The Columbus Journal.

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COLUMBUS

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6-12 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

TWO DETERMINED GIRLS.

THEY LEFT HOME TO GET MARRIED AND WOULDN'T BE PUT OFF.

They Failed to Get the Men They at First Wanted, but Got the Next Best—A Trade of Brides Unwittingly Made by a Clerk Who Wrote the Licenses.

"Did you ever witness a double wedding in which there was an exchange of brides and grooms at the altar?" asked John Moran a well known Walnut street man.

"No, sir; I never did," replied the scribe.

"Well, I can tell you of an event of that description. It happened in this way: One afternoon, not long ago, two young men whom I had known in Streator, Ills., came to me and informed me that they had induced two sisters to elope with them from a town in central Kansas, and that it was necessary that the nuptial knot be tied without delay. They were, they said, expecting the irate father and the grown up muscular brothers of the girls to arrive in the city on the next train, with 'blood in their eyes.' As the 'boys' were old schoolmates of mine, of course I told them that they had but to command me and I was at their service.

"We hired a carriage and drove to the hotel where the young ladies were awaiting the return of their to be husbands, whose names are William B—— and Charles W——. It was then nearly 5 o'clock p. m. As soon as we could get the girls into the carriage we hurried to Recorder Hinde's office, where William and Charley presented themselves before the marriage license clerk and requested that they be given the documents necessary to entitle them to wed their girls. As I remarked before, the girls are sisters. Their given or Christian names are Lillie and Lidie.

After obtaining the licenses the young men and their ladies and myself went to the residence of a preacher, whose name I have forgotten. His church is on the east side of the city, and not more than six blocks away from The Journal office. Handing him the licenses, William and Charles requested him to join their loving hearts in the bonds of matrimony at once. Now Lillie was the intended of William, and Lidie the intended of Charles. Don't forget that.

"You can better imagine the consternation of the members of the wedding party than I can describe it, when the discovery was made that the young man who had issued the licenses had assigned Lillie to Charles and Lidie to William as life partners. In their haste to put their necks into the hymeneal halter the young men had thrust the licenses into their pockets when they were handed to them by the license clerk, without inspecting them to see if they were rightly made out.

"They did not discover that a mistake had been made until after they had joined hands and the parson began the double ceremony by saying: 'Do you, William ——, take Lidie —— for your lawful, wedded wife'— 'Stop!' exclaimed William, 'I am marrying Lillie, not Lidie.' 'No, sir,' retorted the parson, 'you are not. You are licensed to wed Lidie ——.' 'The —— you say—beg pardon, sir,' ejaculated William. 'Let me see the document!'

"The license was shown him, and there, sure enough, was Lidie's name coupled with his own. The proceedings were immediately suspended, the parson informing the young men and the ladies that he could not marry them until their licenses were in proper form. Lillie and Lidie began weeping and nearly went into hysterics. William and Charles and I assured them that we would have the mistakes in the licenses rectified. Leaving the young ladies in the parson's parlor, we rushed out of the house and jumped into our carriage, in which we were driven at a rapid pace to the court house, at Second and Main streets. Great was our disappointment and vexation when we found the recorder was not at home and was out of the city. Knowing nothing else to do, we returned to the parson's residence.

"They sorrowfully told the young ladies that they had failed to obtain new licenses. They urged the parson to marry them, and told him they would have the necessary alterations made in the documents the next day. But the parson firmly refused. He pointed out to them the fact that the recorder was bound by his records, and they must show that the marriages took place in accordance with the licenses. By this time the young ladies had ceased weeping.

"Retiring to a corner of the room they held a whispered consultation, at the end of which Lillie called William to her and informed him that she and Lidie had decided that they would not leave the house except as the wives of himself and Charles. 'But the preacher won't marry us,' said William. 'Yes, he will,' retorted Lillie, 'and you and Charlie have got to agree to it.' William said he didn't catch on, whereupon Lillie nearly took his breath away by informing him that she and Lidie had agreed to let the licenses stand as they were and get married according to them. 'If you and Charley don't do that we will take the first train and return home,' said she, 'and never marry either of you.' It was then William and Charles' turn to consult. After talking the matter over for ten minutes they arrived at the decision that, as a mistake in the licenses had been made, which could not be corrected in time to enable them to have the double wedding come off as intended, and as the girls had decided to 'swap' one for the other, they would make the best of a bad matter and go ahead with the ceremony. If they couldn't get the life partners selected, they would not remain wifeless. The parson was informed of the new aspect the affair had taken on, and he began again the ceremony where he left off. The result was that Lillie became the wife of Charles and Lidie the wife of William, and I stood up as best man for the couples. It wasn't exactly according to the programme, but I guess all parties concerned are satisfied."—Kansas City Journal.

