

The Charlotte Democrat.

W. J. YATES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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THE Charlotte Democrat,
PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM J. YATES, Editor and Proprietor
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS for one year, or
One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents for six months.
Subscriptions must be paid in advance.
Advertisements will be inserted at reasonable rates, or in accordance with contract.
Obituary notices of over five lines in length will be charged for at advertising rates.

LAW-SCHOOL.
We purpose opening a Law School in the city of Greensboro on the first Monday in March next.
Our object will be to prepare young men to practice law in the State and Federal Courts.
Our terms will be the same as those of the late Chief Justice Pearson, and we will endeavor to pursue his plan of instruction.
We think this city is well suited for our purpose, as it is healthful and easily accessible, and a place where Courts are frequently held.
Board can be obtained at very reasonable rates.
JOHN H. DILLARD,
ROBERT P. DICK.
Feb. 8, 1878.

Dr. JOHN H. McADEN,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Has on hand a large and well selected stock of PURE DRUGS, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Family Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Fancy and Toilet Articles, which he is determined to sell at the very lowest prices.
Jan. 1, 1875.

J. P. McCombs, M. D.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country. All calls, both night and day, promptly attended to.
Office in Brown's building, up stairs, opposite the Charlotte Hotel.
Jan. 1, 1873.

DR. J. M. MILLER,
Charlotte, N. C.
All calls promptly answered day and night.
Office over Traders' National Bank—Residence opposite W. R. Myers.
Jan. 18, 1878.

DR. M. A. BLAND,
Dentist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Office in Brown's building, opposite Charlotte Hotel.
Gas used for the painless extraction of teeth.
Feb. 16, 1878.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
E. J. ALLEN,
[Near Irwin's corner, Trade Street,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.]
PRACTICAL WATCH-MAKER,
Repairing of Jewelry, Watches and Clocks done at short notice and moderate prices.
April 17, 1878.

R. M. MILLER & SONS,
Commission Merchants,
and
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Provisions and Groceries,
College Street, CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Flour, Bacon, Sugar, Coffee, Salt, Molasses, and in fact, all kind of Groceries in large quantities always on hand for the Wholesale trade.
Jan. 1, 1875.

J. McLAUGHLIN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions, &c.,
COLLEGE STREET, CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Sells Groceries at lowest rates for Cash, and buys Country Produce at highest market price.
Cotton and other country Produce sold on commission and prompt returns made.

D. M. RIGLER
Charlotte, N. C.
Dealer in Confectioneries, Fruits, Canned Goods, Crackers, Bread, Cakes, Pickles, &c.
Cakes baked to order at short notice.
Jan. 1, 1877.

B. N. SMITH,
Dealer in Groceries and Family Provisions of all sorts,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Consignments of Produce solicited, and prompt returns made.
Families can find anything at my Store in the Grocery line to eat, including fresh meats.
Jan. 1, 1877.

E. S. BURWELL, 1878. E. B. SPRINGS
BURWELL & SPRINGS,
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
Charlotte, N. C.
Jan. 4, 1878.

LEWIN W. BARRINGER,
(Son of the late Hon. D. M. Barringer of N. C.)
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
436 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Prompt attention to all legal business. Best references given as to legal and financial responsibility. Commissioner for North Carolina.
References—Chief Justice W. N. H. Smith; Raleigh National Bank; 1st National Bank, Charlotte; Merchants and Farmers National Bank.
March 15, 1878.

DR. RICHARD H. LEWIS,
Raleigh, N. C.
(Late Professor of Diseases of the Eye and Ear in the Savannah Medical College).
Practice limited to the EYE and EAR.
Refers to the State Medical Society and to the Georgia Medical Society.
Oct. 12, 1877.

Central Hotel
BARBER SHOP.
GRAY TOOLE, Proprietor, keeps the best workmen employed, and guarantees pleasure and satisfaction to customers.
Shop immediately in rear of Hotel office.
June 8, 1877.

MILLER AND DRIVER REPUDIATED IN CONNECTICUT.—According to a new law in Connecticut, divorces can henceforth be granted by reason of adultery, fraudulent contract, willful desertion for three years, seven years' absence and not heard from, habitual intemperance, intolerable cruelty, and imprisonment for infamous crime in the State prison.

Lands for Sale, Rent, &c.

