

# POLITICS OF THE DAY

## WAR AND POLITICS.

Patriotism in Republican newspapers must have sunk to a low ebb when war against Spain is urged as a means of winning the fall elections for the Republican party. Democratic patriotism is made of a different material. If war with Spain is necessary to preserve the honor of this nation, Democrats will welcome war, irrespective of its results on party elections.

It is but just to say that the demand for war as a means of saving the fortunes of the Republican party and of securing offices for Republican politicians is not generally advocated by the Republican press. But it is a significant fact that a newspaper popularly supposed to represent the personal opinions of President McKinley has urged war with Spain as a means of "killing free silver." In discussing this narrow view of the question now before the American people the Atlanta Constitution says:

"The most ignorant pot-house politician could not invent a narrower platform. Let us intervene at the cost of war, if necessary, not because it is an act of highest humanity to put an end to a struggle that is hopeless for Spain and ruinous to Cuba; not because the republic is consecrated to the high cause of human liberty, but because it is the only way we can prevent half the voting population of our country from dishonoring the nation."

In the first place, it is entirely gratuitous to assume that a Democratic success at the polls would dishonor the nation. The Democrats have not endeavored to make political capital out of the Cuban situation. It would be honorable and patriotic for the Republicans to follow this good example.

## More Dingley Deficit.

There was a sound of revelry in the Republican camp over the fact that for the month of February the business of the country showed a surplus in the treasury of about \$1,500,000. There was nothing said about the deficit of about \$50,000,000 which has been caused by the operations of the Dingley tariff, but the fact that for the first time since the bill went into effect a surplus was shown in the monthly report was trumpeted far and wide.

March has not given much encouragement that the experience of February will be repeated. The showing for the first week is as follows:

Expenditures	\$11,082,600
Revenues	\$12,270,736

Deficiency	\$2,161,264
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The showing for the fiscal year from July 1 to March 7 is as follows:

Expenditures	\$282,569,825
Revenues	\$281,479,844

Deficiency	\$51,089,844
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With a deficit of over \$51,000,000, the prospect of catching up with expenses is extremely doubtful. Even if the tariff could do as well each month as it did last February, it would take more than four years to balance the books. As McKinley has but three more years to serve, it looks as though his administration would have the deficit permanently associated with it.

If the Republicans could be taught anything, they would begin to learn that a protective tariff cannot produce revenue. And if the experiences of the cotton mill owners teach anything, they teach that the Dingley bill is a failure, even as a protective measure. So far as can be determined by the workings of the Dingley law up to date, it is the most monumental example of Republican folly that has ever been given to the people of this country. And yet the Republicans claim that they belong to "the party of reform."

## Weak State Department.

It is unfortunate that just at this important crisis in the history of this Government the office of Secretary of State should be practically vacant. Secretary Sherman, who holds the title and draws the salary as chief of the State Department, is not capable of performing the highly important duties of his office. Assistant Secretary Day has had no experience in national and international affairs, being simply a country lawyer. Shrewd diplomats in Europe, men who have been schooled in international strategy, are ready to take advantage of the lamentable condition of affairs in the American Department of State. With Sherman incapacitated by age, and ill-health, and Day possessed of no capacity whatever, it looks as though the nation would have to trust to luck.

## Lee Was Needed Long Ago.

It is probable that if the United States had been represented in Madrid by Fitzhugh Lee in 1873, when the Virginia affair occurred, it is almost a certainty that it would not now be necessary to appropriate \$50,000,000 for hurried preparations for war with the decrepit dons. That Virginia affair gave the dons an impression that the United States would submit to anything rather than run the risk of engaging in war.—Omaha World-Herald.

## Blacks and Corrupt Politics.

The negroes in the South ought to take the advice of one of their preachers, Rev. Richard Carroll, who says: "I see no good for you in politics, but I see plenty of harm. The colored population get excited every four years and may leave the farm to sit around and wait for an office. Some have not worked since McKinley was made President, and their families are approach-

ing starvation. Politics has ruined us and put us back many years." Yet the Republican politicians, like Mr. Hanna, are also responsible. They corrupt the negro, promise him offices for delegates and whet his appetite for office seeking when he should be working at the bench or in the fields, raising his race by simple industry.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## Railroad Law Up-to-Date.

