took a part in society I would be happy to mention her name in turn with the rest; but that I never made a speciality of one over another, and my pecuniary contract was with the editor solely, not at all with those of whom I wrote. She expressed much surprise, and said she had always supposed that society ladies paid for such things, and she hoped I would not feel that she had taken any liberty with me! The entrance of other callers enabled me to bow her out quietly without expressing all I felt; but it is needless to say that I never returned her call. The morning after the following New-Year's (1883) I received a letter from her, written in pencil on a sheet of paper with the august heading, "United States Senate, Washington, D. C., 188—," stamped in blue in its upper right-hand corner; and, more incongruous yet, the senator (her husband) himself brought it, and told me he would pay for its insertion, as he was very anxious to gratify his wife.

The lady had the bad taste to sign herself as a full participator in her husband's office and honors. If the wife of Chief Justice Waite has occasion to write to a press correspondent a note regarding any of her many charities, she signs herself "Amelia C. Waite;" likewise the wife of Gen. Sherman signs herself "Ellen Ewing Sherman;" while the wife of his senatorial brother, with the same unassuming dignity, subscribes herself "Cecilia Stewart Sherman." I have many autograph letters of that character which I prize for their sweet individuality, as for being records of benevolent work in which it has been my privilege to be interested together with these and other ladies, better known at a distance by their places in the evanescent pageant of official life than by the treasures they are laying up in heaven.

It is only your shallow, flaunting woman who thrusts her husband's public station, or even his given name with the

"Mrs." prefixed, grandiloquently into her signature. I have in my collection one nearly as florid as the above, from the wife of a district judge here, signed "Mrs. Judge —," and not so much asking as commanding me to reopen the subject of a ball at the British legation, and to mention that she was "attired in lavender brocaded satin; ornaments diamonds."

OUR KITCHENS.

The debate on woman suffrage in Iowa senate, recently, brought into emphatic prominence another subject that belongs to the domain of female effort,—that of domestic help,—and Senator Bills made a speech against the suffrage proposition remarkable for its vigor of thought and expression. He denied that female voting is one of the pressing necessities of the day. The great problem coming up for solution is this country, said he, is the question of domestic help: "What shall we do with our kitchens?" He added:

A woman is willing to go anywhere—into stores, offices, the public schools, and anywhere under God's heaven where she can earn enough to feed and clothe herself,—except into the kitchen; it is easier for a man to marry ten wives than to hire one servant-girl. The American people are fast becoming a people practically without homes. We are drifting into French flats, the co-operative house-keeping—buddling in groups, living like cattle feeding out of a common trough. The home, the best institution ever given to any people, is disappearing from our midst. The woman are deserting it for the political arena. I want to say," continued Senator Bills, who is the leading republican in Scott county, "what I have not been permitted to say in any republican convention—that the republican ship is being overloaded. It is in danger, with prohibition in the hold, protective tariff amidships, and woman suffrage on deck. The danger-point is reached. She is near the water's edge, and is constantly settling."

THE OLD AND THE NEW HAMMER.—With what hammer shall we strike? Ay, there is the rub. Not that it is any question to me personally; but desiring to be a true brother to you, my reader, I put it so; and for your sake and in fellowship with you. Here are hammers—light, bright, many! See the trade mark—warranted brand new. The old smith over yonder says he knows nothing of them. They were left by a firm, who are always inventing new things. "Leastwise," says he, "they call themselves a new firm, but I believe they might better be called the 'long firm'; they trade under new names, but they are old rogues." The smith swings aloft with brawny hands a hammer which makes the sparks fly and the iron yield—"There," says he, "the old hammer suits me best." You see, good friend, he is only a blacksmith, and knows no better. Some people are unreasonably fond of old things. Are these mental fogies any more foolish than those who are fascinated by novelties? We think not. The old hammer in our forge is faith in God.—*Mr. Spurgeon.*

A POOR RELATION.—A beggar meeting a Duke one morning said to him "Good morning my Lord Duke: won't you help a poor relation?" "How do you claim relationship with me?" asked the haughty nobleman. "I am a member of the human family, in direct line from our common father Adam." "Very good," remarked my Lord Duke, "there is a penny for you, fellow." "But my Lord Duke, I had looked for more." The nobleman replied: "If you get one penny from every member of the human race you will be better off than I am!"

YOUNG LADY WHISTLERS.

The familiar air of "The Mocking Bird" whistled through West Forty-sixth street, in New York the other day, but the music was not that of the flute, the flageolet, the piccolo, the clarinet, or the fife. A reporter of the *Herald*, who was passing along the street, stopped to listen, for save a pretty young lady standing on a door-step, no one was in sight. Still the twittering and bird-like solo continued to vibrate down the block. It was the young lady who was whistling, and the reporter took the liberty of expressing his astonishment to her.

"Were you whistling?" he inquired of the young music-maker.

The young lady smiled, turned three difficult corners in the tune, worked in a tremolo half a dozen bird-like trills, stopped and answered:

"Yes. Why?"

