TALES OF TIES THAT BIND.

Marriage as a Halter of Strife or the Abiding Place of Happiness.

WAITING FOR APES TO EVOLUTE.

Off-Hand Marriage at Fourteen Cents a Couple—How to Treat a Husband—A Domestic Picture.

Stand from Under.

Woman's Journal.

As a woman standing all alone,
I humbly hope to shine;
I'm tired of the twaddle
Of the oak and ivy vine.
I've seen too many instances
Where, nature's law declining,
The vine did the "supporting,"
And the oak did all the "twining."
Before I'd marry a man and work
For his bread and my own,
Before I'd marry a man who'd place
Himself upon the throne
And claim from me, his "better half,"
Allegiance blind and mute,
I'd marry the merest ape and wait
For him to evolute!

The Marriage Problem.

Boston Record: The common talk is among young men that they cannot afford marriage because wives are such an expensive luxury and altogether such an impediment that no one can afford to have one unless he is very rich or is willing to remain very poor. This kind of twaddle is so much in vogue that it will probably seem heresy to take any other view of the case, but bearing in mind the innumerable stories of beating and mutilation, and even murder inflicted upon women by drunken and ugly husbands, it seems to be about time to start a crusade to bring about a resolve on the part of women not to get married. They run about twenty times as much risk in such an operation as the man does, and if the latter cannot "afford" to take unto himself a wife, the majority of women can well determine on their part to remain single. Within twenty years we predict that clubs for women, and an increased independence in earning a livelihood, and a generally better status for unmarried females will result in a serious diminution of the marriage rate. And, when women are not to be got for the asking, men will be more careful of them. A little "corner" in the marriage market would not be a bad thing.

How She Should Treat Her Husband.

Wytheville (Va.) Enterprise: Wife, do you make your husband's home a place of rest after the toils of the day have been concluded? Do you by kind words and a cheerful smile light his pathway as he struggles along, often weary, often faint-hearted and, oh, a thousand times almost ready to despair and say within himself I cannot go further? Do you help him try "to climb the steep where fame's proud temple shines afar?" If you have not, try it for one short month, and see if you will not profit by the experience. Men are singular creatures; so singular that one kind word or one cheerful smile would make them dare to swim through rivers of blood, make them dare to risk all that is near and dear to them, when a commanding word or a request couched in language not the neatest would raise the rebellious spirit within them at once. Wives encourage your husbands.

Off-Hand Marriages at Fourteen Cents a Couple.

Arnold White's "Problems of a Great City:" East End marriages are often "solemnized" hurriedly Sunday morning by tired curates in empty churches. At the "Red Church" the fee is seven pence. This church is popularly distinguished by a title which cannot be reproduced here. The following statement of the methods in which this tie is contracted was published by the Rev. Charles L. Marson, a competent witness, and the facts recorded therein have not been contradicted by the responsible clergy: "The church door was securely barred and ingress was with difficulty effected. This was a double precaution; to prevent more grog being brought into the church, and to prevent the escape of semi-intoxicated bridegrooms. Inside the church was a noisy, indecorous crowd. Doubtful jokes were being handled about, which grew coarser and coarser as time went on. Hats were freely worn, and drink bottles were passed to and fro and handed across the aisles. Every now and then a prayer book or other missile was playfully thrown by one of the crowd. After a long interval, during which the legal business was being transacted, the ceremony began, and my informant gradually worked his way up to the west end. The method pursued was to call the Christian names of the women, and insert the words 'in each case.' Thus the forty couples were united in holy matrimony. One man was so recalcitrant he had to be led three times, drunk as he was, up to the altar, when my informant protested against the indecency of allowing the ceremony in his case to proceed, but was told that the drunken bridegroom was already legally married. The bag was then handed around for the free will offerings, and amid a shower of the coarsest jokes freely shouted after them the newly married went out of the church. Outside the foulest and most indecent jests met them, and pantomimic acting of the worst kind, and thus ended the ceremony, which celebrated their entrance into the mystical union marriage. My own experience and that of several others bear out this account in the minutest particulars, and I have more than once followed the bride and bridegroom to the nearest pothouse. One man told me he was married at the age of eighteen at the red church, and his 'party boozed until tea time,' which he thought was the usual custom 'immediately afterward.' Several of the bridegrooms, while still in church, declared with an oath that they were off for beer, and they called loudly for their friends to join them. No wonder that there is a current popular belief that marriage at the red church brings ill luck with it. This lightly undertaken, one expects next to hear of these marriages at the house, and the relieving officers report that the majority of married women admitted to the workhouse for their first confinement were married at the red church."

She's Not Yet Wed.

