

WOMEN IN MALE ATTIRE.

HOW "HABIT MAKETH NO MONK."

Miss Muir Donned a Coat and Trousers and Tried to Enlist as a Soldier.

Passion Some of the Sex Have for Masquerading—How Mme. Pfeiffer Wore Boys' Clothes—A Female Warrior.

Amazonian Ambition.

To the curious catalogue of members of the weaker sex who, from some cause or other, have chosen to masquerade in men's attire, must now be added Miss Harriet Muir, described as an actress, staying at a hotel in Fleet street, who was brought before Mr. Hannay of Marlborough street, charged with behaving in a "disorderly" manner, her disorderliness, from a legal point of view, being her assumption of masculine raiment, says the London *Telegraph*. Miss Muir appeared in the dock in the costume in which she had been arrested, which comprised a cutaway coat and trousers and a deerstalker hat. A constable deposed that he was called to St. Barracks, Trafalgar square, where the prisoner had attempted to enlist as a soldier, giving the name of Henry James Muir. The regimental doctor, however, very soon discovered that the would-be warrior was a woman, and the military authorities—somewhat ungallantly, to our thinking—gave the poor girl into custody. Surely, it would have been feasible for them to show Miss Muir the barrack gate, and bid her, if she was actuated by Amazonian ambition, to apply at the stage door of one of the theatres devoted to the spectacular drama, where female recruits can go through the manual exercise and wear the smallest of uniforms without falling under the ban of the law. The defendant had unfortunately been enabled to retain a solicitor for her defense, and the legal gentleman stated that his client four years ago ran away from her home, which was at Christ church, New Zealand, where her father was engaged in pastoral pursuits. Possibly she took no interest in sheep farming, in the doughty achievements of the "champion shearers," or in the picturesque process of wool washing. At all events she made her way from the Antipodes to England, and, going on the stage, succeeded in maintaining herself respectably as an actress until recently, when, being unable to obtain another engagement, she came up to London. She went down to the docks, hoping to get a berth as steward or stewardess on board some vessel clearing out for New Zealand, but, being unsuccessful, she walked to St. George's barracks and tried to enlist. The solicitor added that she had friends in the city, who, if she were liberated, would take care that proper clothes were supplied to her, and that she would be sent home to her father. This course was acquiesced in by the magistrate; and it is to be hoped that nothing further will be heard of Miss Harriet Muir, whose escapade does not seem to have been a very outrageous one.

Among what may be called the obscure idiosyncrasies of the female sex is a passion for assuming male attire; nor is the woman who thus travesties herself necessarily in character a virago. Sometimes this sort of masquerading takes an innocent and even a beneficent form. Mme. Ida Pfeiffer, the famous traveler, was as gentle and sympathetic a type of true womanhood as ever lived; yet she tells us in her autobiography that in her early childhood no restraints, no reproofs, and no punishments could wean her from attiring herself in boy's clothes whenever she had an opportunity of so doing. A similar penchant for the garment of the opposite sex was shown by the Duchesse de Berri, the mother of the Comte de Chambord. This youthful Neapolitan princess dreadfully scandalized the aged Charles X., when, after abdication the throne in July, 1830, he fled from St. Cloud, by presenting herself in his travelling carriage in the complete make-up of a dandy of the period. The absurdity of this disguise, however, was afterward fully compensated by the heroic conduct of the Duchesse la Vendee. The Spanish Princess Donna Bianca also distinguished herself in the last Carlist insurrection by appearing in knickerbockers and riding "en cavalier," but such an exhibition must be regarded as only a fitful and transient manifestation of eccentricity. When we come to study the curiosities of female history it will be found that the chronicle in question makes record of a goodly number of women who in assuming the masculine garb seem to have been actuated by a genuine feeling of martial ardor, or at least by a dare-devil spirit of adventure.

The "Roaring Girl" of the old comedies has had many corresponding types in real life; and Joan of Arc has found plenty of imitators as heroic, if not so enthusiastic, as the maid of Orleans. Hannah Snell flourished in the reign of George II. Her grandfather was a soldier who fought with Marlborough at Malplaquet; she married early, her husband being a Dutch sailor, who maltreated and deserted her, leaving her with a baby, which died, whereupon Hannah appropriated a suit of her brother-in-law's clothes, and assuming his name, which was Thomas Grey, tramped to Coventry, where she enlisted in General Guise's regiment. After awhile she deserted, but subsequently re-enlisted as a marine, in which capacity she served in the East and West Indies. From her dexterity in washing and mending for the men, and from her being beardless, she acquired the nickname of "Miss Molly;" but her bravery in action eventually caused her to be invested with the more honorable cognomen of "Hearty Jenny." Being at last discharged from the service, Hannah Snell went on the stage and appeared with much applause at the Royalty theater, Wellclose square, as Bill Bobstay, a sailor, and as Firelock, a grenadier. In consideration of the hardships she had undergone in the service of her country—which hardship comprised, among other tribulations, 200 lashes that she got at the haliberts at Carlisle, and an almost equally barbarous scourging at the gangway on board ship—government awarded Hannah a pension of £30 a year, on the strength of which she took a public house in Wapping, with the appropriate sign of "The Widow in Masquerade, or the Female Warrior."

