JUDICIAL JUGGLERY.

Peculiar Freaks of the Blind Goddess at Lincoln.

Political Points and Business Briefs.

Correspondence of The Bee.

LINCOLN, March 15.—Lancaster justice has some rather peculiar features about it. In the district court here a day or two since a man who put a bullet through another's head was unanimously acquitted and much congratulated over his escape from a malicious prosecution. The day following a cold and heartless wretch, who had stolen a horse here, was sent to the penitentiary for six years at hard labor. It is a little hard to account for these inscrutable decisions, unless it be because the horse belonged to a prominent lawyer here, while the man who was killed seems to have belonged to nobody in particular. There were a great many mitigating circumstances in the case of horse stealing, and it is probable that an effort will be made to have the verdict changed.

In the murder case of Denman vs. Cokeley, the jury is now out, with the prospect of bringing in a verdict of manslaughter. The murder occurred last 4th of July. Cokeley was proprietor of the St. Charles hotel here, and Denman was behaving in a disorderly manner about the premises. In an attempt to put the latter out, Cokeley was cut slightly in the arm; erysipelas set in and he died three days later.

Another case of small pox has appeared here, the victim being one J. E. Brady, a carpenter. He is well isolated and at last accounts was blossoming finely, with good prospects of getting through all right.

The number of firms engaging in the money-lending business here is something remarkable. At least a dozen different parties are deriving a prosperous traffic in loaning on chattels at 2 and 3 per cent per month. It looks rather bad for the prosperity of Lancaster county to see so many of her farmers and other settlers obliged to secure aid on such terms as these.

The Burlington and Missouri land office has been doing a thriving business all winter, owing the mildness of the season. A large nest of settlers is looked for in the spring, all over the state. There is some stir over places to be filled at the coming city election. The number of candidates for the mayoralty is legion. The present incumbent—Wright—is training for the legislature next fall, and will not seek a re-election. For police judge, Dales, Ben Cobb, A. K. Webster and Jo. Brown are in the hands of their friends.

The board of trade here has just began to receive regular Chicago quotations and puts and calls will soon be sold on the floor here. The Methodist members, headed by Burks and Imhoff, winched a little at the idea, but they were overruled.

ARGUS.

[German Ladies.

The Dresden correspondence of The San Francisco Argonaut thus depicts the German women:

"The first Sunday was specially noticeable as a day of pleasure and recreation. Families, as a whole, either went out to walk in the fresh air or received friends at home. The clatter of German in the adjoining room bespoke visitors for the afternoon party. A table neatly spread with a snowy cloth, and provided with a delicate china cup and saucer for each guest, stood in the middle of the room; around it ranged the seats of the visitors. A fair-haired young artist on the right did some elaborate needlework; her neighbor, a teacher, was crocheting; the old ladies of the party, without exception, were knitting. The handwork, so mechanical through long years of practice, did not in the least interfere with the conversation, that turned for the most part on classical plays that had been seen and enjoyed, classical music that had been heard and appreciated, and fine pictures that had been seen and studied. Of course, the surroundings and opportunities in a German city would give occasion for such topics of conversation; yet the rare intelligence and keen judgment of these German ladies would put to shame the flippant, shallow conversations heard in more pretentious circles of their American sisters. The coffee pot held the place of honor in the centre of the table, and frequently went the rounds. Through a long afternoon this little company worked, and chatted, and drank coffee, each member of the party looking as comfortable and happy as though it were a pleasure to live. 'Do the American ladies knit?' asked one of the party, a question probably suggested by my curious gaze directed on her work. 'Not on Sunday,' was the only answer my limited vocabulary in German would allow. 'Not on Sunday!' This was a bombshell. The clicking of needles stopped, side conversation ceased, work and hands rested upon the table, all eyes turned on me, and an expression of astonishment appeared on every face. Most impressively came the question 'Warum?' (Why?) Perhaps the answer savored a little of maliciousness. 'They think it wicked.' 'Wicked! wicked!' exclaimed all with one accord. Each looked at her neighbor, and echoed 'Wicked!' Asked one: 'Would the Americans really think we were wicked could they see us to-day, sitting with our friends, enjoying life, and at the same time busying our fingers?' The hostess came to my relief by saying: 'Oh, the American ladies from the west are not so schrecklich fromm (terribly pious) as the ladies from the east,' and turned the attention to the omnipresent coffee-pot that again went the rounds. Soon the lamps were lighted and the cheery company departed."

CONGRESSMEN'S DOINGS.

A Suggestion for a New Style of Congressional Record.