When he and she were ten and eight,
His little wife was she,
And both were content to wait
Till he a man should be.
They played together as they grew;
A tyrant lord was he—
They'd quarrel when the clock was two,
And make it up at three.
At fifteen he on girlish toys
Looks down with scornful mien;
And she disdains to play with boys
At feminine thirteen.
His matrimonial views are cool,
At love he gaily mocks;
She boasts a dearest friend at school,
And daily lengthening frocks!
When twenty sees him quite a man,
Its bliss has one alloy;
She laughs at him behind her fan
And calls him such a boy.
For she has lovers now galore,
Who smiles and favors crave,
And he who tyrannized of yore
Is now her humblest slave.
They now are middle aged, 'tis said,
His chin a beard now covers,
And strange to say, she's not yet wed,
In spite of all her lovers.
But vain for her to sigh for him,
For so the story tells—
Grown weary of caprice and whim
He's married some one else.

A Domestic Picture.

Chicago News: The people who pass to and fro across one of the north side bridges are treated every now and then to a scene from a pretty domestic drama that is enacted in one of the many happy homes of this city. About 8:30 o'clock almost any morning there may be seen crossing the aforsaid bridge a pretty young woman, apparently about twenty-three years of age, always neatly and becomingly dressed, with a sweet, good face, and a quaint matronly air that renders her perfectly charming and conjures all sorts of visions of a snug little home, a hearth that is in reality an altar to honest, true affection, and a sturdy, strong-hearted young husband. Perhaps—who knows?—there may be a bright-faced, prattling little boy who rules autocratically this model little home.

Although this young wife is alone on her morning trip, yet she never comes back alone in the morning. The husband, who must go to work early in the morning, always guides her homeward steps with that air of proud possession and absolute love and trust that is as charming as it is rare, and than which a young husband can have no more graceful attribute.

The constant sight of this couple prompted curious inquiry with a result in perfect accordance with the prima-facie evidence in the case. The facts are these:

The husband is one of many clerks in a large establishment here. His salary is but $85 a month. The wife is a well-born girl, but one of that great number who have suffered deprivation through the dishonesty of others. They were engaged three years, but the marriage was postponed for prudential reasons. At last the young people took the law into their own hands and casting fear and doubt to the winds entered hand in hand on the rough path of life. Three months after marriage the young bride obtained a position as assistant cashier in a millinery store. Their total income is $125 per month. On that they not only live but live well and happy. Their house is a small one, but piece by piece has been prettily and neatly furnished and in every corner there is perfect evidence of the touch of a woman's hand, whose labor is love. For three years they have been married and in that time this brave little woman has saved over five hundred dollars. Think of it, ye hundreds of young men and women who fear to marry on less than $3,000 a year, and young men who keep selfishly the honest heart of a girl waiting in patient expectancy while you waste annually enough to give her the comfort both of a roof of your own and your love! Last night this happy family went to the theater. Both were neatly and even stylishly dressed. They sat in breathless absorption. It was a rare treat which will last reminiscently a long time. Every good point was gravely marked by mutual glances of appreciation, and when the drop curtain fell, with a sigh of relief the young wife took her husband's arm and together they went to that house where the strength of affection and the energy of endeavor are blended into one symphony of happiness.

How to Choose a Wife.

"Twenty-seven Summers" in Pittsburg Dispatch: In the first place, a young man should look well to his family connections, and choose one his equal, if not better, but never go below his own station in life—that is morally. He should pay strict attention to the physical conditions of the one he chooses as his partner in life, for health is wealth to the nations of the earth. He should also find out what qualifications, if possible, she has for doing things in general about a house. Be sure and get one who is religiously inclined, and who knows more about the Lord's Prayer than she does about balls and dances, and who can train and bring up children in the way they should go, so that when they become men and women they will be a credit to their parents. Nine out of ten of our great statesmen have been brought up by their mother's side. A good wife is the boast of a husband, and a good mother the pride of a son.

HERE'S A QUEER MYSTERY.

A Gaborian Story of Real Life as Told Curtly in a Western Newspaper.

Detroit Letter: Six weeks ago William Stewart, a young man from Buffalo, N. Y., who was living in Detroit with a woman named Lottie Frank, said to her: "I finally got a job; I am going to work Monday morning on Woodward avenue. Let us take a walk and I will show you the place." They walked down Larned street to Griswold street, when Stewart said: "I want to go to the Griswold house a minute to look at a Buffalo newspaper." They turned down Griswold street from Larned and the man entered the hotel. The woman was left standing in the street.

As Stewart entered the Griswold a man named Bunsell, a well-to-do lumberman from Oscoda, Mich., mistaking the character of the woman, as she afterwards claimed, accosted her as she walked slowly around the corner of the hotel. She returned his salutation under the impression, as she subsequently said, that Bunsell was a gentleman who had been introduced to her by Stewart a week previous. The two strolled down towards Jefferson avenue. Near the corner of the avenue the woman stopped and remarked that "Will must be pretty near through."

At this instant David Patterson, a traveling agent for a Columbus (O.) coal company, came across the street and up to Bunsell and the woman. "Man just fell dead here," said Patterson, sententiously. "Help me carry him into a store." Bunsell followed Patterson over in front of No. 151 Jefferson avenue, a brilliantly lighted spot. Lottie Frank followed the men. On his back, with the light from the store streaming over him, lay a man dead. In a frenzy of excitement the Frank woman sprang forward and threw herself on the body.

