## HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

One of the State Institutions of Nebraska, At Lincoln.

THE BUILDING AND INMATES.

How Patients are Quartered, How They Demean Themselves, and How They Act Under Restraint and Surveillance.

[Written for the Omahn Sunday Bec.] As you approach the city of Lincoln from the west, if you happen to be in the company of a citizen of the capital, the first thing to which your attention is directed is the State hospital for the insane. The average Lincoln man does not know the institution by this name. To him, it is the insane asylum, and the interest he takes in it is that of a person who feels that he is in some manner to be commended because of its existence. He speaks of it as a Lincoln institution, and entarges upon its beauty, its completeness and the wonderful work it accomptishes as if, indeed, it were in no manner responsible for its existence to the state. The notoriety, however, which the hospital has attained because of the frequent attacks which have been made upon its management, has made many people aware of the relation it bears to the state, and this fact, more than anything else, has conduced to a knowledge of its affairs which has been disseminated throughout Nebraska; because, comparatively speak-ing, few people ever get beyond its offices and parlors, for the purpose of inspec-

Some weeks ago, I had the privilege accorded me, with Mr. Lusk of the Consolidated Tank Line, and Mr. Murdoch of the Union Pacific, of being shown through the institution. It was a beautiful day. The air was warm, the sky clear, and the drive over the country which lay between Lincoln and the hospital as pleas ant as one could have desired.

The hospital is situated on a slight eminenes, surrounded by a beautiful undu-lating country, of which it commands a delightful view. Immediately in front is well-kept lawn, gradually sloping to the east, broken

BY WALKS AND DRIVES, the edges of which are pleasantly marked with thrifty petunias. Looking out upon this prospect, and then, considering how poorly the inmates of the hospital are capable of appreciating what both nature and art have done to gratify the senses, one is not likely to be inspired with other than sombre thoughts of the poor unfor-tunates whom circumstances have deprived of the most agreeable of pleas-

The hospital is a long white stone building, four stories in height, with walls perforated with hundreds of staring windows. In the estimation of some people, it is but a living tomb, and this idea is but strengthened by the rigid lines and chilling whiteness of the style and material which enter into its construction.

In the middle of the front is a portico shadowing the main entrance. Within this, the effect created by the external appearance is utterly destroyed. Here in the vestibule, are tiled floors, carpeted parlors and offices, costly furniture, pa-pered watts hung with pictures and elaborately frescoed ceitings. And yet, there is a quiet about the place which is suggestive. People converse in low tones and walk about with lightest steps, as if in fear of having sounds such as might otherwise be produced, reaching and annoying the silent occupants of the silent

Dr. Mathewson was absent and in his stead Dr. J. T. Hay, the first assistant physician, attended to our party. In his office were a man, a woman and child. The man was an inmate of the hospital The woman was his wife and the little one his child. The wife and mother was a sweet-Looking LADY, He was

the husband a handsome man. talking to his wife with as much interest m both manner and word as if he were renewing his declaration of early love. But his words fell upon heedless ears. The woman's eyes were fixed in an oppo-site direction. They seemed to be looking into the future, and as if the prospect. for her at least, was that of a wife out a husband, and with no alternative but to begin on her own responsibility the dreaded battle of life. When we returned from our inspection of the premises, the husband was still speaking to his wife, and the latter still maintained the far-off look, which now seemed indeed very much like some of the unfortunates in the corridors above.

The doctor led us to the first male ward. This consisted of a wide corridor with lavender walls, and low ceiling, upon which thirty-two rooms opened The floor showed the minutest grain in the wood, and shone like a varnished surface. This was the result of a weekly cleansing and oiling, and is the first thing to attract the attention of visitors. In each of the rooms which opened upon the corridor, was a bed with covering as white as snow, and a floor of about the same degree of whiteness. Near one of the ends stood the dining-room, in which the same cleanliness was apparent, and in which the fifty-five patients of the ward take their meals. There was also an organ and an old fashioned billiard table, both of which are intended to af-ford divertisement to the inmates. This ward is occupied by the least trouble-some patients, and these at the time of our visit were in the grounds adjacent to the institute, enjoying as well as they might, the balmy breezes and the genial

On the floors above are situated the other wards, the inmates being graded

according to THE TROUBLESOME NATURE of their infliction. When a person sees one of the wards, he can readily imagine the others. They are all alike though the patients differ. In the corridor immedistely above we had scarcely passed when strange looking man approached. I drew back, fearing personal violence. He had an Indian, fox-like tread, with a stooped form and physical development which argued tremendous power. Not-withstanding that I saw him approach, there was stealthiness in his manner which made me feel anxious to avoid him. In an instant he had grabbed my hand, thrown himself upon his knees, d muttering some unintelligable rds, covered my hand with caresses. He smiled in a patronizing manner as is anxious to impress me with the fact that te was ready to do my bidding in anythe other members of the party in the ame manner, and would have continued in this way if we had not been compelled to move along.

