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entathey will also send a book containing The Mikado," and music c dar songs, together with ten exquisite A Lesson Learned by Several Prominent People of Dykeville.

"So the corner store is let!" said Mrs. Deane

"And high time," chimed in Miss Melinda Murgatroyd, "since it has stood empty ten months, come Christmas!" "Ah, no wonder," said old Mrs. Hun-

ter. "There's been a many to look at it, but not one has come the second time, after they heard of how old Trestle hung himself in the middle of the front room, at midnight."

"You don't suppose it's-hounted?" said Mrs. Denne.

Mrs. Hunter shook her false curls and looked indescribably knowing. "I den't say 'Yes,'" said she, "and I

don't say 'No!' But there's the facts. You can judge for yourselves." "Well, anyhow," said Miss Murgat-

royd, "it's a comfort to see the place awake and alive again, after the wooden shutters and the 'To Let' staring you in the face for well-nigh a year! And it's to be a doctor, too!" "That makes four in the village al ready," said Mrs. Deane, sourly, wonder if they expect to make their living off us poor sufferers!" "I wonder if he's a married man, open the door. said Miss Melinda, adjusting the blue ribbon bow which she wore at hor withered throat, a sort of fluttering sigand Mr. Deane. nal that her maiden affections were still

isn't a place to countenance such iniquities. I'll let Deane know right off. He's smoking his pipe in his office, snug and handy!'

"And I'll step over to Hunter's and montion the thing to Squire Goshawk on the way!" excitedly cried Miss Me-

linda, with the sensation of a modern Joan of Arc. Dr. Wiggins had had a hard time moving his worldly goods from the

freight depot of the Boxtown & Dykeville railway. His skeleton had become disarticulated, and the manikin had been doubled up under a forty-pound domijohn of carbolic acid and hopelessly rained. The bottles were broken in his case of best Otard brandy; he couldn't find his amputating instruments, and his favorite moerschaum had cracked in two pieces.

"I'll be hanged if ever you catch me moving again!" he fervently ejaculated down to eat s ad and

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

Places Where Force Is Necessary to Gain Wives

Trials of Ancient Lovers - The Ardent Swaln in Danger of Having His Head Broken by the Object of His Affections-Illustrations from History.