A Swell's Blunder.

Swells come in great variety in Boston. There are all sorts and conditions of them, but the swell that interests an unsympathetic anti-swell more than any other is he who blunders in the darksome paths of etiquette. A Bendish joy is not unnatural when a swell commits a betise without knowing it. Not many evenings since a leading light, a swell, who is so afraid of being seen in the wrong drawing rooms he refuses to go anywhere, ventured out into the radiance of a select circle. He is a handsome swell, big, well groomed, of literary habits, and, were he not much married, would belong to the rank and file of mashers. At all events, one fair stranger present was much overcome by his many charms and gracefully submitted to being "mashed" on this particular occasion.

Everything was progressing favorably. The swell was swelling with content at his conquest, the lady was enjoying a view of the immaculate splendor of his shirt front and the perfect fit of the low cut moire waistcoat, when refreshments were passed, and conversation for a moment gave way to ice cream. Presently a wicked little macaroon fell from the lady's plate to the floor. The swell gallantly stooped—to brush it aside? Not a bit. He carefully picked it up and deposited it on his companion's plate. Alack-a-day! How the magnetic current, which had flowed so fast and strong before, chilled in that fair lady's breast at this solecism, can only be appreciated by the author of a book of etiquette. In her eyes and in the wandering eyes of others, this swell's reputation had gone. To her, at least, he is no longer a swell, and if he stays away from her parties forevermore, she will never reinstate him in the upper tier of the four hundred.—Boston Herald.

A Notable Athlete.

As a horseman, from beginning to end of his vigorous life, Washington had no peer. Like all Virginia boys he took to the saddle as a duck takes to water. Once astride his steed, it was all but impossible to dislodge him. From the day when as a lad he first rode to hounds after old Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, across the county named for that worthy nobleman, he was a skilled and dashing fox hunter. In the army, when on horseback, riding down the line, cheered to the echo by the soldiers, who believed, with a superstition worthy of the ancients, that here was a being born to lead them, he was physically the most imposing figure present. In person, Washington showed in maturity the fruits of the lifetime he had given to what athletes nowadays call "training." His habits at all times were those exacted of a "crew" or "team" of modern days before the occasions when those heroes appear in public to fill with despair or exultation the bosoms of their friends. From the Indians of the Shenandoah wilderness, among whom he spent weeks during his first surveying tour, he learned the swift, elastic tread that distinguished him in walking. His powers of endurance were worthy of his extraordinary physical strength, though it must be said he had few illnesses to test his constitution, and, indeed, was rarely ailing.—St. Nicholas for March.

Industrial Insurance.

Industrial insurance brings an indemnity against loss by death to those who most need it. Among the working classes a man's labor is his only source of income and gives his life its only value in an insurable sense to his dependents. The necessity of providing against loss by death is greater among the poor than with those who have wealth, much or little, to leave to their families.

The fact has been recognized in Germany, where insurance has been made compulsory. Small sums, reckoned according to the weekly wage, are taken from the pay of the worker by the employer and paid to the government. These sums provide for a sick benefit and an insurance against old age and infirmity. In case of illness thirteen weeks of free medical attendance and a money allowance equal to one-half the wages are allowed. At death an amount equal to twenty times the local daily wages of an ordinary day laborer is paid to the survivors. In old age and infirmity a yearly stipend is paid. The employers contribute equally to an accident fund, which provides for total or part disability or death. The state, the employers and the employed contribute equally to the old age and infirm pension fund. The sick fund is maintained by the employes.—Chicago News.

That Settles It.