Mortgage Sale.
By virtue of a mortgage made by Wm. R. Sears and wife Eliza J., Registered in Book No. 7, page 316, for certain purposes therein mentioned, I will sell at the Court House door in Charlotte, on Monday the 8th day of April, 1878, a portion of the Tract of Land on which said Sears now resides, containing five acres more or less, on which is a small dwelling, and out-houses and a Grape Vineyard, adjoining the lands of W. F. Pluifer and Dr. M. M. Orr. Terms, Cash.
ROBERT GIBBON,
March 22, 1878. 3w. Mortgagee.

A RE-SALE
Of Lot No. 3 (129 Acres) of the Jno. P. Patterson Lands, at Davidson College, will take place at the Court House in Charlotte, on Wednesday, the 10th of April.
Terms—Cash and balance on 6 and 12 months credit, with interest, and title reserved until full payment.
H. P. HELPER,
RUFUS BARRINGER,
March 8, 1878. 5w. Commissioners.

1878. HARDWARE. 1878.

KYLE & HAMMOND,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Iron, Steel,
BUGGY AND CARRIAGE MATERIAL.
A large and well selected stock of first-class Goods and the lowest prices will tell. The steady increase of our business is positive proof of this assertion, and after thanking our customers for their liberal patronage during the past year, we would say to all,
Merchant, Farmer, Mechanic,
That we are determined to sustain our reputation for low prices and fair dealing, and to keep the best Stock of Hardware in the State. Don't fail to call on us.
KYLE & HAMMOND.
Jan. 4, 1878.

FRESH GARDEN SEED.
We have just received a full supply of Fresh Garden Seed, which we are offering at both Wholesale and Retail prices.
J. H. McADEN'S Drug Store.
Feb. 15, 1878.

The Rising Sun's Attractions.
The Earth held in its orbit by the attractive powers of the SUN,
And bathed in the light of its controlling Luminary, sweeps onward and upward in its swift career, until it comes back to the point where C. S. HOLTON has laid in a fresh lot of Fruits, comprising in part Bananas, Oranges, Apples, Canned Peaches, Pears, Pineapples, Blackberries, &c. Also, a lot of Canned Vegetables, Fresh Candy, Cakes, Pies and Light Bread, Coffee, Tea and Spices, Soda and every other variety of Crackers. Toys for all sized children, without regard to sex.
All kinds of GROCERIES to meet all demands of the general housekeeper, put down to equalize the coming remonetized Silver Dollar, a bright luminary of "Ye Olden Time."
Feb. 15, 1878. C. S. HOLTON.

E. G. ROGERS,
FURNITURE DEALER,
Next door to the Post Office,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
I have opened a full stock of FURNITURE, comprising all grades,
Common, Medium and Fine,
In the building next door to the Post Office.
This stock is entirely new, and bought at bottom prices. I will sell low, and all goods will be found as represented.
Special care will be taken in packing in connection with the Furniture Business.
Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 14, 1877.

Family Provisions
Of all sorts—Sweet Yam Potatoes, Eggs, Dried Fruit, Fish, &c.—at low cash rates. Saur Kraut—a nice article.
March 8, 1878. B. N. SMITH.

NEW BUGGIES.
At my Shop in the rear of Wadsworth's Stables, I have a few nice new Buggies for sale at low rates. I also make and repair Wagons, Buggies, Carriages, &c., and do all sorts of work in my line.
Give me a call.
W. S. WEARN,
In rear of Wadsworth's Livery Stables.
Aug. 31, 1877.

Cigars.
10,000 Cigars, selected for the retail trade, just received by
WILSON & BURWELL.
Feb. 29, 1878.

To the Wholesale Trade.
We desire to announce that our large Spring purchase of DRY GOODS is now open for your inspection.
We have purchased a large Stock and will offer greater inducements to the trade than ever before. Having an experienced resident buyer in the market, our facilities for offering bargains are unsurpassed by any firm in the State.
Give us a call, or send us your orders, and we promise satisfaction.
ELIAS & COHEN.
March 22, 1878.

County Surveyor.
Having been appointed County Surveyor, I beg to announce that I am prepared to execute work in any part of the county.
I can generally be found about one mile from Charlotte on the Providence road, or parties can leave any message with Wm. Maxwell at the Court House.
A. SHORTER CALDWELL.
March 15, 1878. 1m

Land Grants to Corporations by the United States.

