

MINISTERS AND MARRIAGE

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's Advice to Matrimonial Binders.

ARE CLERGYMEN PARTICULARLY CAREFUL

Is it Not Possible That Ministers Could Greatly Reduce the Number of Divorces?—What is Their Responsibility?

If the present generation could realize how their ancestors lived—see their peculiar customs, their quiet sober lives—how stupid and unbecomingly a life must appear to all who have any taste for the fashionable life or genteel society of the present day!

But now, what changes have been wrought! Instead of one weekly newspaper, we may almost expect one every hour. The power of the press has brought us into close communication with the whole civilized world.

Every week brings before the public some new topic for discussion or some question to be answered through the newspapers.

One of the inquiries which has been receiving some little attention of late, and perhaps deservedly so, has been brought to our notice within a few days, and an answer requested.

To us this appears a singular, if not a needless, question, because the law so positively demands such information, and can inflict a penalty for its nonfulfillment.

Mr. Beecher always used his "register," and kept several copies on hand. Doing so, he could not fail to have a list of names, and a long list of questions to be asked by the person officiating, and the answer to each question to be written in the "register."

For instance, the date and place was first written; then came the following questions:

- 1. Name of the bride and groom.
2. Residence.
3. Age.
4. Color.
5. Number of marriages.
6. Occupation.
7. Place of birth.
8. Father's name.
9. Mother's maiden name.

The same questions were also asked of the bride and groom in the name written in the "register" before the ceremony.

No doubt most ministers have a large store of amusing as well as annoying incidents connected with their work in this department.

At the meeting of the board of health, there were occasionally some few humorous experiences.

It was a strange story. We did not believe that her aunt told the truth. The papers told of no such accident, and learning where her lover had boarded his landlady told us that he had gone promptly to the house to be married, and was met at the door by the bride.

Returning from church one Sabbath morning, Jenny, laughing and crying, exclaimed, "Robert has come! Robert has come!"

Robert has come! Robert has come! A tall, fine-looking man, dressed in a fitting manner for our handsome Jenny, and told us that the week before he stopped, as usual, at the house of the landlady.

The guests at the Twin Mountain house assembled, the happy couple were assigned a suitable position, then the governor and Mr. Beecher came forward. Mr. Beecher prayed and then, making a very impressive address to the young couple before him, told them in a touching manner what duties they

- Draperies,
Curtains,
Portieres,
Silk scarfs,
Silk pillows,
Rattan chairs,
Rattan rockers,
Child's chairs,
"Kids" rockers,
"Kids" half high chairs,
Costumers,
Mahogany parlor chairs,
Maple parlor chairs,
Inlaid parlor chairs,
Gilt parlor chairs,
Parlor lamps,
Imported shades,
Curio tables,
Curio cabinets,
Fire screens,
Easels,
Hanging medicine cabinets,
Blacking cases,
Carpets,
Rugs,
Parlor cabinets,
China cabinets,
Dressing tables,
Cheval glasses,
Dining tables,
Parlor tables,
Card tables,
Hall tables,

The Policy of Price Doubled Our November Trade.

Christmas Furniture.

Nothing better can be found for a home present than an article of furniture. Our stock, this season, is by far the largest we ever carried and our building at present, is filled to its utmost capacity.

Charles Shiverick & Co., Furniture, Carpets, Draperies.

1206, 1208, 1210 Farnam St.

- Brass and onyx tables,
Parlor chairs,
Hall chairs,
Reading chairs,
Turkish rockers,
Fancy rockers,
Large comfortable rockers,
Gilt chairs,
Corner chairs,
Divans,
Sofas,
Leather lounges,
Corduroy lounges,
Cretonne lounges,
Rug lounges,
Tapestry lounges,
Hall chests,
Hanging hall racks,
Standing hall racks,
Umbrella racks,
Chiffoniers,
Iron beds,
White iron beds,
Maple bureaus,
Maple chiffoniers,
Shaving stands,
Large white chiffoniers,
Small chiffoniers,
Wardrobes,
Folding beds,
Sideboards,
Side tables,
Buffets,
Bookcases,
Secretary bookcases,
Ladies' desks,
Men's home desks,
Music cabinets

MORE OF MAN AND THE MANX

Topographical Features Seen While Sailing Around the "Dear Little Isle."

LAND OF MOUNTAIN, VALE AND FLOOD

Where Hungry Seas Gnav the Crags About the Cliff-Peel Castle and the Old-Time Capital, Castletown—Characteristics of the Island-Parasitic.

RAMSEY, Isle of Man, Nov. 26.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—You will always have a goodly number of pictures in your memory after you have sailed around the island. It is only a little journey of seventy-five or eighty miles.

Besides, in this way, with a good marine glass you can see every square foot of Manxland. There is nowhere a greater distance than six or seven miles from highest mountain peak to edge of circling sea.

