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BY JAMES G. HASSON.

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[illegible] cents.
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Seersucker with stripes.
French Satines, in our quality at 15 cents.
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Great Bargains in Black and Colored Sateen Silks, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Hosiery, Lace Curtains, Housekeeping Linens.
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Delighted and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,

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Ayer's Hair Vigor,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

1794. 1889.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

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EBENSBURG, PA.
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.
THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and clean. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

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The oldest and best institution for obtaining a Business Education. We have successfully prepared thousands of young men for the active duties of life. For Circulars address,
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Sept. 15., 1889.—3m

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THE :: SUN.
1889
And for the Democracy.

THE SUN believes that the campaign for the election of a Democratic Congress in 1890 and a Democratic President in 1892 should begin or at about the fourth of next March. THE SUN will be at hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats—the political organization for whose overthrow THE SUN fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the Frauds, Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be attacked in the same strong position. It has been carried once by fraud and plotting treason. Do you not believe with THE SUN that the thing can be done again? Wait and see.

The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of the united press, cherishing no memories of past differences in non-essentials, forgetting everything but the lessons of experience, and that victory is a duty.

Publish you know THE SUN already as a newspaper which gets all the news and prints it in incomparably interesting shape, which sifts wicked lies as they come and tells the truth about men and events with absolute fearlessness, making the competent and most entertaining journal published anywhere on earth—and which sells its opinions only to its subscribers and purchasers at two cents per copy—or Sundays four cents. If you do not know THE SUN, send to it and learn what a wonderful thing it is to be in the sunshine.

Daily, per month	$0 50
Daily, per year	6 00
Sunday, per year	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month	0 70
Weekly Sun, one year	1 00

WE DO NOT PLEDGE
Ourselves to keep abreast, but to keep the lead over all others in selling you
PURE, ABSOLUTELY PURE, AND WELL MATURED, RIPE WHISKIES AND WINES
At prices that make all other dealers hustle. Just think of it:
Overholtz & Co.'s Pure Rye, five years old. Full quarts $1.00, or $10.00 per dozen.
Still better!
Finch's Golden Wedding, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25 or $12.00 per dozen.
Better still!
Kentucky Bourbon, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25, or $12.00 per dozen.
And one of the most reliable Whiskies on our list is
The Pure Eight Year Old Expectoration Cheinheimer. Full quarts $1.00, or $10 per dozen.
There is no Whisky that has ever been sold that has grown in favor with the public so rapidly as our old Export, and the simple reason is that it is utterly impossible to duplicate it.
There will never be any let up in the purity and fine flavor in any particular of the Pure California Wines we are now selling at 50 cents per bottle. Full quarts, or $5.00 per dozen.
In making up your orders please enclose P. O. Money Order or Draft, or Register your order.
JOSEPH FLEMING & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGGISTS,
PITTSBURG, PA.
412 MARKET ST. Cor. of the Diamond.
Jan. 25, 1889.—1yr

The Only Complete Book Published. Now Ready.
AMERICAN FISHES.
A popular treatise upon the game and Food Fishes of North America, with especial reference to habits and methods of capture, by G. Brown Goode, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. With numerous illustrations and a magnificent frontispiece plate of a brook trout in nine colors. The work is published in one volume, Royal Octavo. Over 800 pages, from new plates, on handsome paper, and elegantly bound. Sent free on receipt of price, $5.50.
FAULKNER & ALLAN
1713 Chestnut St., Phil'a, Pa.
Ebensburg, July 19, '89.—4t.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION,
A RELIABLE REMEDY For Sick Stomach, For Torpid Liver, Billous Headache, Costiveness,
Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.
It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. Sold by druggists everywhere.
Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

KENTUCKY MULES.
The only firm in Penn'a who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1,000 lbs., are D. Archbold & Co., 52 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
Correspondence solicited.

