A HARD MATRIMONIAL KNOT.

Four Times Married and Three Times Divorced Is Her Record.

Henry Stevens in 1866 was the mate of an Atlantic steamer. On a voyage to this country in the fall of that year he fell in love with a young German girl, a steerage passenger, whose name was Pauline Baumann.

The girl reciprocated the officer's affection, and, on landing in New York, they were married. The bride was on her way to join relatives in Bradford, Pa., then an unknown lumber village.

Stevens quit the service of the steamship company and joined his fortunes with those of his bride.

Not long afterward the Bradford region began to attract the attention of oil operators, and Stevens and his wife opened a boarding house.

They were still keeping boarders in 1875, when a dashing German named Christian Kindtner became an inmate of the house. He fell in love with his landlady. She was induced by him to believe that she was not happy with her husband, and she obtained a divorce from Stevens. The latter seems to have regarded this proceeding with remarkable complacence, for he did not leave the house.

Mrs. Stevens married Kindtner, but on the wedding night for some reason deserted him and returned to the guardianship of her first husband. In a short time she procured a divorce from Kindtner and remarried Stevens.

Kindtner did not let the sudden ending of his honeymoon and the utter repudiation and legal separation of his bride worry him, apparently, for he continued to board with the Stevenses.

Last winter Henry Keggan, a well to do landscape gardener, of Bradford, advertised for a wife. His advertisement was read by Mrs. Hannah Young, a comely middle aged widow of Indianapolis. She replied to it, and the result was that she came to Bradford and married Gardener Keggan.

The Widow Young had a 17-year old son named Robert. He was a good looking boy, large for his age. The Keggan family and the Stevens family became neighbors.

Mrs. Stevens, although nearly 50 years of age, fell in love with the boy Robert Young. Her charms at the same time infatuated Robert.

Again Mrs. Stevens had recourse to the divorce court, and as the divorce laws of Pennsylvania accommodate themselves to circumstances, she was speedily released from the bonds that had made her for the second time Henry Stevens' wife.

She then married Robert Young and established her youthful spouse at the head of her boarding house. Stevens accepted the situation with commenda- [illegible] ism, and took his place with off[illegible] the other dethroned hus- [illegible] ing [illegible] order in the house.

[illegible] smoothly until last [illegible] it mi[illegible] Mrs. Young took her [illegible] evolut[illegible] [illegible] take f[illegible] her effects, and with [illegible] and stepmother re- [illegible] won't be[illegible] another part of the city. [illegible] the combination opened a public house known as Dargle Park.

This left ex-husbands Stevens and Kindtner out in the cold, and they protested loudly, but without avail.—New York Journal.

Something About Winnipeg.

In Winnipeg I heard of a dreamland for sportsmen—a veritable El Dorado of game. Turn to your map again, and look at that part of British America lying north and west of Lake Winnipeg in that great, almost blank, region called Saskatchewan—if you are fortunate enough to have a map that takes account of that great new province lying north of Manitoba and Alberta. The map before me is one prepared by the Canadian government, and shows that though every large river and lake is located and has been surveyed, little else is known of that country, even by its owners, and that nowhere, except in a smaller region in Africa and a larger region of Siberia, is there any corner of the world so mysterious. There is none so inviting, for where civilization has pierced it—in what is called "the Peace river district"—there is already a great agricultural industry around a bustling little city called Edmonton, and it has been found that this is a better wheat growing country than that which lies far below it either in southern Canada or our own northwest. It is even said that the rich soil and mild climate distinguishing this Peace River district extended far to the north of Edmonton into a country in the same latitude as the southern part of Alaska. Fortunately, those who tell such a wonderful story as the latter one are able to give a reason for it. They say that the great chains of mountains that shield our Idaho and Montana from the warm Chinook winds of the Pacific are broken there, and the warm winds play over the interior.—Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

Scott's First Passion.

One Sunday young Walter Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty, who was coming out of church during a shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted, and Scott fell in love with the borrower, who turned out to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John Belches. His attentions to the lady continued for about six years, when she married a banker, who proved to be one of Scott's most generous friends when his time of troubles came. The story of this, his first and only deep passion, is recorded in the diary that Scott kept in 1827, from which it would seem that there may have been some misunderstanding between the young people.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Why the Salon Is Preferred.

