LITTLE CALAMITY SOMMERS.

She Went in Borrowed Plumes to the Court House to Have Her Name Changed.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

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I.

Mrs. Sommers stopped in her work. "What is the matter with that child now! Lamby," she called, "what are you making all that noise about in there?"

A little girl about 10 years old appeared in the doorway that led into an adjoining room.

She held a large and showily-bound bible in her arms. Her face was red and dirtily streaked with tears. "What do you have my name written down in this bible Calamity Sommers for?" she demanded.

"Where did you find that bible?" asked her mother, quickly crossing the room, and taking it from her.

"I found it on the top shelf in the closet! That's where I found it, and I want to know why you've got my name written down Calamity Sommers? That isn't my name!"

"Yes, it is, Lamby; that's the name you was baptized under; but no one knows it—only me. I didn't intend telling you about it until you were a woman, if then."

"I won't have it for my name!" cried the little girl, stamping her foot; "I'll run away a thousand miles before I'll have such a name! Just having it in a book can't make it my name! I'm going to the court house and see, and if they've got me down with that name in the books, they've got to scratch it out!" She ran across the room and opened the outer door.

"Lamby, come right back here!" called her mother, but the little girl had already reached the gate.

II.

When Lamby Sommers came to the gate that led into the court house yard she suddenly realized how soiled her apron was and how towsled her hair.

She had a keen little mind, and she knew that to go in looking as she did would not help her cause. The dignity of the great brick building with its many important offices she knew very well. She had often stolen through its wide halls on excursions of interest with other children.

There was hardly a county official who did not know her by reputation, if not by sight.

Lamby Sommers was not a child who was easily passed by. When clean and well dressed she was certainly a beautiful little girl.

As she stood there irresolutely, not wanting to give up her errand and not wanting to go home, little Frances Baker came tripping up the street.

"Where are you going?" asked Lamby.

"I'm going home," said Frances. "I've been to the depot to see mother off. She's gone to Minneapolis to stay two weeks at grandpa's. I'm going to keep house for father all myself while she's gone."

A thought flashed through Lamby's mind. "Guess I'll walk home with you and get a drink," she said. She slipped her hand through Frances' arm and they walked on together.

"I'm going to do just as I please while mother's gone," said Frances. "She said I could."

"I should think it would be lots of fun to keep house," said Lamby. I wish my mother would go away."

"You're not as old as I am," replied Frances. "I'm 12 years old, and, besides, I've always worked, and you never do anything."

"I'm just as large as you are, if I'm not as old, and I could keep house just as well as you can. I can do anything when I try."

The little girls went up to the still house together.

"My," said Lamby, when they were in the kitchen, "what a lot of dishes you have to wash! It's lucky it's Saturday, or you'd never get to school."

"Yes, I would; I'd get up earlier," said Frances, bravely. "I'm so glad to have mother have a good time I don't care what I do." As she spoke she rolled up her sleeves and began her work.

"Do you mind if I go up to your room and brush my hair?" asked Lamby, when she had had her drink.

"Why, no," said Frances, wonderingly; "your hair does look as though you hadn't combed it this morning."

"Well, I have. Does my apron look very dirty to you?"

"Not very; it's clean enough for Saturday."

"I'm going to the court house on an errand. I didn't notice my apron till I got to the gate."

"Why don't you go home and put on a clean one?" asked Frances.

"It will take so long. Won't you lend me one?"

"Why, yes; you can take any one you want, if you'll bring it right back. They're in the bottom bureau drawer."

Lamby lived in a very poorly furnished little house, and Frances Baker's comfortable home seemed very grand to her. She went up the wide stairs and into Frances' pretty room with a feeling of envy in her heart.

She pulled open the bureau drawer, and after studying for a moment drew out a daintily ruffled white apron. But when she came to put it on over her dirty dress it made the dress seem even more soiled than it had before.

"O, dear, I wish I had on my best dress," she thought. "I can't go to the court house looking this way. She wandered aimlessly over to the closet, and looked in.

How many pretty dresses Frances had, there was a new one that Lamby had never seen before. It was a fine blue india lawn, trimmed with delicate lace edging. The little girl slipped it from its hook, and without stopping to consider whether Frances would be willing for her to wear the dress, hastily took off her own dress and put it on.

It is wonderful what a change a becoming dress will make in any one.

Lamby was quite startled by the sudden transformation in her appearance.

