

QUAINT ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Curious Collection of Marriage Notices From Old Papers. Married in England, Mr. Matthew...

The 10th inst. Mr. William Checkley, son of Rev. Mr. Samuel Checkley of Boston, was married to Miss Polly Cranston...

Thursday last, was married, at Newport, R. I., John Coffin Jones, Esq., of Boston, merchant, to the truly amiable and accomplished Miss Abigail Grant, daughter of the late Alexander Grant, Esq., a lady of real merit...

In Williamsburg, N. C., Major Smith, of Prince Edwards, Va., to Miss Charlotte B. Bredie. This match, consummated only a few days since, was agreed upon at a young age at Camden, S. C., when he was captured at the battle of Camden, and being separated by the war, etc., each had supposed the other dead until a few months since, when they accidentally met, and neither plead any statute of limitation in bar of the old bargain.

Married.—In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Haven, Mark Stokes, Esq., Deputy Postmaster, &c., to the elegantly pretty and amiable Delicate Miss Mary Ann Blount, youngest daughter of the late Captain John Blount of Little Harbour.

Genesis of Hymen, power of fondlest love. In showers of bliss descend from worlds above. On Beauty's rose and Virtue's manlier form And shield, ah! shield them both from Time's tempestuous storm!

Oracle of the Day, Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 24, 1798. At Concord, Ebenezer Woodward, A. B., Citizen Bachelor of Hanover, N. H., to the Amiable Miss Robinson. At Longmeadow, Mr. John M. Dunham, Citizen Bachelor and Printer, as aforesaid, to the Amiable Miss Emily Hart.

The heavily taxed or stamped newspaper of the earlier half of the eighteenth century can scarcely be described as Augustan. There is, in fact, not much to choose between the credulously gossipy "Mercuries" or "Intelligencers" of the dawn of journalism and the sturdy and the many "Pests" and "Journals" flourishing about the year 1780.

News Under George III. The records of the earlier years of George III's reign seem to prove them trustworthy records of the state of the times. Certainly the London knows to Hogarth and Fielding appears vividly before us when viewed through the medium of such a journal as Parker's Penny Post.

An Engineering Triumph. It is well understood that the gases of combustion from a boiler furnace carry a temperature in the smoke flue of from 350 to 500 degrees, and that ordinarily all this heat goes to waste up the chimney—this is, in waste heat and the exhaust steam blowing into the air combined carry off 75 per cent of the thermal value of the fuel, which is lost in an ordinary steam plant.

High Mountains of the East Coast. There is a prevailing impression, even among would-be geographers, that Mount Washington is the highest mountain in America east of the Mississippi River. When, where or how this idea obtained would be difficult to say, but it is a fact nevertheless that the item most frequently met with in the "Column of Information" is something like this: "The highest mountain on the Atlantic coast or in the Appalachian range is Mount Washington, New Hampshire, height 6,285 feet."

Unsatisfactory Apologies. "No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologize to a man when I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em, and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologizing, but I've found there's nothing you can say to a man that will satisfy him."—Exchange.

No Faith in the Old Adage. "Do you believe that practice always makes perfect?" "No. It hasn't made anything but a row ever since that idiot up stairs commenced with his flute."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FLOWERS AND SMELLING SALTS.

Do They Cause Loss of Voice and Deafness In Some Persons?

A physician, commenting upon the prevalence of deafness, said that the affliction in a greater or less degree was almost universal among his women patients. He had been seeking in a desultory way for a cause and had almost decided that those of strong salts in the smelling bottle of the fashionable woman had something to do with it.

In one case he was positive that such was the fact, for it was after a nervous attack of about six weeks' duration, through which his patient seemed to be kept up only by constantly burying her nose in her vinaigrette, which was kept freshly and strongly filled, that she noticed that the hearing of one ear became defective. The illness occurred last summer, but the deafness remains without increase. Another case, well authenticated, was of permanent and severe deafness resulting from an inhalation of ether.

In this connection a fact commented upon in an English print is of interest. This was that the smelling of freshly cut flowers, and even in a lesser degree of extracts and other artificial perfumes, has a pronounced and immediate effect upon the voice. Patti is quoted as saying that even a sachet of its powder has weakened her voice for a time, and Nilsson will be hoarse for days if she smells of violets or lilacs. Recently a great artist engaged to sing at an 'at home' given by one of the Rothschilds lost her voice completely after briefly sniffing at a large bouquet of violets that had been presented to her.