1862.—Union Pacific Railroad, 12,000,000 acres. Central Pacific Railroad, (Union Branch), 245,000 acres.
1864.—Kansas Pacific, 6,000,000 acres.
1869.—Denver Pacific, 1,000,000 acres.
1862.—Central Pacific Railroad, 8,000,000 acres. Central Pacific, consolidation with West Pacific, 1,100,000 acres.
1864.—Burlington and Missouri Railroad, 2,241,000 acres. Sioux City Pacific Railroad, 45,000 acres. Northern Pacific Railroad, 47,000,000 acres.
1866.—Placerville and Sacramento Valley Railroad, 100,000 acres. Oregon Branch Central Pacific, 3,000,000 acres. Oregon and California Railroad, 3,500,000 acres. Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, 40,000,000 acres. Southern Pacific Railroad, 3,750,000 acres.
1871.—Southern Pacific Railroad, to a point on the Texas Pacific Railroad, 3,000,000 acres.
1867.—Stockton and Copperopolis Railroad, 100,000 acres.
1870.—Oregon Central, 300,000 acres.
1871.—Texas Pacific, 17,000,000 acres. New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Vicksburg Railroad, 1,600,000 acres.

A Billion Dissected.
Mr Henry Bessemer, under the heading "A Billion Dissected" tries to convey to the ordinary mind some idea what a billion really is. He does this by means of illustrations drawn from familiar objects of thought and sight. The result is such as will surprise many. Attention is thus called to a billion, as a measure of time, distance, and weight. When we speak, for example, of a billion of seconds, we perhaps, suppose that since the commencement of our era, such a number has long since been measured out. Arithmetic shows us, however, that "we have not even passed one-sixteenth of that number in all these long, eventful years, for it takes just 31,687 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes, and 5 seconds to constitute a billion seconds."
[President Lincoln, in one of his annual messages, made the mistake of using the word "billions" when speaking of the national debt.]

LOSSES AT SEA.—There have been fifty-six Atlantic steamers lost during the past thirty-seven years, in which 4,430 perished. Nine vessels were never heard from after leaving port, four were burned, thirty wrecked, five lost through collision with other vessels and two by collision with icebergs, two foundered, and two were lost in fog. Of nationalities, forty-two were British, five American, four French, four German, one Belgian.

FOR SALE.
Two Berkshire Boars, 3 months old, inferior to none, price \$15 each.
Berkshire Pigs, 6 weeks old, \$10 each.
Also, a few South-Down Buck Lambs, well grown, out of imported stock, and the hardest Sheep for this country, \$10 each.
Apply to
J. S. DAVIDSON
March 29, 1878. 1m Hopewell, N. C.

Spring Calicoes,
Of new styles, just received and on exhibition and for sale by
BARRINGER & TROTTER.
March 29, 1878.

SPRING GOODS.
I have received complete lines of Spring Goods. The latest novelties in
Millinery and Dress Goods,
CLOTHING,
Most elegant assortment ever offered in Charlotte.
S. WITKOWSKY.
March 29, 1878.

COTTON YARN.
50 BUNCHES COTTON YARN from Glenroy Mills, N. C., manufactured from seed Cotton by E. C. Grier & Son, for sale by
J. McLAUGHLIN & CO.
March 29, 1878.

DR. T. C. SMITH,
Offers all goods in the Drug line at bottom prices to Cash customers.
March 29, 1878.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!
For One Dollar I will sell one dozen of any of the following plants. (If sent by Express enough plants will be put in extra to cover Expressage):
Abutilon, Achiranthus, Begonias, Coleus, Cannas, Dusty Millers, Dahlias, Fuchsias, Geraniums (fish) Oak, Nutmeg, Rose and other sweet scented Geraniums; Lantanas, Lemon Verbenas, Pelargoniums, Wax Plant and others.
All orders accompanied with the Cash promptly attended to. No charge for box or packing.
HENRY LANYON,
March 29, 1878. 7wpd Florist, Danville, Va.

Aladen Security Oil
And Denslow & Barbe's Premium Safety Oil—both warranted to stand a test of 150 degrees. For sale in any quantity by
WILSON & BURWELL,
March 29, 1878. Drugists.

Send Your Orders
For Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Toilet articles to
DR. T. C. SMITH,
Charlotte, N. C.