The Nebraska freight rate suit, involving the power of injunction by the Federal courts as controlling the legislative, executive and judicial authority of a State, is one of the most important innovations upon State rights that has occurred in our history. Its importance is emphasized by the fact that the Democratic candidate for President at the last election, Hon. William J. Bryan, was counsel for the State of Nebraska a year ago, when the case was argued before the bench.

This decision was rendered by seven judges of the nine, namely, Harlan, Gray, Brown, Shiras, White, Peckham and Brewer. It holds that, though the Federal court could not have entertained a suit to enjoin a State, it can enjoin and forbid a State law; and that it does not need to have any statute to grant it that power, but can exercise it, at its own discretion, in order to establish what it considers to be equity. That a State, in chartering a railroad corporation, cannot reserve the authority to fix railroad rates and charges. And that the Federal court can, and will, intervene to see that a railroad corporation makes a profit on its capital. The decision is said to benefit every railroad and to tax every merchant, trader, farmer and traveler, who uses railroad facilities in the State of Nebraska, and it will, of course, be utilized and acted upon by every railroad in every other State.

Any State which favors incorporation and consolidation of capital in corporations may learn, from these decisions, that its control of its own corporations ends with the signing of their charter.—New York News.

## Hanna's Bold Game.

There is one thing about Senator Hanna which will have to be conceded. He didn't "beat the bush" when he was asked for his opinion about a war with Spain. He came right out and said there would be no war. He didn't hesitate to express his conviction that the disaster to the Maine was an accident. Of course, intelligent people understood from that the action and even the wishes of the administration depend on what the New York "financiers" want. He defies the people, and it would not be surprising to see him out openly for the Cuban bond scheme. The troublesome thing for Mr. Hanna will be, though, to get a popular indorsement of his performance at the coming elections.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Senator Mills' Retirement.

In announcing his withdrawal from the Senatorial race in Texas, Senator Mills has served notice on the country of the contemplated retirement to private life of one of the sturdiest Democratic exponents of the tariff. The tariff barons have had no more determined foe than the upright and resourceful Texan. It is hoped that he will find that repose and comfort in private life which his long and conspicuous public career merits.—St. Louis Republic.

## Not the Man or the Place.

If war comes the country will need a man of judgment in Alger's place, and this visionary and foolish person will soon have to "go." What might be expected of him in great things is seen on a small scale in his locomotive sled and reindeer expedition schemes for Alaska, which every person of judgment saw from the first were irrational.—Portland Oregonian.

## One Mystery Still Uncleared.

And yet the question remains unanswered by judge or jury: If the marching miners at Lattimer were fired upon because they made fierce onslaught on the Sheriff and his deputies, how did it happen that so many of the paraders were shot in the back?—Boston Globe.

## Poor Reasons Better than None.

Republicans are asked to vote the Republican ticket because it is a straight Republican ticket on a straight Republican platform, including indorsements of the administration and policies of President McKinley and Leslie M. Shaw.—Des Moines Register.

If you want to see an admirable illustration of American patriotism note how loyally the Democrats in Congress are supporting a Republican administration in the existing crisis.—St. Louis Republic.

Night blindness is a rare condition, in which a person toward evening finds that objects are becoming less and less distinct, and at last he is totally blind. This may occur without previous warning, and cause great alarm, and next morning he finds that his sight is restored. This is repeated every night; but at last the eyes become weak during the day also, and suffer paralysis of the optic nerve. This strange affection may, in some cases, become epidemic. It has attacked bodies of troops exposed to great fatigue and the glare of the sun's rays. If there are no symptoms of disease within the brain, recovery generally results by protection of the eyes from the light, and entire repose. It is frequent among the natives of some parts of India, who attribute it to sleeping exposed to the moonbeams

## HOW THE SULTAN DINFS.

He Spends More Money on His Table than Any Other Man in the World.

Sultan Abdul Hamid's table expenses are \$5,000 a day. For the 365 days last year he spent \$1,962,000.