—HARVEST—
Excursions!
MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY
HALF RATES FOR The ROUND TRIP.
Via Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route, to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Kansas and Nebraska. August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. Thirty days limit, stop-over privileges, cheap lands. Come early for first choice. For descriptive land pamphlets free, address the Company's Agent or H. C. TOWNSEND, General Passenger & Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

CURRY BUSINESS COLLEGE
—OF—
CURRY UNIVERSITY,
SIXTH STREET PITTSBURGH, PA.
The best Equipped and most successful Business College in Pennsylvania. Individual instruction for every student from 9 A. M. till 4 P. M., and from 7 till 10 P. M. Actual Business Practice and Practical Banking are Specialties. The best advantages in Shorthand and Typewriting. The highest speed in the shortest time. The University also sustains full regular courses of study in the Classical, Scientific, Seminary, Normal, Music and Elocutionary Departments. Correspondence solicited. Send for catalogues.
JAMES CLARK WILLIAMS, A. M., Pres't.
Aug. 16, '89-3m.

ESSENTIAL OILS,
WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMENT, PENNYROYAL, SPEARMINT, &C.
of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free brokerage, commission, storage, &c., by
DODGE & OLCOTT,
Importers and Exporters, 88 William St., N. Y.
Aug. 23, '89.—6m.

LULLABY.

I was lyin' awake on my pillows,
Ole Man sleep with many a sigh,
'N' some one in the room above me
Was a-singin' a lullaby;
'N' I could hear the cradle a-rock'n—
Creakety, creakety, ba'n' fro,
'N' th' woman a-singin' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

Then' wasn't a mite of a carpet
Awn th' floor o' that room, yuh bet,
'N' th' reg'lar swing o' the cradle,
W'y I kin almos' hear it yet;
'N' th' sleepy coo o' th' baby
That was he a' awing to 'n' fro,
T' th' wonderful music o' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

Yuh wouldn't 'a thought that a feller
That's got down 's low 's I
Would 'a felt kinder queer 'cause a woman
Was a-sing'n' a lullaby!
'N' it is as I felt jest like swear'n',
That a hotel shud treat me so,
Fur I cudn't hear noth'n' but "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

But 't seemed ter git soft'r 'n' low'r,
'N' kinder familyer too,
W' th' cradle a-goin' slow'r,
Jest like my cradle ust ter do,
Till I cud almos' feel th' motion,
Rock-a-bye—rock-a-bye—to 'n' fro,
'N' my mother a-sing'n' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go."

Fur she sang 't t' "I love Jesus,"
Jest 's my mother ust ter do,
'N' 't got my heart all ter ach'n,
'N' th' tears ter com'n too;
'N' I jest sez I cud reach back thar,
'N' my mother cud set thar 'n' sew,
'N' I cud hear her, jest onces, sing'n' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e—go.
—Ella Higginson, in Harper's Weekly.

TRACED BY A POTATO.

Queer Means by Which a Murderer Was Discovered.

His Untrimmed Nails Left an Accusing Mark Behind Him—Confronted with the Evidence of His Crime He Commits Suicide.

"One of the queerest cases I ever had," said an old detective, "occurred something over twenty years ago, when I still had much to learn in my business, and, fortunately for me, knew that I had. It was memorable as an illustration of the importance of small things and I have pigeon-holed it in my memory as the 'affair of the fatal potato.'

"A red-headed servant girl, so scared that her eyes stood out like lobsters, rushed into the station-house early one morning, howling that all the police were wanted around at Mr. Morton's. The sergeant at the desk, supposing there was probably just some row among the servants, grinned at the sight of her and asked what was the matter.

"She gave a whoop of 'Murder!' that raised his hair and startled every one in the station. The idea of murder in the aristocratic mansion of Mr. Samuel Morton, on Fifth avenue, within five blocks of the station, naturally rather excited us. Two detailed men and myself—I was then ward detective—ran around there as quickly as we could.

"Sure enough, there had been a murder. The cook, a sturdily-built, middle-aged Englishwoman named Harriet Wardrop, lay on the kitchen floor, in the back basement, with a dirty cotton handkerchief twisted and knotted about her neck, stone dead and quite cold. When she had not sent up her employer's coffee, which he was accustomed to taking in bed, or answered the bell, the red-headed girl came down to see what was the matter, and that was the plight she found her in.

