

MARRYING THEMSELVES.

Governor Bellingham's First Instance an Ecced in America.

The incident where a Boston man of some notoriety recently performed his own marriage ceremony (it might be called such) in New York is not without precedent. The marriage of Miss Luce Stone and Dr. Blackwell, about thirty-five years ago, was of somewhat the same nature; but, according to the Boston Herald, there is a still older precedent in Boston, viz. that of Governor Richard Bellingham, of Massachusetts, of which colony he was one of the original patentees. This remarkable marriage was enacted nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, and under circumstances of peculiar notoriety.

Richard Bellingham, who was bred a lawyer, had been recorder of the old town of Boston, in England. He came to Boston, in the colony of Massachusetts, in 1631, and in the following year was chosen its Deputy Governor. In August, 1634, he was chosen Selectman of Boston, and, with his first wife, Elizabeth Pontney, he joined the colony, landing in August of the year following, making a public profession of faith. In 1641 he was chosen Governor in opposition to Winthrop, and was chosen again in 1654, and again in 1655, after the death of Endicott, continuing in office for the remainder of his life, his death occurring December 7, 1672. In 1634 he was made Major-General, and in that year the King sent four commissioners to regulate the affairs of the province, ordering Bellingham and others, who were obnoxious, to proceed to England and answer accusations that were made against them in person. His Majesty, however, is said to have been appeased by the present of a ship load of masts.

But the peculiar matter in point occurred in the earlier part of Governor Bellingham's colonial career. His first wife, who accompanied him from England, died in 1638. There had been in the family before this occurrence a young woman named Penelope Pelham, whose position appears to have been that of housekeeper or assistant in household matters. After Mrs. Bellingham's death, the continuance of this young woman in the Governor's household was the occasion of considerable gossip. To his other dignities, Governor Bellingham added that of judge or magistrate for the trial of causes, and this gossip so scandalized the court that it was decided to depose him from his position. This was in 1641, when his housekeeper was but twenty years of age. But he refused to leave the bench, and the grand inquest presented him for breach of order of the court and the Secretary called him to answer the present. Being Governor, as well as Judge, he was not an easy subject to handle. However, in deference to public opinion, and no doubt as a matter of policy, he called together the ministers and some of the people, inviting them to his house, and there, in their presence, bringing Penelope forward, he introduced her to them, saying: "This is my wife, but I will have no law about it. God is enough for me and her."

This was all the marriage ceremony vouchsafed by the Governor, and appears to have been acquiesced in by the community. He was never again troubled about it. He was not a godless man, but rather a strong church member. His second wife, so strangely wed, is said to have borne him six children, who, however, all died young. His religious peculiarities may be seen in part by his will, which provides that, after the decease of his wife and his granddaughter, the bulk of his estate should be spent for the yearly maintenance "of goodly ministers and preachers" of the true church, which he considered to be that of the Congregationalists. His sister Annie, widow of William Hibbins, one of his assistants, was executed as a witch in June, 1656. Though latitudinarian enough on the subject of his own marriage, Governor Bellingham was violently opposed to innovation in religious matters, and was exceedingly severe toward the Quakers, who affirm, says Drake, that he died distracted.

WILD WESTERN TACTICS.

Perfection to Which Murder as a Fine Art Was Brought by a Miner.