I met the Hon. Ferdando Jones yesterday and, among other things, he asked me if I had read the recent discussion about the headwaters of the Mississippi. "It revived an old story in my mind," he said. "Henry R. Schoolcraft, a celebrated traveler and writer, in his account of it said the lake was called Itasca, after two Latin words signifying true head. I puzzled myself over this a good deal and asked him one day how he made it. He replied: 'Quite easily. Veritas means true and caput head. Striking off the first syllable of the first word and the last syllable of the other one you have Itasca—ver-itas ca-put.' It is equal," said Mr. Jones, "to Lorenzo Dow's celebrated text against the fashion of high head dresses: 'Let him who is on the house top not come down.'"—Chicago Times.

Princeton College Humor.

One day Dr. McCosh came into the mental philosophy class and said:

"Ah, young gentlemen, I have an impression."

"Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.

"What? No one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is!" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dint in a soft place."

"Young gentleman," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."—Philadelphia North American.

Guilded Hair.

Ladies, it would seem, no longer dye their hair. O, dear no! They never think of doing anything so crude as that. What they do now, if you please, when they wish to give to their locks that bright golden or bronzy tint which is so fashionable, is to "oxidize it." I am sure the fair sex will thank their faithful friend "Myra" for teaching them that convenient term. Hair dye will, of course, never be mentioned more, for all a lady who wishes her hair to be "safely and imperceptibly lightened and brightened" (to use Myra's own comforting words) is to oxidize it with the aid of pure "peroxide of hydrogen." Even the most punctilious of ladies, who shudders at the notion of dyeing her hair, can hardly object to "peroxide of hydrogenize" it. Why, it sounds so innocent and as proper as taking a chamomile pill or rubbing one's ankles with arnica.—London Figaro.

THE WISE SKELETON.

IT SITS IN A WINDOW AND SMILES AT THE WORLD'S VANITIES.

Utters No Comment or Complaint—Maybe a Little Short on Flesh and Blood, but Long on Bones, and Otherwise a True Philosopher.

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio," says the gospel of Bacon, according to Shakespeare.

A man sits in the window of a store on Wabash avenue, who, if he would consent to break the silence he has fallen into, could utter the same sentiment.

He has experienced all the depths and shallows of life and now smiles a perennial smile at all existence.

Summer melts him into a smile and winter freezes it on him. He is really the only Chicago "L'Homme quiris."

The slamming door never seems to jar his nerves, nor do wind gusts puff his joints into rheumatics; the school girl, passing, comments on his ugliness in his presence; the ologue, extractor of great thoughts from small cavities, passes, glances at him and makes a memorandum "suggestive of Ezekiel's vision; no commentator hitherto has explained that chapter; I may be able to throw some light on it;" sympathy embalmed in perfume and guarded by a fierce cane approaches and discovers, through a glass, the smiling philosopher. "Absolutely abominable! Such a beastly caricature to be exhibited in public." Even a bootblack passes comments on him: "Stuck on yourself, ain't you? Grin like it, anyway. Need a shine all the same, cause you ain't polished in your manners."

WATCHING THE HURRYING THRONG.

All day the philosopher with nothing but a smile left on him hears the wisdom and prattle of all classes.

He still sits in his chair as the gray pall of the night falls upon the city, as the moonlight comes over the lake he and the man in the moon smile at each other, though his is the wiser smile of the two. The stars come out and wink at him, but he has peered farther than their tiny lanterns reveal. He has crossed the bridge of the milky way and knows the very keystone of its architecture. He could write an astronomy that would answer more than preachers can ask. He has hunted with Orion and found the end of the rainbow. The rage of a comet he is indifferent to.

Still in the gray of the morning he sits in the shop window looking only into the street. He sees the stirring clerk lift the shades, planning to gobble the proprietor after awhile; he sees the proprietor a little later scheming an under thrust at other proprietors. Soon after he sees the incoming tide of humanity that is to flow twelve hours, then ebb, surge and beat higher and stronger; a merciless wave in which some are on top and others go down and are lost. His ear discerns the groans of the lost amid the exultings of the successful. Yet he regards the little atom of humanity that is crushed into paving stone for another and the proud victor alike, with a smile. On the lady who caricatures a dromedary and suffers her life to be choked within six inches of her neck to be a lady, passing on her way to tell her dearest friend that the long haired musician who refused to play at the latter's musicale is to play only at hers, is bestowed the same. He moves his toothless jaws in attempt to mumble "vanitas vanitatum."