"My Will! she screamed. "My God! it is Will Stewart."

The hysterical woman was literally dragged from the body and Stewart was carried into the store by Bunsell and Patterson. Then the latter picked up his "grip" and continued his way to the Michigan Central station, where he took a train for home. A passing doctor examined the body of Stewart, and said two words—"heart disease"—and went his way. Coroner Lansing took charge of the case.

Daylight next day disclosed a small hole in Stewart's shirt-front like a darning-needle thrust. The hole continued into his breast. County Physician Owen held an autopsy and declared that Stewart's heart chamber had been punctured by a stiletto or similar instrument, and that this had caused his death; in short, that Stewart was murdered. After two weeks' work on the case the police gave it up, and told the reporters that Dr. Owen was probably mistaken.

Dr. Owen had made nearly five hundred postmortem examinations since he became county physician. He stuck to his opinion, and swore that Stewart had been stabbed to the heart. The police next talked of suicide. If Stewart stabbed himself where was the weapon? The ground was very carefully searched, but none was found. The case is still shrouded in mystery.

"Land's sake!" is Henry George's only swear word. Prof. Proctor always says "My stars!" "Dog on it" is Henry Berg's word, and General Hazen, like most of the signal service men, swears "By thunder!" "Saints protect us!" is Mr. Randall's exclamation, while the Chicago anarchists all say "Mercy on us!" Ex-Minister Cox says "O, Pacha!" Many eminent mugwumps say only "Goodness me!" Henry Watterson, however, swears nothing but plain "dem."

MY ONE ADVENTURE.

A Woman's Story of Life Upon the Western Plains.

Atlanta Constitution: One balmy June morning I sat, sad and lonely, by the open window of our little cabin in the far west.

My husband had left for the nearest settlement to purchase provision. Baby and I were alone for the first time, as we generally accompanied him on these trips.

Our nearest neighbors lived three miles away. They were strange people; the only woman in the family was a half-breed, and the men were said to be renegade whites. So we felt entirely alone so far as friends were concerned.

My untouched sewing still lay on my lap, while I was endeavoring to dispel my loneliness and fear. Baby sat near the open door laughing and crowing at the kitten's pranks. As I took up my work I gave a searching glance in the direction my husband had gone, and to my surprise beheld a party of horsemen coming towards our dwelling. They were several miles distant, but I could discern them plainly, as there was nothing to obstruct my view.

My heart gave a bound, all the dangers I had imagined came rushing upon me. I remembered my husband having told me a few days before that the Indians had been committing depredations some fifty miles farther west.

Who or what these men were I had no time to decide, for they were rapidly approaching. I realized our danger should they prove to be enemies, and new courage seemed to come to me.

We have a pet horse, a present from my father. We valued her very highly and brought her from the states.

If they were Indian raiders the horse would be captured. At first I thought of mounting and seeking refuge with our neighbors; but I had nearly as great a fear of them as of the Indians, besides, to carry my baby on a horse was beyond my power.

But I resolved to secure Dolly at least. Taking baby to my arms I hurried to the stable, intending to hide her in a clump of thick bushes where she would be completely concealed from view.

But, no! this would not do, I would be seen by the advancing horsemen while leading her across the road.

Suddenly I thought of the cellar—I would try to get her into it. After considerable pulling and coaxing she was induced to descend the few earthen steps and was out of sight.

I hastily closed the trap-door and scattered some litter and brush over it. Entering the house, I pressed baby to my heart as I uttered a fervent prayer. Not more than half a mile distant I plainly saw that the strangers were Indians, painted and bedecked as though on the warpath.

Closing and fastening the windows and doors, I watched their movements as they came up, without being seen by them.

They approached the house rapidly yet guardedly, and when not more than twenty or thirty rods away they stopped in consultation.

There were about ten in all and one white man was plainly discernable among them.

After talking a few minutes they again started forward, riding directly toward the door.

How my heart beat! Holding baby tightly in my arms I prayed to God to save us or strike us dead rather than deliver us into the hands of these ruthless Indians to meet a fate worse than death, perhaps.

What would I have given to have had my husband's shot gun, which he had taken with him! The only weapon we had except an ax which I grasped, resolved, if necessary, to fight for my life. As they reached the house they dismounted and came boldly to the door, cautiously raising the latch, which they found secured.

Fearing they would break in the door I asked in as calm a voice as I could command what they wanted.

"Me big Indian, no hurt white squaw," was the answer, the Indian discovering I was a woman by my voice, though I spoke in as maculine a one as possible.

"Me good Indian, want eat, want drink," continued the savage, the only one who had spoken.

I did not believe him and told them they could get a drink at the well; that I had nothing for them to eat, but by going on a few miles they would find friends who were of their own race.

At this they threatened to break down the door if it was not opened.

