

POETRY.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

BY M. L. D.

A year in heaven for her. What is she learning? Of holy things, of things divine and true? What glorious visions are there still unfolding...

Women Who Work.

ALL THE TRADES REPRESENTED. Some of Them Builders of Houses.

LADIES WHO COMPETE SUCCESSFULLY IN A VARIETY OF ENTERPRISES. MAKING MONEY AS MANUFACTURERS, FARMERS, BLACKSMITHS AND UNDERTAKERS.

Louisville Courier Journal.] "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" is not a command to be laid on the modern woman.

Perhaps the last business in which you would expect to find a woman is blacksmithing, and yet Miss Bole, the pretty girl blacksmith who is said to be making quite a pile of money in Frisco, has already a rival in Alide Wilder, a tall and not unattractive brunette, who makes very creditable horse shoes in a little shop under an elm tree in the suburbs of Brooklyn.

Capt. Mary Miller, of Kentucky, who runs a steamboat on the Mississippi, has also her parallel in a woman who is engineer while her husband is master of a trading steamer on the Columbia river, Washington Territory. Mrs. Dow, of Dover, N. H., has proved that a woman can manage a horse railroad company.

A group of bright women who have found that the insurance business will yield a good living have organized an insurance company in New York, and Mrs. E. E. Atwood is a quiet, capable little body who conducts a life and fire insurance agency in the most systematic and methodical manner in the Equitable Building, Boston. Miss Annette Whitney conducts a successful insurance business in Osage, Ia., and the number of women is constantly increasing who, left widows, become insurance agents, taking up their husbands' clientele. Miss Mary K. Murphy, the enterprising real estate agent who does a big business in the

undertaker's business might not be supposed to present attractions to women, but Mrs. R. Cuddey is a round, plump little creature who swings to and fro in a low rocker in an establishment on Broadway, Brooklyn, with a crape-covered coffin to the right of her and a pile of rose-wood caskets, surmounted by a baby's coffin in white, to the left. Her husband was the original undertaker of the family. He became first crippled with rheumatism, leaving the control of things in her hands as assistant, and then died. She had learned the business, and continues it. She puts on the handles and the plates, and arranges the linings with the skill of a cabinet maker, and, when called upon, she superintends embalming.

It is a commonly received theory that men prefer not to do business with a woman, but Mrs. S. C. Leland, who is agent for one of the finest bachelor palaces in New York city, does not find that sex stands in a woman's way when she has genuine business ability. The Alpine, which she manages, stands at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-third street, and is a type of the big bachelor apartment buildings. Mr. MacAlpine built it and called it after himself with the Mac left off, and it is as full as it can hold of men who have neither wives nor children living with them. A suite of three rooms and a bath rents at from \$30 to \$60 a week without being furnished, and the lawyers, bankers, brokers, big commercial men, retired naval officers and the like who smoke their pipes there are rich enough to buy sculpture, paintings, valuable books enough and bric-a-brac to fill the stately palace with all the triumphs of modern civilization. The revenue of the house is a large one, and the money is handled, the entire establishment controlled and the servants furnished by Mrs. Leland.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Kansas has had fourteen cyclones in six years. This year's peach crop is estimated at 2,798,000 baskets.

The hardest time for a man to show his grit is when he is forced to bite the dust. If some men were half as big as they think they are the world would be enlarged.

There is a bill before the Brazilian parliament for making the English sovereign legal tender in Brazil.

Los Angeles now has a cable road system twenty-two miles in extent and the cost of it was \$1,500,000.

Brunn, the Austrian center of Textile industry, is suffering under a general strike of 15,000 operatives.

Edison sleeps only four hours a night. He got into this habit by keeping late hours with his wife's baby.

English bath chairs have been introduced at Narragansett, and there is a great joy among the anglomaniacs.

It is estimated that the wheat crop will be about 496,000,000 bushels, and the corn crop 1,900,000,000 bushels.

Superintendent Mills, of the Delaware Railroad Company, says the peach crop will number exactly 2,798,230 baskets.

W. Snelly, of Milford Square, Ill., has a Newfoundland dog ponderous enough to do all the family washing by a tread power.

The wheat harvest in Kansas is said to be the largest ever gathered in that State. Some fields yielded 120 bushels per acre.

A recent count of money in the United States Treasury revealed a shortage of \$35. The amount counted was \$184,000,000.

There are in the United States no fewer than 563 manufactures of patent medicines, of which 108 are in the State of New York.

The fashionable color for the hair is pronounced to be "a particularly beautiful and natural looking shade of bright bronze brown."

