

The Daily Leader

Will be published every morning (Sunday and Legal Holidays excepted) from the office,

COR. MAIN AND ARCHIBALD STS.
Subscription Price, \$4.00 per Year.

Semi-Weekly Leader.

Will be published every Wednesday and Saturday.
Subscription Price, \$1.50 per Year

Advertising Rates given on application
H. T. STEVENS,
MANAGER

INDIVIDUAL DUTIES AND RIGHTS.

An agitation that will not down until the right prevails is that very quiet and unobtrusive one that has for its object the enfranchisement of women on the same terms and conditions as prevail in respect of men. Time was when kings ruled; later, time was when a select few, the titled gentry of the country, held the reins and later still, time was (and now is) when the government of the country was upon the shoulders of certain male people who had certain qualifications as to property or earnings. If we ask on what principle this arrangement is based one shall find it difficult to get a satisfactory answer. We may be told that the women are not sufficiently intelligent to assist the men in the work of government and therefore ought to be ruled out, for the same reasons that exclude idiots and imbeciles, or we may be advised that female delicacy could not be preserved if contaminating association with the ballot box was permitted, or the version may be that the apple story, with which history begins, shows how easy it would be for the adroit politician of this age to imitate the equally adroit politician who went to Eden on a canvassing tour, by persuading the woman to take and use a ballot, as the first one did the apple, contrary to the command of conscience and of absolute right. Now it may be admitted that in some respects woman is the "weaker vessel," but it may not be admitted that in discriminating between right and wrong, or in the purpose to do the right, she is weaker than man. On the contrary she may fairly claim to be stronger and she may as fairly be allowed to take all the risks of contamination which the fastidious gentleman fears may result from proximity to the ballot box. And by the way if the associations at the polls are corrupting in any respect, is it not strange that the men have kept themselves so pure during all the centuries that have passed since the ballot box was first invented? True we have heard occasionally that now and again a man could be found who would take pay for his vote and possibly some woman under like circumstances might imitate his example; but admitting this possible wickedness why should she be debarred from indulging in it simply because of her sex?

The truth is that women have as many rights to be protected as have the men, as much interest in good government as the men, and on the whole as much intelligence in respect of what good government is and what policy should prevail as the proud possessors or adherents of the other sex.

The United States has abolished the color line in arranging voters' lists. Let them and us now abolish the sex line and we shall prove conclusively that the "world do move" and that the right will very soon prevail.

The LEADER promises its lady friends that its sympathies will be with the reform movement, and that generally, it believes that every human being of sound mind and matured age should have a voice in determining what liberties should be allowed and what restraints imposed upon all individuals for the general good of the community—a voice in determining what Law shall be.

THE HONEYMOON.

An Englishman, Mr. Ashby Sterry, is on the side of those who would do away with that time honored institution—the honeymoon. "The honeymoon," he says, "during which a young couple have none but their own society, till they are absolutely sick of one another, has probably done more to make marriage a failure than anything else." If this is abolished there is a much better chance for the success of matrimony than there has ever been before. There seem no reason why persons cannot be married in a quiet way, and after they are married fix upon a house and superintend its furnishing and decoration.

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

A FEW ANECDOTES.

"A few good things (about all there are) from 'The Literary Life of the Rev. William Harness:' supplies the following:

Among the distinguished persons with whom Mr. Harness was acquainted, he did not unfrequently meet the celebrated Sheridan. He was present at some of the sumptuous entertainments with which the dramatist regaled his friends, and remarked that, although his guests denounced his extravagance, they never refused his invitations. Sheridan was not devoid of that vanity which so often accompanies talent. On one occasion, at a Theatrical Fund dinner, he made a very high-flown speech, in which he spoke of himself as being "descended from the loins of kings!" "That is quite true," said Dr. Spry, who was sitting next to Harness. "The last time I saw his father [an actor] he was the King of Denmark."

Sheridan's solicitor found his client's wife one day walking up and down her drawing-room, apparently in a frantic state of mind. He inquired the cause of such violent perturbation. She only replied that her husband was a villain. On the man of business further interrogating her as to what had so suddenly awakened her to a sense of that fact, she at length answered, with some hesitation, "Why, I have discovered all the love-letters he sent to his first wife!"