I was powerless and saw that my only chance was to humor them. I tremblingly opened the door, and as it swung back in crowded the horrible war-painted creatures, each peering curiously into our little room, hardly seeming to notice me, so intent were they upon plunder.

The last to enter was the white man. Great God! how I started as I saw him plainly, for I recognized my only brother whom I had not seen for years.

Instantaneously he recognized me, but before I could utter a word he made a sign for me to keep silent. I understood him. He did not wish the Indians to know of any acquaintaneeship between us.

They were too intent upon peeking into boxes, cupbords and everything else in the house to notice the recognition.

Oh! the horror of seeing my brother with them, raiding and plundering. But for all that his presence gave me hope. He was my brother, I could not, he could not forget that!

It did not take them long to devour everything eatable in the house. Then, with a satisfied grunt, the chief said a few words to my brother, who turned and in a stern voice said that I would have to go with them, and if I resisted they would kill me. His words were cruel, but his looks reassured me. He then joined the Indians in what seemed to be a dispute. Several times I saw them looking savagely at my poor baby, who clung to me in a helpless fear. I will never forget the terror of those moments.

At last my brother turned to me and said that while the rest of the party went on to our neighbors he and one of the Indians would remain and guard me until the others returned. I afterwards learned that the chief was determined to kill my baby. Brother told them it would be easier to control me if they took the child along, so they decided not to kill her then. The chief made several menacing gestures towards me, as if he wished to fully intimidate us before he left. I was forbidden to leave the chair into which I had sank. For a few minutes after the party were gone and out of sight my brother and the Indian remained in grim silence watching me. I longed to speak to my brother, but something in his looks warned me to make no sign.

After a little time he sent the Indian to the well for water. In a hurried whisper he told me we must escape now or never. We had not a moment to lose, as the Indians would be back in an hour.

"Oh, Tom, the Indian?" I exclaimed.

He replied we would have to settle him when he came in: and as the redskin returned with the water Tom overpowered him and wrested his weapons from him, and by savage threats kept him down, while I aided in binding and gagging him. Tom could not kill him in cold blood, so left him to be released by the rest on their return.

For the first time I thought of Dolly in the cellar.

"Tom," I cried, "there is a horse in the cellar."

"Thank God for that," replied he.

I hurriedly wrapped baby in a comfortable, thrust a few of my keepsakes and valuables in a hand-satchel, and Tom went to the cellar and brought out Dolly.

The Indians had been too cunning to leave a horse behind, though they did not appear to mistrust my brother.

We both mounted, Tom holding baby, who seemed to have no fear of him, I clinging on behind.

As we rode, Tom explained how he came to be with the Indians. He had been captured nearly a year before while out on a hunting expedition, and in order to save his life had joined them, with the hope that he would in time escape.

He had won their confidence by appearing to enter heartily into their schemes against the whites.

When the Indians started out on this raid they had ventured further into civilization than ever before. My brother decided to make a desperate effort to escape and have them captured. He had no idea that he would find me, as he had never visited in our new home.

Just as Dolly was beginning to show signs of fatigue and my hopes were sinking for fear she would give out and we would be recaptured I saw a team coming toward us. It was my husbaed returning home.

It did not take us long to explain the affair and clamber into the wagon. Turning the horses about we drove for the fort in great speed. Dolly followed behind, much relieved at the loss of her double burden.

We reached the fort in safety and it did not take long to get the United States troops in hot pursuit of the Indians, my brother acting as guide. In a few hours we had the satisfaction of seeing the bloodthirsty fellows in irons.

The next morning we returned to our little home, brother Tom with us, and found nothing the worse for the raid.

When they discovered our escape they started after, not waiting to burn the dwelling, as we had feared they would.

We have lived in our western home long enough to see it surrounded by a populous and wealthy country, and I never had but "My One Adventure."

A GIRL'S VISIT TO HEAVEN.

A Pennsylvania Maiden Lays in a Trance Twenty-six Months.

Pittsburg special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Maggie Beadling, the seventeenth year old daughter of James Beadling, a coal miner in Banksville, three miles from Pittsburg, has awakened from a trance, which was reported recently in the Globe-Democrat. With a few lucid intervals with more or less duration, she has been in a comatose or trance state for twenty-six months. While in this condition she totally oblivious to earthly surroundings. During this time her attendants say that only a little food, in liquid form, was placed between her lips, yet she only lost a few pounds in weight. She was lying in bed when your correspondent called at her home, November 16. She looked bright and animated, and conversed without reserve or embarrassment. To the scores of people who have called on her she has related a remarkable story of her transition to what she terms heaven. She does not allow her relatives or anybody to say she has been sick, and insists that she has "only been away." Mrs. Beadling and the whole family speak of what Maggie said "since she came back," and it would be impossible to convince them that she has not returned from the very gates of heaven. They give as indisputable proof the fact that she has told the names and described the appearance of relatives of people who died before she was born, and others whom she knew when they were alive.

