PERILOUS PATHS

Trod by Working Girls Who Prefer Adventure to Cheerless Homes.

THE LADY-KILLER AND HIS VICTIM.

A Truthful Picture of Some of Pittsburg's Gaslight Scenes.

THE STREET CAR AS A VEHICLE FOR GOSSIP.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

Who has not at some time noticed on the street car groups of gentlemen and ladies smile and bow as old acquaintances. Then the young lady slackens her speed, the young man wheels face about, and walks up to her side by side. "Good evening; are you taking a walk? May I join you?" or some such familiar mode of salutation. Being answered in the affirmative, the gay amateur arm in arm. This is called "making a mash." There are thousands do it in our city, ones that are not of the lowest order. Young, and sometimes old men, of good families, wearing stylish clothes and having fine manners, go out of evenings, their express purpose being to "mash" and be "mashed." I grow tired of respectability, some who have every felicity in life, as well as those who have not, school girls and many young wives, promenade the streets aspiring to "catch a gentleman." It is the first step toward ruin. They are rather timid in making attempts at "mashing" at first, but before long they seek and like the contact of masculine arm, the loat on the street, and would accept it in preference to the courtesy of a Chesterfield. Expressions such as "Isn't this a lovely evening, Charlie, by Gad!" "There's a stunner!" "Look at Sarah Bernhardt!" fall on their ears like the sweetest of music as they smile and pass on. Sometimes they meet a gaudily dressed lady, and, after seeking and obtaining company by the male gender, he themselves to a neighboring saloon, where they partake of ardent spirits, and then go home, reeking of bliss and they Vanderbilts. But this path is full of thorns.

The first time young women go out they feel exalted at "catching a mash," and after communicating to their lady friends, the next mash at such a date, place and hour is asked and granted. In a few evenings they are prevailed upon to take a soft drink. Then something more nourishing is ordered. "They first shiver, then embrace." The position overcomes their reluctance, and they taste, they drink, become inebriated, cannot be taken home in such condition, and fall. After that all timidness, all modesty is gone. Their consciousness, they imagine, and they indeed bring the pit they dug for themselves.

PROGRESSIVE YOUNG AMERICA.

Young men start out in life to be town. They strut into a saloon and "set it up for the boys" with the feeling of a lord. They feel exalted and consider they are the town, while they tell great hair-raising exploits that happened with this girl, and how they took her home in a hack, and how, while they do not care for her. They make believe they are wonderful lady-killers, which, they tell, their hearts flutter as much from some "soft, sweet little nothing," whispered in a soft-lined ear, as from hard and soft pressure of the hand, like any silly school girl with her first love.

"Say, Bill, how did your reputation in such a way?" was asked a "man masher."

"Risk my reputation?" and he gave a little short laugh. "I don't think I ever had one to risk. I work hard all day, week after week, from morning, noon, to go home at night tired of labor and longing for something new, anything, good or bad, to break the monotony of my existence. I have no pleasure, no books to read. I cannot go to places of amusement for want of clothes and money, and there is no couple for partner of me. I used to take a walk to try to forget my misery, but that palls, and will only at nothing to get their ends accomplished. That kind has no honor."

"Do you drink sometimes?"

"I drink—not that I like the taste, but to make me happy. I go out, tired and disembarrass from hard labor, I drink, my weary feelings leave me, my cheeks flush, my eyes sparkle, and I am a new being."

"Do you never tire of such degrading experience."

"Some times, when I go home from work I feel sick and disgusted with the world and myself, and wish I had some respectable friend, or relative or something to cheer my mind. But I have not, and I commence to wonder if I cannot get out of this destiny to go and see a strong. I do not much. Two hours after, when drinking my wine, I wonder at my misfortune."

PLENTY OF VULTURES.

"Can you always find company?"

"Yes, I can. There are plenty just waiting for a chance."

"Do you flirt with your handkerchief to attract other ladies? Does anyone you with out encouragement?"

"Very few use the handkerchief now. Some ladies use it to let a man know without a signal, but the majority wait until the girls look at them, and, if the lady, she has seen which the girls admire, and they understand that. I can go to town if I wish and no man will look at me. I do not know I don't know it. And I can go for the purpose of flirting and every one will be looking and admiring."