No human being of modern times is accredited with spending one-fifth of this enormous amount. It does not include grand state dinners or other elaborate functions. It is simply for His Majesty's regular every day meals.

A strange feature of the Sultan's dining is that no one enjoys the food with him. He eats alone. Never, upon any pretext whatever, does he have a companion at his meals. He does not even have a dining-room, or a dining-hall, but takes his dinner wherever he may happen to be. The menials at the dinner hour search out His Majesty, and then in a long procession bring the banquet to him, table, trays, dishes and all.

He may be in the palace, or in the garden, or any part of his great private park. It makes no difference; he takes his meal right on the spot. All the morning the large corps of imperial cooks prepare the dinner. As the noon hour arrives slaves are sent in various directions to discover the whereabouts of His Majesty. Having done this, they report his exact location to the Sultan's Chief Chamberlain, who then calculates the time required to transport the numerous dishes to him without their getting cooled.

The chamberlain then stands beside the chief server and supervises the transferring of the different kinds of food from the kettles into the silver tureens. These vessels are elaborate. They consist of many shapes, sizes and designs, and are beautifully chased and engraved. They are so constructed that they can be entirely sealed up, leaving no chance for any one to drop anything into the food.

As fast as each vessel is filled, the chamberlain seals it and puts on its official stamp. This is a guarantee of its inspection, and that it contains no poisonous substances. Over each tureen a bell-shaped felt cover is clapped down tightly to retain the warmth. Over these felt covers magnificent velvet covers, embroidered with gold and silver threads and pearl, coral or turquoise heads, are spread.

The dinner procession, consisting of over a hundred persons, is then formed. First come ten slaves, bearing the great table. It is of silver, and perhaps the most exquisite table that has ever been made. The legs and sides are richly chased, and the top is so highly polished that it looks like a mirror. Then come a long line of jubbakars, or "first assistants of the chief cook," each bearing on his head a tray, upon which rests one of the silver vessels. These jubbakars are so perfectly trained in the art of head balancing that no accidents—not even the jarring of a dish—has ever been known. Following come more slaves, bearing on their heads another course, and after them come still other detachments with other courses. In the rear follow the slaves who are to wait on His Majesty.

The procession moves up to where the Sultan is standing. Two slaves run forward with a silken rug, which is spread upon the floor or ground as the case may be. On this divan is placed, and the Sultan reclines. The table is placed in front of him, and the tureens are brought up. As each is set down the Chamberlain steps forward and breaks the seal. On each side of him stands an imperial taster. The Chamberlain hands a ladleful from each vessel first to one taster and then to the other. After it has been swallowed the Chamberlain then takes a spoonful himself, the Sultan meanwhile watching the operation. Everything being satisfactory, the kettles one after the other are arranged before His Majesty, who runs his eye over the many viands. Then he picks and chooses, eating a piece here and a piece there, a mouthful of meat, a spoonful of water ice, a sweet cake and a tiny fish ball. The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food directly from the little silver kettles that are arranged in a circle around him, rarely ever using a knife or fork, but a spoon, his bread and his fingers, which are constantly wiped by an attendant.—New York Journal.

## Reunited.

Stephen Mallory White is a Senator from California and Stephen Russell Mallory is a Senator from Florida, says the Washington Post. There is more than a mere coincidence in the similarity of names. The men are cousins. Senator Mallory's father and Senator White's mother were brother and sister. It is a little curious that the two Senators should represent States as far apart as it is possible for them to be—one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific coast. The grandfather of the two Senators was one of the earliest settlers of Florida, while their grandmother was a Spanish woman of fine stock, considerable beauty and remarkable constitution, retaining until her old age all her faculties. Much of Senator White's sturdiness comes from his grandmother. He was not born in Florida, for his father and mother crossed the plains in 1850, attracted to California by the reports of newly discovered gold. The Senator was born in San Francisco in 1853. The Mallorys, on the other hand, remained in Florida, and now the whirligig of time and the strange happenings of politics unite the families in the Senate.

## Quick Compliance.

"Of course, sir, I need scarcely say, in giving you my daughter, that I expect her to be surrounded with all the luxuries to which she has been accustomed."

