The heart will have its way. So Nature wills it-old and young, The wisest and the best, Have caught the strains from Passion's

tongue,
And felt her sweet unrest.

Tis well to be of human kind—
To own dear Nature's sway;
For, midst the dim, cold realms of mind,
The heart would lose its way—
Its own delightful way—
In spite of Wisdom's happener rules;
In spite of sayes and of schools. In spite of sages and of schools;

In spite of reason, we're but fools-The heart will have its way. See yonder child, by Nature led, No rule of life to guide;

No rule of life to guide;

See Prudence with her thoughtful b

And manhood in its pride— All run in pleasure's heedless race, And after folly stray-

At every age, in every place, The heart will have its way-Its own delicious way-In spite of all the head can do; In spite of judgment, tried and true In spite of sad experience, too, The heart will have its way.

Alas! for him whose heart is dead To every generous beat; No love light on his life is shed, No sympathy he'll meet. 'Tis better far to give the price That fools to folly pay— Be men in everything but vice, And give the heart its way-Its own delightful way— In spite of Wisdom's golden rules;

In spite of sages and of schools, We're all but erring, love-sick fools-We give the heart its way.

## THE SISTER'S STRATAGEM.

BY ELISSA M. MOORE.

I am getting to be an old woman, and yesterday for the first time I revisited the home of my childhood after an absence of thirty-five years, during which my second sister and I have not dared to review those scenes which. full as they are of tender recollections, could not fail to bring back all too vividly a dark tragedy which at one time threatened to o'ershadow both our lives. Now that the past is forever buried, with my sister's full consent I her bed, looking so unlike her usual tell of that experience which we can fairy self that all the anger died within hardly realize after the lapse of years | me. I told her what I had overheard,

was once our own. The village of Westfieldene, where we were all born, was settled by my play so contemptible a part. You grandfather on the rockbound coast of | must not see Mr. Hardcastle again, and Maine, and named after the Norfolk then it will all be as though it had knitted shawl had caught on the tree village where he was himself born, which called his father lord of the manor. Dignified in his manners and decorous in his life, he was the great man of the village, and my father was his worthy descendant. My brothers | tleman's speedy departure for Boston. seemed indifferent to the advantages of | Helen's "gentle northern eyes" filled an English collegiate education, but when our Norfolk cousins offered to extend their hospitality to me for three years, that I might finish my education and be presented at the English court, I gladly accepted. I returned improved, though I would never be handsome, and better able to cope with the world, at the end of the three years. If my father and mother deemed that the sacrifice they had made in parting from me had been too great they disguised

their opinion remarkably well, and when I kissed mamma good-night once more in my own little white bed at home she murmured her gratitude to God for the safe return of her dear daughter, whom she found all that she could desire. I decided that I was the happiest girl in America, while the future lay bright before me. The following morning I had a long talk with my mother. The boys, she was glad to tell me, were both doing well, one in her brother's law office in Philadelphia, and the other in Annapolis, awaiting sailing orders. I congratulated her on their being out in the world, being of Shakespeare's opinion that

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits. "As to the girls," I said, "there was not a girl presented during my time who approached Bertha. I could almost wish that she had had my chances, mamma-she might marry anyone; and Edith seems a sweet little soul."

"They are both that," said my mother, "and your experience will be of great service to Bertha, who knows nothing of the world, so you must not regret your foreign education."

"I'm so relieved not to find her engaged," I exclaimed. "All American girls after 18 appear to be affianced to some boy more or less unmarried."

"Small chance of that in Westfieldene," said mamma. "The only by all save the lowest of the low. Poor engagement I can announce is that of your old friend Helen Freemour. She is to be married shortly to a Mr. Hardcastle, whom she met in Boston." "Is he one of the Hardcastles?"

asked, anxiously.

"Oh! dear, no!" said mamma; "they are western people; but he's a college man and a lawyer-poor, but Helen is used to that; and, for that matter, she is not one of the Freemours.' "That's true enough; but all the royal

princesses rolled into one could not produce a more refined type of womanhood than lily-faced Helen. I hope he is half worthy of her," said I.