The male wards are situated in the north wing of the building, the women in south. In the lower corridor of the laiter part of the hospital, are the least troub ome of the females. Their quarters are of the same general design as those of the men. When we entered, there were about forty unfortunates in the corridor. There was not a sound to be heard. Some of the patients were standing, others leaning against the wall, walking, sitting apon the settees, or erouched

IN UNEAST POSTURES upon the floor. Some stared at us as we passed, others laughed and grinned and directed to us the attention some of their riends whom we had already left behind. But none of them spoke. On the floor above, were torty-six more of these dehented creatures, who were considered little more violent than those below. dere there was considerable activity.

Many of the women were walking up and down, with comparatively wild looks shading their features. Several of them seemed desirons of restraining us in order to pour into our ears some imaginary grievance. The larger number con-sisted of young girls, while here and there could be noticed a matronly woman whose appearance and demeanor bespoke a home and surroundings which were now, perhaps deprived of their chiefest charm. In the third female ward we encountered a couple of manacled females, several who indulged in public and retiring cristons, with a motily collection of aged, hideous, grinning and chattering unfortunates, whose chiefest delight at the moment was the indulgence of the heartiest derision of our party. Several threw themselves in our way and indulged in voiceless supplication. A couple had turned their faces to the wall, and seemed to be looking into it as if there they saw what to them was a world of delight. Nearly all were attired in blue and their hair was trimmed short, in some in-stances failing over the forehead in repulsive langs. I noticed that one door was locked and mon inquiry found that the room contained the most violent female inmate. I had seen her before, both when she was a source of

ANNOYANCE TO HER PRIENDS and some years after she had been placed in the hospital. She is still healthy, and afflicted with the mania which annoyed her when at home. had bardly eaught sight of us when she rambled off in an accurate account of the failure of the Bee Hive and Fidelity and State Savings banks in Chicago about twelve years ago. She knew the names of the presi-dents of each, and the cashiers, and the manner in which all of them were reputed, at the time, to have conducted their business. She snoke of the thousands of depositors who had been robbed by the failures, and the money she had placed in the Fidelity, the amount she had lost, and the estimation she had of the man who had caused her financial ruin. In all this, I knew there was considerable truth, and because of knowledge, it was not easy to believe that the woman was more crazy than hundneds of females which may be met in every walk of life. But this was one of the patient's easy "spells." The barred and screened window, the belabored walls, and the set features which spoke of great physical power and passionate excitement, were sufficient to show that here were times when an interview with the woman would not be as interesting as that referred to.

In each of these wards there is a female guard, whose duty it is TO WATCH THE INMATES

and tend to all their wants. It is a thankless position, and yet it never goes beg-

ging for an applicant.
On the top floor is a small frescoed hall in which entertainments of vocal and instrumental music are given for the amusement of the inmates at regular intervals, and in which also, the employes of the place hold their little sociables Besides these, the patients are occasionally given an opportunity to indulge in the pleasures of the dance, which they

relish to a great degree.

We descened to the basement and then walked out into the grounds, which, by this time,

WERE ALL AGLOW

with the glory of a gorgeous sunset. The air was redolent of garden and orchard and the only sounds which came upon the breeze were those of what seemed to be the piping of some unfamiliar bird. In tone they resembled those of a quail, but exceeded them in volume, and, at times, became so harsh as to be almost unpleasant to the ear. We proceeded in the direction whence came the sounds, and soon distinguished the being who had been producing them. He was one of the in-mates of the institution, with high receding forehead, and har trimmed after the manner of an asthete of a few years ago. He sat beneath one of the which line the roadway through the grounds. His head was bare, and his eyes were turned upward, as if in communion with the feathered beings who were flitting and chirping in the boughs Occasionally, as if following a particular one of the little creatures, he turned from side to side, the while main-taining an upward and rapturous expression of the features. Seemingly unconsci ous of our presence, he continued his shrill piping, and doubtless imagined that he was answered by the birds, which had evidently ensuared his fancy. He seemed to revel in his isolation and we had not the courage to disturb him.

A short distance behind him, hidden in part by a high board fence, lay a small parcel of ground, the entrance to which was guarded by one of the force of the asylum. Around this entrance stood a number of men whom at first we considered to be strangers, like ourselves. We afterward discovered, however, that they were inmates of the institution. Within the inclosure were a

HUNDRED MORE MORTALS, forming a collection most interesting to be described: At first, they created the impression of a number of laborers "hanging around" in a strike or waiting for their employer to appear with their wages. They were in all positions, and some stood in knots of three and four and apparently engaged in engrossing conversation. Three energetic individuals were making circuits of the enclosure at a four-mile gait, and suggested rather methodical gentlemen or collegiate professors taking a walk for exercise. Another poor fellow paced up and down a path about lifty feet in length, worn in the sward by himself. He never went becond the end of his walk and always turned there as if a stone wall impeded further progress. He was under the halm cination that he was guarding Giteau while the latter was in prison. man who attracted our attention stood bolt upright, like a statue. His face was turned to the west, his right hand being inserted in the bosom of his jacket. His eyes seemed to look at some object far in the distance and never turned, even for an instant to either the fight of left, When we saw him for the first time instant to either the right or he had been in the position described for half an hour. Thirty minutes later we saw him again, and he had not in the mean time, altered his strange demeanor. were told that he was one of the most harmless inmates of the institution, but that his reticence effectually prevented a discovery of his hallucination. Besides these, were a hundred other poor fellows, prone upon the ground, lolling with all he ease of men who are resting from labor. Some of these struck grotesque and others picturesque attitudes. With one of these I was most strongly im-pressed. He was a dark-eyed, swarthyvisaged,