The so-called Canadian thistle, which is simply the common English thistle, has spread itself over the whole of the United States.

A Philadelphia wholesale druggist pays \$2 a gallon for dandelion wine, which is made from the plant growing wild on so many farms.

The Massachusetts census for 1889 shows that there are in the State 1,413 professed authors, of whom 900 are male and 423 females.

The Elite directory of New York city contains the names of 20,000 householders. Isn't this rather straining the ranks of the gallant 400?

The growing scarcity of whalebone is tempting an old whaling skipper to leave his fireside to-again try his luck in the Arctic regions.

Another expedition to search for the north pole has been organized. The pole will not be found in time to be utilized during the summer.

The internal revenue on spirits and tobacco during the last fiscal year amounted to \$181,000,000, and the tax on sugar to about \$59,000,000.

A bicyclist of Chambersburg, Pa., has made a bet that he can make a mile in less than three minutes without touching the handles of his safety machine.

The following notice appears in an exchange: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

Out of 106 persons treated within a period of eleven months at the Pasteur institute at Rio de Janeiro only one died, and that one had neglected to follow the treatment as directed.

Terrible stories are told of the starving miners at Braidwood, Ill. It is said that dead horses have been eaten, and children may be seen with their hard, dry skin clinging to the bones of their faces.

One of the steam-engines for the Paris exhibition is a little less than three-fifths of an inch high, weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce, and contains 180 pieces of metal. It is the smallest ever made.

Experiments have shown that the skin of a white person transplanted on the skin of a negro becomes black as the skin of a negro, and that black inoculated on white loses its pigment and becomes white.

Old John Cole, a stingy old farmer near Burlington, Vt., drew up valuable papers and used ink of his own manufacture to save expense. It faded away in a few days and he is about seven thousand dollars out.

economically, and within the month has fulfilled her father's dying request and paid the last cent of the old debts which had been compromised. She now has a new and larger factory, the good will of the leather manufacturers, who admire her pluck and energy, and is doing an excellent business.

The West boasts its ranch women and farmers, but the largest farm in Queens county, Long Island, is managed by Mrs. Sarah A. Barnum, who, in spite of her burden of seventy-three years, runs 2,000 acres for dollars and cents, and furnishes occupation according to the season to from forty to one hundred men. Mrs. Barnum's husband conducts a clothing business in New York, but the farm in Hempstead was inherited by her from her first husband, and is under her undisputed control. The large estate is purely a stock farm, and Mrs. Barnum boasts that she has never received less than \$500 for a calf born on her premises. Many have brought \$1,500 or more. Two hundred horses is an average number to be found at one time in the roomy stalls. Eulogy and Macbeth, the racers, Biloxi and Mercury, a fine black Hambletonian, are the blooded horses on the place. Every morning, rain or shine, during the busy season, Mrs. Barnum's pony and phaeton may be seen moving briskly to and fro on the premises. Besides managing her farm, Mrs. Barnum is a power in local politics. She has been known to control primaries, and generally carries her points at the polls. By her attendance at the meetings of the Board of Supervisors she has earned the title of the "Eighth Member." It was she who persuaded the town to sell Hempstead Plains to A. T. Stewart for \$400,000 and put the money at interest for support of the schools and the poor. Other notable women farmers are Miss Hinman and Miss Amos, who raise fruit in South Pasadena, Cal., can it and ship their goods to New York and Chicago. The largest chicken farm in the country is managed by a woman. A seventeen-acre flower farm in West Seneca, N. Y., yields an income of \$2,500 to a woman.

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making a considerable engineering work to have been superintended by a woman. She has forced the success of Avera, and proved herself a most capable manager. Mrs. Emma Yewdall is making money out of a lively stable in the annexed district of New York city. She accumulated some money as a successful milliner, inherited a little more, and desiring a more active life and being fond of horses, she went into the business of letting them. She doesn't wash carriages or groom the horses, but she keeps the books and makes a good living. Mrs. Louise Brooks, of Concord, Mass., is another woman who lets her teams by the hour. Women barbers do not thrive, at least hereabouts. Mrs. Lewis Greenslade, the wife of the religious crank known as "Lewis the Light," is left with the razor, but has lately been compelled to move from Brooklyn to New York for lack of patronage. Brooklyn and New York have several women butchers, especially in the Jewish quarters. There are also several women opticians, in which latter business the Misses Bradley do well in Philadelphia. Everybody knows that one member of the big dry goods firm of the Ridleys is a woman, while another woman is the responsible cashier of Macy's great establishment. Mrs. Adolph Heller and Miss Duffy manage dry goods stores in Philadelphia. The jewelry buyer for one of the largest houses in Brooklyn is feminine, while a hardware store, a coffee house and a coal-yard in New York are represented by women. Women make notably good hotel keepers, several of the best on the Jersey coast being run by them this season. Mrs. La Feta has just opened a temperance hotel of 100 rooms on H street, Washington, D. C.