One of the clever portrait painters of this city says that it is easier for an American or any foreigner to exhibit his pictures in the Salon than in the Royal academy. Perhaps that is the reason that the annual exhibition in Paris is finer than the one in London. The English artists who control the Royal academy believe in encouraging native talent, and so they accept some poor work to the exclusion of outside contributions.—New York Press.

A TERRIBLE ELEPHANT HUNT.

A Brave Boy Meets His Fate While Hunting in Africa.

Sitting about the camp fire on the banks of the Chobe river, in Africa, Professor J. W. Edwards heard the story of an elephant hunt that affected him more than any experience he ever passed through, says a writer in The American Field. Burns, a trader in Natal, was the author of the narrative, and told it as follows:

"I was trading in the interior, and on one of my visits to Natal was importuned by George Wilson, a lad of 19, the son of an old schoolmate, to accompany me on one of my tours. I obtained his mother's consent, and we started. The boy was a bright, courageous lad, and was ambitious to distinguish himself with his rifle. Early one morning in Water valley we saw a herd of fifteen elephants grazing about a mile from us. We started them up, and picking out a fine bull with good tusks, I started to cut him off, and telling George to ride behind while I charged them. Soon I had the old fellow out of the pack, and gave him a shot behind the ear that staggered him a little. Then we crossed fired him for half an hour, but could not get any good shots. All at once the horse George was riding stumbled, throwing him and falling on his leg. I was so horrified that I could not move; but finally, seeing George's attempts to extricate himself, I tried to draw the elephant's attention to me. The brute was thoroughly enraged, however, and charged for the lad just as he was getting on his feet. Then followed one of the greatest fights between brute and man I ever saw. Off went George, the elephant after him, while I followed, firing bullet after bullet into his hide.

"All at once I saw that Wilson was lame. I leveled at once and fired, and the boy turned around and did likewise. This checked the brute for a moment, but seeing George running again he made a furious charge and caught up with him. Up went his trunk, and a moment after the poor lad was dead on the ground, crushed by the blow. Not satisfied, the brute began goring the lad in a frightful manner. I rode up to the beast and sent in two shots that brought him to his knees. He tried to rise, but could not, and, after two or three shots, rolled over and died. The poor lad was torn in pieces. I placed his body across my horse, chopped off the beast's tusks and rode back to camp. We buried him near the springs and piled rocks over his grave to keep the wolves from getting at it. I took the boy's watch and chain, with his wearing apparel, to his mother, and I can tell you, lads, I never wish to witness such a scene again. The poor woman died a year afterward, but would never touch the profits of the trip, saying that she would take nothing that was the means of killing her boy."

How French Coffee Is Made.

The French have the reputation of making the best coffee. Their method is very different from the American method. They take a great deal of care in making this favorite beverage, and the result is that when French coffee is taken one drinks the pure flavor of the berry. They always grind the berries just before they are to be used, and do not let a quantity of ground coffee stand and get stale. The French cook then pours boiling water on the ground coffee; then she filters this, and, after boiling the water again, pours it on the coffee once more. This is repeated a third time. She never boils the coffee and water together, nor puts the coffee in cold water and then let it boil. The French do not know how to make good tea, but they give this recipe as the proper way to make tea: Pour boiling water on the leaves and then turn it out of the pot. Then pour one-third of the water required, and place the pot over a steaming apparatus in order to let it draw without boiling. After a while add another third, and then the last third. In this way the full flavor and strength of the tea is obtained.—New York Mail and Express.

Chinese Beggars.

A writer in a Shanghai journal, referring to the beggars of China, says that large donations are given to them by the people, but these are in the nature of an insurance. In the cities the beggars are organized into very powerful guilds, more powerful by far than any organization with which they can have to contend, for the beggars have nothing to lose and nothing to fear, in which respects they stand alone. The shop keeper who should refuse a donation to a stalwart beggar, after the latter had waited for a reasonable time and has besought with what the lawyers call "due diligence," would be liable to invasion from a horde of famished wretches, who would render the existence even of a stolid Chinese a burden, and who would utterly prevent the transaction of any business until their continually rising demands should be met. Both the shop keepers and the beggars understand this perfectly well, and it is for this reason that the gifts flow in a steady, if tiny, rill.—London Times.

"One of Us Must Die."