ITALIAN-LOOKING YOUTH, with a broken black bat, coarse dark clothes eneasing a shapely form and well-developed limbs, He was, m everything save the fantastic costume, such as a stage manager, would delight to pose in the gypsy encampment in "Fra Diavolo." His attitude was laziness and grace and ease combined, which the measured rolling and brilliancy of his eyes served but to ntensify.

He condescended to notice us just for one second. We evidently made no im-pression upon him because his gaze did not revert to us while we remained in his presence.

The attitudes of many more were equally worthy of attention, but the time and come for all the inmates to return to their wards, and this they did with but

We left the guards with a feeling of compassion for the unfortunates whom we had just seen, yet unable to appreciate why such a misfortune as loss of mind

SHOULD BE VISITED upon so many mortals. We passed the tree where the piping man had been com-

vacant, while the birds still twittered in the foliage as if engaged in vesper prayers. The little things which had, in some manner led to his troubled state and made amends by amusing him, still retained the freedom which he had been denied. My friends had been sensibly affected by what they had seen, and were beginning to indulge in sombre thoughts. So, our steeds were spurred onward into so, our steeds were spurred on water that a lively gait, and the white walls of the hospital enclosing, as they did, the unfortunates mentioned, were left behind to be soon enclosed, themselves, by the

be soon enclosed, the shades and chills of night. E. A. O'BRIEN. A TOUCHING STORY.

One of the Little Happenings Confirming Our Faith in Human Nature.

Detroit Tribune: He bade his wife a tearful good by.
"My love, my only one! The time will soon be here when I shall be in a position to snap my fingers at fate and set up as my own boss. Then we shall have no

more partings."

"And you will be true to me?"

"As I alwayf am," he responded.

"You did not forget to put that photo

you had especially taken for me in my 'gripsack,' did you?"
"O, dear, no. Are you sure you will

look at it sometimes, love?"
"You wicked doubter! You know that I should be wretched without at least such a semblance of my pet to look at daily and nightly."

Draw the veil of charity over his grief

and the treachery of one in whom he had such unbounded confidence. In brief, she, his only love, his pet, his wife, had secretly planned to make him "wretched." She had taken that photograph from his gripsack, and was gloating over his misery when he should dis cover that only memory remained to him for the time being of his darling's looks. "The dear fellow, how he will scold me for the trick," she thought; "but I will send him the photograph in the first let-

ter I write to him.' Thus appeasing her conscience, she waited for his first letter.

waited for his first letter.

It came from Chicago.

"My heart's desire," it began. "Got here O. K. this a. m. Have been wrestling with the trade all day, and a tough time I've had of it. Weary and fagged, I have retired to my room, shut out the gilded atmosphere of sin that envelops this terrible city, and taken from my satchel your sweet picture. It is before me as I write. I shall kiss it when I have said my evening prayers. It will rest under my pillow. It is my one solace until I hold you, my sweet wife, in these faithful arms again."
Thus far had she read, then she toppled

over on the floor.

What comfort she found there it is hard to say, but a great determination rose with the stricken wife, who went out an hour later and sought a telegraph office. Her husband had been saying his orayers abroad that evening, and when he got to his hotel about midnight his spiritual emotions received a rude shock

by a telegram from his "only love. It was claborate for a dispatch, but, under the circumstances one could not expect an outraged wife to transmit her feelings by the slow mail. The dispatch

You are no longer the only drummer who is not a liar, as you have always claimed. Let the fraternity make you their chief in the art. Had you taken the pains even to look for the photograph you say your prayers to, you would have discovered that I had—to tease you—re moved it. My faith in you is dead!" The husband clutched his hair

"Why, what did I write to her, any After a while his face cleared. "By Jove! I must have been piling on the taffy. That's what a man gets for trying his best to make a woman feel good. Poor little dear, what a fume she That's what a man gets for must be in! Lucky for me she gave her grievance away. What geese women are! Bless her little noddle, her faith shall be rest receted.

Forthwith he telegraphed to a knowing friend: Send me, first mail, photograph of my wife. Beg, borrow, steal it, get it some-how. Mum's the word. Will write all

particulars soon About a week later a drummer, in dignified martyrdom, stood face to face with a stern but very wept-out wife. She expected to see him meek and humble, but he gazed upon her with much scorn and then passed on to his

coom in crushing silence.

She was amazed. With quick impulse he followed, thanking heaven he had not locked her out.

' she began, with wavering courage, "what have you got to say for yourself now?"