"So it is. Girls will be with boys, boys will be after the girls. It cannot be altered. Rather than a row will they mash each other's society, and they will have it. It is useless to talk against it. Sometimes I read the old story goon: Once upon a time a father wished to raise his son to hate women. He never had permitted his son to see a woman. He was a good chunk of a boy the father was obliged from some cause or other to take him to market. The father concluded he had raised him the way he should go, and he sent the young man to market. He was there for the first time the root of all evil, women. "Father," said he, "what are those?" pointing to the girls. "Calves," replied the old man, shortly. "Oh, father do buy me one!"

"I see that the poor have have no enjoyments. The old adage runs "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Make Jane a dull girl. Although it would be infinitely better dull than to lead such a life. Yet if no amusements are offered they will seek it and accept the first presented. No excuse can be offered for girls with plenty of money and leisure. Ladies have cared for the men who can seek amusement elsewhere, but the poor girl, without friends, without money, with the ceaseless monotony of hard work, who shall condemn or who shall defend?

STREET CAR GOSSIP.

How Family Secrets, Giddy Girl Nonsense and Business Topics are Freely Discussed.

"You don't say that he married that slip of a girl?"

"Yes, indeed, didn't you know it? His father just was awful mad. He told them he married to please himself, and his wife was to be mistress there, and if they didn't like it they could hunt homes for themselves."

"Poor things; it's too bad. Why, their poor dear mother lived and died in that house, and now her children will be turned out for a stranger. I didn't think he'd be such a brute. What's this world coming too. My, my!"

"Don't you ever breathe it to a living soul that I told you, for I wouldn't tell it to any one else on earth for anything; but his daughter told my mother-in-law's half-sister's daughter-in-law, who was his first wife's cousin by her brothers, that she wouldn't care if they did marry if they could get all the money. But, don't you see, the poor dears will be cheated out of their very eyes, since he's got a wife, though she pretends to be so meek and mild. Bosh! It's all put on."

"Sakes alive! I thought he had plenty for all."

"So he has, but they want as much as they can get. They do say he was pretty well very poor. I am going to call to see what kind of clothes she has and how she acts. I'll let you know the place to stop. Do come up soon and bring the darling little one. Good-bye, good bye—"

Thus talked the car moved on, leaving her hurrying back to her destination—which she had passed while engaged in the gossiping, without doubs to tell her tale before some one else did.

GIDDY GIRL NONSENSE.

Who has not been on the street cars and heard, giddy discussed, family affairs, secrets and comment on every topic in voice loud enough to be heard by half a dozen? Two school girls enter a car. They walk in, one taking very long strides, the other extremely short, consequently they set off in an upright, toes their heads, take a seat at the farthest end of the car, spread out their skirts, their dresses, look in a pocket glass, straighten their hats, toss their bangs, cross their feet, gaze around with an air of objecting and commence, "The first who comes in is my mash." "You can have the second." A lot of giggling and whispering follows. "Ha! ha! ha!" "You can't have him," &c. Increased giggling. "First! I happen to be at shoe-hand African. "You can have him; I don't want him. He is yours and you are welcome to him." Giggling. "Sir pleasure are passed, pearly teeth and lovely dimples appear and disappear with renewed giggling. The "mash" is discussed, how he looks, wanted him. The programme was repeated, and after exhausting some they proceeded to talk intelligently.

"Did you notice that man who winked at me? Wasn't he dressed elegant—a regular dude?"

"Yes. Ha, ha, ha, he! You mashed him good."

"Didn't Cora look like a fright in that dress?"

"Didn't she, though? I asked her if it came out of the Ark. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Isn't Hattie lovely?"

"Isn't that lovely?" If I thought I would get as pretty as Hattie I would die."

"Here I must alight. Do come down to see me."

"I will; you come up."

"Thanks. You be sure to come down."

"Oh, yes; but you must come up first. I was at your house first."

"All right. You come—" and the rest was lost in the distance as the car moved on.

"Hello! How's business?" said a boisterous man as he came in the car and tried to sit on the edge of the seat between his friend and an ancient spinster, who looked daggers at him and would not move an inch.

"Poor, mighty poor," replied the one addressed.

"What, now so? Heard you were coining money."

"Not out! Why, I haven't made expenses for months past. The only places making money are those abominable skating rinks, which, I suppose, drain everything. I get off here. So-long."

"Ta, ta."

STREET CAR GOSSIP.

Lawyers will tell their business, unfolding long legal sheets while they relate their smartness in winning such a case. Bankers will discuss their losses and gains, how much they made, how much lost. One gentleman will relate the story of the better of another in a certain transaction and chuckle over it. Ministers will relate church affairs, how they induced their backsliders, stand them up with muddy feet on the seats and talk baby-talk until one is nauseated. Life and death, sickness and death features are presented.