"I expect you'll have an opportunity of judging of that this evening," said mamma. "They are sure to come to

welcome you.' My mother's prophetic soul had not suggested a dance, but my father re- of sight, I waited, panting and shiverdeceived her. Shortly after tea I saw Helen, accompanied by a tall, dark never refuse him; but I felt strange out ed and hated. It was not for long. man, coming slowly up the garden of tune, and chose, naturally, a sad Soon his tall, spare lighter appeared adpath. She looked very queenly in her white robes, her heavy, dark hair dressed in a coronet above her broad, fair her to my heart and kissed her lips with her to my heart and kissed her lips w ing calamity. Of Mr. Hardcastle I "She has gone home," I replied, "She a cry, which was horrible in its wild a guardian. New York Tribune,

formed no flattering opinion. He was left almost immediately after you went terror, and stood rooted to the spot. I dark, quiet, and very old-looking for 24, which was the age he acknowledged down to the village. "She is not there," he said, turning

to-just a year Helen's senior, there-

in her unselfishness enjoyed any boat-

ing or driving party twice as much

when either or both of us joined them.

I had undertaken the education of my

little sister Edith, so it fell out that

One of the maxims which my English

cousin had most impressed upon me

was the duty of being watchful not of

and I was at 'liberty to join the young

people I became aware, to my sorrow

and alarm that, while Horace Hard-

castle was by his gentle betrothed's

side, his eyes were on my sister's love-

ly face; and, what was more dangerous

still, that while all the tender nothings

of young love which she whispered

softly were met with absent-minded

indifference, the lightest word from

Bertha's lips caused his dark face to

flush. He was off his guard a thousand

times, until I wondered at Helen's

blindness. I watched and made no sign,

supposing Bertha to be as utterly in

the dark as my friend. We had ar-

ranged an excursion to one of the near-

lying islands and I determined that as

the party was to be quite a large one I

would so manage it that I could have a

few words in private with this man,

who I felt sure had it in his mind to

make two women, both justly dear to

me, suffer deeply. The weather, how-

ever, proved threatening, and our pic-

nic was postponed. Late in the after-

noon, as the storm still held off, I wan-

about half a mile to the back of our

house in search of botanical specimens.

I was not very successful, and was

turning homeward, when I was startled

by hearing my sister's voice raised in

passionate entreaty. "Oh!" she cried.

"What does that matter when our

life's happiness is at stake?" said the

voice I had expected to hear-that of

"Go, go," said Bertha; "the rain is

I heard the crushing of the under-

wood as he left her side, and only wait-

ed until my sister was well on her way

home before I followed her, warned by

the low growl of near thunder to seek

speedy shelter. An hour later I sought

Bertha's room. I found her lying on

and then said: "You must see for

yourself, dear, that it is impossible for

Sobbing, she yielded. The thunder-

storm was an excellent excuse for Ber-

tha's headache, and a short note from

myself to Mr. Hardcastle, indited in no

gentle frame of mind, caused that gen-

er, to pass the first bright, May days in

my father's house. His constant pres-

ence in or about the place, the wild fury

Bertha was the recipient of their mark-

mother, who was unreasonably annov-

in the latter part of May the Hardeas-

quested one song from me. I could ing for the approach of the man I fear-

coming on, and I must get home."

say? what could she think?"

Mr. Hardcastle.

Bertha was their usual companion.

from me to my father, who had come tered the one word-"Murderer!" fore. We saw them constantly. Helen forward. "She followed you down to the vil-

lage, no doubt," suggested papa,, "and thus you missed." "No,,' cried I, "for I watched her to

the turn of the cliff." A silence fell upon us, while I, trembling with undefined fear, clung to my father's arm, who said presently:

"Did you go through the house, Hor-

but for my younger sisters, and when a week's holiday was accorded Edith "Yes, and called," he answered.