Rogers, the poet, seems to have been somewhat unfortunate in his servants. On one occasion, when in the country, his favorite groom, with whom he used to drive every day, gave notice to leave. Rogers asked him why he was going, and what had he to complain of. "Nothing," replied the man; "but you are so dull in the buggy."

Speaking of France brought him to the following story, to which he gave considerable effect: "An Englishman and a Frenchman had to fight a duel. That they might have the better chance of missing one another, they were to fight in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney, and, by Jove! he brought down the Frenchman! When I tell this story in Paris," observed Rogers, "I put the Englishman up the chimney."

Mr. Harness had many other little interesting scraps about Rogers. The poet greatly disliked letters of condolence, and when he had that melancholy duty to perform, he generally copied one of Cowper's. Lord Lansdowne once spoke to him in congratulatory terms about the marriage of a common friend. "I do not think it so desirable," observed Rogers. "No!" replied Lord Lansdowne. "Why not?" His friend approved of it. "Happy man!" returned Rogers; "to satisfy all the world. His friends are pleased, and his enemies are delighted!"

Moore was a friend of Roger's, and also of Mr. Harness. Speaking of Moore's taste for biography, and the number of memoirs he had composed, Rogers one day cynically observed, "Why, it is not safe to die while Moore is alive!" At Mrs. Siddons's receptions Mr. Harness became acquainted with Theodore Hook, who was then in general request in fashionable and literary society. His love of merriment sometimes caused him to indulge in pleasantries which, though sufficiently harmless in themselves, verged too closely upon the limits of propriety. One evening Mr. Harness, who shared the prejudices then entertained about waltzing, observed to Theodore that he was glad to hear that he disapproved of the dance. "Well, I don't know about that," returned his friend; "it is a mere matter of feeling."

Among Mr. Harness's more intimate friends was the millionaire Hope, author of "Anastasis." He frequently invited him to Deep Dene, where Mr. Harness found himself surrounded by the talent and wealth of England. The tone of the conversation sometimes amused him much; as when Rothschild observed to Hope that a man must be "a scoundrel who could not afford to lose two millions."

One day, at Deep Dene, Mr. Harness found the tutor of Mr. Hope's son pacing up and down the room in the most distressing agitation of mind. "Is there anything the matter?" inquired Mr. Harness, anxiously. "The matter!" he replied; "I should think there was! Three of the worst things that can possibly happen to a man: 'I'm in love, I'm in debt, and I've doubts about the doctrine of the Trinity!'"

There was as much careless freedom in Talfourd's household as in that of most men of genius; Goldsmith himself could not have desired a more entire absence of conventionality. One day, when Mr. Harness was dining at their house, in company with several judges, the Sergeant and Mrs. Talfourd sat through dinner each with a cat in the lap. On another occasion Mrs. Talfourd requested him to carve a chicken which was placed before him. He essayed to comply, but on his making the attempt the bird spun round and shot off the dish. Mr. Harness, on examining the cause of it, found he had been given a fork with only one prong!

"Will you be so good as to cut that tart before you?" said the hostess to another guest. "Certainly, if you desire it," was the reply; "but perhaps you are aware that it has not been in the oven?"

The Bishop of Exeter was remarkable not only for erudition, but for that social tact and elegance which rarely accompany it. One day his lawyers were dining with him, and he wished his wife to retire from the table early, that he might discuss with them his course of action in one of those unfortunate suits in which he was so constantly involved. The lady, however, found the legal gentlemen agreeable, and notwithstanding repeated nods and winks and hints from her lord, remained immovable in her place. At length she understood his meaning, and rose hurriedly to depart. "What? so soon, my love?" demanded the bishop, blandly, as he opened the door for her with an obsequious bow.