Can you then never imagine the trouble I have with my servants," remarked a well-dressed lady to another. "I am just worried to death. Last week I had to leave my room such a big house, and John (presumably her "man") never sympathizes with me in the least. Nothing ever pleases him. My mother and Sarah has a Dutch fellow and would be off once every week, and Lizzie Bliss is forever insulting me, would even try to dress her hair after the style of mine, so that I was compelled to discharge her. Cora, the nurse, is busy minding anything but the children, and they are so cross that I don't know what to do with them. Week in and another. I never supposed (with a long sigh) that I would be the mother of such pigsty children. I never thought I should live to see the day that John should be so cross and ugly to me because I was doing my trying to control my servants." And she gave a long sigh as the conductor told her to move to the room for a fat woman with a big market basket.

Women discuss their friends, their clothes, tell how many new dresses they have, how and who is going to make them, talk of their husbands and male friends, use a slang that is forever intimate enough and everybody deaf but themselves. Volumes would not tell the gossiping conversations on the street car. Words can never describe the gossipers' looks and expressions. If you have never seen them, you can't, you can't it. It will at least be entertaining, if not profitable.

NELLIE BLY.

Death of a Wheel and a Hermit.

[London World.]

Wheels of types survive. I have noticed within the last seven days the death at Okehampton of an old woman reputed to be a witch, and that at Caterham of an old man who was known as a hermit and who had barred himself up in his house for 17 years. The witch was miserably poor, while the old man was in easy circumstances. Both of them have had an inveterate objection to tidiness and soap and water. Such people do no harm to anybody, but it is a question whether it would not be a true kindness to take them to the workhouse by force. There, they would be well fed, have warm raiment, food, cleanliness and medical attendance, which, in the case of such ancient antiquity would have been regarded as positive proof of sorcery, and the belief in witchcraft still lingers in country villages.

SOME WASHINGTON WOMEN.

MRS. GEORGE H. PENDLETON is a large lady, blonde and good-looking. She is in black for the late Dr. Schenck, of Brooklyn.

MRS. ALLEN is a pretty, petite lady with a slender figure and she wears her dark hair in a Cupoul bang. She is a charming conversationalist. Her husband's nomination for the position of a home here is full of souvenirs collected in her travels.

MRS. LETTER, wife of the Chicago millionaire who has taken the Blaine house for a term of years, is a tall, graceful, Juno-like woman, with a fine, intellectual face. She dresses with elegantly quiet taste, takes her children, Nancy and Mary, with her, and the children, Mr. and Mrs. Leiter are likely to take a prominent place in the gay Washington.

MRS. ARCHER, wife of the Scotch artist who is doing Mr. Blaine's portrait, appeared at a reception the other night in a black-necked crescent dress with a Marie Antoinette fan, a dead gold material, a golden coiffure about her head and a golden Cupid with golden bow bangles on her forehead. She has black eyes and a Spanish complexion have personated the Orient at a masquerade.

MRS. BLATCHFORD, wife of the Supreme Court justice from New York city, is a typical New England elderly lady. She is slender and dainty, wears pretty dresses of snuff brown and warm green, with soft laces and bobbed frills and gold-rimmed glasses. Mrs. Blatchford makes everybody feel welcome under her splendid hospitality. The excellent tea served in her hotel is made from the finest Souchong brand and the sugar is the best obtainable. The men who love good tea and know it when they get it.

THROUGH THE ZOO.

The Elephant Faithful in Battle and Guarding his Dead Master.

RUBBER ANIMALS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Tabby's Romantic Adventure in Search of Her Lost Kittens.

DOGS OF ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.

There is a beautiful story about an old elephant engaged in battle on the plains of India. He was the standard bearer, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The mahout, "the driver, had just given him the word to halt when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle clashed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and hotter, and the multitude, swayed to and fro, and still flying in its place, refused to believe they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood, straining its ears to catch the sound of the voice it would never hear again. At last the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahrattas, who had in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the enemy waiting for its place. For three days and three nights it remained where its master had given it the command to halt, and no force could move it. They then sent to a village 100 miles away, and brought the mahout's little son. The elephant seemed to remember how the driver had sometimes given the boy sweets, and knew him immediately, with all his shattered trappings clanging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.—*London Times.*

The Deer and the Engine.

