

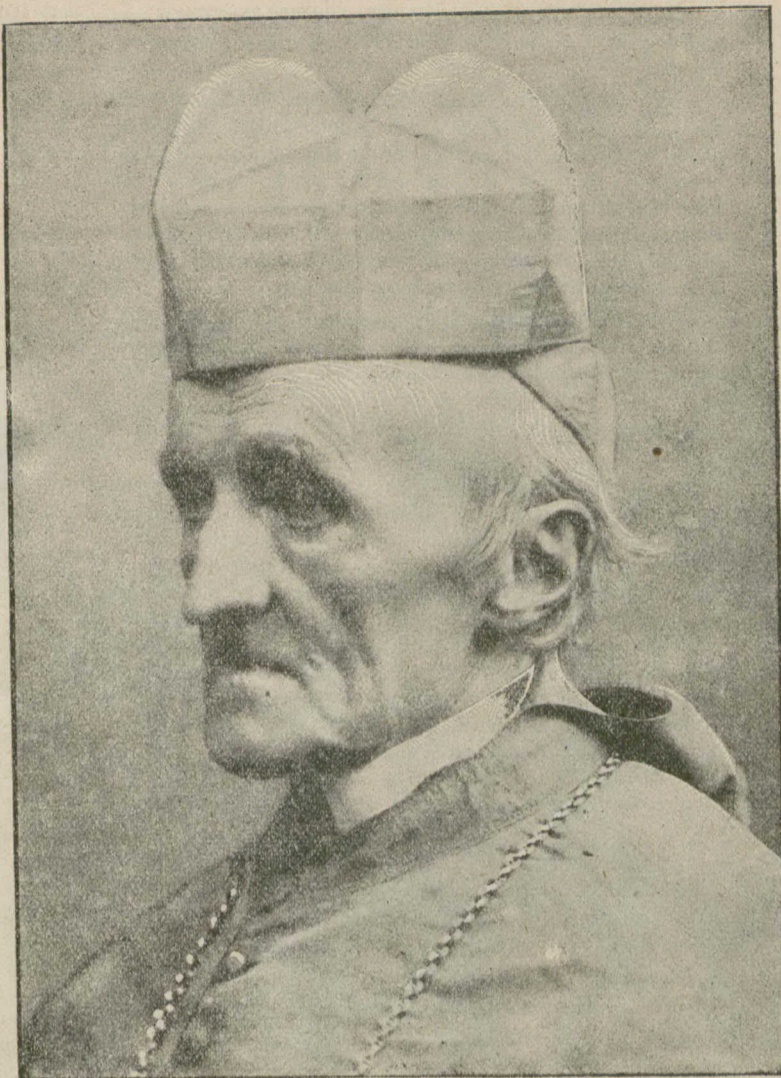
In 1848 there arose the great Gorham case, which agitated the whole Protestant world. The Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Phillpotts) refused to institute the Rev. George Gorham to a vicarage on his presentation thereto by the Lord Chancellor. His ground for doing so was that, upon examination, he had found Mr. Gorham to be of unsound doctrine as to the efficacy of the sacrament of baptism. The case was tried before the Arches Court of Canterbury, which decided that baptismal regeneration, which Mr. Gorham denied, was the doctrine of the Church of England. Mr. Gorham appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which decided that the judgment of the Arches Court should be reversed, and he was eventually instituted to his living. Archdeacon Manning immediately shook from his feet the dust of the Church of England, from which he had for many years been unconsciously drifting. When he discovered that it was a church founded on the right of private judgment he was appalled, and turned away from it. He was horrified to discover that it was practically the State and not the Church which decided in England whether certain doctrines taught by the clergy were heretical or not, especially as the law lords who made the decision might be ungodly men, like Lord Chancellor Westbury, who "dismissed hell, with costs," and took away from the English Protestant "his last hope of damnation." Manning strove hard to bring about a solemn protest from the Church of England, but his efforts met with little support. The Bishop of London introduced a bill into the House of Lords for the purpose of enacting that in questions of doctrine, as distinct from questions of mere law, the final decision should rest with the prelates. But the Lords would have none of it, and Archdeacon Manning who had attended the debate returned home almost decided that as he had told us himself: "To those who believed that God has established upon the earth a divine and, therefore, an unerring guardian and teacher of his faith, this event demonstrated that the

not come into prominence at so early an age [as ours do. The other day in a hotel rotunda stood a round eyed darling with her short, golden hair fluffed around her winsome face; her short waisted, long skirted frock added to her picturesque appearance. Almost all the men passing by stopp'd to speak to her. She was

Women of the South.