"The last seen of Harriet alive was at near ten o'clock the night before, when the two upstairs girls left to go to their room in the attic. Her room was in the basement, and she said that she was going to bed in a few minutes. She had had no visitor, never, indeed, had any, was perfectly sober, and seemed to be always a woman of perfectly correct habits. Really, however, not much was known about her, farther than she had come there from Philadelphia seven or eight months before with good references, had behaved herself well and made no confidants. But she must have admitted to the house the man who choked her.

"There were no signs of any struggle and there had been no robbery. Her gold watch was on the kitchen table, two months' wages in her pocket, and no attempt seemed to have been made at plunder in the still richer field upstairs. Why had she been killed? It was mysterious. One of the 'cops' with me was so puzzled that he declared it must be a case of suicide. I saw that she had been strangled and I wondered what a strong fellow the murderer must have been to have twisted, with fatal effect, so soft a band as a handkerchief about so big and solid a neck, and to do it so deftly and powerfully as to prevent an outcry or even a struggle. It takes a good deal of pressure to squeeze in a whole neck so tightly as to cause death.

"But when I came to examine more closely I found that a novel and ingenious device had been employed to make the job easier. Folded into the handkerchief and placed so that it would press directly upon the windpipe, was a potato about the size of a hen's egg. While turning the tuber over in my hand, I noticed that there were two deep curving cuts in its smooth, creamy skin, such as would be made by finger nails clutching it, and each showed a thin line of blue color. At first I thought nothing of that, for I knew that some potatoes, such as the Neshannocks, have a delicate skin of violet tint under the white outside. But when I looked more carefully I saw that this potato was not a Neshannock, but an Early Rose, which—as I soon proved by scratching it—had no such colored second skin, and I observed that the blue color seemed to go deeper than merely the surface.

"Who, I asked myself, would be likely to habitually carry under his finger-nails such an abundance of color as would leave deposits like these? Well, a dyer, for one. Yes, of course, a dyer; but there were more dyers in the city, for aught I know, than one could shake a stick at, and it would be ridiculous to seek a blue handed dyer, since hands that were blue one day might be red or green the next.

"The newspapers the next day in their sensational treatment of the incident characterized it as a profound mystery, and said that the police had 'absolutely no clew to the murderer.' As I had hoped, that encouraged some persons who had known Harriet Wardrop to come forward. A small, neatly-dressed, respectable-looking, middle-aged man, with keen, furtive eyes and an habitually deprecatory manner, presented himself at the inquest. He came to see if the woman, whose death he had read of in the morning paper, was his wife, from whom he had separated in Philadelphia a year before, and had not seen or heard from since. His name? John Wardrop. His occupation? Dyer. Where did he work? With Henri Detaille & Co., Parisian dyers, on Bleecker street. Yes, the dead woman was his wife. He recognized her perfectly, and the sight made him weep. Poor woman, she was hard to get along with, but she had a good heart.

"I made an excuse of his signing a formal recognition to get him to take off one of his gloves. His hand was of a brilliant orange tint. While the coroner kept him in attendance at the inquest I hurried to Detaille & Co.'s dye house to ask some questions.

"Yes, John Wardrop worked there. He was a quiet, steady man and an excellent workman. They had employed him about ten months. Did they know any thing more about him? No, except that they fancied there was likely to be a match between him and Jane Blair, a good-looking, plump woman, about thirty years old who had been their cashier for several years. Had they done any dark blue dyeing lately? Yes, only the day before yesterday. Who did the work? John Wardrop.

"I saw Jane Blair. With a good deal of hesitancy she admitted that she and John Wardrop were engaged to be married as soon as he got a divorce from a bad wife who had left him, and expected that he would soon be free. Was she well informed as to his habits? Perfectly. They boarded in the same house, on West Washington place, and he very seldom went out in the evening. Did he go out the night before last? No; they parted on the stairs going to their respective rooms at twenty minutes before ten o'clock, their usual hour for retiring. He could have gone out afterward, without her knowing it? Yes, but of course he didn't.

"When I got back to the inquest the coroner's jury had just returned a verdict that the deceased had come to her death by violence at the hand or hands of some person unknown. I had made up my mind to arrest John Wardrop on suspicion, but was in no hurry about it. As I had not been on the stand I did not have to tell any thing of my suspicions and the potato could not give any thing away, for I had it safe in my pocket, wrapped in tissue paper. The reporters went away to write the case up as a profounder mystery than before. John Wardrop went to draw some money from his employers to give his poor wife a decent burial. And I, having taken time to get a warrant for his arrest, followed him.