"Come, come," said papa, putting me gently from him, "she has no doubt continued her walk beyond the ravine; we'll go with you, Horace. Your wife's all right, boy; she knows the very stones

of the coast. went to procure lanterns, while Bertha and I, avoiding each other's eyes lest we should meet a confirmation of our worst fears, sat with suspended breath and blanched cheeks. I said to myself | father coming slowly up the path. He run to the door. Bertha reached it; but her the letter," I cried, with a quick papa's arm pressed her back; entering premonition of its contents. As well he closed the door and I saw his face colorless and terror-stricken in the lamplight.

"A dreadful accident has happened," he said, in a low tone, "you must remain here, my girls; there is nothing to dered toward a wood which lay inland | be done." I tried to speak in vain; but Bertha went to him and clasped her trembling hands over his arms. "Papa," she cried, "is she dead?"

He bent his head. "We found her under the cliff. Poor child, poor child!" I sprang from the piano, against "how can you ask it of me? Only re-member poor Helen; what would she he!" I cried; "he did it, I know, I

> "Good God!" said my father, turning upon me a face in which terror and amazement were curiously blended, what do you mean?'

> A rushing as of many waters was in my ears. I stretched out my arms wildly and, falling, knew no more. When I recovered from the state of prostration into which the awful shock of Helen's death had thrown me, I learned from my mother such meager details as were to be told concerning the tragedy. The beautiful body, she said, had been less disfigured than might have been expected from the dreadful fall of over a hun-

dred feet. "Of course there was an inquest," she went on, "and," looking gravely at was purely accidental. There were no signs of a struggle-only your white which overhung the bluff-one of those young larches which manage to live there for a year or two. All those who knew her deny the possibility of its being a suicide; but dear Helen has often said that when on a great height she always felt a nervous inclination to

throw herself off. Many persons exwith tears when she told me she would perience the same." Poor Mr. Hardcastle was brokennot see him until the following month, hearted; but, as was not unnatural, in when it was agreed that they should be one of his disposition, he refused all married in Boston from the house of comfort, and had left for the west as her friend, where they had first met. soon as possible, leaving the house to She had wished us to be her bridemaids the care of the women who had served but her afiance had begged for a perfectly quiet wedding. I was thankful when them as cook. The white shawl I put away among my treasures, keepit was over, and charmed to find my ing it as a thing sacred, never to be sister dazzlingly beautiful and bright worn, or touched by other hands than the following winter, which was passed my own. I never again breathed the with our aunt in Philadelphia, and where she became celebrated as la belle des awful suspicion which had possessed my mind concerning Horace Hardbelles. Lent fell late and by the time castle, but inwardly prayed that he we returned to Westfieldence we were might never cross my path. Imagine, then my grief and pain when a few surfeited with balls and parties. The first thing which broke the quiet monotmonths after my own marriage, which ony of home life was the news that the occurred about a year subsequent to Hardcastles had bought a house about a mile from ours, near the Western Helen's death, I received a letter announcing Bertha's engagement to Mr. slope, as that part of the coast was call-Hardcastle, who was, my mother ined, where a deep ravine made a break formed me, staying at Westfieldene in in the long line of cliffs. Dearly as I his old house, though it was his intenloved Hellen the news could hardly be called welcome; but I trusted Bertha tion after the marriage to reside in New York. In my despair I told my huswith all my heart, and was satisfied that her girlish fancy had died a natuband all my fears and suspicions, which I could plainly see he regarded as preral death when she greeted Mr. Hardcastle with quiet dignity. Helen, I posterous. Nevertheless, he allowed thought very pale and pensive. I atme to return home with the intention of dissuading my sister, if possible, tributed this to the fact that she was too much alone; her husband having purfrom carrying out what I honestly believed to be a suicidal intention. I came chased a wild young mustang, on which unannounced, and the night of my arhe scoured the country. He was a man who as a husband was certain to rival I sought my sister's bedroom, and there begged and prayed of her to be given to moods, and for some time abandon this man, whose power over I was in doubt as to the reason of his her I had never been able to undertaciturnity, when, however, several stand. All the promise I could obtain young men, whom we had met in Philfrom her was that she would delay the adelphia, came together with my brothmarriage for three months and give me full consent to prosecute all inquiry concerning her fiance's antecedents which I might deem proper. She also which blazed from his dark eyes, when agreed to write a note asking him to meet her the following evening at our ed attention, proved to me only too plainly that his old madness had but own house in order that they might walk to his residence and choose what slumbered. In my anxiety I went to my things should be sent to New York and what sold. The following evening, ed. Such things, she said, might be in still acting under my orders, she left other countries, but the sanctity of the marriage tie was respected in America the house in the pony carriage, about a quarter of an hour before the time appointed for his coming, leaving me, as mother! She knew nothing of any she supposed, to await him. No soonworld save her own. One cold evening was she out of sight than I slipped up stairs and drew from its wrapper my tles, who had spent the afternoon with white knitted shawl, and gave the man us, prepared to return home. Helen was dressed in her favorite white, and servant a message for Mr. Hardcastle to the effect that Miss Bertha had driv-I, fearing the chill evening air for her. en round by the road to his house and went to fetch her a soft, white, knitted shawl, which would protect her. When he was to come to her as quickly as possible. Full well I knew that he could I returned she stood in the porch all not but take the cliff path, which was not half the distance of the high-road. "Horace has gone to the village for the letters," she said, "I will walk on Along this fatal path I flew in the semiand he will overtake me." She allow- darkness until I reached the spot where ed me to fold the wrap around her, and Helen had fallen. There, crouched behind the bushes and the branches of the I stood watching her tall, graceful figure until it was lost to view by the turn larch tree, I let my long, black hair of the cliff. I returned to the drawingfree from the comb, unfastened the black cloak which hid my white dress. room, where I was wanted to play glee accompaniments. Presently some one and, keeping the snowy shall well out