Tenderfoot on the road from Durango on the 17th inst. were treated to a very novel incident. As the train was passing the range in the locality known as the "Needles" a large deer came down the track facing his best to get out of the way. The snow was deep, and his efforts to gain the mountain side were laborious. Seeing the approaching engine, and without a good shot. He slowed his speed, and when within short range, "Bang" went the rifle in the cab. The frightened and bleeding animal then tacked about and attempted to pass the head of the train. The engineer, not to be foiled, reversed the engine, and, backing up, repassed the deer. The animal then tried to escape, when he fired and wounded it again. Backing and going ahead three or four times, and the engineer firing five or six times, he finally brought the deer down, and so made a triumphal entry into town with the large "doe" on the engine.—*Chicago Herald.*

Rubber Animals To Order.

A most ingenious use of rubber is made by the French in the construction of mechanical and automatic toys. Some of these toys are amusing than this smoking monkey? He is endowed by his creator with seven motions. He opens his mouth, winks, and pulls with much apparent enjoyment at a cigarette. Observe that he inhales the smoke and puffs it out through his nose. A mere matter of material behoves, of course, that this toy be will show his teeth and take to his heels in a way quite natural. So with this robin that flies with great lifelike energy, and a peacock steps off at a stately gait and spreads a magnificent tail. The rubber toys in Big Stage, the laundryman. Fill his mouth with cologne, press this rubber, and he expels it in a fine spray. We had a little rubber recently which was sold for $500. The figure apparently addressed the bird with eloquent gesticulation, and the bird replied with a burst of song. The rubber girl plays for five minutes at a cost of one cent. Perhaps the value of the material for these purposes is its indestructibility.—*Buffalo Express.*

Almost Human Governess.

A remarkable dog story is told in the *Revue Scientifique* of Paris, which is reproduced by Professor Fontaine, of the Versailles Lycee, and his friend, Professor Porchon, who was present. They were at Iverness, Switzerland, and a little girl in the whole town were followed everywhere by a beautiful spaniel. Attracted by its attentions they looked at it, and discovered a pasteboard box about its neck, with a text asking alms for an unfortunate Polish refugee. Being in a moment of generosity, took a penny and was about to deposit it, when the dog knowingly seized it in its teeth and made off for a baker's shop, where the astonished French man found him eating a half loaf of bread which he had purchased. This was an example of sagacity almost human, and of equal depravity.

Only a Little Out.

In July, 1884, the schooner Golden Rule arrived here from Cincinnati. A little common gray cat that lived on the boat had been left at Bayou Sara, and the crew of the boat stepped out on the wharfboat and had not returned in time. The officers on the Golden Rule felt sorry for the cat, and left three little kittens behind, who missed their mother sadly.

Imagine the surprise of all the next boat that arrived down brought puss as a passenger or stowaway. She remained on board in her new quarters for some days, then made her way to the Golden Rule. The officers were astonished at her, and thought the passed the happy meeting between the kittens and their mother. I was a passenger on the Golden Rule on her Cincinnati trip, and puss was quite a favorite.—*New Orleans Feelyune.*

Canine Intelligence.

A citizen went into a saloon at Port Mallulid to buy a dozen eggs, but only eleven could be found and he started off with these. He was overtaken by his dog, which had been in the saloon when the eggs were had found another egg in the store, and bringing it in his mouth, placed it in his master's basket.

During the past fall the dog was given a beaten egg in a saucer at home, but he knew it too heavy he took several calls out and left them on the road, took the basket home and then went for the eleven. The remaining ears in his mouth.—*Yarmouth Times.*

A Dog That Drinks.

A Stamford dog which had been used to drink at a certain trough found it dry the other day. He went to another, but, after evident consideration, he picked up the hose in his mouth, put the end in the trough, and turned on the water. It is pleasant to know that, having got so far, he knew enough to turn off the stop cock, so that the dog's hopes were realized.—*Hartford Courant.*

A Good Puppy.

A puppy in Wildwood, Fla., steals eggs from a neighbor's chicken coop. Instead of offers, but instead of eating them carries them to his master.

Princess Louise Called Him Brown.

Manchester Guardian.

The Princess Louise inherited a sturdy temper and will, which were displayed as long ago as her youthful days. It is related that on her marriage she required the service of Prince Albert, the Prince called him "Brown," and the royal children followed suit, speaking to him, "Brown." Once corrected them, and they all addressed him as "Albert Brown," except Princess Louise, who persisted in the right to use the name as her father did. One morning the Queen heard her, and informed her that if she again addressed Mr. Brown without a handle to his name she would be sent to bed. The next day she Brown appeared the future stateliness said, "Good morning, Brown." "Good morning, Princess Good night, Brown, for I am going to bed."