"He paled slightly and showed some embarrassment when I entered the dye-room, where he was doing some work that had to be done by him and could not wait until the morrow. Still he controlled himself, and sought to cover his nervousness by talking. I said little, and let him talk on, which was the worst thing he could have done, for thinking up so many words led him away now and then from the straight story he had made up. At last, when I deemed the time ripe for it, I slipped the potato out of my pocket and suddenly holding it up before him, said:

"'You should have washed your hands before you grabbed this potato out of the dish-pan on the table.'

"He threw up his hands with a shriek and sank down on a bench, all limp and broken up. Before he could recover himself he confessed. He and Harriet had quarreled for years and finally separated. Then after a time she had made up her mind to get possession of him again, found where he was and sent him word that he must meet her late at night, when she would be alone, to discuss the situation. He went, but the sight of her and thoughts of Jane Blair, with whom he had fallen in love in the meantime since parting with his wife, made him desperate. I asked him how he had managed to strangle her so quietly and without any struggle, when she seemed to have double his strength. He explained that he possessed sufficient mesmeric force to render her passive and had employed it on that occasion. Having rendered her completely unconscious by mesmerizing her, the rest was easy. I could not help feeling some sympathy for him when he said she was a 'tartar,' still, business was business, and when I had heard him through I told him:

"'Now, John, get your coat on and come along.'

"'In a moment, sir. Let me wash off some of this dye first.'

"I assented. He washed, pouring some stuff over his hands from a bottle to take the color out, as I supposed. Suddenly he turned the bottle up to his lips and took a big swallow of its contents before I could jump to him and grab him. As I seized him the bottle dropped to the floor and smashed, while he dropped into my arms as dead as a maul. Cyanide of potassium, as I subsequently learned, was his final nip, but it was the fatal potato that killed him."—Cincinnati Post.

—"Is your wife very busy with her household affairs?" "Yes, busier than ever." "Too bad she will insist in doing her own work, isn't it?" "She doesn't any longer. She's got a servant girl to look after now."—Lowell Citizen.

—Philadelphia is to have a new church for colored Catholics

MISS LOUISA PARSONS.

A Plucky Nurse. Now in Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore.

Miss Louisa Parsons, head nurse of a ward in Johns Hopkins Hospital, has an interesting history. Miss Parsons is one of the Nursing Sisters, a Nightingale nurse, trained in 1879 at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Florence Nightingale, after the Crimean war, started this field of instruction under the name of St. Thomas' Training School for Nurses. For service in Egypt during the Soudan war Miss Parsons has been highly commended and handsomely decorated. She received from Queen Victoria the Royal Red Cross, which the Queen, the Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family of England wear; a silver medal from the English War Office, and a bronze medal from the Khedive of Egypt.

Miss Parsons is an Englishwoman of medium stature and active movement. She sailed from London for the Soudan March 3, 1885, and landed at Suez, from which place she had a two and a-half days' trip to Suakim. She was stationed on the steam transport Ganges, fitted up as a hospital. The boat received its complement of patients from the seat of war, wounded and fever-stricken. There were about four hundred sick on the Ganges when Miss Parsons was assigned to that post. During her stay on the steamer the ship was cleared off of all who could be moved. They were transferred to the Iberia and sent to London. Suakim is said to be the hottest place in the world—so hot that flies can't live there. The last popular belief, Miss Parsons says, is a mistake, for she saw and fought millions of flies there and all the plagues of Israel.

Miss Parsons, with two other sisters, took back to England four hundred patients on the Iberia and only lost four on the way. She returned overland to Brindisi and crossed the Mediterranean to Alexandria, whence she went to Suez by rail, passing the battlefield of Tel-el-Keber, where the Arabs in 1883 lost five thousand in killed. The journey is described as terrible, on account of the heat. With three other sisters she was stationed at Suez, and received all sick forwarded from Suakim. As soon as convalescent they were put aboard homebound ships.