dared not advance but, raising one hand and stretching it out toward him, I ut-

With a groan he shrank from me, hoarsely whispering: "Helen, have

mercy; I was mad; I loved her so.' I made a motion as though I would advance. Again the place echoed with that wild cry as, turning, he fled. His terror as much as his words had betrayed him. Hastily resuming my cloak, I made my way to his house, where I found my sister. For an hour we awaited him; finding that he did not come, we returned home. As we drove along Bertha somewhat haughtily demanded an explanation, which I promised should be given in her lover's presence. The hours of the next morning dragged wearily. A sleepless night had left me nervously wretched. I Followed by the male portion of the dared not think, for I feared that my company he left the room. Mother my poor sister would overcome my firm determination to accuse her intended

husband in her presence. I was pacing the veranda in a miserable state of anxiety, when I saw my that our fears were unnatural and ex- held in his hand a letter. "This is for aggerated; but there are moments when | Bertha," he said, holding it up and look-instinct is stronger than all reason, and | ing hard at me the while. "Hardcastle this was such an one. An hour passed has left Westfieldene, as he informs me ere we heard the sound of returning in a note which accompanies this. I footsteeps. I had not the strength to don't understand it." "Let me give as lay in my feeble power I prepared my unhappy sister in a measure for the shock I felt sure she was about to receive. The letter contained, as I supposed, a full confession. Its effect was for a time prostrating, but an opportune legacy from an English cousin enabled my father to remove his family to New York, and in the happy marriage which she made in after years my dear sister forgot the tragical experience of her early youth. The homestead retained much of the gloom which these events east over it for all of us, but the present generation knows not of them. The house on the cliff was pulled down by order of its owner, who never revisited the scene of his love and his crime.

A Negress' Rare Voice:

Sunday night St. Paul's Episcopal church in this city, writes a New Orleans correspondent, was crowded to overflowing by people congregated there to listen to the evengelical teachings of Rev. Dr. Aiken, the distinguished English missioner. The scene as presented was one not often witnessed in New Orleans, for, crowding good naturedly and without apparent friction against each other in the pews and isles were representatives, colored as well as white, of every social class and almost every religious denomination. The softening influence of religious fervor seemed for the once to have broken down and swept away all social barriers and race distinctions. A hymn was given, and before the fluttering leaves of all the hymnals were stilled a flood of rich concerted music swept across and filled the vast sanctuary. It seemed for a moment as if the whole congregation was singing in one voice. Then one pure soprano of silvery, bird-like quality sent its flute-like notes of surpassing sweetness above the very crest of the song wave. Instantly every head in the congregation was turned or bent forward to discover the source of the melodious tones. For not a little while the singer remained undiscovered, save by those sitting near her, and when at last she was singled out, she went on, seemingly unconscious of the attention she was attracting, singing her heart away like an uncaged lark. The singer was a young and exceedingly modestlooking colored-woman, who at one time sang in the choir of the little colored church recently sold and dismantled at the corner of Pritania and Calliope streets. Such a voice is 'seldom |