Coldly, cruelly he looked at her. "I?" he queried. "Woman, if it were not for the overmastering love I bear for on I should never look upon you again! His face convulsed with tragic suffering hat was balm to her heart to witness, but she only sneered:

'Can you explain the deception you tried to practice upon me?" "Can you obliterate the insult put upon our husband in that unwomanly dispatch? A woman with so little confidence in her husband would be better off to ive alone. For my part, I am not only

disgusted, but disenchanted." He turned sorrowfully away and buried She approached is face in his hands. him and laid the letter that had caused her such gricf under his eyes,
"Read that. Knowing you had no pic-ture of mine, what was I to think?"

"What any intelligent, right-minded wife would have thought; you would have said to yourself: 'He is incapable of deceit; he has my picture somehow, But you did not have it.

He looked at her with sad, resigned sorrow. His lips quivered as he sadly mur-"O, woman! without an atom of faith!"

Then he put his hand in his pocket and produced her photograph. "O darling, forgive me! This old thing, taken long before we were en-gaged! Why, I didn't know you ever had one of these!"

The restored confidence made pretty blue eyes swim in tearful joy. She purher arm around him, asking his pardon, caressing even his coat-collar. "My dear," he said, looking into her face with grave but loving reproach, "let this be a warning. Never doubt me again, no matter what appearances may

be. I can always look you squarely nthe eye and say: 'I am innocent.'" And she believed him. Salmon Wouldn't Talk.

Cleveland Leader: Salmon P. Chase went to Dartmouth college, and 1 think graduated there. He was a lively boy, and while in school was noted for his manificess. Part of his school life twas spent in Cincinnati, and during this line there was a fire made in one of the rooms. The boys were all called up and date chized as to its origin. All except Chase denied all knowledge of the affair. When the question was put to him as to whether he knew who had lighted the fire, he re

"I do." "Who was it?"

"I will not tell." The professor grew angry. The president was called in and Chase was again asked. He again refused, saying: "Mr. President, I did not intend to insult Professor Blank, but I am not going to lie. I know who made the fire, but I will leave the school before I will become a

As he said this his large intellectual eye looked squarely into that of the president, and the latter fully appreciated that he meant it. He said that excuse Chase this time, and dismissed him muning with the birds. His place was with a slight reprimand.

THE POP-ULAR QUESTION.

Short Essays on Matrimony, Its Uses and Abuses.

BORROWED TROUBLE IN RHYME.

Quaint Marriages and Superstitions-Cheap Rates and Quick Time-Before and After Taking. : .

Anticipating Future Sadness Ella Wheeler Willear.

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken In vain to hear a voice that has grown And morns will fade, noons pale, and shad-

While sad eyes watch for feet that never One of us two must some time face existence

Alone with memories that but sharpen pain, And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance. Like dreams of summer dawns in nights of

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken, Shall read long treasured letters through sall tears; She kissed with anguished lips each cherished token That speaks of these love crowned, delicious years.

One of us two shall find a light, all beauty, All Joy on earth, a tale forever done; Shall know henceforth that life means only O God! O God! have pity on that one!

Superstitions Concerning Love and Marriage.

Cincinnati Enquirer: If strangers of opposite sexes resemble each other you can wager a thousand to one that they will be married if they meet, provided they carefully avoid using the words "if" and "but," or give them a proper turn when used. You must never give shoes or stockings to any one whom you wish to retain near you; if you do he will be sure to run away. If a lover presents a knife or any sharp instrument to his beloved their love will be cut a sunder unless he takes a pin or something similar in exchange. Hence the words of the old

ong:
"If you love me as I love you.
No knife can cut our love in two."
A young bride must not assist in washing her own linen for the first time after he wedding if she wishes to remain in the land of the living; nor must she help sew her own bridal garments if she would not be unfortunate with her children. Furthermore, no girl who has worn the myrtle wreath in jest will ever become a bride; and if she does this with the silver wreath (used in some parts of Gormany she will never celebrate her silver wed ding. If you are to be married in church you must leave the house hand in hand, and, be the steps ever so narrow, you must descend them together; if you let go of each other it will bring separation, either in life or death. | He who looks around on the way to the wedding is looking for another; and; if the wedding ring be lost it forbodes that the couple will not live long together. If a younger sister is married before the others the latter should take care to dance at her wedding without shoes, otherwise they never hope to get husbands.