It was intensely hot at Suez, and Miss Parsons had a thermometer, from excess of heat, to burst in her pocket. The hospital yard was gorgeous with beautiful flowers, but they had to be gathered before four o'clock in the morning or the hot atmosphere robbed them of their fragrance. In some of the marches the men, suffering with dreadful thirst, would drink water that had been laying in the sun for days in the skin bags. The result was always a largely increased number for the hospitals. She was herself attacked with typhoid fever at Suez, suffered a relapse on the homeward voyage on the steamer Ganges, and had a second relapse after she reached her home.

Miss Parsons sent her resignation to the War office before coming to this country. She came to the United States on a visit, but circumstances caused her to remain longer than she expected, and finally to accept a place in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. She has never served in any other hospital in the United States.—N. Y. Express.

A POET'S PUNCTUATION.

How Shakespeare Made Dull Readers Catch His Own Inspiration.

Shakespeare, as I have all but verified to my own satisfaction, at least, punctuated with the decision which we now look for—not vainly—in a Tennyson, a Ruskin or a Kinglake. I have here named three perfect punctuators. My verification, or *almost* verification of Shakespeare's own decisive pointing has been attained through the careful study of many passages in a no less authentic edition than "the famous folio of 1623." Here we get back near enough to the original hand and the master-mind to form a fair judgment on the subject. It is a firmly pronounced, articulate punctuation, such as no editor, however "judicious," could easily have supplied. For let no one imagine a printer's law of punctuation that is adequate to the demands of a poet. He surely must know his own meaning best, and he alone feels, as well as means, what he says. It is this feeling and this true significance which he who makes the language can best impart by modulations of his own. My view is that the various forms of punctuation accompanying rhetorical composition are like the notes of music, which none so well as the composer himself can properly value. He hears, as he pens, every point. So it must seem to every appreciative reader, say, of "The Life of Henry V." Take especially three speeches of the King. First, the warmly-pulsating address to his friends: "Once more unto the breach," concluding with the line: "Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George!" Next, the rebuke to Westmoreland, who had wished for ten thousand idle men from England, with the spirited continuation of the speech: "This day is called the feast of Crispian;" and thirdly, the passionate outburst:

I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a Trumpet, Herald;
Ride thou unto the Horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us bid them come downe,
Or yovde the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.

Not only is every point in those speeches adjusted to the maintenance of a true balance, being in no one instance too strong or too weak, but the actual breaks and pauses of the voice are so nicely indicated—especially in the "Crispian" speech, though scarcely less in the compelling earnestness of the invocation: "Once more unto the breach!"—that he must indeed be dull of ear who fails to catch the poet's own inspiration.—Cassell's Magazine.

THE CALENDAR OF GEMS.

JANUARY.
By her who in this month is born
No gem save Garnets should be worn;
They will insure her constancy.
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.
The February born shall find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyst will wear.

MARCH.
Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.
She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone,
Emblem of innocence, is known.

MAY.
Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a lover and happy wife.

JUNE.
Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her hour of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and long life command.

JULY.
The glowing Ruby shall adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.
Wear a Sardonyx, or, for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August born without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.
A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze
A Sapphire on her brow should bind;
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.
October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast
And hope will lull those words to

NOVEMBER.
Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow
Should prize the Topaz' amber hue,
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.
If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.
—Notes and Queries.

HYMEN'S HIGH PRIEST.

A Minister of Much Experience in Matrimony.

He Has Been Busy Uniting Tender Young Lovers for a Quarter of a Century—Merely an Unromantic Business Transaction.

"I have married so many girls that the ceremony no longer causes me the slightest emotion," said the gentleman, suavely. There was nothing abnormal in the statement. He had merely married so many girls to an equal number of male bipeds. In fact, he was one of the most popular ministers in Chicago.