The curious part is that the delicate perfume of the violet seems the most serious of all. After that come the tuberoses, mimosa, lilac and hyacinth. The fact has become so well recognized that all the continental directors of operas forbid the presence of bouquets in the dressing rooms.

The doctors are unable to explain this condition beyond the fact that all these perfumes affect the larynx, and thus injure the voice, which fact will tend to confirm the physician's diagnosis in that the ear passages are affected by smelling salts.

How He Proposed. They were celebrating their silver wedding, and of course the couple were very happy and affectionate. "Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I ever loved. I shall never forget the first time I proposed to her."

"How did you do it?" burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in the corner. They all laughed, and he blushed, but the girl carried it off bravely. "Well, I remember as well as if it were but yesterday. It was at Richmond. We had been out for a picnic, and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember my dear?" The wife smiled. "We sat on the trunk of a tree. You haven't forgotten, love, have you?" The wife nodded again. "She began writing on the dust with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet, don't you?" The wife nodded again. "She wrote her name, 'Minnie,' and I said, 'Get me put the other side of the parasol and write my name, 'Smith,' after it. And she took back the parasol and wrote below it, 'No, I won't.'"

"Then we went home. You remember it, darling? I see you do." Then he kissed her, and the company murmured sentimentally. "Wasn't it pretty?" "The guests had all departed, and the happy couple were left alone. "Wasn't it nice, Minnie, to see all our friends around us so happy?" "Yes, it was. But, John, that reminds me!" "Ah, it seems as if it had been only yesterday."

"Yes, dear. There are only three things you're wrong about in that story." "Wrong? Oh, no!" "John, I am sorry you told that story, because I never went to a picnic with you at Richmond, and I never refused you when you asked me to be your wife, and I want to know who that mix was."—Scottish American.

Friends at Last. Nowhere are acquaintances so readily made as at sea. At the end of a day or two sympathetic acquaintances may know each other for genuine comrades, and in a week they possibly indulge in the intercourse of lifelong friends.

An old Century Magazine says that two substantial New Yorkers, who had met on shipboard, formed an acquaintance there which lasted through many meetings on the same route of travel. Finally one of them mentioned the name of the street where he lived when at home.

"What number?" asked the other eagerly. "Fifty-four, east." "Then you're my next door neighbor but one, for my house is 50, east." Like true city mice, they have lived up to the common rule, "Shun your neighbor as you would malaria."—Youth's Companion.

Gallant. At an evening party Dumley was introduced to a young lady, and after a remark about the weather he said gallantly, "And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Blossom, whose praises are being sounded by everybody?" "Oh, no, Mr. Dumley," the lady replied. "The beautiful Miss Blossom to whom you refer is a cousin of mine."

"Oh, that's it? Well, I thought there must be a mistake somewhere," said the gallant Dumley.—London Tit-Bits.

Too Warm. Borns (struggling author)—Naggs, I always thought you were a warm friend of mine. Naggs (literary editor)—Borns, I am. That's why I roasted your book.—Chicago Tribune.

STREETS OF REAL CAIRO.

Nights More Wonderful Even Than Those Seen at the World's Fair.

Among those who have seen many oriental cities there is controversy as to which of them most conspicuously embodies the characteristics of the east. Some lay claim to have found in Syria, others in Persia and yet others in India the type in question. Yet I cannot help suspecting that if a vote were taken of all the more famous capitals and great towns of Asia and northern Africa Cairo would win the first prize.

Everybody, after putting his own special favorite first, would put Cairo second. The color and movement and perpetual play of light and shade on an ever shifting mass of minarets, that kaleidoscope of humanity which the ordinary, everyday traffic of the Egyptian capital keeps whirling before the eyes, must be hard to beat. Even here, on this hotel terrace, in front of Shepherd's, where the west is ever brightly dashing its amber blacks and sober greys on the glowing palette of the east, the effect is almost bewildering. But the coat and boots and hillycock of the European, with their suggestions of the incongruous, and the overcivilized, and the unpicturesque, are easily got rid of.