Anyone who has met the Southern woman in the North knows she is an example to Northern women in her conduct of business matters, writes Helen Watterson in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. There are in New York probably as cosmopolitan a set of working-women to-day as can be found in any quarter of the globe drawing breath and salaries. You will find a western woman often working for less than she is worth. Sometimes it is because she really doesn't know what she's worth, and sometimes because she doesn't care what she's worth. Not so with the eastern girl. To settle a business matter with her is quite another thing. She seems to regard the money part of it as an incident, an after-thought. She insists in treating with a fine contempt, and speaks of it as "compensation," until a man feels that he has been guilty of indelicacy in mentioning it. And it is affectionation so much as a kind of inbred nonsense that business life has not taken out of her yet.

But the Southern woman, bless you! there isn't a bit of nonsense about her. She's the furthest seeing, the shrewdest, the best match to man in business matters of any woman you can find. With the offer of her services comes the sum of money she expects for it. While the employer haws and hedges—as he is sure to do—she hums "Dixie" and looks out of the window. She knows he'll take her terms, and she means to give him full return for what she gets. Then when all is arranged she insists on having a good stout contract made. Then she goes to work with a calm heart. It is by no means to be inferred from this that the Southern woman is a grasping creature. Not in the least. She's generous to a fault in the use of her money. The strangest part of it all is unusual business instinct should be found imbedded in such sentiment as you find in the southern women. The western woman isn't sentimental at all; the eastern woman is only contemplative

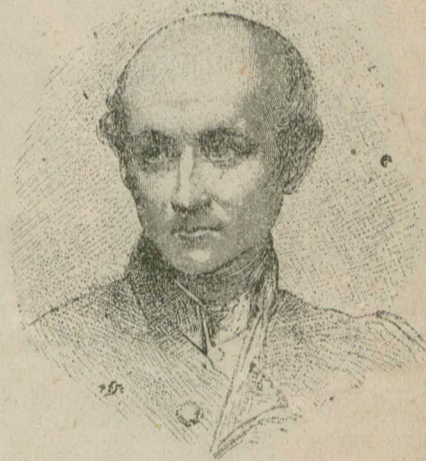


THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

the delighted recipient of nickels, cards and bonbons, while she coquetted with all the airs of a society girl. My for heart ached, she was getting all the sweet, downy freshness of childhood rubbed off so early

Her father, standing near, encouraged her and laughed at her naive questions and replies. By and by the white-capped nurse came on the scene and bore her child away; and she, loath to leave the scene of her conquests, made her exit, biting, kicking and scratching her nurse, while the men laughed heartily at this edifying spectacle.

There are some wise mothers who discourage and endeavor to suppress this precocity, but they are lamentably few in number.



AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX.

and reflective; the southern woman, with all her experience and shrewdness in money matter, hasn't lost a bit of the deliciously romantic charm that characterized her before the war. She works royally, but she never for an instant relinquishes her belief that no woman ought to work. She still looks up to a man as a god-like and superior creature, and never accepts the fact that a woman should ride in anything but her own carriage, go out after dark without an escort, or open the door for herself.

And it's a good belief. It isn't comfortable for her always, because she finds things so at variance with it, but it's good for men to feel that somebody still insists upon and expects from them all things that are gentle and selfless.

**CRAMPS IN THE LEG.**—Many persons of both sexes are greatly troubled with cramps in one or both their legs. It comes on suddenly, and is very severe. Most people jump out of bed (it nearly always comes on either just after going to bed, or while undressing) and ask some one to rub the leg. I have known it to last for hours, till in despair they would send for the family physician; and even then it would be hours before the spasm would let up.

There is nothing easier than to make the spasm let go its hold, and it can be accomplished without sending for a doctor, who may be tired and in need of a night's rest. When I have a patient who is subject to cramps, I always advise him to provide himself with a good strong cord. A long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on, take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place that is cramped, and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull,—one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will let up, and the sufferer can go to bed assured it will not come on again that night.

Mrs. AMELIE RIVES-CHANLER's letters are characteristic of herself—charming and interesting. Cream color was her favorite tint for her writing paper when she was Amelie Rives. In place of a seal her initials, "A. R." were written in an artistic way and joined together in a queer and original fashion. As Mrs. Chanler, delicate dove-colored paper seems to have superseded the former creamery tint, and the title, unique "A. R." has been converted in a seal which, is placed at the letterhead and on the envelope, in perfect reproduction of her own writing. Her name is signed to her letters, "Cordially yours, Amelie Chanler."



AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

Church of England could not be that guardian and teacher."

After the short retirement—inevitable on his change of faith—preparatory to his taking orders in his newly adopted Church, his rise was rapid. Like Newman, he founded a congregation—that of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. In 1865 Monsignor Manning was created Archbishop of Westminster, and ten years later he was created a cardinal. He had become the Roman of the Romans—Ultramontane of the Ultramontanes.

No man was ever so much before the public in England as was Manning after he became Archbishop of Westminster. There was not a philanthropic work in which he could consistently co-operate wherein he was not an active worker. Conspicuous above all was the aid he gave to total abstinence societies—both within and without his Church.

He once said: "England sober is England happy and contented. If we could make the English workman a total abstainer, we could settle the most serious of the social problems that confront us now. I have worked toward this end for very many years, and with some success. But it is a fight against odds. The drunkenness, and the misery growing out of it, here in London make my heart sick at times. But the Catholic Church is against the traffic in rum, and will continue to be, and time will tell many things. Here in London our priests are preaching total abstinence all the time, and to considerable effect. I am glad to notice the strength of the same movement in America."

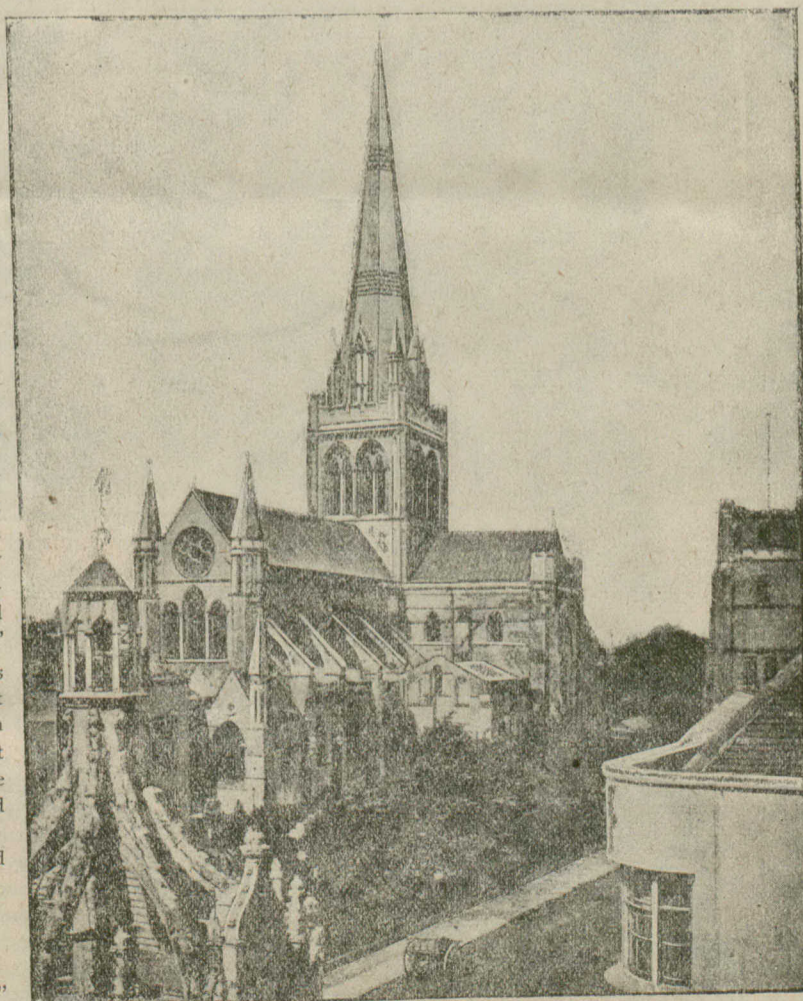
Cardinal Manning was a man of about six feet three inches in height. His hair was very scant when he died, and what there was of it was as white as snow. His figure was thin and bent. His face was long, thin, powerful, with intellect marked in every line and wrinkle. In the contour of the jaw and chin there were those marks of decision and strength of character that stamp the leader of men.

The late cardinal was very fond of Americans, and was well informed upon American affairs.

A Spoiled Child.

"English children are so much more childish than ours," said an American mother once. "I wonder why it is."

It is undoubtedly because they are kept in the nursery and do



CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL, OF WHICH CARDINAL MANNING WAS ARCHDEACON.