The Prettiest
Lamps and the choicest Flavoring Extracts are found at
DR. T. C. SMITH'S
Drug Store, opposite Central Hotel.
Silver Dollars
Taken in exchange for goods and in payment of accounts at
DR. T. C. SMITH'S
March 29, 1878. Drug House.

Results of Borrowing.

"Jennie," said Mrs. Jones to her daughter, the other morning, "go over to Mrs. Simpson's and borrow her flat iron."
The girl went and returned without it.
"Well, why didn't you get it?"
"She said when you sent her washboard home she would see about it," whimpered the child.
"She did? The ungrateful thing! I'll see about it too."
Putting on her husband's old hat, and gathering up her dress in both hands, Mrs. Jones tramped across the street, growing redder and madder at every step.
"How do you dare, Mrs. Simpson," she yelled, as she pranced into the kitchen, "how do you dare to send me any such word as you sent me by my daughter? Send your washboard home! You've forgot about them potatoes and flour you've never paid back!"
"I ain't forgot nothin', Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Simpson, "but don't you go to puttin' on highfalutin' airs about me. 'Old washboard' it was bran new when I lent it to you, but I'll warrant it's old enough now. You had better pay back them three draw-ins of tea, that cup of sugar, and that wood I let you have when that drunken, worthless husband of your'n was starvin' and freezin' you to death."

"You're a lynin' buzzy, Mrs. Simpson. I wouldn't brag of husbands. That one of your's is a regular still tub, and you know it. The old hypocrite. He can drink a barrel and not show it on that old red face of his, and everybody knows you're a slattern."

"Slattern yourself. Who's got a filthier, dirtier kitchen than you have, I'd like to know? Where's that gamblin' brother of your's? In jail, I'll bet."
"Where's that sister of your's, that was no better than she ought to be?"
"People that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. I've heard tales about that gadabout daughter Julia of your'n, who tries to cut a big shine with her fine duds and feathers and sick like and her underclothes blacker than a cloud. The traipsin' trollope; she's after old man Baxter's boy, but his mother is got too much sense to let him make a fool of himself by marryin' her. You hear me, Mrs. Jones? Your cakes all dough there."

"You know a powerful sight about my business, Mrs. Simpson, and about everybody else's in this neighborhood. I'll be glad when you leave, for you keep us in an uproar all the time, and when you get to abusin' your neighbors and betters and refusin' to do by them as you'd be done by, it's time for every decent woman to cut your acquaintance. I'll send that old ten-cent washboard home, and won't leave any soap sticking to it, as I've been in the habit of doin'."

Mrs. Jones jammed her hat down over her eyes, and was half way across the street when this parting shot from Mrs. Simpson reached her.
"Anybody could tell that you was a woman without one particle of shame by seein' you hold your dress above your knees in broad daylight."

How Fleas are Educated.
An humble and reverential seeker after light approached the man in charge of the educated fleas and put the following question: "Why did you select this particular insect and consecrate the labor of a time to its education?" "Because of the inveteracy of its disposition to hop," was the somewhat enigmatical reply. "Would you be kind enough to be more explicit?" was the next request. "Most certainly," replied the philosopher. "I desired to solve the fundamental question of education, in the flea, knowing the tremendous odds with which I would have to contend. You are aware of the nature of a flea; it is almost an impossibility to concentrate its attention on any particular subject. No matter what was done, he would hop, and my only chance was to drive this inclination out of his head. For years this completely baffled me; there seemed no possible way of accomplishing my desire. One day it flashed upon me; I shouted with joy as my ambition seemed attained, and it was a simple thing after all. I took a little paper box and inserted a piece of glass in the top and bottom, and in that I placed a flea. The limited experience of a flea would not permit him to discriminate between the transparency of the glass and that of the atmosphere. So hop he goes, and down he comes completely stunned. He rubs his head a little and thinks there must be some mistake about that, and away he goes again. Down once more, and then he apparently gets very mad, for he hops and hops with a succession of knock down blows until by night he is evidently in an exhausted condition. He awakes in the morning refreshed with his sleep and resumes his operations, which prove equally unsatisfactory. Thus five days are occupied, until the lesson is learned forever. The relations between knock-down and hope are absolutely established, and from that time forth that flea can never be induced to hop again, and the first steps in his education are accomplished."