That is the charm of Cairo. You step aside from one of its main thoroughfares, crowded with western vehicles of every description, from the drag to a pony trap, and in an instant you are at once in a maze of alleys, where to draft animal of any kind has ever set foot since the houses were built on either side, and through which you may tread your way, surrounded by the same moving masses of color for as many hours as you please, without emerging again into western civilization.

Least, in every sense of the word, geographically as well as imaginatively, you wander on amid the restlessly flowing stream of swarthy, turbanned faces and little white and blue robed figures, your ears filled with the strange cries and yells and sense intoxicated with the heavy, nameless colors of the east. Further and farther you ramble and deeper and deeper plunge into this magic labyrinth of magic ways. The alleys seem to narrow more and more every minute until the rich brown, profusely carved woodwork of the jutting gables on either side of the roadway almost threatens to meet and blot out the strip of burning blue above your head.

As the street straightens the crowd appears to thicken until at the moment when one is at its narrowest and the other at its densest you step out into a little square in which the blaze of color and the play of movement reach their height. You are in the carpet bazaar of Cairo, the spot at which the many colored ground around you finds its most gorgeous background. Carpets of every hue and web—Tunisian, Algerian, Smyrniot, Persian—draped the whole quadrangle with an arras worthy of a Sultan's seraglio.

To think in "cold blood" and out of sight of it such a picture in such a frame would be to conjure up a vision of crude and garish magnificence at which the eye would ache and the taste revolt. But the east is an artist of unerring touch and unstudied skill, and every patch of brilliant and violently contrasted color that it seems to have fung so recklessly together has fallen as by a divinely pre-arranged harmony into its proper and most effective place. And nature herself, in compounding her pigments for these swarthy skins, has entered into a decorative conspiracy with man.

Considered merely as an arrangement in browns, the faces of a Cairene crowd are a study in themselves. Between the light ebe au lait color of the half westernized Levantine and the blue black negro of Abyssinia or the Sudan there are well nigh half a dozen different shades distinguishable to the attentive eye. The ease at which changes to chocolate, the choice of a kind of café noir, the kind that you complain of on the grounds of defective strength, and this again to the kind that you complain of on the grounds of excessive grandeur. Then comes the lustrous jet, as of the unpolished boot, and then, last and lowest note of the gamut, comes that deep, glossy ebony which might drive all the blacking manufacturers in the world to the despairing confession that nature is here, at any rate, superior to art.—London Telegraph.

Judge Black's Shirts. The Rev. Dr. Power of Washington tells the following story of Jeremiah Black, who was one of his parishioners: "Mr. Black was one of the most abandoned men I have ever known. One story Mrs. Black vouches for as authentic in regard to him. She said that she was in the custom of putting up Judge Black's clothes for him whenever he went away. In fact, she attended to his clothes entirely, buying new ones when the old ones began to grow shabby and replacing the old suit with a fresh one while the judge was in bed. She said the judge did not seem to realize when he changed his clothes, and that on a certain campaign tour which he took she put up a bag for him in which there were half a dozen new shirts. When he had returned from the trip, she examined the bag and found it empty. She said, 'Why, judge, where are your shirts?' He replied: 'I don't know. Aren't they there?' 'No,' she said. 'Your valise has none in it, and when you left here you had half a dozen.' 'I don't know what became of them,' said Judge Black. But that night, upon his disrobing for bed, she found that the whole six shirts were on the judge's person. This is a most remarkable story," concluded the parson, "but I have no doubt of its truth, as it was, as I told you, Mrs. Black herself who gave it to me. It is evident that the honorable judge did not wear night-shirts, or he must have put them on over the ones he used during the day."—New York Tribune.

Leasing Convicts. The dramatic incident in a successful play of a young southern woman leasing her convict lover from the state and keeping him by her side seems improbable, but an Alabama newspaper says that such a proceeding was quite possible in reconstruction days in the south. At that time convicts were leased out to individuals, and one case is cited of a father who leased his convict son from the state and kept him in comfort at home.—New York Tribune.

Big Corps. Customer (to chiropodist)—What is your charge for removing corns? Chiropodist—Half a guinea a foot. Customer—Hang it all, man, you don't suppose I've got 'em so big as all that?—London Joke.