"Certainly, sir. If I had any preference for a home of our own I would feel constrained to yield it. Your wish, sir, is law with me."—Detroit Journal.

# ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

Sir Hercules Langrishe was a wonder even in the days of four-bottle men. On being found alone with half a dozen empty claret bottles, he was asked: "What, surely you have not got through them without assistance?" "Oh, no," he replied, cheerfully, "I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

The Medical Record tells of a man who was cured of blindness by a surgeon remarkable for his unpossessing appearance. When vision was fully restored, the patient looked at his benefactor and said: "Lucky for you, young man, I did not see you before you operated, or I would never have given my consent."

The Georgia voter bids fair to be as early a bird as the candidate, if we may believe a story told in the Atlanta Constitution. Recently an old negro man, a former employer and approached him in this way: "You lookin' mighty well, Mars Tom." "Yes; I'm feeling pretty good." "I thought you wuz. You know what you look like, Mars Tom?" "No; what do I look like?" "You looks like you had a dollar in yo' pocket en wuz gwine ter run fer gwinner."

Lord George Bentinck did not like a debtor. When dining once in his club, he noticed a man whom he knew as a defaulter also dining there. The latter called for his bill. As the waiter was bringing it, Lord George interposed, and in his commanding, incisive tones said: "Waiter, bring that bill to me." Coolly casting his eye over its items, Lord George said, in a voice heard all over the room, and with a severity of tone which made his unfortunate victim wince, "Before Captain—orders such expensive dinners he should pay his debts of honor."

They tell a good story of Sir Walter Scott about Edinburgh. It seems that he was far from being a brilliant scholar, and at school he usually was at the head of the other end of his class. After he became famous, he one day dropped into his early school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the famous writer and put the pupils through their paces to bring out their best points. "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely? Show him to me," after a time Scott said. The teacher called out a poor fellow who looked the picture of woe as he came bashfully toward the distinguished visitor. "And are you the dunce?" said Scott. "Yes, sir," said the boy. "Well, my good fellow," said Scott, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

Lord Falmouth—who bred horses, knew all about them, and had for trainer that paragon, John Scott—never bet but once. He had a promising filly, Queen Bertha, and she was the favorite for the Oaks in 1862. She had apparently fallen off in condition, and her owner put no confidence in her. Falmouth was inclined to scratch her, when Mrs. Scott, John Scott's wife, spoke up for her favorite: "I'll lay your lordship sixpence she wins," said Mrs. Scott, laughing. For once Lord Falmouth broke his rule never to bet, and exclaimed: "Done, Mrs. Scott!" So Queen Bertha, with Tom Alderott up, appeared at the post, and, thanks to the brilliant riding of her jockey, beat Marigold by a short head for the first place. Lord Falmouth paid his bet to Mrs. Scott in noble fashion. He procured a brand-new sixpence from the bank, had it set round with diamonds and mounted as a brooch, and in that form presented it to the comely mistress of Whitewall.

Dear Farrar, in his "Reminiscences," says that the first proof of Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinai was visible "the horn of the burning bush." This was a fearfully apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the burning bush." The original proof sheets also stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany, "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of Jones." In this startling sentence "Jones" was a transmigration of "Jerusalem." When the dean answered an invitation to dinner his hostess had been known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal, and when he most kindly replied to the question of some workingmen, the recipient of his letter thanked him, but ventured to request that the tenor of the answer might be written out by some one else, "as he was not familiar with the handwriting of the aristocracy."

A young man was tried for murder, having killed a member of a rival faction in a faction fight, writes Aubrey de Vere in his "Recollections." The judge, reluctant to sentence him to death on account of his youth, turned to him and said: "Is there any one in court who could speak as to your character?" The youth looked around the court and then said, sadly: "There is no man here, my lord, that I know." At that his grandfather chanced to walk into the grand jury gallery. He saw at once how matters stood. He called out: "You are a queer boy that don't know a friend when you see him." The boy was quick-witted; he answered: "Oh, then, it is myself that is proud to see your honor here this day." "Well," said the judge, "Sir Vere, since you know that boy, will you tell us what you know of him?" "I will, my lord," said his grandfather, "and what I can tell you is this, that from the very first day that ever I saw him to this min-

ute, I never knew anything of him that was not good." The old tenant ended his tale by striking his hands together and exclaiming: "And he never to have clapped his eye on the boy till that minute." The boy escaped being hanged.