Then he looks back into the shop where he is engaged and where doctors' supplies are kept. The sight of a little powder or a bit of steel, confidently expected to regulate the length of human life, brings another smile. It is to him as if a fish in Mammoth cave should suddenly flop up and command: "Let there be light."

HE KNOWS THE PILL PEDDLERS.

He smiles approvingly at the rapid growth of science when some physician comes in and recounts "a beautiful operation, but unfortunately the patient died at the end." He himself is an advertisement of the climax of medical practice, and illustrates what the physician means when he promises to "bring one through smiling."

He knows, too, which are the bread pellets on the shelves for ladies who want to see their doctor but not his medicine, and which are intended to necessitate a return visit.

And the drugs that carry one to the shadowy bourne.

He knows which dental punches fill up cavities while slyly puncturing others, and the braces which used once become indispensable.

At the same time he sees honest old Dr. Pilllags tremblingly stumble upon a discovery that reverses the whole treatment of a disease and the smile radiates through the very sutures of his cranium.

Physicians' blunders do not at the same time annoy him. They support the world. A doctor starts after a man—soon the undertaker follows; then the florist; the merchant in mourning goods and the dressmaker join the procession, followed by the preacher. The lawyer brings up the rear with a cavalcade of probate judges, clerks and executors. Some private school will soon receive an addition or two, while society will be furnished divertisement in a captivating relict's guileless disportings. And all because of the doctor's pill.

The bony philosopher knows that the doctor is the connecting link in humanity. Unmoved in the midst of the whirl, to the turbulent and the grasping, to the idle and frivolous alike, he has the same message.

It was printed 300 years ago across the water, above the skull and crossbones of a brother in a Nuremburg cathedral, and reads:

As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, soon you shall be;
Prepare for death, and follow me.

—Chicago Times.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Rules Which, if Observed, May Insure Harmonious Performances.

Choose a leading part in some popular play and permit nobody to guess that you think you can act it.

Persuade a number of your friends that a needy charity is in need and that acting begins at home.

After inoculation permit them to set themselves by the ears over the choice of a play. When you think matters have gone far enough suggest your own as a compromise.

This having been arranged to your satisfaction, proceed to ingratiate yourself with the stage manager by telling him what has been said behind his back by the other members of the cast. If he can't assign you the leading part.

Before deciding upon your costume wait until you learn what your most dangerous rival in the company intends to wear. As soon as you receive the desired information take the advice of your dressmaker.

Study your part with care. At rehearsal miss your cue whenever you can and apologize sweetly. Be on your guard against betraying the business you intend to introduce when you have the stage to yourself, and in general allow the other actors to derive the opinion that nothing but a regard for your feelings prevents the stage manager from requesting you to resign the part that has been assigned to you. In the meantime cultivate the manager.

Give no trouble about your dressing room. Say that a corner and a table are all you care for. Choose the best corner, however, and bring a chest of drawers containing everything you can possibly need in a quantity sufficient to prevent your lending to other members of the company. When suggestions are offered to you as to where you ought to stand, how to speak and when to gesticulate, adopt each in turn as it is made. Permit the leading man, who will of course be your lover, to gradually evolve the theory that though you cannot act, you are not stiff or prudish, and that you are a nice little thing. Agree with him when he objects to shaving his mustache. When he whispers under his breath that he wishes the play were reality, smile and blush.

From time to time applaud the others, especially when they overact, and say mournfully: "Oh, I wish you all were not so much better than I!" You may also contrive to impress each of your associates privately with the notion that you consider him or her the star of the troupe. This you will not find difficult. When you press people to buy tickets, say, "Oh you must come! Mr. Biggles is so funny! and Miss Lascelles is going to look so lovely in court dress, don't you know! and Mr. Tollderoll is to be my lover," and then permit your hearers to guess from your expression that there is more in Mr. Tollderoll's love making than you yourself imagine.