At your correspondent's request, Miss Beadling gives the following account of her recent sensations and experiences:

"When I first lost consciousness," she said, "it was perfect darkness. I could not see, hear or feel anything. How long this darkness lasted I cannot remember, but suddenly it vanished, and in the brightness that followed I saw the forms of two angels. They were my aunt and grandmother."

"Her grandmother died when Maggie's father was thirteen years old, and her aunt, Mrs. Younger, died about three years ago," here interrupted an older sister.

"Then how could she know her grandmother who died before she was born?" was asked be an inquisitive visitor.

"I knew my aunt immediately," replied the young girl, "and she told me it was my grandmother. They were robed in white and carried me to the river."

"How did they carry you?" asked your representative.

"On their wings. When we came to the bank of the river they put me down and said: 'This is a lifeboat.' As soon as we stepped into the boat it commenced to move. No one was pushing or pulling it, and there were no oars or anything connected with it. The river was not wide. It was smooth and clear. When we reached the other side the Savior was standing on the shore. We followed him up a narrow path till we reached the gates of heaven. I was not allowed to enter the gate, but could see all that was inside. All the angels were in white, had beautiful long wings, and each one had a crown upon the head."

"Were all one size?"

"Oh, no; they were big and little, old and young. The ones I knew looked just like they did on earth. I heard the most beautiful music of harps and voices. I cannot describe the beauties of heaven. It was so happy and bright. I can't tell you what God is like. I was told never to reveal certain things that were shown to me. The Lord told me when I came back to earth to tell all the people that my visit to heaven was the most wonderful miracle he ever performed. He told me I was to write what I had seen and publish a book, so the world could know the wonders of heaven. The book is not to be sold to make money. I am to do this in return for what the Lord has done for me."

"Yes, sir, that is true," said Mr. Breadling, her father. "I will have the editors of the Pittsburg Christian Advocate write the story as she will tell him and publish a book. We are poor people, but it would be a sin to make money out of Maggie's visit to heaven and what she was shown by the Lord. No, I won't have it published in a daily newspaper. It is too holy to be printed in them."

Mrs. Beadling said: "Maggie doesn't want to make money out of the book. She says if any money is made it must be given to some benevolent society, but," contined Mrs. Beadling, "I say for my part, I think we need the money as much as anybody, and I don't see any harm in our taking all that can be made out of it."

"Would you object to telling of your return to earth?" was asked of the young woman.

"No, I am forbidden to say anything about that part," she answered.

"How long were you in this place you call heaven?"

"I seemed a very short time. I couldn't tell how long."

"Do you mean to say that all the time you were in a trance you couldn't see or hear anything going on around you."

"Yes, sir; I do. I knew nothing of things on earth. How could I, when I was not here?" she asked; then added, "This is all I can tell you."

She positively refused to say more. Her story is accepted by many of the inhabitants of Banksville as a revelation. People flocked to her home all day to hear her story, which she always tells the same way. She tells some she saw their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, and they believe her.

On August 5 last Miss Beadling fell down a flight of stairs and injured her spine. An hour after she went into convulsions, and from them into a trance or comotose condition, from which she only completely awakened yesterday. It is considered by medical men and all who have seen her the most remarkable case ever occurring in the United States.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

New pocketbooks are long and slender.

Black plush wraps are the rivals of seal plush.

Among new toys for boys are boats run by electricity.

Lace and gauze fans are suitable for use with simple toilets.

A pretty holiday novelty in dolls' furniture is a folding swing cradle.

Red fox boas are bought mostly by young woman of the rossa type.

Although the talking Santa Claus is a costly mechanical toy, it sells rapidly.

An Indian girl has been born without a mouth. Providence is merciful sometimes.

Among new holiday card games comes Yum-Yum, which is "Old Maid" in a new dress.

Gauze fans are still the fashion in Paris. Beautiful feather fans have light tortoise-shell mountings.

A Boston firm publishes a work entitled "A Girl's Room." The average room is two seats in a horse car.

Russian bronzes are the rivals of the handsome French bronzes that come among rich holiday goods this year.

Shopping and work bags of velvet, plush, broche, and various art fabrics are shown among other holiday goods.

Silver tinsel is found to be as effective on yellow satin and yellow tulle as on white, pink, blue, or any other color.

Silver and steel trims black satin gimp and black plastron fichus for evening wear over plain black satin frocks.

To make the tailor suit of cloth light and comfortable the best tailors use silk for the foundation of the entire costume.

Scarfs for chairs and tables, Turkish embroideries, and art draperies of all kinds are sought eagerly by holiday gift hunters.

Some very pretty painting is done on gauze fans. Many of these are bright red. Costly feather fans are only de rigueur for very dressy occasions.

The greatest benefit of a village newspaper is felt when the snow is so deep that the women can't go out and talk to each other over the backyard fence.

Table scarfs should be long and narrow, so as not to hide all the pretty wood, yet serve as a mat while forming a background for the pretty bric-a-brac on the table.

An effort is being man by a New York manager to have the ladies take off their high hats in his theatre. Does he want to spoil the entire evening for the owners?