## Snake in His Hair.

The author of the recollections entitled, "How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon," has one or two thrilling snake stories to tell. He says that when he was journeying across the plains, he used to keep the snakes from his bed by laying a lariat, made from the hair of a buffalo's neck, entirely round the couch. Snakes will not usually crawl over such a rope. Either they suspect danger, when pricked by the sharp bristles, or they avoid the discomfort of them.

But, on one night of horror, never to be forgotten, I did not use my Indian lariat. Who among my readers ever had a rattlesnake attempt to make a nest in his hair? I will tell the story just as it happened.

I was dozing off, with rattlesnakes and all the snaky horrors of the past day running through my mind, when suddenly I was awakened by some thing pulling and working in my long bushy hair. I suppose I suffered only a few minutes of suspense, but it seemed hours before I became wide-awake and reached the conclusion that I had poked my head near the log where his snake was sleeping, and the evening being cool, he was trying to secure warmer quarters.

It would not do to move. I quietly slipped my right arm from the blanket and slowly raised my hand to within six inches of my head. I felt the raking of a harder material; it seemed like a fang scraping the scalp. This made me frantic. I grasped the offender by the head, seizing my own hair with him, jumped to my feet, and yelled so that every man in the camp sprang up; and seized his gun, ready for attacking Indians.

It was forty-five years ago, and the sensations of that night are vivid at this moment; it does not even matter that the offender was not a rattler, but only a little, honest, cold-footed tree-toad, trying to get warm.

## When Gen. Howard Went Hungry.

"Gen. O. O. Howard," said Gen. David S. Stanley to the Boston Herald, "was ever a religious, conscientious man, with a deep-seated impulse to raise up and benefit the colored man. I well remember a story about him, illustrating his want of knowledge of the negro character, as it emerged from serfdom. After the war, Gen. Howard was the head of the freedmen's bureau, and went to Richmond, accompanied by a United States Senator, who was also interested in the great work the bureau had been designed to prepare.

"At dinner they were taken into the dining-room of the man in charge, and the colored waiters were called up and introduced.

"'Boys,' said the man in charge, 'this is Gen. Howard, who is doing so much for the colored men of the South. See that he gets a good dinner quickly. Take care of him.'

"'Oh, yes,' they replied, 'Gen. Howard! We all knows 'bout him. He's our Moses. He's takin' care of us.'

"The other tables were occupied by unimportant young officers, who, not knowing Gen. Howard, or not standing in awe of his strong religious views, began to curse the waiters violently, and abused them for not waiting on them more promptly.

"The outcome of it all was that the unimportant young officers were waited upon and got their dinners at once. Gen. Howard did not fare well at all, and, after waiting a full hour, left the dining-room as hungry as when he entered it.

"In great indignation, the United States Senator who accompanied the General strode up to a group of waiters and thundered:

"'What do you mean by treating Gen. Howard so?'

"'Why, boss,' was the reply, 'dem other gennems give us a dollar apiece before dinner commenced.'

## An Impromptu Wedding.

Dean Swift was walking on the Phoenix road, Dublin, when a thunder-storm suddenly came on, and he took shelter under a tree, where a party were sheltering also—two young women and two young men. One of the girls looked very sad, till, as the rain fell, her tears began to flow, says the San Francisco Wave. The dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was her wedding day. They were on their way to church, and now her white clothes were wet, and she could not go.

"Never mind—I'll marry you," said the dean; and he took out his prayer book and then and there married them, their witnesses being present; and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocketbook and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride.

The certificate was worded as follows:

"Under a tree, in stormy weather, I married this man and woman together; let none but Him who rules the thunder sever this man and woman asunder.

"Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's."

## Longest Night.

During Dr. Nansen's Arctic journey his ship, the Fram, remained for five and one-half months—from Oct. 1, 1895, until March 24, 1896—out of sight of the sun. "This," Dr. H. R. Mill, the eminent geographer remarks, was the longest and darkest night ever experienced by man."