heard, even in our city of song. A Judicial Joke. It has long been the custom of the courts that, when a judge makes a joke, good, bad or indifferent, the bar and the general public should express their satisfaction by "roars of laughter." When the late lamented Vice Chancellor Malins narrowly escaped the contact of a rotten egg hurled at him by some disappointed suitor his lordship sagaciousy remarked that it must have been meant for his brother Bacon. This sally can hardly have had a better reception yesterday morning by Mr. Justice when an effort was made to transact judicial business in the new law courts before they were quite ready for use. In the course of a case a noise was heard from the roof, followed by a fall of plaster, causing some inconvenience to those who were on the floor of the court. But the eminent chancery judge was quite equal to the occasion. justita," he said, "ruat cœlum," which was immediately followed by the usual tribute. The frequenters of the law courts must be very thankful for even small additions to their stock of jokes. Sir Joseph' Chitty has quite qualified himself for the post of the wit of the bench, whenever it falls vacant by the retirement of its oldest member. -St. James' Gazette.

Mr. Ibid.

It happened during a history recitation that somebody quoted: "Ill fares the land to hastening-to hastening-" and could get no further. "Who can finish it? Who can finish it?" cried the professor, and catching Kitty's steady gaze, he said, "Miss Morris?"

"To hastening ills a prey.
Where wealth accumulates and men decay." But I just happened to see it in 'Familiar Quotations' yesterday. That was the only reason I knew," said Kitty, blushing. "And who wrote it?" asked the professor, smiling. "Ibid." "I alarm was deafness. "It said Ibid." He was very near asking her the date song, Pascal's, then very fashionable. vancing through the darkness. I was of Ibid's birth, but he refrained. - Two

"Rest, thou troubled heart," I began, motionless until he was some fifteen College Girls. when the door was flung open and Hor- feet from re. Then dropping my ace Hardcastle stood before us. Some- cloak, I flung the shawl about my head It must be that the impression is generally HERE AND THERE.

a party of Texas editors will soon visit Georgia. Sixteen murderers are now awaiting

trial in San Francisco. The peach-trees all over southern

California are in bloom. One Mississippi jail contains thirteen prisoners charged with murder.

The first snow of the season at Augusta, Ga., fell on Saturday night. There are twenty-two Chinese vegetable wagons running in Chico, Cal. It is said that leprosy has appeared at various places in Canada West, the re-

sult of Chinese immigration. A halibut weighing forty-one pounds was caught with a small hook and line from the wharf at San Diego, Cal. Portland, Oregon, has an alleged

white laundry, but Chinese are employed up-stairs, out of sight from the street. A young man who horsewhipped another for annoying his youthful sister, in New Haven, was fined \$10 for the offense.

long sentences.

coal fields; Pennsylvania, 12,000; Great Britain, 11,859; and England, alone, 6,039 square miles.

California ostrich feathers are said to be very much finer than those plucked from the birds in Africa, while the yield per bird is greater.

Dorsey, the noted California dog who has been carrying the mail from Calico o Bismarck, has been retired to private ife, that route having been abolished.

Some of the farmers and fruit growers of Sutter and Colusa counties, California, claim that they can not dispense with the Chinese in less than eight

Thousand of tons of refused slag are being shipped from Oreana, Nev., to San Francisco to be reworked. It is thought o carry a large persentage of silver, owing to imperfect processes of work-

Henry Leister, a wealthy hotel proorietor in Grafton, Pa., asked his cook, Annie Walbert, to marry him, for a joke. The jury thought the joke good enough for a verdict for \$2,354 for the young lady.