If congress resolve to act upon the suggestion made by Senator Miller that The Congressional Record be issued as a weekly and sent to every family in the country, some modification ought to be made of the contents of The Record. The paper is much too heavy and dismal in its present condition to be welcomed in the ordinary American household. Perhaps it might have a puzzle department, and if so one of the first puzzle could take the shape of an inquiry how it happens that so many congressmen get rich on $5,000 year. The department of answers to correspondents could be enriched with references to letters from office-seekers and the department of household economy could contain explanations of how the members frank their shirts home through the postoffice so as to get them in the family wash. As for the general contents, describing the business proceedings in the senate and the house, we recommend that these should be put into the form of verse. We should treat them, say, something in this fashion:

Mr. Hill
Introduced a bill
To give John Smith a pension.
Mr. Bayard
Talked himself tired
But said nothing worthy of mention.

This would be succinct, musical, and in a degree impressive. The youngest readers could grasp the meaning of it, and it could easily be committed to memory. Or a scene in the house might be depicted in such terms as these:

A very able speech was made by Cox of Minnesota,
Respecting the necessity of protecting the black voter.
'Twas indignantly responded to by Smith of Alabama.
Whose abominable talk was silenced by the speaker's hammer.
Then Atkinson of Kansas rose to make an explanation,
But was pulled down by a colleague in a state of indignation.
And Mr. Alexander, in a speech about insurance,
Taxed the patience of his hearers pretty nearly past endurance.
After which Judge Whitaker denounced the reciprocity
Treaty with Hawaii as a scandalous monstrosity.

It would be advisable, of course, to vary the meter as much as possible in order to prevent the monotony which would otherwise dull the interest of the reader.

After giving the proceedings in the house as above, something of a more spirited nature, perhaps, could be inserted into the senate reports. Suppose, for example, the pages devoted to the senate should lead off with something of this kind:

Then up rose Smith of Florida, the best of the debaters,
And he spoke about his measure for protecting alligators;
He showed how tourist shoot at them without regard for reason,
And asked to have it made a crime to kill them out of season.
Then Brown he moved amendment by inserting a brief clause
Compelling alligators not to operate their jaws;
But Smith he up and said of him who thought the subject comical.
That Nature, when she gave him sense, had been too economical.
And Brown, responding briefly, wished to say in this connection
That Smith, in guarding reptiles, had an eye to self-protection.
Then Smith he flung a volume of the message and reports,
And Brown was laid upon the floor a good deal out of sorts.

Of course, versification of The Congressional Record would require the services of a poet laureate of rather unusual powers. If congress shall accept seriously the suggestions which we make with an earnest desire to promote the public interest, we shall venture to recommend the selection of the sweet singer of Michigan as the first occupant of the laureate's office. —[Our Continent.

TWO ANCIENT DUELS.

A Reminiscence of the Washington Hotel Recently Demolished in New York.

Colburn's United Service Magazine.

A singular and fatal duel was fought some years ago in New York, by the late Stephen Price, well known in England as a former lessee of Drury Lane theatre. Benjamin Price was considered the handsomest of his family, though his brother Stephen was not to be despised, either as regards good looks or abilities. Benjamin one evening had escorted a very pretty woman to the Park theatre, when, during the performance, a British officer in an adjoining box took the liberty of staring her full in the face. She complained of it to Ben Price, who, on its repetition, seized the offender by the nose with "his finger and thumb, and wrung it most effectually." The officer left his box and went to Ben Price's. Ben in answer to a knock opened the door, when the officer, whose name was Green, asked Ben what he meant, remarking at the same time that he meant no insult to the lady. "Oh, very well," replied Ben, "neither did I mean to insult you by what I did." Upon this they shook hands as sworn brothers, and some time after Mr. Green went to Canada to join his regiment. The facts of the affair, however, had reached Canada before Mr. Green did, and, of course, got noised about. An officer of his regiment, having a pique against him, was particularly active in airing the scandal, and brought the matter so strongly before his brother officers that one of them, a Capt. Wilson, insisted upon Green being ostracized unless he went back to New York immediately and challenged Price. Green, however, being no shot, he was allowed time to get up his pistol practice to a favorable standard and, having practiced for five hours daily until he could hit a dollar at ten paces nine times out of ten, then he came to New York and challenged Ben Price They fought at Hoboken. Price being killed at the first fire. The seconds immediately decamped, while Green, who had obtained leave to go to England on urgent private affairs, took a small boat, crossed the river, and got on board a vessel in the bay ready to sail for the country. Price's body was found where he had fallen, with a piece of paper attached to the breast, on which were written the following words: "This is Benjamin Price, boarding in Vesey street, New York; take care of him." The body was brought to the city quietly, and he was buried in New York.