Mr. Tollderoll may say more about the stage directions for the reconciliation scene than perhaps he ought. Of course, realism is not for a moment to be thought of, but there can be no great reason why Mr. Tollderoll should not be allowed to mislead himself with false expectations. If you choose to make him jealous of Mr. Biggles, very well, but be careful to return to a good understanding with him before the dress rehearsal. As for Miss Lascelles, you may disarm her by turning Mr. Tollderoll over to her for a half hour or so whenever practicable and by telling her in strict confidence that he is afraid of falling in love with her because he has so little money.

Improve a little in your acting as the dress rehearsal draws nigh so as not to take your associates entirely by surprise. Suggest to the manager that you are only nervous over the result of the play. As soon as it is too late for Miss Lascelles to change her dress show her yours. Be seen drinking coffee before the play begins, and stand as near the footlights as you can so as to get yourself flushed. When the curtain is rung up exhibit a little natural timidity at first, but gradually recover from that, and as the play proceeds have no mercy on any one except Mr. Tollderoll, whom you will, of course, encourage. When you are called out after the first act insist that they are applauding Miss Lascelles, and that she must go out alone; after the second go out with her, and after the third go out alone. The next day meet Mr. Tollderoll in the street and smile at him mildly. If he joins you go into a shop.—Philadelphia Times.

"In Forty Minutes."

Fields are often won by tactical skill, that is, by such a disposition of troops as enables the commander to use them at the critical moment against the weakest part of the enemy's line.

At the congress of Vienna, Wellington told Stratford Canning, afterward Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, how he won the victory at the battle of Salamanca.

Marshal Marmont commanded the French. The duke, trusting to the ability of the Frenchman to make a slip, drew up his troops in a position where they were not exposed and then waited. His confidence was justified. Marmont extended a part of his force too much. Wellington instantly detected his adversary's error and attacked him with energy.

"We beat him," said the duke, in a tone of natural delight, "in forty minutes—forty thousand men in forty minutes"—and he repeated the expression again and again—"forty thousand men in forty minutes."—Youth's Companion.

Deprived of His Living.

It is in Paris that the art of begging has produced its most remarkable examples of unconscious effrontery. A wealthy man in that city was told by his servants recently that a man was waiting in the hall below who had sent him up a letter.

The letter contained the following application:

"RESPECTED SIR—Your well known and exemplary generosity has led me to hope that you will magnanimously take pity on the situation of an unfortunate widower, who has been cruelly deprived of his means of subsistence by the death of his wife. I am, sir, yours in distress, X. Y."—Youth's Companion.

Snowballing Georgia's Governor.

The boys in Atlanta, Ga., gave Governor Gordon a very severe snowballing as he was going to the capitol one morning last winter. The governor begged hard to be let off, but the boys said no. One boy said to him: "We can't let you off, governor. As you haven't done any running since '64, you will have to hustle." And the general hustled, while dozens of balls took him in the back of the neck.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Good Names for Little People.

The old English names are now given to the small women of the nursery. Dorothy, Cynthia, Barbara, Anne, Elizabeth and Katherine have succeeded the Mays, Coras, Mands, Daisies and Carries that obtained so long; for this the whole American nation should be thankful.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long retained smells of any kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

LAND IN THE WEST.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG FARM, WHERE THE PLOW HAS NOT YET BEEN.

How to Get a Home Out of It—Methods of Obtaining a Title Under the Various Land Acts—It Is Comparatively Easy to Get 480 Acres.

There are thousands of acres of vacant land which can be had at almost a nominal price. In most instances it requires only settlement, residence and cultivation for a few years to obtain full and complete title to the land. The situation is much different from what it is in the east, where a young farmer must run in debt to buy a few acres of land and be kept in debt for years. One crop of ten acres will pay the cost for building and tools.

There are several ways of obtaining title to agricultural lands. First is under the pre-emption laws. The first requisite is to make settlement upon the land. Settlement consists of any acts which show the intention of the settler to claim the land as a pre-emption. It may be, for instance, the building of a cellar, or starting the foundation of a house, or building of a fence.