Small shades for candles are of fancy glass in various colors, milky white and opaline with jeweled centers, and are so mounted as to go down with the candle as it burns shorter.

Fashion does not decree that a tailor-made suit should be de rigueur of heavy cloth. It may be of light ladies' cloth, or vigogne, or any of the numerous serges manufactured for women's dress.

"Does your husband believe in socialisms Mrs. Gray?" asked Mrs. Tattle. "No, I should say he did not; why, if you'll believe me, I can hardly get him to come into the parlor when any of the neighbors call."

"Miss De Janns is a very self-possessed young lady, isn't she?" remarked Jackson. "Yes, she ought to be," replied Dickson. "Why so?" "Because I have asked her to be mine three times and she said 'no' each time."

Lady—"Shut your mouth, Bridget, you are the most impertinent servant I ever had; you always want to have the last word." Bridget—"Sure, and that's not my fault; how can I know beforehand whin yez are going to quit answering me back?"

Colored ribbons worn around the neck are tied in the back on the side. Some of them have narrow loops sewed at regular intervals under the ribbon. Velvet dog collars are dotted with pearls or diamonds. There are also necklaces of jet or colored beads.

Albany girls have formed a league to accept no Christmas presents of greater value than fifty cents. Albany girls will all get married young and be the pride of their husbands. All nice young men will marry good, wise Albany girls so long as there is one to be had.

"It must be awful provoking to the men," said one of two ladies tripping along Fourth street. "How so?" inquired her companion. "I mean when they pass a window mirror on one side of the street and a handsome woman on the other. They want to look at themselves in the mirror and see the lady at the same time."

Japanese embroidery is very effective for wrappers when used as applique on plain fabrics. The designs are joined or left single at pleasure, and are fastened down under braid or embroidery. Wrappers of cream-colored woolen goods are pretty when they have inserted pieces or ornaments of dark-colored velvet, embroidered with silks in bright hues.

Buttons hold a very prominent place among winter trimmings. Some of them have very curious designs, producing the effect of small Japanese houses. They are intended for trimming jackets, and are sometimes of brownish-red bronze to match the pretty colored fancy cloths now so much used for waists and jackets.

"What was that crash of pottery I hear, Sally? Just now, Sally? What did you break?" "A vase, mum." "Which one?" "That quare one on the libr'y table, mum." "O, Sally, that was the very oldest and rarest vase in the entire house." "Is that so, mum? An' it's plazed I am to hear ye say that same, intoirely. I was afraid at first it moight be new."

Dinner dresses vary according to the occasion they are intended for. For small informal dinners ordinary short dresses like those used for visiting purposes are most suitable. These may be well trimmed with embroidery, plastrons, etc. For large dinners real evening toilets are best, as in many cases the entertainments are followed by a concert or a theatrical performance.

There are many kinds of sleeves in wear in Paris this winter. Some are perfectly flat with small velvet sleeves falling below. The velvet sleeves may be of some beaded tissue, which should always be unlike the material of the dress. On the upper part of the sleeve is an epaulet embroidered with beads or a jockey. The red Hussar sleeve is much used for women's and children's dresses. It is rather narrower than the original design.

Bags that can be made to do double and treble duty as wall pockets for shopping, work and other purposes, come in various forms, double saddle bags, old fashioned square, oblong and melon shaped reticules, and are made of plush, hoche, art embroidery stuns, satin, wide embroidery, applique work of various kinds, with bows of ribbon placed just where a French woman would place a bow, with tinsel, jet and other beads, and the holiday trade in these objects is immense.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Mrs. Pensavres, of Buffalo, N. Y., married a fourth husband and then killed him because she was jealous.

Ex-Secretary of State Hamilton Fish and Mrs. Fish celebrated their golden wedding at their home in New York City on December 15.

Jake Fisherman, of Parker's Landing, Texas, having divorced two wives, has married another, the two ex-wives remaining in the service of the present mistress of the house.

A social event of importance occurred in New York on Wednesday in the marriage of Miss Flora Bigelow, the youngest daughter of the Hon. John Bigelow, to Mr. Charles Stuart Dodge, son of General Charles Dodge and grand-son of the late William E. Dodge. They were married at St. George's church.

Ubezia Slaton, of Fayette county, Georgia, has been twice married. His first wife bore him eighteen children, and the present Mrs. Slaton twelve more. He confesses himself unable to remember all their names in the order of their birth. Five of his boys were in one company in a Georgia regiment during the rebellion.

Since a comparatively strict marriage licence law went into force in Pennsylvania, an astonishing number of young people have crossed its borders to be united in wedlock. Last month no less than 400 couples went across the Delaware from Philadelphia and were married in Camden, a single Jersey minister performing the necessary ceremony ninty times.