She strutted up and down before the glass like a little curly peacock, as she brushed out her curly yellow hair.

She went over to Frances' pretty rose decorated washbowl and washed her face.

"I guess I'd better borrow a hat," she thought. On the closet shelf lay Frances' white leghorn hat, with its wreath of daisies. The hat was very becoming to Lamby, and it was with a proud consciousness of looking better than she had ever looked before in her life that she ran down the stairs and appeared to Frances in the kitchen door.

"Why, Lamby Sommers, what do you mean by putting on my best clothes!" she exclaimed, and then stopped. "My, don't you look beautiful! You look just like a picture book! You must take them right off though; mother wouldn't like to have you put them on."

"I'm going to wear them down to the court house," said Lamby, shaking out her skirts.

"You're not, either! What do you mean?"

"Yes, I am; I've got them on, and you can't help yourself."

She turned and ran out of the door. Frances dropped the tea towel and started after her.

"Come back here with my clothes, or I'll tell your mother!" she called.

No boy or girl in the town could run as fast as Lamby Sommers, and Frances knew it. At the first corner she stopped with a side ache and gave up the chase.

III.

As Lamby entered the court house a young man came out of one of the offices and crossed the hall to a door on the opposite side.

He stopped with his hand on the doorknob and gave a low whistle.

"Why, good morning, Miss Sommers!" he said. "How fine you are looking this morning!"

Lamby tossed her head.

"I don't look any better than I always do when I'm dressed up," she said.

"Well, you know, I've generally seen you with a dirty face and a torn apron racing along the streets, Miss Sommers," he laughed.

"Well, I've generally seen you with your hat on and your hands in your pockets," answered Lamby, walking past him with her nose in the air.

The young man's hands came out of his pockets, and he caught his hat from his head.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon!" he said, bowing low. "I take it you have come up to the court house on business? Now, if I can be of any service, I beg of you to command me!"

Lamby put aside her dignity, and went up to him with a very serious little face. "I've come up to see how my name is written down in the court house books,' she said in a low tone. "O, I see," he replied. "It will be on the census reports. You come with me, and I'll ask some one to look it up for you."

"Wait a minute," said the little girl, doubtfully. "If it is written down wrong, and I tell you it is, will you change it for me?"

The young man opened his eyes wide in amazement.

"I'm the clerk of the court," he said, "and your business isn't exactly in my line."

The dignified surroundings of the office, and the spectacles, made such a change in the young man that Lamby was almost afraid of him.

"Now, what is your name, please? I'll write it down and look in the books in a day or two. If there is anything that can be done about it I'll let you know."

Lamby went to his side, and after hesitating for a moment, whispered softly "Calamity." The young man started back and covered his face with both hands. "Calamity," he groaned, "O, terrible!"

With all his will the clerk of the court struggled to keep from laughing and he succeeded.

"If I had not promised to aid you, I should certainly do so now," he said, when he could command his voice. "How did they come to give you such a disgraceful name, you poor child?"

"I don't know," answered Lamby, shaking her head.

"I'll tell you what you'll have to do," he said, "you'll have to choose a name you're willing to carry through life, and I'll see to it that it is down in the books in place of the other. You must take the ink eraser, and see that the same change is made in the Bible. Now what shall the new name be?" he added.

"I've always wished my name was Edith," said the little girl.

"A very suitable name," said the young man, and he wrote the name on a sheet of paper in a large impressive hand. "Wouldn't you like a middle name or initial to set it off? You might as well have everything you want while it is going."

"Would Imogen be too long? I think that is a beautiful name." The clerk of the court looked at her over his spectacles and smiled appreciatively.

"Edith Imogen, no indeed. A fine name. Come and see how well it looks written."

"Now, mind you, this is a secret between us," he said, holding out his hand. "I believe we are justified in that we are setting right a great wrong. I hope you will live to be a credit to the new name."

Miss Edith Imogen Sommers went tripping down the street and home, so happy in having accomplished her errand that she completely forgot she had on a borrowed dress.

"It's changed!" she cried, throwing open the door and dancing across the room. "My name isn't even Lamby any more."

Her mother looked at her in speechless amazement. Certainly there was a great change! She could hardly recognize in this beautiful child her willful little daughter.

"Wherever did you get those clothes?" she gasped.

"O, these are Frances Baker's. I borrowed them to wear to the court house. I must go right and take them home."