Too Warm. Borns (struggling author)—Naggs, I always thought you were a warm friend of mine. Naggs (literary editor)—Borns, I am. That's why I roasted your book.—Chicago Tribune.

THE LITTLE DIPPER.

Little Dipper, spring sweet. In the capered winter weather, Nooting in the moon, where spray Splashes blue and sparkles in feathers.

North the fringe of the ice. Down the burnish'd billowy diving, Flung, strong with full throat, Into the frost or by some driving.

May he least in our cold age Be like the small fast in the blue. It May be too early 'till sunset— Let a singing lead be in it— Vain bliss in good words.

The Pyramids. Why the pyramids were built has always proved to be a perplexing question. For some reason the builders of the pyramids of Egypt appear to have concealed the object of these structures, and this successfully that not even a tradition has reached us which purports to have been handed down from the date of their construction. Including ancient and modern theories, we find a wide range of choice. Some have thought that these buildings were associated with the religion of the early Egyptians. Others have suggested that they were tombs, others that they combined the purposes of tombs and temples, that they were astronomical observatories, defenses against the sands of the Great Desert, granaries like those made under Joseph's direction, or places of resort during excessive overflows of the Nile, while Aristotle says that the work was set on foot to keep the common people well employed and busy in carrying their little bread, so that they should have no leisure for conspiring against their rulers.

According to the late Professor Proctor, some of these ideas is found on close examination to be feasible as representing the sole purpose of the pyramids, and he suggested that they must have been intended to serve some useful purpose during the lifetime of the builder, and that they were built by each different king in order that astronomical observations might be continued throughout his life, to determine his future, to ascertain what epochs were dangerous or propitious for him and to note such unusual phenomena among the celestial bodies as seemed to bode him good or evil fortune. Astrology is, in fact, the keynote of his theory, which is perhaps, on the whole, the most satisfactory that has been evolved. It has been stated by experts that the great pyramid could not be built at a less cost than \$145,200,000.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mount Rainier, or Tacoma. The grandest single peak on the Pacific coast and almost the most impressive mountain within the United States is Mount Rainier, in the state of Washington. Mount Rainier, or Mount Tacoma, as it is often called, is a pyramid-like peak sloping serenely from the very beaches of Puget sound to a point in air 14,444 feet above the still inland sea in which its image is reflected. The mountain itself is 55 miles from the sound's edge, the level forest land and the rugged foothills serving as an admirably "composed" foreground to the magnificent white mass—the high altar to heaven. Forests denser than anything the eastern mind can picture, somber wildernesses aptly compared to the forests of the caribouiferous age, shroud the lower peaks, and the giant peak shakes his rocky shoulders free only to be met by the cowl of eternal snow that rests upon his brow. The white giant is a beacon and landmark from the entrance of Puget sound. It is seen from the plains 100 miles to eastward, and it is king in all the group of extinct volcanoes that "roils the Oregon"—the Columbia of the map.—Washington Star.

His Gratitude. A gentleman who had sent an Irishman a little money to enable him to emigrate to America received the following letter, which is certainly grateful, though peculiar:

HONORABLE SIR—God bless you for what you sent me, if I get on, I'll send as much back. But if I die please God I'll meet you in the Legion fields and pay your honor there. But any way you always have the prayers of your humble servant, MICHAEL BIRIES.

P. S.—Is there any one here that ever done anything to injure or offend you that you honor would like anything to be done to? I'd like to do something for your honor before I go to show how thankful I am.—Youth's Companion.

Written in Slang. Matthew Henry's commentary on the Bible was written for the common people and in the slang of the day. In commenting on Judges 14 he says: "We are here told by what nets Abimelech got into the saddle. He hired for his service all the sum and scoundrels of the country. Jonathan was really a fine gentleman. The schemer was the first to kick him off. They said all the ill they could of him in their table talk. They drank health to his confusion."—Chicago Herald.

A Bad Case. A young doctor said to a girl, "Do you know, dear, I have a heart affection for you?" "Have you had it long?" she coyly inquired. "Oh, yes. I feel that I will never be free of life without you!" he fervently responded. "Then you had better Asthma," she softly murmured.—London Tit-Bits.