KILLED BY A PUFF OF TOBACCO SMOKE.
—On Sunday afternoon, while John Connelly, of 206 Van Buren street, Brooklyn, was playing with his little son, aged fourteen months, who was in his lap, he playfully blew a puff of tobacco smoke into his face. The child coughed, gasped for breath, and fell back unconscious. In a few minutes it died from suffocation.—N. Y. Sun.

A correspondent furnishes the Richmond Dispatch with a recipe for curing what is known as "poison-oak." It is as follows: "Take the inner or green bark of the elder bush and fry it in lard, and anoint the eruption until it is healed. Two or three applications will generally cure it."

The Surplus Woman.

If they cannot secure Husbands, they should Husband themselves.
[BY A WOMAN.]
There is nobody in this life so terrible as your statistician. He digs down among the dust heaps of humanity, and now he finds out that all people who drink cider have weak eyes. First, he finds that American women are degenerating in health and sense; that they and the whole native American race are dying off by inches. No sooner have we got over being scared about that than your terrible statistician claws out another fact from his human dust heap, which makes us feel even more shaky than the other, and that is there are no longer husbands to go round for us all. We must either go shares in a man or go without, and moreover, the shares will be getting smaller and smaller as the world gets older.

Shall a woman put up with the eighteenth or twentieth, or after awhile may be even the hundredth of a man, or shall she paddle her own canoe without any man at all? If this state of things goes on, says our terrible statistician, men will consequently cease to worship women, and treat them so chivalrously in America as they have always done, since, of course, American men prize woman so highly only because she is scarce. Some of us have never observed that men hurt themselves being chivalrous and worshipful toward women, to be sure, but that only makes it so much the worse. If a man is not going to be even as nice as he has been any more, what will become of us, sure enough?

Are women going crazy because men are scarce? It is not altogether flattering to our vanity to admit it, but even if it is so, going crazy won't make me plentiful. Whining does no good in the most desperate cases, least of all going crazy. There is a prejudice against polygamy in our age of the world, and the only thing which seems possible is for the surplus woman to summon a mighty resolution and go on and hoe her own row. Not plying the implement either as one who looks forward to being married and laying down the hoe-handle in the middle of the row, but hoeing on with strong, steady stroke till the long shadows coming to meet her tell of the end of the row and the going down of the sun.

Then the surplus woman will become a producer instead of a consumer, and will cease to be a surplus woman. In truth, the prospects of a surplus woman are a theme for anything but jesting. Those prospects, sited out from considerable nonsense, are the real point of this discourse. The widening of occupations for women, and the thoroughness and economy among working-women, are subjects in which the State and the whole human family are interested. The best way of disposing of the surplus woman on the hands of the community is to make her earn her own living, and to give her every facility for doing it.

It certainly seems to be approaching in this country the condition already reached in England, wherein society does not know what to do with the superfluous woman, and the superfluous woman does not know what to do with herself. Already there are thousands of women in America who are on the verge of despair, because they have their own living to make, and no way of making it. I don't know why it is, but it sometimes seems to me that I hear more sorrowful and tragical stories than other people do—stories of infinite suffering and infinite despair—sometimes, too, of infinite wrong and error.

I've thought it over for a long time, and it does seem to me that widened occupation is the first thing to give the surplus woman. Fling all the doors of work wide open to women, wide as heaven itself, and let the surplus go in and take hold. Let her choose her own work, unrestricted by so-called "workingwomen's" regulations, contemptible trades' unions, or a stupid public sentiment. The very largest liberty of choice of occupations ought to be given freely to the surplus woman, because it is very certain that women won't do what they can't do, and they will be the first to find it out, too.

There are so few things comparatively that women can do, that after they have filled every avenue of employment possible to them, there will always be many work enough left for men on farms, railways, in machine shops and other places. A woman has as much right to work for her living as a man has, and merely because she is a woman, has no claim to be supported either by father, brother, or husband.

The surplus woman might follow a hundred occupations more than she now does in this country. In France working women are everywhere clerks in telegraph offices and railway stations, and book-keepers in vast wholesale houses. It came about originally so because the French Government wanted all the men for soldiers; but whatever the cause, it proves that the surplus women in our country can do a vast number of things they don't do. Half the florists in the country ought to be women. Nearly all the coloring and retouching of photographs ought to be done by woman, and yet I have never known of very many women who did these things. It seems, as though floral decoration and bouquet making belonged by natural right to women.

spends her time gazing around here and there for the coming man. It is only when the surplus woman does her work so well that by it she can lay up a competency for her old age, that the world will begin to think she is somebody. When she can do that the world will cease to wag its head and say, "You can't get a husband, you can't," because the comfortable surplus woman will be able to retort: "Who wants a husband?"