Flirting her skirts Lamby walked up and down the room, while she gave her mother an account of her morning's expedition.

"Well, of all the children that ever were born into this world you do take the lead," Mrs. Sommers exclaimed, when she had finished. "I am glad enough your name is changed—if it is," she added. "It was never my will to call you Calamity."

Then Mrs. Sommers went into the next room and brought out the big Bible and taking the eraser rubbed out the unfortunate name and wrote Edith Imogen Sommers in its place.

"YES, I AM, I'VE GOT THEM ON, AND YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELF."

"WHAT DO YOU HAVE MY NAME WRITTEN DOWN IN THIS BIBLE, CALAMITY SOMERS, FOR?" SHE DEMANDED.

HER POSTAGE STAMP COSTUME.

Thirty Thousand Stamps of Various Kinds Used in Making It.

"I used about 30,000 canceled postage stamps in making by dress, and I would not make another like it for $100," said Miss Antoinette Warlitz to the Baltimore Sun man. She was the winner of the first prize at the Harmonie masked ball.

The idea of the postage stamp dress was suggested to Miss Warlitz by a friend who had seen one at a masked ball in Vienna. Miss Warlitz thought it worth repeating, and appealed to her friends for aid in collecting stamps—stamps of all countries—United States ordinary stamps, revenue or special delivery, Spanish, French, Swiss, Italian, Dutch, German, even Chinese—any old thing was acceptable, just so it was a stamp. A few of the 30,000 were bought from stamp collectors. The most valuable, so far as face value goes, were a 15-cent United States stamp and a 25-cent Mexican one, but some of the foreign stamps were quite rare and could not be replaced for anything like their face value.

Five weeks were spent in stamp collecting and three in making the dress, which consisted of a short, full skirt and round waist with long, full sleeves. The foundation of the dress was muslin. On this the stamps were pasted and not an inch of the muslin was left uncovered. The skirt was cut by a circular pattern, and after it was fitted the design on the front was drawn upon it in pencil. Every detail of the design was carried out accurately.

In the center of the front breadth was an eagle, made of brown Columbian stamps. Suspended from the talons was a globe made of very old 2-cent blue revenue stamps, the meridians being outlined by the narrow title borders cut from Columbia stamps. On either side the globe was an American flag, the stripes of blue 1-cent stamps and red 2-cent stamps; the stars of the blue stamps.

Except where it was taken up by the design the skirt was striped—not up and down, but around. It was finished at the bottom by a border of brown Columbian stamps, 100 in number. Above this were three rows of the red 2-cent stamps, then another row of the Columbian, then more of the red, and so on to the top.

Blue instead of brown Columbian stamps were used in one of the rows; in another the large green medallions cut out of the stamped envelopes, and in another a series of stamps of all values, from 1 up to 15 cents.

The foreign stamps were pasted on the bodice in the form of a shield, the center of which was made up of portraits of Washington cut from revenue stamps. The full sleeves were made of blue and red stamps and were finished at the hand with a cuff of foreign stamps.

The bodice was fastened in the back, and after it was on a strip of stamps had to be pasted on to hide the fastenings.

A large Leghorn hat covered entirely with red and blue stamps was worn with the costume, and a pink mask, and a round fan covered with the red stamps, was carried. Over the shoulder was slung a tiny red mail box, with the letters U. S. M. in gilt on it.

The wearer of this unique costume is a daughter of Dr. Gustav Warlitz of 27 North High street. Miss Warlitz has big brown eyes and dark hair, but to complete her disguise she wore a blond wig, and even her best friends were amazed when she unmasked.

Miss Warlitz's mother and sister helped her to make the dress, but the plan was kept a close secret, and whenever visitors would come in the dress would be hustled out of sight. After everything was finished it seemed as though the trouble had been for nothing, for the paste used had stiffened the skirt so that it stood out like a balloon. A kindly-disposed rainy day took out the superfluous stiffness, however, and reduced the refractory gown to something like submission.

HAD A NIGHT OFF.

Hilarious Time of a Goat and a Tar on Shore.

William F. Sullivan, a sailor, and his billy-goat, Jack, wound up a celebration by getting arrested for drunkenness, relates the San Francisco Chronicle. Jack is the pet of the ship on which Sullivan is an able seaman, and the two have for a long time been constant companions, ashore as well as at sea. Their tastes, too, run alike in many directions—particularly in the direction of beer.