Another female warrior, whose career was even more remarkable than that of Hannah Snell, was Mary Ann Talbot, better known as John Taylor, whose extraordinary adventures are said to have

furnished the theme for the popular ballad of "Billy Taylor." Mary Ann who was born in 1778, is supposed to have been the youngest of the sixteen illegitimate children of Lord Talbot. She seems to have run away from school with a military officer named Captain Bowen, who she followed to the West Indies in male attire as a soldier's servant. Afterward she enlisted as a drummer, in which capacity she served with the duke of York's army in Flanders, and at the siege of Valenciennes she received two wounds, which she carefully concealed, curing herself with the aid of lint, basilicon and Dutch drops. Then Mary Ann deserted, put on her dress of a sailor, and entered on board of a French privateer, which was soon afterward captured by the British fleet. She was badly wounded in the leg by a grape-shot in action, but on her discharge from hospital at Portsmouth she joined another man-of-war, which was taken by a French ship, and the undaunted Mary Ann lay for many months a prisoner of war at Dunkirk. Then she turned up in the United States, and, returning to England, went through many other adventures. She seems to have got into very low water, so much so at one period as to have contemplated joining Haines, a notorious highwayman, in his excursions on Hounslow heath. Fortunately she stopped short after buying a pair of buckskin breeches and a brace of pistols, and declined to enter into perilous partnership with Haines. She, too, went on the stage, her favorite characters being Juliet and Irene, but her dramatic career was scarcely a triumphant one, and she drifted into old age, mainly supported by casual donations from persons of quality. Still does her name occupy a distinguished place on the roll of female warriors, to whom, again, must be added the famous Christina Davis, who served as a bombardier at the battle of Blenheim and afterward married three husbands in succession. She had a pension at last of a shilling a day from the crown, and settled down peacefully at Chelsea to be near her comrades at the hospital. Then, again, there was Phoebe Hessel, whose exploits as a soldier are recited on the tombstone in the old parish church yard at Brighton. It may, in fact, be said that, given a war which lasts long enough, and embraces a sufficiently wide area thoroughly to stir the national patriotism and love of adventure, there will surely come to the front a by no means inconsiderable element of female gallantry and fortitude. Evidently such gallantry and such fortitude are most frequently and most appropriately made manifest in the beautiful achievements of a Florence Nightingale, but the eccentricities of the female character occasionally assert themselves despite the thoroughly feminine attributes of the nursing sister. It sometimes happens that the lady who should be following the ambulance under the neutral oriflamine of the Geneva Cross yields to an unaccountable propensity for donning doublet and hose, especially when the doublet is of scarlet plentifully adorned with lace, and the hose have a smart seam down the sides. Such a valorous spirit of eccentricity only can account for the occasional appearance of a naval military "Bill Taylor," but in these piping times of peace society is justified in regarding with some slight suspicion young ladies who abandon bodice and skirts for cutaway coats and deerstalker hats and try, under amusingly false pretense, to impose upon that exceptionally astute personage, the recruiting sergeant.

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BIG HANDS AT CARDS.

Strange Freaks of the Pack, When Least Expected.

In connection with whist, a funny incident happened about a year ago to a well known gentleman in this city, who is a worshipper of Hoyle. He delights in telling his friends that on one particular occasion he held the thirteen trumps, and yet only took one trick. His opponent to left lead a deuce, his partner played the ace, and when it came to his turn, he promptly trumped. His partner, disgusted at such a play, threw his hand out of the window and ended the game.

Poker is perhaps the game where complications and possibilities turn up most frequently, and stories of phenomenal hands are without number. In a club in this city a short time ago a series of surprising hands developed in a most startling manner. All the gentlemen are well known and the story is absolutely true. A doctor opened a jack-pot with a pair of queens, the player to his right with a pat king full, raised, the next man with three sixes raised again, the fourth player saw the raises and so did the doctor who was dealing. The two big hands, however, kept on raising and the two victims, as they thought, stayed in from absolute necessity. On the draw the doctor drew to his pair and got two more queens and an ace. He had thrown a king away so that he could not have four kings or four aces against him. When the betting began doctors flew into the pot and everybody raised everybody else all round. The four sixes gave up and the betting was left to the dealer and fourth man, who had drawn one card. At last, from sheer weariness, the doctor said, "Oh, I won't rob you any more. I have four queens," at the same time reaching for the pot. "Wait a bit," said the quiet player. "I have a straight flush, and he laid down the two, three, four, five and six of spades. These were four big hands, indeed.

Roland Reed, the popular actor, is also the hero of many wonderful poker stories. He is fond of telling how on one occasion on a railway train, with four playing, he won several hundred dollars with four aces against four jacks and a pat flush. On another occasion, at Boston, with Charlie Reed, Fred Hawley and Allan Dale in the game, there were pat flushes to sweeten the pot before the draw, and a quiet individual in the corner, who had staid in out of sheer desperation with a pair of duces, eventually corralled the wealth by drawing two more.—Philadelphia Record.

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FATAL EXPLOSION.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 6.—At 11:30 o'clock to-night a boiler exploded in the Galaxy Mills and killed Assistant Engineer Frank Banks and Helper Joseph Evans. The explosion was caused by impaired machinery.

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