Conversing with Bishop Selwyn, then of New Zealand, and recently a visitor to this country, Mr. Harness asked him whether his ministry had been attended with success. "With very little," I grieve to say, was the reply. "A short time since I thought I had brought to a better state of mind a man who had attempted to murder a woman, and had been condemned to death. He showed signs of contrition. I gave him a Bible, and he was most assiduous in the study of it. He gave alto-

gether such a promise of reformation that I exerted myself and obtained for him a commutation of sentence. I called to inform him of my success. His gratitude knew no bounds, he said I was his preserver, his deliverer. "And here," he added, as he grasped my hand in parting, here is your Bible. I may as well return it to you, for I hope that I shall never need it again."

A country rector, coming to preach at Oxford, in his turn, complained to Dr. Ruth, the venerable principal of Magdalen, that the remuneration was very inadequate, and considering the travelling expenses, and the labor necessary for the composition of the discourse. "How much did they give you?" inquired Dr. Ruth. "Only five pounds," was the reply. "Only five pounds!" repeated the doctor. "Why, I would not have preached that sermon for fifty."

At a dinner party a somewhat dull couple, who affected literature, informed their friend that they were going to visit the city of Minerva. Mr. Harness, who happened to be sitting next to the humorous Jekyll, heard him mutter to himself, "To the Greeks—foolishness!"

WILLING TO PLEASE.

His satanic majesty sat upon his brimstone throne fanning the muggy air with his flamboyant tail.

Presently a new arrival in those parts was announced, and he was forthwith ushered into the devilish domains.

He sniffed the heavy air as if it were a familiar dose to him, and, bowing to his majesty, he observed the peculiar motions of his tail.

"Three strikes and out," he said after completing them for about a minute.

"What's that?" inquired Satan, resting his caudal appendage across his leg.

"Ah, there, State, old boy," greet the visitor. "I was attracted by the way you handled yourself over the home plate that I didn't see you. How do you do?"

"Who are you," thundered his majesty.

"Me?" asked the visitor with guileless grace.

"Yes slave."

"Come off. I'm no slave. I'm an American citizen."

"In the domains, sirrah, you are my slave."

"Yes, I am, I don't think," and the visitor stuck his thumbs in his vest armholes and strutted up and down before the throne.

"We shall see," said his majesty with an ominous shake of his locks, and beckoned to a host of imps.

The next minute the American citizen was wondering what had become of the Munroe doctrine, and he threw up his hands.

"Give a man a chance, won't you?" he said hotly.

"Answer me," thundered his majesty.

"Where are you from?"

"Chicago, of course," responded the visitor.

His majesty rose to his cloven feet and bowed.

"I beg your pardon," he said hastily.

"Come and take a seat by me. I'm afraid you will find it tame here after what you've been used to, my dear fellow, but don't be too hard on us, and we'll try to make you as much at home as our facilities will permit."

Seating himself beside his majesty, the gent from Chicago kindled a cigarette and waved his hand for the performance to begin.

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Why SHE WAS JUBILANT.

There was a vivacious smile on her face which was most winsome.

"Oh, dear me," she murmured happily, "I've just gotten such a bargain!"

"How, dear?" inquired her friend.

"I sent a telegram, only a quarter for ten words, and at least six of them were words of more than three syllables.—Washington Star.

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And another thus:

"If you dumped a carload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.



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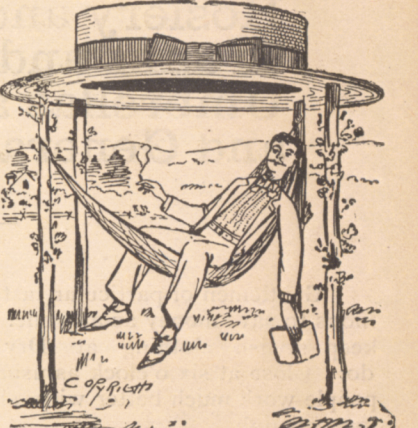
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" " 8.75	" " 7.50	" " 2.25	" " 1.75
" " 5.75	" " 4.50	" " 3.00	" " 2.50
Pants 4.00	Pants 2.50	" " 3.95	" " 2.00
" " 3.75	" " 2.25	Men's Blue Denim Overalls .75	Men's Blue Denim Overalls .50

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