"Talking about murder as a fine art," said A. J. Fleasanton, who lives up near the Dakota Bad Lands, to a St. Louis Post Dispatch reporter, "talking about murder as a fine art I am reminded of the perfection to which the safe and scientific slaying of one's fellow-men was brought many years ago in the Northwest, and which opened my eyes not a little to methods of the mining men among whom I went to live when I first visited the Black Hills. Now, don't understand me as inveighing against the West and its border life, or criticizing for criticism's sake the code of morals of the pioneers. Far from it. The country of which I speak is misrepresented enough, and its manners held up to a gibing public by reckless writers too often for me to strengthen the impression that the frontiersman is normally a cut-throat. What I do want to say is that there is no more dangerous man on earth than the citizen of a frontier town when he becomes absolutely convinced that he must have the life of an enemy. Times are changing now, and the period is passing away when each one set himself up for an all-sufficient judge of personal right and wrong. People go to law where they formerly reached for the handiest weapon, and Blackstone is resorted to oftener than the Bowie-knife. But it was different when I first went West, say when the Home Stake miners were pillaged of their first big-pay dirt, and I must confess that my heart failed me until I grew accustomed to the new order of things. Mind you, I am not speaking of desperadoes, but of men who made of murder a necessity when confronted by some stern situation, and who would go to work in the most cold-blooded manner imaginable in order to attain their end. It was very terrible to my inexperienced mind when Jim Waters, we will call him, for I don't wish to revive unpleasant recollections up at home, shot down a man who stood high in our little community of miners and traders a few miles to the north of Sturgis, in a little town that has long since been abandoned. Waters had made up his mind to kill his enemy, and how do you suppose he went about it? Why, in true Western fashion, for he had no desire of having his neck stretched for his pains. The party of which his foe was a member was working a claim just across the ridge from us, and one fine morning Waters saw his man slowly walking along the summit of the rise, axe in hand, looking for fire-wood. His mind was made up in an instant, and he quietly left camp in the direction of his enemy. We could hear nothing of the quarrel. The first thing we saw was that Waters had turned and was going at full speed, pursued by the man who was afterward convinced he had started out to kill. The pursuer "the end raised his axe as if to ben we saw Waters turn and was a little puff of smoke, the shooter, and the man with a self-defense, wasn't it? what they said at the trial, itnesses swore and what felt in our hearts that blooded murderer. I illustrate what I "The West is "cognize "he

A DESPERATE OUTLAW.

His Pursuit and Capture by a Nervy, Cool-Headed Detective.

A Canadian officer at Calgary, N. W. T., tells a New York Post correspondent this story of an adventure with a desperate whisky-trader: "I have had some close calls with whisky-traders in my time, and still," he added, meditatively, "I never had to shoot one yet." After a moment's pause he continued: "One of the most desperate men I ever arrested for having whisky in his possession was Blank. It was in the fall of 1886. He had a four-in-hand load of whisky, gin and brandy that he was running across, and he and his partner were both riding in the wagon, Blank having no saddle-horse. This cargo was all he possessed in the world, and he knew that if he was caught he could not pay a fine of \$100, for this was his second offense, and, of course, his four horses, wagon and liquor would be confiscated. When I first caught sight of them they were about three miles off, and at once rode towards them to see who they were. As soon as they saw that I was after them they whipped their horses up to a gallop, but my horse was fresh and a fast runner, and before they had gone far it was plain to see that I was gaining fast on them. As soon as Blank saw this he stopped, cut off the leaders, and mounting one of them, galloped off; but by this time I was within half a mile of the wagon.

"When I rode up alongside I saw at a glance that it contained whisky, and also that the man who remained with it was not its owner. I dismounted and made him my prisoner, telling him to remain there with the wagon until I returned. 'Look here, stranger,' said he, 'don't follow that man, he won't be taken alive. He is armed with a Winchester and a Colt's revolver, and to prove to you that he won't be taken alive, I'll tell you who it is. It's Blank!'

"That's the very man I want," said I. I jumped on my horse and put the spurs to him and rode after Blank. I caught up to him about half a mile further on in a coulee, where he had dismounted and was trying to hide. I galloped up to him and pulled up so quiet, that, in stepping back to avoid my horse, he caught his heel on the ground and fell. Before he could regain his feet I had dismounted and covered him with my revolver. He sprang to his feet and tried to draw his. I laid my hand on his shoulder, telling him that he was my prisoner, at the same time holding my revolver close to his head. By this time he had his partly drawn, and, seeing this, I pressed the trigger until the hammer of my self-cocker was as far back as it could go without snapping. He told me to not and be cursed, and at the same time sprang forward, so that the barrel of my pistol caught him on the temple, tearing a deep gash back into his scalp about six inches long. This partly stunned him, but in two or three seconds he recovered.