At one stage of his existence Jack used to guide guileless sheep to the slaughter in the Butchertown shambles. It was there that he acquired the liking for human society, which became a fixed habit after he had ceased to be a landlubber. His love for beer also came to him when he took to the sea.

Early Friday morning Jack and his shipmate, Sullivan, started their spree on the water front. Every glass of steam the sailor bought he shared with Jack. They gradually worked their way uptown, and by early morning were making a series of port tacks on Policeman Harter's beat in Powell street.

The goat was then so drunk that he could not distinguish a delicate tomato can from a musty custard pie, while the seaman's binnacle lamps grew dimmer every minute. The oddly mated pair managed to travel only by making short luffs from sidewalk to sidewalk. Finally they found good anchorage in an alley, and the policeman decided not to disturb them.

At six bells in the morning watch, goat and sailor again hove in sight on Policeman Harter's beat woozier than ever. They were then convoyed by a highly amused crowd. Finally the goat sat helplessly on his haunches in the middle of the sidewalk, with his head bobbing from side to side—a very picture of hopeless intoxication. He resisted all the coaxings of the sailor and would not move even for the policeman.

When the street had at last become blocked by the crowd the disgusted policeman rang for the central station patrol wagon.

As the sailor was being lifted into the wagon, he protested vigorously against a suggestion that the goat be taken to the city pound.

"I won't be locked up, mates, unless Jack goes to jail, too," was his ultimatum.

Jack was laid alongside him in the wagon, and slept off his "jag" in the central police station stable, where he remained until his shipmate's case was disposed of.

California Miners on a Strike.

REDDING, Cal., March 2.—Forty miners employed by the Lagrange Hydraulic Mining company at Weaverville, Trinity county, have just gone on a strike. The company owns and operates the largest hydraulic mines in the state of California. They are located at Weaverville and Junction City, fifty miles northwest of this city. The property is under the management of William H. Radford. The strikers refuse to accept a cut in wages and say they will prevent any one from taking their places. Sheriff Burgess has been called on to protect the new hands and trouble is feared.

Lynched an Indian Doctor.

MORGANTOWN, N. C., March 2.—An old Indian doctor and a little girl who kept house for him have been found hanging from trees near their cabin at the head of Irish creek. The two came here about a year ago and spent most of their time in hunting herbs. Threats had been made against the old man.

CONCERNING INDIAN CORN

Value of Corn Products as Human Food from a Dietetic Standpoint.

WHOLESOME AND ECONOMICAL FOOD

Scientific Showing of the Value of Indian Corn—History of Corn—Literature of Corn and Mythological Explanation of Its Origin.

Indian corn, or maize, is a native of tropical America and was early cultivated in more northern portions of the continent as a food for both man and beast, writes J. Hobart Egbert in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette. While still cultivated extensively within our boundaries, it is employed chiefly as a food for cattle and is not as extensively used—relatively speaking—in the household as it was a half century or more ago. Being quite as rich in nitrogenous matter as wheat and containing upward of four times the amount of fatty matter contained in wheat, maize has long been known to compare favorably with all other cereals as a nutriment. But Indian corn is not only rich in nutritive and fuel values, but it is also a most economical food. Recent investigations concerning the pecuniary economy of food have shown that the cornmeal which can be purchased, at the market value, for a definite sum of money will furnish a far greater weight of nutrients and many more calories of fuel value than can be procured in other of the usual foodstuffs for the same amount of money. Thus it is found that in 10 cents worth of corn meal (five pounds) there are four and a half pounds of available nutrients—carbohydrates, protein and fat—and 8,500 calories of fuel value, while in 10 cents worth of wheat flour (four pounds) there are only about three pounds of nutrients and 6,250 calories of fuel value; in 10 cents worth of wheat bread (two and one-half pounds) there are about one and three-quarter pounds of nutrients and 3,000 calories of fuel value; in 10 cents worth of oatmeal (two and one-half pounds), two and one-third pounds of nutrients and 4,600 calories of fuel value; in 10 cents worth of rice (two pounds), one and three-quarters pounds of nutrients and 3,250 calories of fuel value; in 10 cents worth of potatoes (ten pounds), one and three-quarters pounds of nutrients and about 3,200 calories of fuel value; in 10 cents worth of eggs, at 25 cents a dozen, (three-fifths of a pound) about one-fifth pound of nutrient and about 400 calories of fuel value; in 10 cents worth of milk, at 6 cents a quart, two-fifths of a pound of nutrients and 1,000 calories of fuel value; in 10 cents worth of round steak, at 12 cents a pound, less than one-quarter of a pound of nutrients and about 775 calories of fuel value, and about the same for rib of beef and leg of mutton. The pecuniary economy of corn meal is therefore well established. Moreover, the nutrients which it contains are in such form as to be admirably suited to the needs of the laboring classes, while the palatability and digestibility of many of the forms in which it may be prepared for the table recommend it highly for general use. In brief, properly prepared, Indian corn furnishes a very wholesome, nutritious, digestible, and economical food for man. Owing to its deficiency in gluten, Indian meal is not adapted for making bread unless mixed with wheat or rye flour. Mixed with rye flour it makes a most nutritious "brown bread"—famous in New England. Alone it may be made into cakes and roasted, yielding a very palatable and useful product which is eaten both hot and cold under the various names of "johnny-cake," "hoe-cake," "Indian bread," and, in Spanish America, "tortilla." It may also be served as porridge, as "mush" or "hasty pudding," as baked Indian pudding, as Indian bag pudding, etc.