"For the last twenty-five years," continued the minister, gravely, watching the fantastic wreaths of smoke curling upward from his cigar, "I have been marrying couples in my drawing-room down-stairs until the carpet has become threadbare under bridal feet, and the books have grown brown with age with the finger-marks of couples eagerly waiting my advent. Is there a week that passes without my uniting a couple? Never. I am eternally tying poor humanity into knots that only our free-and-easy divorce courts or death can sever. Several times each week I am visited by those who, for reasons of their own, can not marry at home, or decline to do so on the ground of objecting to what they consider the old style, commonplace, milk-and-water nuptial celebrations. I have married all classes of people, from the children of the wealthiest parents to the offspring of the indigent. Well, sir, after two years' practice—I will call it practice, as there was something legal about it—I decided that the Adams and Eves were all alike on their wedding day; that I could adopt one method of treatment for the rich and poor; that I need only use one formula of small talk for the occasions. Thus I have saved myself a heap of trouble, and now get through each ceremony with the same nonchalance that the surgeon shows in probing a trivial wound.

"Now, I'll tell you my method, which as nearly as possible is always the same. Suppose I am sitting in my library reading after dinner, and that I have enjoyed my repast so much that I begin to doze. I don't say that it is invariably the case. But suppose it. Then suppose I awake at the sound of voices beneath my window, and hear some such conversation as this: 'Ring the bell, dear,' from a man.

"'Oh, John, I don't like to. He! he! You ring it, love, he! he! Oh, I'm getting so nervous. I feel as though I should faint.' Needless to say this comes from the bride.

"'Well, don't let us stand out here all night catching cold. I'll ring it'—from another man, very matter-of-fact tone.

"'Now, he's rung it. We're in for it. He! he!'—from the bride again.

"Well, this does not cause me the least worriment. I am so completely accustomed to it that I can not remember the time such talk was a novelty to me. I try to resume my doze while awaiting developments. They come very rapidly. The housemaid, a veteran in the business herself—she has been with me for the past five years—appears and, parrot-like, repeats the formula in a subdued whisper: 'Please, sir, a couple of folks is down-stairs waiting to see you. They says if you will kindly come down as soon as you can, as they are in a particular hurry.' I sigh, not because I am annoyed, but in sympathy with the pathos Maggie manages always to imbue her time-worn communication with. After I get through sighing I tell Maggie to take the visitors to the drawing-room, and say to them that I shall be down in a few moments. Then I go on with the reading of my book. You see I like them to get just a trifle impatient, for I think it extremely important that the young people taking such a serious step should become nervous enough to appreciate its significance. If not facing the executioner, they await him, knowing he is near; the waiting also gives the pursuing parent 'a chance for his white alley,' as I used to say when I was a boy. At the end of, say ten minutes, I descend the stairway to the tune of an ominous croaking, and enter with all the frigid dignity I can call to my assistance. I nearly always find the bride in my arm-chair away from the rest, with her eyes fastened on the carpet. The bridegroom is trying to look as though he had been married daily for the past twenty years, and is forcing a strained, jocular conversation with the witnesses. Everybody looks relieved when they see me. I at once drop my dignified look—that is, to an extent—and remark, with an air of solemn jollity: 'Well, I think I can guess to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit.' The bride blushes and coyly focuses her eyes on another figure in the carpet, the witnesses look at each other and titter, and bridegroom rises and gulps out: 'W—well, er—er—the fact is, doctor—I—er—that is to say—this lady—oh, I meant both of us—together, of course—want—er—er—get married.' It's out and the poor fellow feels better. I then sternly eye both of them, as though I would read their inmost secrets. Then I ease the strain by affably saying: 'So that's it, is it? Well, you might do worse, young people.' I then assure them that marriages (that is, wise ones) are made in heaven. This sentiment seems as a rule to have the unqualified indorsement of the contracting parties. Then turning to the bridegroom: 'Now, sir, a word with you. Let us step into the next room.' The bride pouts at this and asks if she can not accompany us. I refuse and she goes on pouting. I obtain the usual details from the young fellow and we return. Then the ceremony proper begins. 'Now, Miss Smith,' I begin, 'what is your father's name?' She always answers Mr. Smith. Nine out of ten women consider initials superfluous. When I ask her mother's name she generally sheds a tear. I am at a loss to know why, but it is a fact. I always crack a little joke when I ask her age. 'How old are you, Miss Smith? No hesitation, now. You should have no secrets from your doctor, lawyer or minister.' If I have made that joke once I have—let me see; twenty-five times fifty-two, ought and carry five; 125—1,300 times, multiplied by four, the average number per week—5,200 times. Well, of those 5,200 brides I could almost affirm that 5,000 laughed at the joke. Another thing, they nearly all give their age last birthday, and look annoyed when I make it next birthday in the certificate. When the declaration is at an end I say to the bride: 'Now, Miss Smith, please sign your maiden name for the last time.' That makes her so nervous that in the majority of cases she spatters the ink all over the table. It's pretty nearly as bad with the bridegroom; but the witnesses enjoy it. It's human nature to put our names on record when it doesn't cost any thing. Then the ceremony proper and the fun commences. 'John, please tell him to be as quick as he can.' If the lady knew that I am as anxious to return to my study as she is to start on her bridal trip, she would not make the injunction. The awkwardness of bride and bridegroom is phenomenal. When I say 'Let the lady stand at the gentleman's left,' it usually takes them a minute to determine which is their right and left hand, and I have literally to push them to their proper places. When I have finished and say to the man: 'Take your bride,' he continues to stupidly gaze ahead with a fixedly strained look, holding her hand with ridiculous energy. I have to break the spell by gently remarking: 'That is all, my young friends. You are now man and wife.'