Quaint Marriages. Letter in Glasgow Herald: Three Sabbaths before the interesting eeremony the banns are proclaimed in church. A week before the marriage day a repast consisting of the chief luxuries of the island is provided for the whole of the islanders in the intended bridegroom's house. The "luxuries" include tea-which is drank out of bowls-cheese, butter, Scotch bannocks, and, last but not least, "a wee drapple o't." But the islanders never co such feasts with drank A curious feature of the gathering is that the sexes are kept by themselves in different ends of the house. For the com fort of the men tables and chairs are provided, and in the event of the supply running short the women have to remain standing. The "feast" is, of course, a most funeral affair. What else could it be when the pope of the place has forbidden even singing and whistling? There is no singing, and, of course, no dancing. The time is passed in general remarks on the coming event and the "news of the day." I really do not know what the "news of the day" means in St. Kilda unless it be that Mor Bhan was publicly reproved in church the Sunday for sleeping, or that the minister's house keeper had patched up her latest quarrel with the prettiest woman on the island (commonly called the Queen). When the wedding day comes everybody gathers into the church, including the bride and bridegroom, attended by the best man and bridemaid. They are rigged out in their Sunday finery, and are privileged with a front seat next to the left of the pulpit. Everybody is agog with excitement, for the occasion is a great one. Soon there enters the Rev. Mr. Mackay bible in hand. Mounting the precentor's box the minister engages in a Gaelic prayer. Then follows a sermon on the duties of husband and wife. The sermon over, Mr. Mackay goes through the marriage ceremony in the orthodox fashion There is another prayer and then the curtain falls. After the marriage another jolly feast is provided in one of the houses in the village, but to this only natives are invited. The "strangers," who include the schoolmaster, the old nurse, and the minister himself, hie themselves to the manse, where they at tempt to make merry in a humble kind of way, and the newly-married couple are gracious enough to look in and smile the proceedings. The husband and wife bring provisions with them, gener ally mutton, it being considered unlucky that they should come empty-handed. Tea is supplied in great abundance. A bumper is drunk to the health and prosperity of the newly-wedded pair, and this formality over the company breaks up. The couple are seen to rest for the night, and the event is at an end. There is a difficulty usually about the honeymoon It is the correct thing to spend it from home, but there is only the chaice of going to a friend's house ten yards off or on

Waiting. Detroit Free Press. They have gone through life together They have braved its stormy weather
Many a year.
Time has filehed from beauty's treasures,
But Love scorns the hoard he measures
With a leer.

twice the distance

Mid the world's turmoil and fretting, They dono tears and vain regretting For the past.
All their troubles armly breasting. They have found the time for gesting Sweet, at last.

There are graves upon the meadow-Baby forms that lie in shadow,
Dark and still.
Ah! they felt life's fountain drying
When they looked on baby dying,
But—"Thy will?"

Now, if pulses throbbing steady, Hand in hand, they're waiting, ready,
Not a sigh
For the time that's swiftly fleeting.
There will be a joyous meeting—
By and by,

The Quickest Marriage on Record. Pittsburg Dispatch: Scarcely had the sun started to dispel yesterday morning's mists when a neatly dressed young woman came tripping down Penn avenue. She glanced from one side of the street to the other, as if searching for some place, and finally hesitatingly entered the little carpet factory of A, Reb.

holz, 1,425 Penn avenue. When that gen-tleman inquired the mission of his early visitor she replied: "My name is Rosina Geyer, and I am hunting employment. I have been riving with a family on Small-man street, but they didn't need me any more, and I've just left there."

"Well, I don't need any servants," said Mr. Rebholz, "but here is a man who wants a housekeeper," he said jocularly. turning to an old man who was sitting on a stool by his side, and had listened to the conversation. This remarkably sudden proposal staggered the young woman, but she wasn't long recovering, and said: "I don't know about that. I haven't any home, and I'm tired of working out. "Then we'll get married," promptly responded the man, in broken English.

The elder suitor calmly surveyed the young woman for at least five minutes. utterly oblivious to the discomposure on her part which his long stare produced. Finally he said:

We'll get the license right away."

"Yes, I can give you a place to stay, if you haven't got a home. My wife's been dead, and I guess I'd better get another. You can come home mit me, and if we suit each other then we'll go and get mar-

With equal promptitude the young

woman took him at his word, and arm in arm they started out, leaving the old car-pet weaver amuzed at his joking remark. They went straightway to the register's other, but the old man's courage slightly wavefed as he crossed the threshold of the court house. After waiting in the corridors for a few minutes he hesitatingly turned the knob, and, sliding forward with a bashful air, introduced himself and his companion to one of the clerks. He looked horrible uncomfortable for a minute or so, and then with a flushed face and tremulous accent said: a license. I come from the Ninth ward. My wife died six months ago, and to-day

widower any longer."

The elerk asked the customary ques tions, and the answers showed that the venerable bridegroom's name was Michael Kreutzer, an iron worker, 61 years of age, and residing at 81 Spring alley. The bride to be gave her name as Rosina Geyer, and said she was 29 years old. This was not the first time the elerk had granted January a license to marry June, and he saw nothing remarkable in it; but when the old man admitted that his courtship consisted of only about two hours, the clerk's impassiveness suddenly changed to the most livery interest. The license was duly made out and them forms fled fast from the dusky court

But on their arrival at the old man's pouse a difficulty forced itself upon them. The young wonan said they hadn't been married by the priest, and she didn't be ieve that the clerk who gave them the

license could marry them.
"On, yes, that's all right," said the old gentleman. "Hain't we been to the court iouse and taken out a marriage licence? You are my wife now, and when our names have been called out in church three times, then it will be the priest's

The bridegroom said the declaration of marriage and the license constituted the civil ceremony. The religious ceremony could follow at any time. This satisfied the bride. An hour after they were installed in their new home on Spring alley, and the bride took charge of the

The news of the old man's sudden act reached the ears of his daughter, Mrs. John Kessler. She came as quickly as possible to his house, and spoke her views on the subject very plainly. Mr. Kreut-zer simply said that he was old enough to know his own business, and that as long as his wife was satisfied, he was also.