A Woman's Silk Culture Association has been formed in Massachusetts, with Mrs. Marion McBride, of Boston, as president. That women understand the benefits of co-operation is shown by the co-operative laundry in Bond street, New York, officered and managed by working girls, with Miss Kate Foley as superintendent. The colored women of Little Rock, Ark., have organized a washerwomen's association. An unusual business for a woman is that conducted by Mrs. Christina F. Haley, who has made a comfortable fortune out of the examination of inventions and patent claims. Mrs. Haley was chairman of the Business Women's Committee of Sorosis until the recent election of Mrs. Ella Hitchcock, a successful telegraph operator. Mrs. Allen, of One-Hundred-and-Twenty-Second street, has discovered a new vocation and acts as guide for tourists shopping in New York. Women constables, deputy sheriffs, etc., are not unknown in the West, even outside of the woman-managed Kansas towns, Mrs. C. O. Winger being constable of Herman, Minn., and Miss Knowles deputy constable in Montana.

Girls are usually credited with precocity, and the fifteen little waitresses, only ten years old, who uniform themselves in gray woolen gowns, fluffy aprons, snowy bakers' caps, cardinal stockings and red ribbons to serve the customers of a good-sized restaurant in Green street, New York, make a staff as novel as youthful. Kentucky discounts the boy preachers with Mary Semons, ten years of age, who has delivered sermons in Falmouth and converted sinners. Maude Hutchinson, of Deull county, Dakota, drove a team and did a full share of the work in stacking 500 acres of hay when only seven. Arizona brags of a girl mining expert on whose judgment the men bet when the ore was taken out of the Tucson mines when she was seventeen. Little Kate Reimer carries mail in Kansas, and there are numberless instances of strength and endurance on the part of girls to prove that under a different system of physical education more vigor would be developed by women. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi thinks that women ought to be letter carriers, but enough has been said to show that the necessity of self-support is leading them to push their way into new avenues of labor every year.

DON'T HAVE TO.—Frog (to elephant)—How far can you jump, you big lumbric? Elephant—I can't jump at all, froggy-woggy. Frog (hoisting his shoulders)—You're unlucky. When I see an enemy approaching, with a few jumps I'm out of danger. Elephant—When I see an enemy approaching I don't have to jump. A store in Atlanta, Ga., has been built entirely of paper.

Great Britain is now convulsed over the Maybrick trial, in which a wife, young and handsome, has been condemned to death for having poisoned her husband. The trial has also evoked great interest on this side of the Atlantic, where Mrs. Maybrick is known to a large circle of friends, having been born in this country, where she resided up to the time of her marriage.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maybrick is the daughter of William G. Chandler, a banker of Mobile, Ala., who died suddenly in 1860. A year afterwards his widow, Mrs. Carrie E. Chandler, married Col. Frank DuBarry, a Confederate officer, with whom her name had been unpleasantly coupled before her husband's death. In 1863 Col. DuBarry was ordered to Europe for the purpose of making contracts for ordnance stores. He took his wife

and stepdaughter with him and embarked on a blockade runner. The steamer had been at sea only a few days when the colonel suddenly expired, and, at the command of the wife, the body was buried at sea. Subsequently Mrs. DuBarry married Baron von Rogue, a German officer, then a member of Crown Prince Frederick's staff.

James Maybrick was a cotton broker doing an extensive business in Liverpool. He seems to have been a very impressionable man, for on nearly every visit to the United States he managed to fall in love with some fair passenger, and there were two or three engagements. Meeting Florence Chandler on board a steamer in 1881, he proposed to her and was accepted. The marriage took place in the fashionable St. James church, Piccadilly, London. At that time the residence of the bride was given as Norfolk, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick appear to have lived amicably together for some years, although the husband was twice as old as the wife. Her fondness for display and somewhat reckless gaiety led to disputes and finally culminated in a quarrel. Mrs. Maybrick has confessed that she wronged her husband with a gentleman of the name of Briery, but insists that her husband forgave her. The ill-matched couple resided at Grassendale House in the best part of Liverpool, and they had two children.

