

A Queer Composition.

A Chicago paper tells a strange story of a contractor of that city. While at work he swears and drinks like a good fellow, or rather bad fellow, but as soon as he has reached his home and donned his feminine attire he is a changed man. He is not a man; he is a woman—so far as dress and manners can make him one. He puts on corsets and form improvers, shaves and powders his face, pierces his big red ears and inserts in them great golden earrings. He has spent much of his earnings for gaudy ball dresses and evening wardrobes; spent his time and wealth in dressing himself up in the height of the feminine fashion, in compressing his waist, in shortening his steps, in whitening his hands and face, in learning womanly grace, and, in short, in making himself a woman, with all her little graces, poses and foibles. He is a strong man—a man who has done manual labor almost all his life, a man who can outclimb, outwrestle, outdrink and outrun ninety-nine men out of a hundred of his neighbors. He is said to be worth one hundred thousand dollars.