Getting Married at Easy Rates Brooklyn Eagle: "Wedding-rings \$1.50 upwards." So ran the legend in the window of a cheap jewelry store on Fulton street. "You can get married now at easy rates," said an uptown clerical friend to the writer as we passed: "more especially," he added, "if you have learned the latest economy in feeing the "Be kind enough to enlighten me," I said in eagerness for useful intermation. "I found it out a couple of nights ago," my friend replied, "when a young couple waited on me at the close of the prayer-meeting and asked me to make them one. Taking them to my house I performed the service with the best grace I can command; the register was duly signed and they were about to leave, when the young lady, who seemed to be decidedly the more courageous half handed me the customary envelope. It contained, when opened after their depart-ure, half a sheet of notepaper, on which had been written with much labor the words: 'I am very much obliged to you.'
I have not yet received the thanks of the groom.'' This reminded the writer of an earlier incident in East New York. One of the elergymen of that place was in-vited by a gentleman of color to land him in the "blissful estate." The work being done with neatness and dispatch, the flur ied demeanor of the Benedict became painfully apparent. Nor did his agitation subside until he had taken the parson into an adjoining room and whispered to "Say, mister, I'se done got married but I'se got no money; but if yoah want a job of calcimine at youh house you be

shoah an' send fo' me. Before and After Marriage. Burlington Free Press: The mummy of Rameses III., recently exhumed near Cairo, was found to be bald headed. Matrimony was evidently induged in by the ancient Egyptians.

Burlington Free Press: A young lady bookkeeper, who has just married, says that there shall be no side door to her house. She proposes to keep her husband on the singly entry system. Angelina-Oh, mamma. Algernor squeezed my hand so to-night that I al

most cried. Mamma-What, my child, from pain Angelina---No, Mamma, from joy. Somerville Journal: A Frenchmar has invented a lock with 3,646,385 combl nations. It's hoped that it won't be gen erally adopted. Too many belated hus bands would have to climb in at the kitchen window. A lock with only one

combination is a staggerer for most of them. Dansville Breeze: "Suits Pressed with Neatness and Dispatch," is what the advertisement read, and a distracted young lover then and there determined to give them a job, for he said. "I have pressed my suit night after night for three long years, and Susan is no nearer accepting me now than when I began."

The Change in Cleveland's Habits. Washington special to New York Her ald: All of the members of the presi dent's official family are once again at home in Washington. When he was a bachellor the cabinet officers were dearer to him than now. They supplied him with plenty of material for his plodding and methodical habits. With a good eigar and a bottle or two of lager he would sit up until after midnight familiarizing himself with the details of every department. The same habit which he had when mayor of Buffalo and which he had when mayor of Bullato and governor of New York clung to him until very early last summer, when other habits unlike any he had ever known before had to be cultivated for Mrs. Cleveland's sake. The necessity for so much plodding has greatly disappeared. The members of the cabinet do not sit up so late in the White House as last year at this time, and as for those concomitants of his single days, they are still provided, but used at another time Evenings in the parlor with the house hold company take the place of lonely work in the library, and sometimes the president ventures to accompany the ladies in their songs, though he is not much of a vocalist, according to his own

HINTS TO HOME BUILDERS.

The Wealth of Warmth Stored in the Smiles of a Sunshiny Husband.

'TO LIGHT THE FIRES OF HOME.

A Priest's Advice to Parents-The Attention Paid to Children-The Home as an Index to Character.

The Fire of Home,

I bear them tell of far-off climes. And treasures grand they hold -Of minster wails, where stained light falls On canvas, rare and old.

My hands fall down, my breath comes fastBut ah, how can I roam?

My task I know, to spin and sew, And light the fire of home, Sometimes I hear or nobic deeds, Someticies I hear of noble deeds,
Of words that move mankind;
Of willing hands that to other lands
Bring light to the poor and blind;
I dare not preach, I cannot write,
I fear to cross the toam,
Who, If I go, will spin and sew
And light the fire of home? My husband comes as the shadows fall From the fields with my girl and boy, His loving kiss brings with it bliss That hath no base alloy. From the new-plowed meadow, fresh and

brown,
I catch the scent of the loam;
Heartdo not fret, 'tis something yet
To light the fire of home,''

The Sunshiny Husband at Home. Falls City Journal: A sunshiny hus-and makes a merry, beautiful home band makes a merry, worth working in and for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart

I made up my mind that I couldn't be a her puddings and her mending-baskets, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak and childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife the wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood under the tonic and cordial of companionship of a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how he trusted her judgment and deferred to her opin-

> Priestly Advice to Parents. In a recent sermon Rev. J. P. Stewart, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Rochester, New York, spoke to parents as follows:

To our efforts for your children must be added your own, with good examples and loving advice. Bad example at nome will render almost useless our best efforts to train them in the way they should go. Bad companions outside the school-room corrupts more youth than all perversity that the demon of fallen nature ever planted and cultivated in man. Thereore watch the company your children-

Rule by love. If you must punish, do so with firmness, without anger. Speak kindly, lovingly; make confidents of your children. Mothers, be the guardian angels of your little ones. Fathers, bring not home a clowded brow or a scowl on your countenance to the hearthstone. Better have the children running to meet you than hiding away in corners when ou approach the threshold. Such children will soon leave home. They may succeed in life, but I fear many tramps are made by surly, abusive or drunken

Finally, mothers and fathers, I appeal to you for the sake of your children and for your own sake. The rising genera-tion who parade the streets in the even-ing to see and be seen are filling a bitter cup for themselves and their parents. This begins harmlessly, through curiosity or under pretense of requiring exercise. They reach the down grade in a short time and land in a saloon or restaurant. Another fatal step is sure to follow. The gaze and giggle soon replace the modest maiden's blush and resentment of advances of the human night hawks who watch for their prey in the dark. Keep your children around you in the evenings. Make home so pleasant that they will not seek attractions eisewhere. If, by your permission, they go out for an evening and you cannot accompany them, know where they go and what company is with Insist upon them coming home at them. an early hour

First faults are like weeds cropping up on fertile soil. Pluck them out instantly.

The Attention Paid to Children. Cleveland Sunday Sun: One pronounced festure of this progressive is the great amount of attention paid to children. The time, thought and money hat are lavished on their amusements, their accomplishments and their clothing are incalculable, and still we wonder if the precious little folks of to-day are any happier than were the commonplace, pinafored children of the days when we were young and were glad to play with home-made toys and to keep in the background generally. One of these so-called modern improvements is anything but an advantage, to my way of thinking, and that is the elaborate dressing of children, especially the girls. Poor little creatures, the time comes soon enough with all its cares, troubles and jealousies when they must devote part of their best energies to the ogre Fashion, but to see hese overdressed dolls talking about the latest styles, bickering over the comparative merits of each other's clothes and snubbing a little companion who happens to be plainly attired is truly pitiful. A teacher in one of our large Sunday-schools tells me that dress is a constant bone of contention in her class of little girls. When one is absent it is aimost invariably on account of her clothes. When one leaves the class it is because the others have made fun of her hat and dress, and the teacher's clothes contain far more interest for them than the lesson. I lately called at the house of a well-to-do family who were rejoicing over the advent of a new baby-a little daughter. I inquired if Master Willie, the next youngest, found his nose out of joint, when the father said: no, it is the two older girls that are jeal-Why, I found them erying bitterly about the new sister, and on being asked their trouble they answered. 'We don't care, we like the baby—but, oh dear, it's another one to be dressed.'''

Cincinnati Enquirer: The study of a people is best to be made in a study of their homes. When you know how and where and amid what surroundings a man lives you have a fair index to his character. In a great city like this there are homes and again there are homes. Some are of princely elegance, with everything at hand for the gratification of the most capricious taste, where reason may hold its feast and the soul may have its flow. Here are the rich, made circumstances of birth or by mental and physical energies exercised sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong, direc-tion. They merit what they have or they do not merit it; you cannot tell which as you stand outside and look with admiration upon the house and its possibilities of comfort. But depend upon it that time will find out the unworthy and will eject them to make room for others who are worthy. We say time is doing and will continue to do this, but, of course, changes in fortune are largely of one's own making. There may be accidents. own making. There may be accidents, good and bad, over which one has no control, but, as a rule, one gets just about what he deserves. Certain it is that no man holds long more than he deserves. It is always fastest traveling down grade, and, as the rich and undeserving come down, the pors and worthy go up. It is | Volcanie Oil Liniment.

one of the good features of our presen society that this is so. An undeserving man in a high position ought to tumble fast, and a difficult ascent is discipline. It makes a man worthier of his attainments and more capable of enjoying them.

Then there are other homes - the homes of the great middle class, comfortable in their appointments, and giving to the inmates that privacy which, while coninmates that privacy which, sistent with sociability, is yet sufficiently great to preserve the sacredness of the family and to permit the growth of in-dividuality. They are not luxurous, but they are characterized mostly by those features of adornment which are the product of the labor of loving hands. These manifestations of affection money never can buy, and, when properly appreciated, they are known to be the real foundation of happiness. In these homes where there are to be found mental and manual toilers, intelligent and virtuous, is the hope of the nation. These homes help to swell the class above, and, with sorrow be it said, sometimes the class below; and they are recruited from both always to the advantage of the recruits.
A third class of homes, or rather pre-

tenses of such, remains to be spoken of. They are the hovels where dirt and squalor and poverty reign, and human beings made in God's image are groveling subjects. They are simply stopping-places, whence privacy and decency have fled together and left the blear-eyed stoppers to their drinking, their cursing and their vice. There may be a sort of content-ment here, but it is the contentment of forgetfulness of the past and carclessness of the future—the contentment of stupor of mind and moral sense, the contentment that comes from companionship in wretchedness. Unfortunately class there are many. Would that there

were none!
These are the pictures. There are many shadings in each that are not here shown, but we leave them to be drawn by the the reader. A good home is a treasure without price, and the pity is that it is not always prized at its true value.