Last April Mr. Maybrick took very ill. On May 8th Alice Yapp, the children's nurse, took a letter, which she received from her mistress, to the post. Alice says the baby dropped the letter in the mud, which soiled it. Fearing the mother's anger, the girl decided to place it in another envelope, but, being curious, read its contents. This letter was addressed to "A. Briery, Huskisson street, Liverpool," he being also a cotton broker and Maybrick's friend. This letter said "He was sick to death," and "Doctors have held consultation; all depends upon how long his strength will hold out." Another sentence was: "M. has been delirious since Sunday, and I know he is ignorant of everything, even name of street." The signature, "Florence," showed the intimate relations between the writer and Briery. Instead of mailing the letter, Alice Yapp gave it to Edwin Maybrick on the day of his brother's death. Edwin showed no suspicion, but allowed the funeral to take place, though he kept a strict watch on the widow. A day or two afterwards she was arrested, the body was exhumed, an inquest held and great quantities of arsenic were found in the stomach. During the trial it came out that Mrs. Maybrick had bought arsenic, some of which was hidden in her bedroom. She persisted in saying she had bought this for the purpose of preparing a lotion for her face. It was also found that Mr. Maybrick often had ordered arsenic powders from the drug store. The defence was that Mr. Maybrick was an habitual arsenic eater. Doctors who gave evidence disagreed in a most remarkable way, and it was generally thought she would not be found guilty, as the evidence was all circumstantial. The judge, Sir James Stephen, one of the

greatest English judges, however, summed up strongly against her, and the jury, after a short deliberation, unanimously found her guilty, her letter to Briery doing more than anything else to impress the jury with a sense of her guilt. There is no appeal from her death sentence, and the English law only requires three Sundays to intervene between sentence and execution. Sir James Stephen is blamed for having shown bias against her, and the jury is blamed for having too blindly followed his instructions. Monster petitions are being signed, both publicly at the centres of population and professionally inside the limits of law, medicine and chemical science. A very short time will suffice to show the result of this activity.

It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness. It is a good thing to be able to let go the less for the sake of the greater. The greatest loss of time that I know of is to count the hours.—Rabelais. Men say of women what they please; women do with men what pleases them. Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it.—Fox. The moral cement of society is virtue. It unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. As oysters are swallowed when they are opened, so is the frank man taken in when he tells his plans to rogues. One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think. How to preserve the just balance of thrift and enterprise is a problem for each one of us to solve.—Gladstone. New religions are to be judged not so much by the men that make them as by the men they make.—Joseph Cook.

A COMPOSITOR'S FEAT.—James Leonard, president of the New Orleans Typographical Union, is a type in the Times-Democratic office. On Friday, July 5, Mr. Leonard began his week's work. He was offered no special opportunities to make a great record (or, in typographical parlance, a "big string") by setting up easy matter ("Fat takes," as the printer puts it), but worked on the regular "file," which contains the general run of matter that appears in the Times-Democrat's columns. The type used in the office is brevier, agate and nonpareil, the latter largely predominating. The agate measures 30 ems to a line, the nonpareil 25. Mr. Leonard worked seven and a half hours a day for seven consecutive days, and on Thursday night last, when he cast up his "string," it was disclosed that he had set up just 102,800 ems, an average of 14,685 ems a day, or 1,941 ems an hour. And he made few errors; his "proof" was good. In doing this feat Leonard set 205,600 letters and returned the same to their boxes. The distance traveled by his arm was about 125 miles. This record is the best made in New Orleans since the war. Mr. Leonard was born in Keokuk in 1858.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A prize offered to stenographers for the largest number of words written on a postal card has been won by Sylvanus Jones, of Richmond, Va., who wrote upon a card 36,764 words. Victoria, B. C., is said to be the dullest city in North America. Business men get down to their offices at 1 p. m., and leave at 4 p. m. After that the town is completely deserted. The smallest church in the world is said to be the Catholic church at Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saginaw river. Its extreme capacity is not more than twenty people. This church is supposed to have been founded by Jacques Cartier. A Swainsboro, Ga., man tried to sell a worthless Texas pony for ten cents. He then tried to give it away, and failing in this, tied an inflammable bundle to its tail, set fire to it and turned the animal loose. The expedient worked and the man is happy. Secretary Tracy intends to have each United States man-of-war fitted with submarine diving outfits. When the Samoan disaster occurred the American officers had to rely on the English man-of-war for the necessary diving suits. All the European naval services carry divers who are practical men.

The total number of Indians in the Dominion of Canada is given as 124,588.

Philadelphian Enquirer.] The first domestic event in the history of the state was the sending out of a sort of volunteer commission to look at the beautiful lands of the Cherokees in western North Carolina and Tennessee in the year 1731. Ten white men and a few Indians went, and among them was John Ash, whence possibly the name of Asheville. Gabriel Johnson in 1736 spoke of the factions, the ignorance and the commonness of this state. As late as 1752 there were only 20,000 whites in North Carolina and 10,000 slaves and free negroes.