A man near Winnemuneca, Nev., offers a reward of \$150 for the arrest of the person who stole his house from him. The building has mysteriously disappeared and there is no trace of it whereabouts.

Aunt Pleasant, reading a composition which had been submitted to her by her 8-year old niece, said "Why, Eva, brick insn't spelled b-r-i-c-k-c." "Oh, auntie! I know that well enough, but I was in such a hurry to get the old thing done

that I couldn't stop to leave that e off." The Philadelphia Sunday Breakfast association furnishes 850 poor people with breakfasts every Sunday morning. Four corned beef sandwiches and three cups of coffee, with milk and sugar, make the breakfast, and singing and regular church service follow until 10

Thuringian toy-makers have no protection for their right to their own inventions, yet their enterprise is not discouraged. In some sample rooms there are \$12,000 to \$18,000 sample toys, and many drummers carry in their sample books 3,000 to 4,000 pictures and photographs of the productions of their

In Philadelphia, where gastronomic entertainments are the chief amusements of society, "kitty dinners" are the latest diversions. A big cat made entirely of white flowers reposes on a floral mat in the center of the table; ice cream is served in papier-mache and all appointments possible are arranged with pussy-cat decorations.

The polar bear's foot is unusually long and broad even for a bear's foot, and this peculiarity aids in enabling it to swim so rapidly. But the great foot is of most use in crossing the slippery ice or crusted snow. The under part than that accorded to a remark let fall of the foot is covered with long, soft fur, which answers the double purpose Chitty. An incident occurred which of keeping the foot warm in spite of was very suggestive of the early days | constant contact with the cold ice, and

of preventing slipping. Woman (to tramp)-If vou'll shovel off the sidewalk, an' saw that pile o' wood, an' pump a tub o' water, an' fill the wood-box, I'll give ve a cold bite when you get through. Tramp (sadly) -Madam, if I were to put anything cold on my stomach after all that exercise I would have a fit of indigestion At the "preaching" of Sam Jones. that would stagger the whole medical profession. I am not an ostrich, madam, nor an Englishman. Good morning.

It is charged upon the women of New York that in public they are rude and selfish, conducting themselves with astonishing aggressiveness and boldness. A policeman stationed at a street corner who was asked if he was placed there to keep the horses from running over the women, exclaimed: "Indade, no; sure I'm kept here to prevint the women from runnin' over the horses."

A rhyming signal-service officer has formulated the flag code for weather predictions in the following easy memorized lines:

A sun of red is weather warm, A sun of blue is general storm, A crescent red is weather cold, A crescent blue is fair foretold, A star of red no change implies, A blue star local stormy skies, A square of black on flag of white, A cold wave comes in all its might

In the cemetery at Crawfordsville, beg your pardon." The professor's pet | Ga., a stone has just been placed over the grave of Harry Stevens, who died in 1881. It bears these words: "He was for many years the faithful, trusted, and Stevens. Like him he was distinguishbrow, and covered by a white lace stood before us. Some- cloak, I flung the shawl about my head abroad that this city can not manage its own thing dreadful in his face caused me to and shoulders, while I advanced toward affairs. Boston is trying to run its politics and olence. As a man he was honest and -Philadelphia Press. there were tears in my eyes as I clasped rise quickly while the words died on him from under my shelter. I had well Philadelphia its railroads, and if any more of true. As a Christain he was humble calculated on my resemblance, as to our neighbors step in there will be nothing for and trusting." The grave of the mas-

## BRIGHAM YOUNG.

First Settlement of Mormons in Ohio -Brigham's First Marriage.