Having this settlement upon the land, within three months the settler must file a declaratory statement in the United States office and pay a fee of $3. Within two years and nine months he must get upon the land and reside thereon for six months. By a decision of the land office, it is not necessary for a party to live upon the land until six months before he makes final proof, but he must live there at least six months and make final proof before thirty-three months from the date of settlement. He must have cultivated a portion of the land. In six months after establishing residence upon the land he can prove up. He must make application to make final proof at the land office, and advertise in some paper published near the land, also name four witnesses who are neighbors and who are not related to him. He and two witnesses must appear before the proper officers on the day of making final proof and make proof of his residence, cultivation of the land and pay $1.25 per acre in addition to the fees for advertising, attorney's fees, etc.

HOMESTEAD.

Another method of obtaining title to land is under the homestead act. By this method the first requisite is the same as under the pre-emption laws. A soldier can file a soldier's homestead claim upon the land which he intends for a homestead six months previous to making a settlement upon furnishing his discharge, or other proof of his service; but any party can have six months time to make settlement by going before the register and receiver of the land office; so this right of the soldier amounts to but very little. Within three months after settlement, homestead entry must be made and a fee of $16 be paid the land office. The party, should he not go before the register and receiver, must be residing upon the land at the time of making affidavit before a clerk of court. He can if he chooses after residing upon the land six months, and cultivating it, prove up as in the pre-emption and pay for the land. Such an act is called commuting a homestead. Should he not desire to pay for it, however, he can live upon it five years and then make final proof. He need not prove up if he chooses for seven years. Upon making final proof he has only to pay the fees for advertising, clerk, and a small fee to the register and receiver, when he obtains the title for his land. If he was a soldier in the war his term of service as such can be deducted from the five years' residence, but he must reside upon the land at least one year. These are all the rights the soldier has over any other citizen in respect to the homestead law.

A person who wishes to take up land under both pre-emption and homestead act should pre-empt first.

There is still another method of obtaining title to land, and that is under the timber act. By this method the party must make a timber culture entry, and show that the land is non-mineral. He must himself be personally acquainted with the land in order to make this affidavit. At any time within one year after making entry of the land, and paying a fee of $14 to the land office, he must plow for the 160 acres taken, five acres of land. In the second year he must sow the first five acres to a crop and break another five acres. In the third year he must put in tree seeds or set out trees in the first five acres, and put a crop in the second five acres. In the fourth year he must put tree seeds or cuttings in the second five acres.

The trees must be cultivated and kept alive, and at the end of eight years he can prove up and obtain title to 160 acres by paying small fees. This act is a first class law, and many citizens are availing themselves of it and in good faith. It hardly deserves the condemnation the late demented Sparks placed upon it.

Unmarried women as well as men can avail themselves of the privileges of these acts.

It will be seen that at comparatively small expense a title can be had to 480 acres of fine farming land.—Great Falls (Mon.) Leader.

Husbands and Wife.

Among other absurdities we have well meaning husbands and wives harassing one another to death for no reason in the world but the desire of conforming to current notions regarding the proper conduct of married people. These victims are expected to go about perpetually together, as if they were a pair of carriage horses; to be forever holding claims over one another, exacting or making useless sacrifices, and generally getting in one another's way. The man who marries finds that his liberty has gone, and the woman exchanges one set of restrictions for another. She thinks herself neglected if the husband does not always return to her in the evenings, and the husband and society think her undutiful, frivolous, and so forth, if she does not stay at home alone trying to sigh him back again.

The luckless man finds his wife so very dutiful and domesticated, and so very much confined to her "proper sphere," that she is, peschance, more exemplary than entertaining. Still, she may look injured and resigned, but she must not seek society and occupation on her own account, adding to the common mental store, bringing new interest and knowledge into the joint existence, and becoming thus a contented, cultivated and agreeable being. No wonder that, while all this is forbidden, we have so many unhappy wives and bored husbands. The more admirable the wives the more profoundly bored the husbands.—Herald of Health.

The Mysterious Wrestler.

In Mr. A. C. Gunter's new book, "That Frenchman," the scene opens in Paris during the last years of the second empire, changes to St. Petersburg and then to the German-Russian frontier. The tale is melodramatic in character, as are Mr. Gunter's other books, but the author states that he has tried to develop more comedy. The advance orders he reports at 40,000. He has introduced as one of his characters "the wrestler in the mask," a man who produced a great sensation in Paris in 1867 and '68. This person was supposed to be some great nobleman who was fond of wrestling. He was in the habit of driving to the scene wrapped in a long cloak, under which he wore his wrestling dress. On his face he had a small, black silk mask. He met all comers and was never defeated. Naturally he was the source of gossip, and the halls or circus was crowded when it was announced that he was to appear.—Current Literature.