"I then turn to the bride and say: 'Now I suppose, Mrs. Snooks—'

"'Mrs. Snooks?' she says. 'How funny. Am I Mrs. Snooks, John, dear?'

"'Of course you are,' he tenderly answers.

"'Well, excuse me, doctor,' she sweetly resumes. 'You were about to say something when I interrupted you.'

"The fact of the matter is that I had nothing to say except what I had accomplished—calling the girl by her married name, and knowing the interruption would come, I am armed with some original remark about the weather. After that they relapse into bashful silence, and would remain in my study for two hours because of bashfulness did I not come to the rescue with, 'Well, Mr. Snooks, if I can ever do any thing for you in the future in a similar capacity I shall be delighted.' Every body appreciates the joke but the bride. It serves its purpose. Under her leadership they depart and I return to my study, wondering why I can not feel either amused or distressed."

The reverend gentleman was interrupted by the appearance of a portly form in the doorway: "Please, sir, a couple of folks is down-stairs a-waiting to see you. They says if you will come down as soon as you can, as they are in a hurry." The doctor wearily looked up and nodded. There was no need to ask whether he was amused or distressed. He clearly looked distressed.—Chicago Journal.

—A mother should be able to teach her children, and lead them in all they ought to learn, especially in their earliest years. A few years of home training in the first years of life is worth more than all the preaching they may listen to in after years.—St. Louis Magazine.

—What this country needs is maple sugar that will pass a thorough Civil-Service examination.

DEVOL'S CATCH WATCH.

A Reformed Gambler Tells How He Made Hundreds of Dollars.

One trick, though a small one, that I used to play years ago on the unsuspecting has caused me many pangs of conscience while in a repentant mood. It was quite simple. I had a "catch" watch; and it caught 'em, too. The case was made of pure gold, the metal actually being hammered into the proper shape. The works were not worth seventy-five cents; they were as cheap as could be found. But the case was very fine, and I had to carry the watch in a chamois-skin pocket to prevent the soft gold from wearing away. In those days—this was befo' the wah—brass candlesticks were in common use. I would take the tallow dripping that ran down on the outside of a brass candlestick and rub it on the case of the "catch" watch. This gave the case the appearance and smell of brass. As I dressed generally in the style, when a gentleman saw me pull out that watch—and I always managed to pull it out in a way to attract attention—he would give me the laugh, and say, "Well, I am surprised to see a man of your appearance carrying an old brass watch like that." "I'll bet you $100 to $10 that my watch has a finer case than yours, sir," I would probably reply. The man would examine my watch, and when he opened it and saw the cheap works, he was then more than ever confirmed in the belief that it was a snide watch, and that I was just giving him a bluff. "I'll bet you," he would say, "and we'll leave the decision to a jeweler." We would repair to a jeweler, and after the test was made, of course my watch was found to have a case made of pure gold—24 carats fine—something not known as to any watch made of pure gold. While I raked in the poor fellow's $100 that he had put up, I then gave him the laugh and left