When William Maps, a banker, and his bride returned to Long Branch from their wedding trip the other evening, 300 men and boys and a few gross of fish-horns, bells, tin pans and drums were congregated in front of the house. Meanwhile a pyramid of oil barrels blazed in the road, while big firecrackers boomed and horns blared a most enthusiastic welcome. Rockets and Roman candles went roaming up into the darkness above the windows of the bridal chamber, while from the shotguns was fired a prolonged salute. The throng serenaded lustily for an hour, but there was no sign of either bride or groom. At 11 o'clock cigars were handed out. At 12 the Colored Veterans' band came up the street and, halting before the house, played Mendelssohn's "Hail, Beauteous Bride," as though the lives of the players depended upon grinding out the greatest possible quantity of music in the least possible time. At 1 o'clock tomtoms were beaten and huge "tick-tacks" set a-a-a work, and the din continued until 4 o'clock, when the banker and his wife were left to their slumbers.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Alice Oates is reported as dying at her home in Philadelphia.

Mestayer will not produce his new play, "Tobogganing," until next season.

Bronson Howard's new play for Robson and Crane is to be ready by July next.

The famous violinist Sarasate, is thinking of paying America a visit at no distant day.

Bronson Howard's new play for Helen Dauvray will not be produced in New York until January 30.

Boston did not enthuse over Lillian Olcott as Theodora during the past week, and the receipts are said to have been of microscopic dimensions.

Miss Henrietta Beebe, soprano, and Wm. H. Lawton, tenor of the Boston Ideal Opera company, were married in New York last Tuesday morning.

The Bessie Gray Opera company lately ceased to warble at Wilmington, Del., owing to wretched receipts and a wealth of attachments upon their wardrobe.

John T. Raymond says that his present company is the strongest he has ever had, and that Bundy in "The Woman Hater" is by long odds his funniest part.

Euphemia Irving, known as Phoebe Don, of the "Lost in London" company, was lately married on the Windsor theatre, Chicago, stage to Frederick W. Hogg, a local liquor dealer.

Digby Bell has a new topical song for "Indiana," in which some appropriate allusions are made to the water works, city buildings, etc. The metrical arrangement is wonderfully ingenious.

Mr. Henry E. Abbey will take Patti and his company to Mexico, as very few of the tickets sold by the fraudulent Mayer are in the hands of private individuals, speculators having bought them en bloc.

It is related that when Minnie Hauk recently sang at Tin Cup, Arizona, twelve Apache chiefs retired behind the theater after the concert and drew lots to see who should marry her. Minnie escaped. So did the Apache chiefs.

Mme. Scalchi and her husband, Signor Lolli, have a delightful home near Turin, which in their absence is practically turned into a hospital and dispensary for the poor people of the neighborhood. It is called Sofia, after its mistress.

It is now said the collection for a centenary memorial of Weber at Eutin, Germany, has proved a failure, and the erection of the monument is indefinitely postponed. Only about $3,500 has been subscribed to the fund, which was opened more than a year ago.

C. W. Couldock, the veteran actor, after a busy theatrical life extending over fifty years, contemplates retiring from the stage. His career has been singularly successful, his greatest success being in the character of the old miller in Hasel Kirke." Last season he starred in the Willow Copse, Mr. Couldock is over seventy years old.

Patti says Home, Sweet Home and Comin' Through the Rye are chestnuts that make popular ears and palms tingle, strike belle and beaux in their pocket books, and make even an Abbey smile. By the way, she was presented in Philadelphia, a few days ago, with a large pair of silver and bronze vases by the Welsh-born citizens of the Quaker city.

A syndicate of capitalists are negotiating for the Madison Square garden in New York for $1,000,000, and propose to convert it into a palace of amusement and industry. The interior of the new structure to be built next summer will contain places for dramatic, musical and equestrian exhibitions, while the exterior faces of the palace will be occupied shops devoted to the display of articles of utility and luxury.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Chinese public school in San Francisco has now thirty-eight pupils, although it started a year and a half ago with only six.

Ten per cent of the students in the university of Zurich are women. Twenty-nine of them are studying medicine, fourteen philosophy and two political economy. There are now forty-eight students of medicine in London, and in Paris 103. Within the last seven years eighteen women have taken a medical degree in Paris.

By the death of a hermit named E. Price Greenleaf, of Boston, Harvard college will come into possession of from $400,000 to $500,000, which he had accumulated by the most miserable mode of life. It is said that Mr. Greenleaf had a great desire to be immortalized by Harvard; that this, indeed, was his chief ambition in life. His will provides for the establishment of scholarships, etc., and the income of one-half the entire bequest is to be used for the maintenance of the college library.

There are now seventeen Princeton alumni associations in various parts of the country; and the association in New York proposes to organize itself into a Princeton club, though not to establish a club-house. The committee appointed at the last meeting of the trustees of the college to consider the question of forming a board of alumni chosen by the graduates to co-operate with the trustees will meet early in January. It consists of Mr. Dod, class of '55; Mr. Alexander, class of '60, and Mr. Moses Taylor Pyne, class of '77, and will undoubtedly report in favor of forming such a co-operative board.