The death of Ben Price was, however, but one-half of the tragic transaction that resulted from the pulling of Mr. Green's nose. Some years later Capt. Wilson, who has already been referred to, arrived in New York from England on his way to Canada and put up at the Washington hotel. There one day at dinner the conversation turned on the death of Ben Price and the manner thereof, when Capt. Wilson, who had joined in the conversation, took credit for having been mainly instrumental in bringing about the duel, detailing all the particulars connected therewith. This statement was carried immediately to Stephen Price, who was lying ill of the gout at home. His friends said that he at once implicitly obeyed the instructions of the physician, and, obtaining thereby a short cessation of the gout, was enabled to hobble out of doors, his lower extremities being swathed in flannel His first course was to seek the Washington hotel, where his inquiry was:

"Is Capt. Wilson within?"

"He is," said the waiter.

"Show me up to his room," said Stephen, and he was shown up accordingly.

Hobbling upstairs with much difficulty, cursing alternately as he went the gout which caused the pain and the captain who was the cause of his having to hobble, with equal vehemence, he at last reached Capt. Wilson's room, his feet cased in moccasins and his hand grasping a stick. Capt. Wilson rose to receive him, wondering all the time who his lame visitor could be, but his mind on that point was soon relieved.

"Are you Capt. Wilson?" said the stranger.

"That is my name," replied the captain.

"Then, sir, my name is Stephen Price. You see, sir, I can scarcely put one foot before the other; I am afflicted with the gout. My object in coming here is to insult you. Shall I have to knock you down, or will you consider what I have said a sufficient insult, and act accordingly?"

"No, sir," replied the captain, smiling; "I shall consider what you have said quite sufficient, and shall act accordingly. You shall hear from me."

In due time there came a message from Capt. Wilson to Stephen Price; time, place, and weapons were arranged, and early one morning a boat left New York in which were seated, face to face, Stephen Price, the captain and two friends. They all landed at Bedloe's island, the principals took their positions, and Capt. Wilson fell dead at the first shot. The captain's body was interred in the vault there, and Price and the two seconds returned to New York. Capt. Wilson's friends in America thought he had departed suddenly to Canada, and his friends in England thought he had either died suddenly or had been killed in a duel on his way to join his regiment.

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE.

The Trouble Extravagant Wives and Mean Husbands Make in the World.

Philadelphia Record.

One of the peculiarities of the present social system is that relating to the "money question" between husbands and wives. Although with the nuptial oath the husband does with all his worldly goods the wife endow, too often the memory of the obligation dies with the word of promise on the lips. When a man takes a woman to be his wife he assumes the broadest obligation to provide for her comfort and support. A man of wealth is bound to enable a woman to sustain herself creditably in the circle in which they move; the poor man to administer to the comfort of his family as far as within his means. The ethical code does not obligate the affluent man to indulge his family in profligate extravagance, nor the poor man to make provision for his family inconsistent with his income. The inconsiderate and reckless waste of money by some women provided with unstinted means, and the endeavor of others, whose means are limited to a pretentious display are equally to be condemned. There are some men who do not realize, or, at any rate, who seem to forget, that their wives have any rights in money matters which they are bound to respect. A wife to this sort of a husband is much the same as a servant. Does she require money for family necessities, she must render account for the expenditure of every cent. If shopping is to be done, she must go to him for money to purchase even a spool of thread or to pay car fare. This is humiliating to a sensitive woman, yet such instances come under observation every day. A man of delicate sensibilities would himself feel humiliated that his wife should be placed in such a position. And yet the man who never thinks to provide his wife with small change is careful enough to keep the wherewith in his own pocket to supply his cigars, his drinks, his luncheons, and other incidentals, regardless of the fact that a woman, too, has daily incidental expenses. The "mean man" treats his wife in this manner out of pure cussedness. There are others, however, who make the grave mistake of not recognizing the ability of their wives in pecuniary matters, and treat them as though they were children who do not know the value of money. These two classes comprehend all married men, for the man who is too stingy to give his wife the money which is hers by right is mean. Advice would be wasted on him, but kicking might have potent effect. As to those men who question the financial shrewdness and ability of women, careful observation should convince them that as a general thing good wives are ever more prudent, thrifty and economical financiers than men. Put money in your wife's purse and send her out shopping, and she will, nine times out of ten, make one dollar go as far again as you will. Hundreds of prosperous men to-day owe their success to the counsel and advice of their wives, to whom they have confided; nor are they ashamed to acknowledge it. Many are the bankrupts who would have continued in prosperity had they but followed the advice of their wives; they will tell you so themselves. Every day we see noble wives, who are cast upon their own resources by the failure of some reckless speculation on which their husbands entered, assume grave responsibilities and display wonderful powers of energy and calculation. Every day we see women whose entire lives have been of domestic devotion left widowed and destitute, with the burden of a family upon their inexperienced shoulders, display a persevering industry, thrift and financial discretion which ought to put to shame any man who would question the judiciary ability of woman. Let every husband consider his wife entitled to a fair share of his income for personal and family expenses, avoid meddling with the interior details of the home, trusting implicitly to the judgment and management of the wife, and the cases will be rare where the result will not be greater domestic happiness, as well as pecuniary advantage.