The most fatal mistake the surplus woman of our time makes is in spending all her money for clothes. It was certainly not so with workingwomen formerly. I have seen the portrait of a workingwoman who lived in Cincinnati thirty years ago, a noble-looking woman, with the face of a clear thinker. She was a widow, with two children. She looked about her and found that the work nearest her hand was the prosaic and not very highfalutin occupation of dress-making. So at it she went with all her might, doing her best, saving what she could as she went along, investing it shrewdly. She lived comfortably, but not extravagantly, and went on attending strictly to her work, and when she died the property she had accumulated was sold for \$60,000. Sixty thousand dollars just at dress-making was not so bad. The excellent lady's portrait was taken in a rich black silk dress, but she didn't have the silk dress when she started out in life. No more did this woman take the first money she earned and buy the silk dress. It did not come till after the lady had become the owner of something which wouldn't wear out like a silk dress.

Among the weary, sad-hearted women who tell their forlorn stories, are very often those who have known good times in their lives. They had silk dresses in plenty, and servants and carriages at their command. They could have saved enough while the sun shone to last them all the rest of the rainy days of their lives, but they thought their good times would last forever. Good times, though, do not last anybody forever. They come in showers, and when the shower is once past, the chances are that it will hardly ever overtake the same individual again. These unhappy ladies who have had good times spent their money with a royal hand while they had it, and saved nothing, and now they have nothing left to live on but some bitter regrets.

"If I only hadn't been a fool when I had money," is the one cry of them all.
To put by a few savings from time to time while she has it is the bitterest and most necessary lesson for a workingwoman to learn. I have asked the question, I am sure, fifty times, of women clerks, school-mistresses, house servants, or seamstresses, and women in all occupations, "Do you save any of your earnings?" and with only one exception that I think of now, the answer is invariably, "Not a cent." The one exception I think of is a wise schoolmistress, so full of determination and electric energy that in ten years' teaching she bought and paid for with her own savings a neat home for herself and parents. This proud and happy little schoolmistress takes more comfort in decorating and improving her home than any rich man's wife I ever saw did in her palatial mansion.

What this one teacher did every other woman teacher in the land can do, if only she has the will and the good sense. But they don't do it. They spend every cent of their wages as they go along, nearly all for clothes. You will notice that women clerks and teachers go to church and the theater dressed like duchesses, or in soap and tallow factory man's wife. It's all very nice to have pretty clothes, but it does not gain them a friend the more in the world, and—what'll they do when they get too old to work?
I know three young workingwomen—two sisters and a cousin—who live alone with the mother of the two sisters. They are comparatively well paid, and the united wages of the three amount to perhaps \$150 a month. The mother is a hale, vigorous woman, amply able to do the housework for them all, and a woman who was not too proud to hoe corn and milk cows in her youth. Well, instead of living in four rooms, or a neat cottage a little outside the heart of the city, and consequently less expensive, and their mother doing the little housework in a neat, dainty way herself, these foolish women rent a \$35 house, quite twice as large as they need, keep a wasteful servant girl, and in all respects live as people with twice their income ought to live. Ask them if they save anything, and the answer is the old one: "Not a cent."

They have apparently no thought that this sort of thing can't last forever. Remonstrate with them for spending all their income, and they confess privately that they are doing it in hopes to entrap a rich husband. I have yet to see the first friend gained by extravagance in dress. A woman who dresses neatly and prettily, if ever so cheaply, will have just as many friends, live just as long, have just as jolly a time in the world, and be just as handsome, as the silly creature who spends every cent of her earnings upon her back.

So I say it is the first duty of every workingwoman to lay up part of her little earnings. The girl who earns \$10 a week can save two of it and never miss it, and women with less wages can save in proportion. The teacher with \$700 a year can save \$200, and never miss that either.
So, if at length, as the years roll on, and gray hairs begin to sneak in among your French twists, as they will, you mind, if then the irrepressible statistician taps at your door and tells you, you are to be one of the doomed surplus women, you will not then be caught by him a sour, shallow, penniless, surplus woman, but can snap your fingers in his face and show him your bankbook. If we must be an old maid, let us be a comfortable, jolly old maid, with a bank account.