HIS GLOVED HAND.

Reminiscences of the Mysterious Taking-off of a Pasha. Cairo, Egypt, correspondence of the New York Tribune: Mustapha Pasha

Sadyk was at one time the most powerful man in Egypt. It is impossible to conceive the enormous wealth of this man. Large tracts of country belonged to him, and he had the right to coin money in his own name. His splendor and magni-ficence was unequaled in the east. His harem of over three thousand women occupied the three immense palaces in which now all the government offices are located, and he had a special body guard in his seraglio of over 400 superb amazons, who, on state occasions, donned armour and helmets of pure silver. A number of almost every European order of knighthood, he was on erms of intimate acquaintance with all the principal statesmen in Paris, London, Bertin and Vienna. The English envoys accordingly devoted all their energies to win him over from the khedive, in order that he might be able at last to sound the dark depths of Egyptian finance. It appears that they were about to succeed. Late one Thursday night in the month of June a carriage stopped at one of the side entrances of the Aberdeen palace, a short stout gentleman with a very pronounced Jewish style of countenance, jumped out, and limping rapidly up the stairs, de-manded to see his highness at once. The khedive, on being informed that his visitor was Mr. Julius Blum, confidential secretary and factotum of the minister of finance, ordered him to be admitted immediately. After kissing the hem of the monarch's coat in truly oriental fashion, the secretary informed the khedive that the minister had been won over by the English envoys, and in order to save his own position had determined to turn king's evidence, and to reveal to them on the following Saturday the whole of his highness's financial transactions. The latter, fully aware that such disclosures would brazen brow, leering eyes and wanton inevitably result in his deposition, immediately determined at all cost to prevent their being made. The next day was Friday, the Mohammedan Sab-After performing his devobath. tion at the mosque, the khedive proceeded in an open victoria to the palace of Mustapha Pasha Sadyk and invited that minister to accompany him during the usual afternoon drive As this was by no means the first occasion on which his highness had thus honored him, the minister had no reason to be surprised, and pleasantly chatting to-gether the Khedive and Mustapha Pash Sadyk drove to this very palace of Gezireh. On alighting at that door you see there, the Khedive, turning to his minister, invited him to supper on board the Vice Regal yacht, which lay moored in midstream, and suggested that Musta-pha Sadyk should go aboard immediately with the Princes Hussein and Rassan, saying that he himself would follow as soon as he had taken a bath. The minister, accompanied by the Knedive's sons, embarked at these very steps and was rowed off to the yacht. A merry evening was spent on board, the whole ship being illuminated, and occasional snatches of music and laughter being wafted over to the shore. At about 11 o'clock the khedive and both the princes returned alone, leaving on board the minister with the regal chamberlains, Mustapha Bey F., and Sami Bey Baroundi. Shortly afterward the sound of a short seuffle on deck was heard by the people on shore, and then all was quiet and the lights were extinguished on board. Soon after mid-night the yacht cast loose from her moor-

> toward the cataract. Nothing more was ever seen in this world of Mustaha Pasha Sadyk. On the next day a decree was issued stating that the khedive had banished his minister of finance to upper Egypt ' having dared to oppress his much be-loved subjects," etc., etc. Four days later the yacht returned to her moorings off the Gezireh palace, and when the two chamberlains above referred to resumed their service it was noticed that Sami Bey wore a handkerchief around his throat, as if to hide some wound on his neck, and that Mustapha Bey F., had his right hand in a sling. Nothing can be kept secret in the east, and it soon oozed out that Sami's throat had been lacerated by the nails, and Mustapha's hand were bitten through by hand were bitten through by the teeth of the unfortunate prime minis-ter, when they kided him with their hands on the night of the supper. Both Sami and Mustapha were rewarded for their services by being made pasha. Sami after being made prime minister at the time of Arabi's insurrection, is now in exile at Ceylon, while his companion Mustapha, after being engaged to an English lady who broke off the marriage when she heard the history of his hand, is now a cabinet minister. Blum, the private secretary, an Austrion Jew, who betrayed his benefactor and master, was naturally also rewarded by being made a pasha, and is at the moment under secre tary of state in the department of which

ings and noiselessly glided up the stream

Norristown Herald: A certain young lady, beautiful and accomplished in all the useless arts, has adopted an effective plan to aid herself of objectionable suit-ors. When a young man shows a disposition to linger, after she has commenced to yawn, she offers him a piece of cake 'made by her own fair hands." Of course he eats it, and never calls again.

Mustapha is minister.

THERE are many accidents and diseases which effect Stock and cause serious in-convenience and loss, to the farmer in his work, which may be quickly remedied by the use of Dr. J. H. McLeau's