A Chardon, O., correspondent of The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette writes: Learning that there were in the office of the probate judge of Geauga county some interesting facts to be obtained in regard to the early life of Brigham Young, the great Mormon, your correspondent paid that office a visit and was by the courtesy of Judge Smith enabled to obtain the followingfacts, never before published. It will be remembered that the little town of Kirtland, at that time a part of Geauga county, was the first "gathering place" of the Mormons. Brigham Young was one of the earilest of them to come to Kirtland, and soon after coming to the place he met and soon married Miss Mary Ann Angel. This was his first and legal marriage. In the old records of the probate court may still be seen A striking point of resemblance be- the original application of Brigham tween the busy editor and the industri- for the necessary license for this marrious burglar is the common dislike of age and the certificate of the marriage by Sidney Rigdon, another prominent Kentucky has 14,000 square miles of Mormon. By the way, this Sidney Rigdon was at one time a Baptist preacher, afterward joined the Disciples, or, as they were then called, Campbellites. and finally became a Mormon, and soon was among the greatest of that sect. He was at one time after he joined the Mormons, indited for solemnizing the marriage of Orson Hyde, another prominent Mormon, without legal authority, but was acquitted on trial. The copies for the application for license and the certificate of marriage are as follows:

'The State of Ohio, Geauga County, ss:" "Personally appeared Brigham Young and made application for a marriage license for himself and Mary Ann Angel, of the township of Kirtland, in said county, and made solemn oath that he, the said Brigham Young, is of the age of twenty-one years, and the said Mary Ann Angel is of the age of eighteen years; that they are both single, and not nearer of kin than first cousins; that he knows of no legal impediment against there being joined in marriage. "BRICKHAM YOUNG-

"Sworn and subscribed this 10th day of February, 1834, before me,

"RALPH COWLES, Dep. Clerk." "Be it remembered, that on the thirtyfirst day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, Brigham Young and Mary Ann Angel, of the county of Geauga, were legally joined in marriage by competent authority, in conformity to the provisions of the Statutes of the State of Ohio, in such cases made and provided, and a certificate of the said marriage signed by Sidney Rigdon, a minister who solemnized the same, has been filed in the office of the clerk of the court of the common pleas for the said county of Geauga, this the third day of April, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four.

"Attest: D. D. AIKEN, Clerk." The signature of Brigham Young to the application above is a fac simile of the original signature on the record. It will be noticed as an evidence of Brigham's illiteracy that he spells his name Brickam Young, and spells the last name with a small or lower-case "y." How such a man could obtain such a control over the people as he did can only be explained upon the hypothesis that they were very ignorant or very vicious, and his great personal magnetism and insight into human nature and faculty of adapting himself to the different natures, showed them that he

was a born leader. There still live in Kirtland and in Munson, in this county, nephews of Mary Ann Angel, and they confirm all the foregoing statements. There is still living in Kirtland a small band of Mormons who cannot swallow the polyga-"kittys," and the menus, cards, favors, mous portion of the religion. They still hold meetings occasionally in the old Mormon Temple in that place, and crowds of curious people come from the neighboring towns to see their proceedings.

The Deacon and the Devil.

Devils chuckle when they see A "dizzy" deacon on a spree. -Gouverneur Herald-Times. And when that deacon takes a drink, Devils give a merry wink. -Richmond Baton

And when they find him drunk as They sing in concert "all is well." And when he drinks behind the door, Tis then they all set up a roar. -Goodall's Daily Sun.

And every time such men expire, Satan adds sulphur to his fire. -Gouverneur Herald-Times. Satan chuckles, laughs and groans,

-Richmond Baton And loudly laugh, both short and small, At Sam Jones' clown, jocose Sam Small. -Dovers Journal

## A Pocketless Generation.

"Oh, my, what have I done with my handkerchief!" cried pretty Miss Ethel, in dismay, as she started home from church. "Didn't I put it in your pocket, George? I must have."

George searched himself carefully and dutifully, and found that she had not. "Perhaps you've got it in one of your own pockets," he suggested, mildly.

"In one of my own pockets! Pshaw, you silly boy," and Miss Ethel stamped her foot with indignation. "Don't you know I haven't got a

pocket to my name? Women don't wear pockets now. There's no room for them in their dresses. I think it's a shame, too. They might let us girls have at least one. You men have a

"Where do you carry things?" inquired George, timidly. "Why, in my caba, of course, and

e I leave the caba at home I lose a handkerchief. You see, George, beloved body-servant of Alexander. H. I have to stuff it under my basque, and it wont stay there. Oh, dear, it's awful to have to be fashionable, isn't it?"

A Canadian recently wrote to President Cleveland asking how much it would cost to take out a license to sell washing-ma-