President McCosh, of Princeton college, has written a letter suggesting a conference of representatives of the eastern colleges to devise some plan for the regulation of intercollegiate athletic sports. He believes, as all modern educators do, that college sports are good, and competitive games of value, but that the effect of the gambling and rowdyism that have grown around these sports must be altogether bad. Dr. McCosh believes also that the colleges, acting together, might adopt some simple restrictions as would admit of all the benefits of manly exercises without their attending evils.

IMPIETIES.

The professor of a swimming school is very properly a doctor of dive-in-ity.

"A man said to me the other night," remarked a well-known clergyman, "I would not have missed your sermon for $50," "and yet when the plate was passed around that man put in a penny."

One colored preacher in the south prayed with great earnestness upon the arrival of a well-known brother in the field: "Oh, Lord, 'nount ois yeah dear brudder wid de kerosene ile ob salbashun and set him on fire."

"Conductor," said a solemn-visaged man, "do you appreciate how precarious your business is. Do you realize that in the midst of life we are in death, and that at any moment this train may take us all to eternity?" "This train won't take anybody to eternity," replied the conductor; "because there is no such station on this line."

A church quarrel in Texas got into the courts. A member of the congregation was put on the witness stand. "Did anything connected with the row come to your ears?" "Yes, your honor, something connected with the row did come to my ears." "What was it?" "My wife's right hand. She boxed both my ears for saying that I thought the preacher was to blame."

It is related that, at a prominent church in Harrisburg, once upon a time, when a celebration was being held, the choir was on the programme to sing an anthem, and their place was designated by the single word "anthem." The gentleman who was master of ceremonies, a high toned, pompous individual of the old school, when he came to that part of the programme, announced in a dignified way: "Mr. Anthem will now address the congregation."

Rev. John Collins was an old-time minister, of a persecry temper, particularly distinguished for the severity of his rebukes to those guilty of any indecorum in church. On one occasion a man who had been drinking rather freely came in late and took his seat by a hot stove. The fire and the whiskey together produced the natural effect, and he soon became ill. "Take that drunken hog out of church!" shouted Mr. Collins. Turning upon the preacher a look of injured innocence, the sufferer replied: "I'm not—he—not drunk—he—at all. It's the—ale—the nasty preachin's made me sick!"

Mrs. M. B. Woodworth, who has been holding remarkably exciting religious meetings in Muncie, Ind., and exerting an unusual influence on women and children, has been asked to stop her work. The request, signed by leading citizens, says: "As the result of your meetings we have seen one of our most respected citizens made defendant in a $10,000 libel suit; we have seen one of our fair daughters carried from our midst by one of your camp followers; and another brought to the verge of a suicide's grave; and we have seen a mother, whose young children needed her constant and tender care rendered insane."

RELIGIOUS.

The German Evangelical church of North America has 675 churches and 40,000 members.

Over 7,000 conversions were reported to the Missouri Methodist conference at its recent session in St. Joseph.

The hospital Sunday collections this year in London have yielded $200,000, the largest amount ever obtained.

French soldiers, by a recent decree of General Boulanger, are now required to rest from duty on the Sabbath.

The United Presbyterian mission in Egypt has a working force of 218. Twenty-five of these are foreign, 188 native.

The gospel is preached in the United States by members of the Lutheran church in thirteen different languages.

Dr. George T. Pentecost has received 667 members into the Tompkins' Avenue church, Brooklyn, during the last six years.

Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, has issued an edict forbidding Roman Catholic musicians to perform in Protestant churches.

The following figures give approximate tangible results of the foreign missionary work of the Presbyterian church last year: churches, 288; communicants, 20,334.

It is said that missionary mite boxes bring about $100,000 a year to the church missionary society. By far the larger number of these boxes are held by the poorer classes.

During the last 100 years more than 100 missionary societies have been formed and 3,000 missionaries are at work in the field, while 3,000,000 converts have been gathered in.

The Evangelical Lutheran general council has taken measures toward adopting the American board of missions plan of raising funds for and carrying on missionary work.

Colonel Robert Lincoln has presented to the Lincoln Memorial Protestant Episcopal church of Chicago, President Lincoln's bible, which he frequently read while in the white house.

Rev. Lorenzo Lyons went as a missionary to the Hawaiian Islands in 1832, and having labored there the entire fifty-four years without leaving the island, died October 6, in the eightieth year of his age.

In colonial times, nearly every young man was an infidel, but now Colonel Ingersoll is the single champion of atheism, against 70,000 ministers of the gospel and over 800,000 Sunday school teachers.

Several months ago the people of Sydney, New South Wales, sent a letter to Mr. Moody, inviting him to come to Australia and hold meetings. They have received a reply that he cannot leave his family now for so long a journey, but he hopes that he may yet visit the colonies.

The Sort of Boys they Raise in Texas.

Brownsville Cosmopolitan: Recently two boys, brothers, one of 11 and the other 10 years of age, were playing on the banks of the river at Ures. They proposed to take