Slavery did not take here as fiercely as either South Carolina or Virginia. The early taxes were very high. The mothers of illegitimate children were sent to jail until they would betray the fatherhood, and the father must either give security to take care of the child or he was hired out at auction. No exemption was made for ministers of the gospel trespassing in this respect. Another decided event was the arrival of the Scotch Jacobites. But the great fact of this state was not any settlement from the east whatever, but the settlement from the western part of the state from a wholly different source. North Carolina had so languished that all its healthy, high western districts were unoccupied. There slowly crept in the rear of the seacoast denizens of vigorous Scotch Irish and occasionally German elements, including Moravians from prolific Pennsylvania. These people multiplying fast and knowing good land when they saw it, rapidly overran Western Maryland, came down the Virginia valley and took up the good farms and following the Blue Ridge mountain began to fill up western North Carolina. They were in the main Presbyterian, though some other elements were attached to them, such as Lutherans. There were also German Baptist elements in the combination. These were the people who settled the vigorous towns like Charlotte, Salisbury, etc. Finally, North Carolina was taken away from its proprietors and made a royal province, which was a great advantage, though it stirred up some opposition. No founder of any state in America who owned the land in his family ever amounted to anything except William Penn.

THE FASTEST RAILWAY TIME.—The question, "How fast can a locomotive run?" has been a good deal discussed recently in the engineering papers. The conclusion appears to be that there is no authentic record of any speed above eighty miles an hour. That speed was obtained many years ago by Bristol and Exeter tank engine with nine-foot driving wheels—a long extinct species—down a steep bank. But it has, apparently, never been beaten. It is, indeed, not a little strange how sharply the line appears to have been drawn at eighty miles an hour. Records of seventy five miles an hour are plenty as blackberries. Records of eighty are exceedingly rare. Records of any greater speed have a way of crumbling beneath the lightest touch.—Railways of England.

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It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness. It is a good thing to be able to let go the less for the sake of the greater. The greatest loss of time that I know of is to count the hours.—Rabelais. Men say of women what they please; women do with men what pleases them. Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it.—Fox. The moral cement of society is virtue. It unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. As oysters are swallowed when they are opened, so is the frank man taken in when he tells his plans to rogues. One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think. How to preserve the just balance of thrift and enterprise is a problem for each one of us to solve.—Gladstone. New religions are to be judged not so much by the men that make them as by the men they make.—Joseph Cook.

A COMPOSITOR'S FEAT.—James Leonard, president of the New Orleans Typographical Union, is a type in the Times-Democratic office. On Friday, July 5, Mr. Leonard began his week's work. He was offered no special opportunities to make a great record (or, in typographical parlance, a "big string") by setting up easy matter ("Fat takes," as the printer puts it), but worked on the regular "file," which contains the general run of matter that appears in the Times-Democrat's columns. The type used in the office is brevier, agate and nonpareil, the latter largely predominating. The agate measures 30 ems to a line, the nonpareil 25. Mr. Leonard worked seven and a half hours a day for seven consecutive days, and on Thursday night last, when he cast up his "string," it was disclosed that he had set up just 102,800 ems, an average of 14,685 ems a day, or 1,941 ems an hour. And he made few errors; his "proof" was good. In doing this feat Leonard set 205,600 letters and returned the same to their boxes. The distance traveled by his arm was about 125 miles. This record is the best made in New Orleans since the war. Mr. Leonard was born in Keokuk in 1858.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A prize offered to stenographers for the largest number of words written on a postal card has been won by Sylvanus Jones, of Richmond, Va., who wrote upon a card 36,764 words. Victoria, B. C., is said to be the dullest city in North America. Business men get down to their offices at 1 p. m., and leave at 4 p. m. After that the town is completely deserted. The smallest church in the world is said to be the Catholic church at Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saginaw river. Its extreme capacity is not more than twenty people. This church is supposed to have been founded by Jacques Cartier. A Swainsboro, Ga., man tried to sell a worthless Texas pony for ten cents. He then tried to give it away, and failing in this, tied an inflammable bundle to its tail, set fire to it and turned the animal loose. The expedient worked and the man is happy. Secretary Tracy intends to have each United States man-of-war fitted with submarine diving outfits. When the Samoan disaster occurred the American officers had to rely on the English man-of-war for the necessary diving suits. All the European naval services carry divers who are practical men.

The total number of Indians in the Dominion of Canada is given as 124,588.