"Because you whistle so beautifully, and—"

"Well, I think I ought to," she interrupted: "I've been taking lessons long enough, and my mouth has grown five-eighths of an inch smaller since I began to practice regularly."

"You take lessons, and your mouth has grown smaller?" echoed the reporter.

"Yes. you needn't look as if I was telling a story. Of course, I take lessons. Lots of girls whistle now, because it's fashionable."

"Who is the professor?"

"A colored man who used to wait on us at Long Branch."

"Where is his conservatory?"

"Oh, he comes to our house twice a week. His name is John Wise, but he says it's James Francis Cecil Clay Accomac Upshire, junior to John Wise, of Northampton county, Virginia. He is a wonderful musician."

"Then whistling will make the mouth small?"

"Why, of course it will. A girl that has a four-inch mouth can reduce it to three inches by a regular course of study. Besides, the puckering of the lips makes them fuller and gives them a nice color."

"How long does it take to dock an inch off an ordinary-sized mouth?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer. "A girl must never sing, use large tooth brushes, or take big bites out of apples. Then if she practices all the time when she is in the house she will probably reduce the size of her mouth in about two years. Why, I can whistle everything, even scientific sacred music, and you see how small my mouth is. It is different from singing in a choir. The overture from 'Zampa' is perhaps the most difficult selection in my repertoire. It requires so much active tongue movement. But a fine whistler must have a good ear, and good teeth that are not too widely apart."

"Will you kindly describe the method employed by the professor in lessons to beginners?"

"Well, he doesn't allow new pupils to sound a note until they become perfect in the control of their mouths. He illustrates silently with his lips how they should be drawn up, and the students watch him and endeavor to imitate him. Oh! we are going to have a concert in the spring, and then you may see and hear for yourself."

"Prof." Wise was found in an up town billiard saloon, occupied in the sedentary employment of watching two athletes from Columbia college struggle with a game of pool. He was a short, grizzled man, of gamboge tint, with a smooth face and large lips.

"Yef, sar; I'm Proves' Wise," he said, with a tantalizing slowness, "an' I'm an instructor in de art ob moosic. Yef, sar; it's whistlin' wha' I teach to do young

ladies of so-ciety. Yef, sar; sum pipe like the plover an' sum like de dam ole jay bird. I cud al'ays whistle pretty tol-bel smart as a chunk of a boy, sar, an' den at Long Branch whar I spen de summer de hotel folks dey hab me to whistle to dem. Yef, sah; and the young ladies, dey like to larn, an so I come here, an am a provess-ah," and the warbler walked slowly away.

LAWS OF WAR IN ASHANTEE.

The assumption that savage races are ignorant of all laws of war, or incapable of learning them, would seem to be based rather on our indifference about their customs than on the realities of the case. But whatever value there may be in our own laws of war, as helping to constitute a real difference between savage and civilized warfare, the best way to spread the blessing of a knowledge of them would clearly be for the more civilized race to adhere to them strictly in all wars waged with their less advanced neighbors. An English commander, for instance, should no more set fire to the capital of Ashantee or Zululand for so paltry a pretext as the display of British power than he would set fire to Paris or Berlin; he should no more have villages or granaries burned in Africa or Afghanistan than he would in Normandy, and he should no more keep a Zulu envoy or truce-bearer in chains than he would so deal with the bearer of a white flag from a Russian or Italian enemy. The reverse principle, which is yet in vogue, that with barbarians you must or may be barbarous, leads to some curious illustrations of civilized warfare when it comes in conflict with the less civilized races. In one of the Franco-Italian wars of the sixteenth century more than 2,000 women and children took refuge in a large mountain cavern, and were there suffocated by a party of French soldiers, who set fire to a quantity of wood, straw, and hay, which they stacked at the mouth of the cave; but it was considered so shameful an act that the Chevalier Bayard had two of the ringleaders hanged at the cavern's mouth. Yet when the French General Pelissier in this century suffocated the unresisting Algerians in their caves it was even defended as no worse than the shelling of a fortress; and there is evidence that gun-cotton was not unfrequently used to blast the entrance to caves in Zulu-land in which men, women and children had hoped to find shelter against an army which professed only to be warring with their King. The following description of the way in which, in the Ashantee war the English forces obtained native carriers for their transport service is not without its instruction in this respect: "We took to kidnapping on a grand scale. Raids were made on all the Assin villages within reach of the line of march, and the men, and sometimes the women, carried off and sent up the country under guard, with cases of provisions. Lieut. — rendered immense service in this way. Having been for some time commandant of Accra, he knew the coast and many of the chiefs; and having a man-of-war placed at his disposal, he went up and down the coast, landing continually, having interviews with chiefs, and obtaining from them large numbers of men and women; or when this failed, landing at night with a party of soldiers, surrounding villages and sweeping off the adult population, leaving only a few women to look after the children. In this way, in the course of a month, he obtained several thousands of carriers.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

If we were to hear a sermon every day in the week, and an angel from heaven were the preacher, yet, if we rested in bare hearing, it would never bring us to heaven.