HISTORY OF CORN MEAL.

The value of Indian corn as a nutriment has doubtless long been known, although the early history of this cereal is somewhat obscure. It was certainly cultivated by the aborigines of America before the discovery of this continent by Columbus, and is generally considered to be indigenous to tropical America. The colonists first cultivated corn on the James river, Virginia, in 1608, obtaining the seed from the Indians, who claimed to be the originators or first discoverers of the plant, receiving it direct from the hands of the Creator. Schoolcraft thus gives their mythological history of it:

"A young man went out in the woods to fast at a period of life when youth is exchanged for manhood. He built a lodge of boughs in a secluded place, and painted his face a somber hue. By day he amused himself in walking about looking at the various shrubs and wild plants, and at night lay down in his bower, through which, being open, he could look up into the sky. He sought a gift from the Master of Life, and he hoped it would be something to benefit his race. On the third day he became too weak to leave the lodge, and as he lay gazing upward he saw a spirit come down in the shape of a beautiful young man, dressed in green, and having green plumes on his head, who told him to arise and wrestle with him, as this was the only way in which he could obtain his wishes. He did so and found his strength renewed by the effort.

"The visit and the trial of wrestling were repeated for four days, the youth feeling at each trial that, although his bodily strength declined, a moral and supernatural energy was imparted, which promised him the final victory. On the third day his celestial visitor spoke to him. 'Tomorrow,' said he, 'will be the seventh day of your fast, and the last time I shall wrestle with you. You will triumph over me, and gain your wishes. As soon as you have thrown me down strip off my clothes and bury me on the spot in soft, fresh earth. When you have done this leave me, but come occasionally to visit the place, to keep the weeds from growing. Once or twice cover me with fresh earth.' He then departed, but returned the next day, and, as he predicted, was thrown down. The young man punctually obeyed his instructions in every particular and soon had the pleasure of seeing the green plumes of his sky visitor shooting up through the ground. He carefully weeded the earth and kept it fresh and soft, and in due time was gratified by beholding the matured plant, bending with its golden fruit, and gracefully waving its green leaves and yellow tassels in the wind. He then invited his parents to the spot to behold the new plant. 'It is Mondamin,' replied his father; 'it is the Spirit's grain.' They immediately prepared a feast and invited their friends to partake of it, and thus originated Indian corn."

Longfellow, in his beautiful poem, "Hiawatha," refers to this legend:

All around the happy village,
Stood the maize fields green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin;
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.

Before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it;
With its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!"
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin.

CORN AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

The fact that a representation of this plant (Zea mays) has been found in an ancient Chinese book in the royal library at Paris, and the alleged discovery of some grains of Indian corn in the cellars of ancient houses in Athens, have led some to suppose that it is a native also of the east and has from a very early period been cultivated there. Some regard it as the "corn" of scripture, although, as a commentator has justly observed, if we accept this supposition it is not easy to account for the subsequent neglect of it until after the discovery of America, since which the spread of its cultivation in the old world has taken place with a rapidity such as might be expected from its great productiveness and valuable qualities as a nutriment. Columbus himself introduced it into Spain about the year 1520 and it is now not only extensively cultivated throughout southern Europe, but in Asia and Africa. African explorers not only tell of its growth in that country, but also its extensive use as food by the natives. In the catalogue of the plants collected in the interior of Africa by Captain Grant, who accompanied Captain Speke, the famous discoverer of the source of the Nile, on his third expedition to the interior of Africa (1859), we find the following: "Zea Mays, L., Indian corn; grown in ridges; plentiful from 7 degrees 20 minutes to 4 degrees S., but very rare as the equator is approached; and quite unknown beyond it northward to 5 degrees N." while concerning wheat we find: "Triticum Sativum, L., wheat; never met with from Zanzibar to 15½ degrees N. (the Soudan), where it is cultivated by irrigation." Zanzibar is in about 6 degrees S. latitude.