Her Moral Character.

Some amusing incidents happen at the civil service examinations which the laws now require to be passed by candidates for official positions and clerkships. It was at an examination here in Boston that a young woman found herself confronted with the question:

"Are you of good moral character?"

She was very much amused at the question and in doubt how to treat it. Calling the examiner to her desk she said about the question:

"I have the reputation of being of good moral character. But you know 'reputation' is what people think of us, while 'character' is what God and the angels know of us, and that I don't want to tell."

The examiner said she need not worry.—Albany Express.

A Question with Two Sides.

Mr. Sheppard, the president of the Philadelphia board of education, says: "It is, in my estimation, a mistake to put a woman in charge of a school. Not that I would cast any reflection upon those who now hold such positions, for their duties are performed as well as they can be by a woman; but in the very nature of things a man would be better qualified to hold the position, and to bring up the pupils in the way they should go, not only from an educational point of view, but from a moral one as well. A man can reason with a boy about matters that some female teachers would not care to talk about." But, on the other hand, a woman can reason with a girl about some matters that a male teacher would not care to talk about.—True Flag.

It Made Him Think.

I like to listen to people talking on the cars. The loudness of tone which some bumptious folks adopt invariably generally goes with aggressive ignorance. It is the couple whispering in the corner who are particularly interesting, but you can't hear what they say. But sometimes one catches an amusing bit. The other day a man stepped onto the dummy and greeted another already there.

"Hallo, Tom."

"How are you?"

"Getting home?"

"Yes. Where have you been?"

"Been to a Chinese funeral—looking at it, I mean. I couldn't help thinking"——

"What?"

"All those Chinamen, and only one dead.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Erratic Brisks.

A swell affair—A bullfrog chorus.
Never in the soup—Very many oysters.
A bill sticker—A determined collector.
The baby has a rattling time.
Even a small barber may be called a strapping fellow.
An H. and St. Jo railroad conductor is named Judy. A sort of punchin' Judy, as it were.
Some people don't hesitate to "call a spade a spade." Others are not afraid to call a rake a gentleman.
"The child shall be father to the man." Likewise an old goat shall become a button kid.
Has a finger in the pie—The butcher who loses a digit in a mincing machine.—Detroit Free Press.

We Want Self Defense.

A New Yorker old enough to know better is reported in The Tribune as having uttered these terribly treasonable protests against some modern improvements:

What with your murderous railroads, your new fangled bridges, your ten story buildings and electric currents over and under and on all sides of you, your life isn't worth a penny at any time or anywhere. If you walk in the middle of the street, the pavement is just as likely as not to shoot up into the air and blow you out of sight. Talk about coast defenses and harbor defenses, what we want is self defense.—Boston Transcript.

Lula's Appeasement.

"Coward! Lying hearted man!" hissed Lula d'Effington between her set teeth when Richard Kurdaleeong replied that she could only be a sister to him.

"Lula, you are excited. Your words do not consist," replied Richard, calmly.

"Trifler! Base ingrate, explain yourself!" was all the outraged girl could utter.

"If I am Richard the lyin' hearted, surely I am no coward."

Another moment and he held the wan corpse of Lula d'Effington prone at his feet.—Binghamton Republican.

How to Rest.

Dr. Jackson's Health Journal says a cat is a sermon to nervous people. She finds the quietest spot about the place, where it is cosy and sunny, or in summer shady, drops down just as her flesh will drop, with each muscle relaxed and goes to sleep. The doctor's cat sermon is that we Americans do not know how to rest or sleep, or how to recuperate and make the most of life. What we need is to know how to relax every time we feel tired or fagged, instead of pegging on under stimulus of tea or alcohol.

Sprains are among the most severe accidents to which we are liable. When a joint is sprained swelling comes on gradually. In dislocation the swelling and loss of motion of the joint happens immediately after the accident. A sprained limb should be kept perfectly quiet. To prevent inflammation use poultices of wormwood, hops or tansy.—Herald of Health.

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