## Norwegian Wedding Presents.

Every guest at a Norwegian wedding brings the bride a present. In many parts a keg of butter is the usual gift, and if the marriage takes place in winter salted or frozen meat is offered.

# BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

London Truth suggests that as Austrian princes are called archdukes, German princes should henceforth style themselves archangels, to emphasize the gospel of his sacred majesty's person.

Mrs. Annie Hurd Dyer is translating into Japanese the two novels by James Lane Allen, entitled "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath." Both books display so fine a feeling for nature and so delicate a sense of beauty that it is thought they will appeal peculiarly to the Japanese mind.

Under the title of "The Revolutionary Pictures," a collection has been made of the original paintings and drawings illustrating Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution" now appearing in Scribner's Magazine. This collection of pictures forms an impressive gallery of revolutionary art, worth many thousands of dollars. They are now being exhibited in various cities throughout the country under the auspices of the local patriotic societies.

Jerome K. Jerome, who has relinquished the editorship of both the Idler and To-Day, has a short humorous novel ready for publication early in the year. Literature says that all Mr. Jerome's books have been translated into Norwegian, and in Germany, France, Russia and Scandinavia he is one of the very few English writers at all well known.

Having successfully carried his new volume of poems through the press Edmund Clarence Stedman proposes to devote some labor to another anthology similar in scope to that in which he traversed the poetry of the Victorian era, but dealing with American verse. Like its predecessor, the new collection will serve as a companion to the editor's critical writings on the subject.

In Great Britain 6,244 new books and 1,682 new editions were published during 1897, according to the Publishers' Circular. The various classes into which these books are divided maintain their relative proportions to the whole with two exceptions: books on law have decreased in number noticeably, while the proportion of books on political and economical subjects has increased even more noticeably.

The speech by which Gabrielle d'Annunzio obtained the suffrages of the Roman rustics contained not one single allusion to any of those vital questions which make up the essence of modern Italian politics. The fact that this novelty in electioneering oratory should have gained its end, and that the author of "The Triumph of Death" sits to-day in the Representative Chamber at Rome has caused much chagrin to his enemies, who have seriously contemplated lodging a petition against D'Annunzio's return.

## A Generous Duchess.

It is generally agreed that the dominant note of the character of the late Duchess of Teck was her amiability, but that term does inadequate justice to the heart from which it sprang. She was charity itself, and a wonderful organizer of charitable relief on a large scale.

It is said that she gave out of her own pocket a good fifth of the annual amount granted to her by Parliament, and a story, vouched for by the St. James' Budget, shows that she knew how to give on a small scale; to be generous in mind as well as with money.

There were to be some festivities at White Lodge, the Richmond residence of the duchess, and an invitation was sent to the secretary of a charity in which the duchess was interested. By a later post the young lady received a letter from a friend, asking her to a tennis party which was to be held the same day.

Next morning both invitations were acknowledged, but the replies were carelessly put in the wrong envelopes. The duchess opened the letter in which the writer declared to her friend that she was very sorry she could not come to tennis, because "Stout Mary" had asked her to White Lodge, and she was bound to go.

The day duly arrived, and the frank young lady was warmly welcomed by the duchess, who afterward took her aside and laughing said:

"My dear girl, I know I am stout, but I cannot help it. You should be more careful in posting your letters, and never forget that you do not know who will read what you write. Don't apologize. I have forgiven you."

## Christy Minstrels.

The Toronto Saturday Night tells the following story of Dean Vaughan. He had been preparing some colored clergymen for mission work, and had invited them to dine with him in the Temple.

On that day Mrs. Vaughan waited an hour in the drawing-room for her guests, but none came. At last she mentioned to the butler that it was odd that the invited guests did not appear.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "and what's odder still, I've done nothing all the evening but turn Christy Minstrels away from the door."

## Thunderstorms in Jamaica.

At port Royal, Jamaica, for six months in the year thunderstorms are almost of daily occurrence, and guests to picnics and garden parties are usually invited to assemble "after the thunderstorm."

When actors quarrel they can resort to the make-up box.

Matrimony often turns love's sweet dream into a horrid nightmare.