Henry Van Etten, in 1660, anticipated several inventions believed to be modern. He described the air gun, the steam gun, the hydraulic press and the method of teaching the blind to read by means of raised letters whose impression can be perceived by the fingers.

When it is required to use carbonic acid as a disinfectant, it should be mixed with boiling water. This promptly overcomes the usual antagonism between the acid and the water and converts them into a permanent solution, which will keep for weeks.

There's nothing more disgusting to a boy than to follow a fire engine half a mile up a long hill, under the impression that it's going to a fire, only to find that they are taking the machine to be repaired.

The wooden harmonicon is one of the most ancient instruments. It is at present found in a very primitive form all over Africa and in many parts of Asia and Oceania.

The great struggle of life is first for bread. Then butter on the bread, and last, sugar on the butter.

To Treat a Cut.

For a bad cut or scratch from a dog or cat use one of the speediest remedies to draw out poison and at the same time heal the wound is tobacco. Moisten a little chewing tobacco, either leaf or fine cut, and bind it to the wound. Unless very serious you will hardly know at the end of 24 hours that you have been hurt.—New York Press.

An English paper took a ballot on the subject of favorite names for boys and girls received 4,900 replies. A list of 21 boys and 23 girls' names was submitted, and the voting showed Harold and Dorothy to be the two most popular appellations.

Higliness is an old title that was first used by the later Roman emperors, then by bishops, then by the princes of Italy. Thence its use spread to Germany. It is now applied to princes who are vassals of an empire.

Never poke a fire on top. The place to use a poker, especially when hard coal is used, is at the bottom of the grate, where the clinkers and ashes obstruct the free passage of air.

A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it.

Prevailed Throughout Kansas. EMPORIA, Kan., Feb. 12.—The worst blizzard and snowstorm experienced here in years raged all day Sunday. Snow is 12 to 14 inches deep. Only one train has reached here from the east, and passenger and freights are reported blocked all along the line. The storm prevailed throughout the entire state. Many cattle will perish.

Union Pacific Tracks Blocked. SALT LAKE, Feb. 12.—Snow blocked the Union Pacific tracks between this city and Ogden Saturday and Sunday. High winds piled snow in the cuts as fast as it could be dug out. Snow blockade is rare in Utah. The tracks are now clear.

The Name of Turner. Not every Turner owes his name to a lame working ancestor, for, as Mr. Davies wrote in his account of the York press, "the elaborate initial and capital letters and floriated marginal borders (in the MSS.) were invented and drawn by the turnours and flourishers," and it is highly probable that they made their impress on the nomenclature of posterity. Mr. Lower ("Patronymical Britannia") says that "those who dislike the plebeian tone of Turner have contrived to turn it into Turnure" on the plea that they came from some tour noir in Normandy. He states that Turner is one of the most common of surnames and inclines to agree with Mr. Ferguson that the popularity of tourneys or tournaments had much to do with it.—Notes and Queries.

Luck. Persons who believe in luck and signs will doubtless agree that it is unlucky to be struck by lightning on Monday, or take hold of a circular saw in motion on Tuesday, or tumble down stairs with a coal scuttle on Wednesday, or be hit by a cable car on Thursday, or fall overboard on Friday, or marry on Saturday a girl who swings 10 pound dumbbells, or be one of 13 to dinner on Sunday when there is food for only 10.—New York Tribune.

Marriage in Theatrical Circles. SAN FRANCISCO, March 29.—Arthur F. Ward, manager of the Ward-James combination, was married to Miss Polly Stockwell, daughter of Comedian L. R. Stockwell. The groom is the eldest son of Frederick Ward, the tragedian.

Moby Will Run for President. EL PASO, Tex., March 29.—Colonel John L. Mosby, the celebrated cavalry leader of the confederacy, is in the city en route to Washington. In an interview he announced that he will be a candidate for the presidency next election.

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Mrs. WOODARD, at rear of 1228 South 10th street, would like to do family washings, and friends having work of this kind are invited to call on her at any time. Her husband is blind.

RAILWAY TIME CARD FOR OMAHA, NEB.

Table with columns: Leaves Omaha, Arrives Omaha, and various train lines and destinations like Denver, St. Paul, and Kansas City.