CORN IN AFRICA.

In his "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa" (1855-1859), Du Chaillu, in speaking of the food of the tribes in the Gaboon region and Mpongwe—a tribe living along the coast quite beneath the equator—in particular, says: "The vegetable food of the Mpongwe and with little variation of most of the other tribes of this region near the seashore, consists of Indian corn, the plaintain, yams, sweet potatoes, cassava (manioc), tania, pumpkins, and ground or peanuts." It will be observed that Indian corn is placed first. From the writings of travelers in the warmer parts of our own continent much might be presented to show the high value placed upon Indian corn as food by the denizens of these regions, but the following from Stevens' classical work "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan," is sufficiently suggestive and authentic:

"The whole family was engaged in making tortillas. This is the bread of Central and of all Spanish America, and the only species to be found except in the principal towns. At one end of the cucinera was an elevation, on which stood a comal or griddle resting on three stones, with a fire blazing under it. The daughter-in-law had before her an earthern vessel containing Indian corn soaked in lime-water to remove the husk; and, placing a handful on an oblong stone curving inward, mashed it with a stone roller into a thick paste. The girls took it as it was mashed, and patting with their hands into flat cakes, laid them on the griddle to bake. This is repeated for every meal, and a great part of the business of the women consists in making tortillas. When Mr. Catherwood arrived, the tortillas were smoking and we stopped to breakfast. They gave us the only luxury they had, coffee made of parched corn, which in compliment to their kindness, we drank."

ALL THE WIVES HE WANTS.

A Man May Legally Take, Provided He Marry Them Simultaneously.

A correspondent has requested Law Notes to advise him how many women a man may marry at once without violating any law. This being a mixed question of law and love, and our specialty being law, we feel some hesitation in expressing our opinion, replies the legal luminary. There seems to be no reason why he may not marry as many as will have him, provided the ceremony be not performed "in a territory or other place over which the United States has exclusive jurisdiction."

The earliest statute on the subject of polyamy or bigamy (I. Jac. 1, c. 11) enacted "that if any person or persons within England and Wales, being married, or hereafter shall marry, do marry any person or persons, the former husband or wife being alive, each offense shall be a felony." The statutes 35 Geo. III, c. 67, and 4 Geo. 4, c. 11, have merely changed the punishment (1 East P. C., 464). The statutes of the several states go no further, in terms, than to provide that no person "who has a former husband or wife living shall marry another." Under these statutes it would seem that it was not unlawful for a single man to marry as many single women simultaneously as can place themselves within the reach of his voice and the voice of the preacher or officer performing the ceremony.

It may be that a court to whom the question were presented would, by some refinements and subtleties, and by "considering the intent of the legislature" and construction of the statute "according to its spirit," etc., devise some means by which to interrupt the wild career of conjugal felicity which our correspondent proposes and send him to jail, but Law Notes, construing the statutes as all penal statutes should be construed, strictly, sees no offense in the multifarious marriage which he has in mind. We feel indisposed to extend the language of the legislature so as to make it include cases not embraced in its terms. It is not unreasonable to presume that the legislature intended merely to protect innocent and unwary persons from marrying others already married, in ignorance of the previous marriage, and to prevent wives and husbands from deserting their consorts for others. We do not know that the legislature intended to prevent a man from marrying more than one woman simultaneously, when it could so easily and in so few words have said so.

This position finds strength in the fact that the Edmunds act (act Con. March 22, 1882), declares expressly, in addition to the usual provision, that "any man who hereafter simultaneously, or on the same day, marries more than one woman, in a territory or other place over which the United States has exclusive jurisdiction, is guilty of polygamy," thereby recognizing that the usual provision does not meet the case in question.

MR. & MRS. A. G. GIBSON & FAMILY. | Christmann, Louis Meyer, Henry Oest and