In rounding the Point of Ayre your skipper will cease his tales and attend closely to his little craft. It is a dangerous ocean way. The meeting of the Cairn and Gresha, between these is the great valley pass leading from Douglas, the maritime eastern capital of Man, to ancient Peel, its western port.

Golden, Sartfell and Belding Phott group closely to the north and then, comes Snaefell, mountain monarch of Manxland, his only northern rival, giant North Barreule, which breaks into savage Maughold head by pleasant Ramsey bay.

Returning from church one Sabbath morning, Jenny, laughing and crying, exclaimed, "Robert has come! Robert has come!"

Gray and old and more forbidding than all else is its once mighty castle, at the base of which stands St. Patrick's kilm, or St. Patrick's church, seven acres in

extent. Venerable, haunted and hallowed all, Hallowell and venerable, for St. Patrick himself raised the foundations of the church on whose site the half ruins of a great cathedral are now found.

When Maughold head is rounded, the golden peninsula of Ramsey bay, extending nine miles to Point of Ayre, the north-western headland of Man, gives a scene of unsurpassed beauty and interest.

Here at Port St. Mary during the fishing season is the rendezvous of the Manx herring fleet. If you are here at that time, it will remind you of the animated scenes in August at Wick in Scotland, or Lerwick in Shetland.

These folk are as like the Cornish, the folk of St. Ives as the herring of both; and none of their boats ever put to sea on Saturday or Sunday; nor do they at any time venture upon their sea harvesting without goodly prayers and psalms.

Along the west coast your interest will be divided between glimpses of the strange old Manx hamlets peeping from the mountain basins where flocks of foaming streams tumble like the gorge tops upon the hills, with the splendid mountain views behind and above, and the plainly discerned Irish coast where the Mourne mountains through the distance cover with purple the emerald green.

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Man, and I warrant you are a score of years and an hundred years in advantage over him who enters Manxland at the sea gates on its splendid shores, and views its form and folk through the false perspective of fine hotels, crowds of summer or winter idlers, and the misleading gay activities comparing with those of our own Bar Harbor or Newport, or an English Bournemouth or Brighton.

Here, of course, is some true Manx color in the strange old closes and wynds of the ancient part of the city; but Douglas is essentially a fashionable watering place the whole year round.

Manxmen and Their Land. You must leave Douglas behind to completely know Manxland. This is no venture some task. You can walk to the remotest portion of the island in one day. There never were finer roads. There never were lovelier views. There never were quieter, more comfortable old inns. And there never were more simple, genial, hospitable people than in Man.

In most countries I have visited the peasantry are rascals and listless, or suspicious and resentful, or him who comes to spy into their ways and poke among their shrines. The Manx folk and Highlanders, each with their distinct centuries-old, changeless ways, are close together. The murmurings of the sea can almost be heard from highest mountain peak.

South Sioux City is to have a new flouring mill. The corner stone of the new opera house at Elmwood has been laid.

Dora Evans, accused of burning a barn of a burglar at Ansley, has been acquitted by a jury.

Burglars entered Dr. T. C. McCleery's house at Exeter and secured \$100 worth of clothing. The total deposits in the banks of Knox county November 5 were \$29,971.57, over \$3 per capita.

Guy Tremmel of Cody, who shot and killed his five-year-old sister November 14, has been held under \$10,000 bonds for trial for murder. A few days ago workmen who were digging up the water works mains in Ponca to find a leak found the body of a still-born child in a postcard box lying on the main.

Rock last Monday. For thirty-five years Mr. Fellers had resided on a farm near Table Rock, but he retired from active work six years ago. He was about to resume the care of his agricultural interests when his fatal illness overtook him. He was 65 years of age and a leading member of the Table Rock Presbyterian church.

The 5-year-old daughter of William Paxton of Arapahoe, while playing with other children around a pile of burning rubbish, got so near the blaze that her clothes caught fire, which burned her severely about the hips and back before it was extinguished. Her mother's hands were badly burned in an attempt to save her child, who in a few moments more would have been burned beyond recovery.

For two years the belief has been prevalent in Custer county that High Caswell, a farmer, was a thief. So strong was the belief that Caswell was ordered out of the county on pain of death. Caswell left, although protesting his innocence. Last week the property which Caswell was supposed to have stolen was found among the effects of Nick Vincent, the man who had directed suspicion against Caswell. Vincent is now in Oklahoma.

"It's a wise child that knows its own father" has just had a new illustration in the case of little Kate Murphy of Crawford, for whom a writ of habeas corpus was issued at Chadron last week. A year ago last spring Thomas B. Murphy, father of little Kate, left Crawford for Salt Lake City to work at his trade of bricklaying. He left his wife and the baby, less than a month old, in Crawford. He sent them money at intervals, and finally sent \$50 for them to come to Salt Lake. Mrs. Murphy spent the money, gave the baby to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cooke and shipped the country. After all this weary waiting Mr. Murphy went back to Crawford about two weeks ago and found his child and the baby. He refused to regard it as their own, and the father seeks to recover possession by writ of habeas corpus.

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