A tragic occurrence took place at a small farm called Hendre Mochtre, near Newtown, Montgomeryshire, on Tuesday evening. The tenant of the farm, a man named Abraham Morris, with his son Edward, 25 years of age, had been drinking together at a public house a short distance from their house. On their way home about 11 o'clock a quarrel arose between them, and on arriving at Hendre the son challenged the father to fight. The latter refused, whereupon the son said: "One of us must die," and immediately took a loaded gun which stood near at hand, and, resting the stock on the ground, with the barrel pointing to his head, he pulled the trigger. A farm servant rushed forward, but it was too late to prevent the gun going off. Death was instantaneous. To add to the painful character of the affair the mother and two sisters, as well as the father of the deceased, were present.—Pall Mall Gazette.

All Quiet at Birmingham

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 14.—The coroner's jury today has been investigating the shooting at the county jail on Saturday night last. Mayer Thomson testified that the crowd continued to advance on the jail after repeated wornings given by himself, the sheriff and many others. The crowd made many threats, and he believed that they were in earnest. The troops have all left the city, and only a small force of deputy sheriffs is now guarding the jail. All is quiet.

After The Postoffice.

"As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, oh postoffice. My tongue thirsteth to lick the stamp, and my loins yearn for the salary of $1,200 a year. When shall it come, and how long shall that unwashed democrat continue to stand behind the boxes and hand out my mail with a sneer? Have I not prayed day and night for the success of the republican ticket, and at the great rally did I not carry a torch, 'and when someone asked 'what's the matter with Harrison?' did I not shout at the top of my voice, 'He's all right?' When I remember these things, my soul is feverish with impatience, and even in my sleep I cry out, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'"—Ex.

—The boys are trying to sharpen their shates on the sand bar today. Good, clear ice would be a great luxury when they are trying to skate.

Governor Thayer's Health.

LINCOLN, Neb. Dec. 13.—Governor Thayer's health improved all day yesterday. He was attacked by bronchitis, and suffered from severe congestion of the bronchial tubes. Overwork and exposure occassioned the prostration. His physician prescribes absolute cessation from business and conversation. It is hoped that the governor will be well enough to resume business next week.

The Oyster Pirates.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 13.—The piratical oyster dredgers are defiant. Last night it was reported that an attack was to be made on the police sloop Folly, which is on Guard at Hackett's point. As the other police boats are elsewhere, Gov. Jackson telegraphed Secretary Whitney, requesting the use of the steam launches and gatling guns now at the naval academy at Annapolis. At half-past 11 tonight Superintendent Sampson received instructions to furnish the state what assistance he could, and he at once commenced to make ready two of the launches, arming one with a howitzer and the other with a gatling gun. Capt. Howard and the crew of the disabled police steamer McLane will take charge of the launches and go at once to Hacket's Point, where the Folly is said to be surrounded by about forty dredging schooners.

—Mr. H. M. Gault has purchased another fine stallion for his farm to replace the one which was killed by lightning last summer. The horse was purchased by a Mr. Marshall in Wisconsin, for Mr. Gault. It is said to be about as fine an animal as the one he lost.

—Milton Nobles and his company passed through the city this morning on the K. C. en route to St. Joe.

New Postmasters Appointed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—Edwin A. Hogg has been appointed postmaster at Tronton, Hitchcock county, Neb., vice Nathan T. Hall, resigned, and Andrew J. Fuller, at Swan Lake, Emmet county, Ia., vice S. D. Smith, resigned.

Pneumatic Torpedo Throwers.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—Senator Stewart yesterday introduced a bill authorizing the construction of 250 pneumatic torpedo throwers of the highest power, capable of throwing steel torpedos charged with not less than 100 pounds of dynamite or other explosives a distance of five miles. These torpedo throwers are to be mounted in batteries for the defense of our harbors, and $10,000,000 is appropriated to carry out the provisions of the act.

Off for Hayti.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—The sloop-of-war Galena, manned by 23 men, and the sloop-of-war Yantic, sailed from the Brooklyn navy yard yesterday for Hayti. As the war ships sailed they received a salute from the men on the Richmond, who mounted the yard arms and cheered lustily. Many spectators viewed the departure. The delay in getting to sea was on account of the ships being stuck in the mud. The second officer of the steamer Claribel, of the Atlas line, which arrived in port yesterday from Hayti, report having heard that the German steamer Clementine had been fired into and sunk by the Haytien man-of-war La Trussie. The Claribel did not stop at Hayti.

—In Pennsylvania it is said that the aspirants for postoffices there average up about seven for each office. Plattsmouth and vicinity as far as we have learned, beats the record.