"His revolver was a Colt's 45 single-action, and therefore it required to be cocked before it could be fired. By this time it was drawn, and he attempted to cock it. I caught hold of the hand in which he held it and turned it to one side, and at the same time told him to hold his count ten, and if he did not drop his pistol when the number was counted I would blow out his brains. He called out: 'Blow away!' I counted up to nine, and pressed the trigger so that the hammer rose, and on seeing this he dropped his weapon and gave himself up. I got him mounted on his horse and brought him back to the wagon. Every thing was as I had left it, but the prisoner who had been there was gone, and I did not blame him for going.

"Of all the men I ever arrested this was one of the most desperate. If I had given him the least chance he would have shot me. On the other hand, had I been in the least excited I should have shot him. But I am not of an excitable nature, and besides I never want to take away that which I can never return."

"Well, yes," said I, "I think a good many men would have lost their heads under such circumstances and pulled the trigger."

"I suppose some might have done so," said Simmons, as he scratched a match to light his pipe, which had gone out while he was talking. Then he added thoughtfully: "What puzzled me most is that when he ran with such force against my revolver when my finger was pressed against the trigger it didn't go off and shoot him."

WORK YOUR MOLARS.

A Dentist Says Teeth Decay Because They Are Not Used Enough.

"Teeth decay from inanition superinduced by sedentary desuetude, so to speak," remarked a dentist while drilling into the cavern of a New York Journal reporter's molar.

"How can idleness hurt teeth, doctor," sceptically queried the scribe.

"The non-use of the teeth leads to atrophy. The more one uses his teeth the harder and healthier they become and can more readily resist the corroding influences of time. Teeth that are not used much become very weak and less impervious to decay. If you will notice a patient that has been ill for weeks and living on milk and soft food when convalescing finds that his teeth hurt him when he eats hard victuals.

"Some men have healthy teeth all their lives because they were given good hard food during infancy. That is the best way to begin to save the teeth. Mothers and nurses give children soft food utterly ignorant in many cases of the result. Crusts and hard stuffs should be given to children as soon as they can eat them. In this way the teeth begin to grow healthy and gradually harden with time and use. I confess the chewing-gum girl gives her molars plenty of wholesome and unwholesome exercise. But chewing gum is not especially healthy, because only part of the wholeness used. It is jaw exercise more than anything else. But in eating hard, wholesome food all the teeth come in contact with the substance.

"Tobacco chewing is not healthy for the teeth because the tobacco is generally placed in one location, like chewing gum, and there remains until thrown out. The Southern negroes have better teeth than most any race, because so they use them from childhood up in masticating hard food."

When Razors Get Tired.

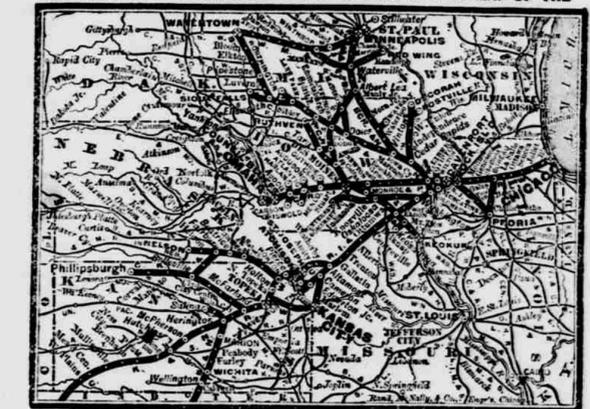
Barbers often assert that razors get tired of shaving, and that they will perform satisfactorily if permitted to rest for a time. It will be found by microscopic examination that the tired razor from long stropping by the same hand and in the same direction has the ultimate fibers of its surface edge all arranged in one direction, like the edge of a piece of cut velvet; but after a month's rest these fibers rearrange themselves heterogeneously, crossing each other and presenting a saw-like edge (as described above), each fiber supporting its fellow, and hence cutting the beard instead of being forced down flat without cutting, as when laid by.

A Pretty Close Squeeze.

Store clerk—"A hammock, miss? Certainly. Here is one warranted to sustain a weight of 200 pounds." Young lady (sighs) "Two ninety; let me see. John weighs 204 and I weigh 125—five and four's nine, with nothing to carry; two and six are eight, with nothing to carry; one and one is two; total, 232. (To the clerk.) Well, 'his's mighty near, but I guess it will do."

A MAN

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