of Ireland, where the interested parties To all classes a marriage is a topic of met somewhere between the two dwellabsorbing interest. Politicians, formerly the best of friends, but since rangements. If an agreement was conestranged owing to their political procluded, the agreement bottle wasdrunk, clivities, and who, save to glare at one and then the bride's father sent round another from opposite benches, seldom to all his neighbors and friends to colmeet under the same social roof, are drawn together once more when a one gave a cow or a heifer. These the mutual friend takes it upon him or herhusband had to restore to their reself to enter into the bond of matrispective donors if the bride died childmony, and for a time sink their difless within a certain time. On the day ferences in honor of the occasion. Perof bringing home, the bridegroom and haps the spirit of good-fellowship which his friends rodo out to meet the bride seems to permeate everybody on the and her friends at the place of meeting. happy day may even induce the bit-Being come near each other, the custom terest of foes to forget their wrongs and was of old to cast short darts at the shake hands in a manner which shows company attending the bride, but at they are both delighted to make it up such a distance that seldom any hurt and little likely to repent of so doing. ensued, although we do hear that on The business man forsakes his daily one such occasion a noble lord lost an task, and nearly overybody in the ofeve, which must have gone far to sound flee gets a holiday; the lawyer returns the knell of this quaint old custom. his briefs, or has them "devilled" by Another curious instance affording ome lucky junior who has long wanted evidence of ancient capture occurs in a o find his legal legs; the village turns certain Arab tribe. The betrothal out in Sunday best to gaze at the array takes place apparently in a similar manof busting and triumphal arches; and ner to that of young English people of even the hormit throws off some of his the ninetcenth century; but the marimpenetrability at the sound of the riage is only rendered complete by the marriage bells. husband bringing a lamb in his arms to The winning of the bride may have the tent of the girl's father and there caused many sleepless nights; at one cutting its throat before witnesses. As time the fates are propitious, at anothsoon as the blood falls to the ground the er frowning; but at last the difficulties marriage is complete, and he retires to and doubts have been overcome, and all his tent to await his lady. A game of troubles left behind, forgotten, when hide-and-seek is played by the girl and the day comes to grown the lover's by the people of the village, who pursue patience with what he has so long doher as she runs from tent to tent. At sired. But all the trials of satisfying last she is caught, and led off in trithe stern demand for a handsome setumph by some of the women to her tlement, overcoming family prejudices, lover, who, taking possession of her, and winning the affections of the lady, forces her into his tent. are little in comparison with those we Perhaps the Bedouin Arabs of Mount read of as having tortured the lover Sinai conduct their matrimonial arlong ago, and even now in distant lands. rangements in the strangest fashion, Hundreds of years before Britain had for when a man desires to marry he begun to attract the attention of the goes to the maiden's father and makes bold Roman adventurers, Intenton gain a bid, which may or may not be acand conquests new, we find that men cepted. Should the father think the had to take wives unto themselves by offer sufficiently tempting, the sale is force of arms, or by some base subtercompleted without the chief person confuge which went not altogether unpuncerned being consulted. When she ished in those troubled times. Every comes home in the evening with the schoolboy has felt the irksome task of cattle, she is met at a short distance translation relieved by the story of from the camp by her intended husband Romulus and his city full of men pinand two of his friends, and is carried off ing for the company of women, and by force to her father's tent. driven at last by their desperation to If, however, she has time to defend their cowardly deception. Who has not herself, and suspects their errand, she heard of the proclamation of games to defends herself like a young tigress, bitbe celebrated in honor of the god Consus, ing, kicking, throwing sticks and stones the invitation of the Latins and Sabines and anything that comes to hand at her to the festival, during which Romulus antagonists, often injuring them seand his flery youths rushed upon them verely, even though she is not altoand carried off their virgins, leaving gether averse to the match. The the matrons to escape as best they greater resistence she makes the greatcould? er praise she receives from her compan-The Romans were not the only peoions, who record it in her favor forever ple of the classic age who had such diffiafter. When she is safely in her father's culties to overcome, for the Spartan damsels also had to be compelled by tent, they throw a man's cloak over her. and make a formal announcement of violence to submit to matrimony. But her future husband's name. She is although in very carly times a husband placed on a camel in her bridal dress had to resort to violence to obtain a still struggling with might and main, wife, we find that when these nations and has to be held on by the young had settled down into comparative civmen. Then she is led round three times, ilization, it became part of the cereand afterward taken into her husband's mony of marriage that there should be tent, the ceremony being wound up with a show of capture on the husband's part. the usual feast and presents to the bride. In Rome and Sparta, among the lower In comparing these few instances classes, when a marriage was arranged, culled from current authorities upon folk the bride sat confidingly on her mothlore and kindred subjects, it will be seen er's lap, and was not at all surprised how prosaic is the modern English marwhen her husband came accompanied riage, which, even after a thoroughly by his friends to complete his part of romantic courtship, peaceably assures the contract by tearing her away from the ardent lover of his victory. There her mother's fond embraces. are not many fashionable young men Records show that violence or capabout town who would seek matrimony. ture was a necessary feature of a marif it could only be attained at the risk riage in nearly every land at one time of a broken head or other practical or another, and even at the present day demonstration of his wife's prowess .among many races the custom is pre-

or three hundred people riding along at full speed, crossing in front and jostling one another to the delighted amusement of the onlookers. When they and their horses were thoroughly exhausted. the bridegroom was allowed to overtake the bride, carry her away in triumph, the whole party finishing the day with feasting and festivity.

Sir Henry Piers gave an account of a similar kind of ceremony in the wilds ings to discuss the matter and make arlect his wife's portion, to which every

and manuscripts, and his gallery was hung with rare and beautiful paintings. Conspicuous among his portraits were women whose eyes were the most beautiful that the painter's art could produce. Telos had a passion for lovely eves. He said that when he married he would marry the most beautiful pair of eyes in all Italy.

For years after reaching manhood his heart was free, because among the many lovely women whom he met none had eyes even so fair as the portraits in his gallery. At last the Lady Adrene, of Rome, came with her father to live in Florence.

When Telos first saw Adrene his heart was lost; it had drifted into the abyss of her beautiful eyes, and his fate was scaled, for never had he seen such eyes before. His attention was well received, and before a month her portrait, with the eyes imitated as well as the great artist. Carreto of Naples, could copy

each other in quick succe

and Donarel. In those days crime were soon forgotten. Heavon did not forget, for all heavy clouds hung over the city, and though it was hoped that they would with the setting sun, and leave a min.

fitting the occasion, yet they still, beau mutterings of deep thunder were been among them as their dense shales as now and then relieved by the inning's flash.

The grand hall of the palace me brilliantly lighted, and Telca und Adrene stood beside a bronze statue the Holy Mother, while the -----priest was reading the marriage ----The voice of the thunder was m with that of the priest and flashes of lightning paled the brite me

As peal after peal of thunder followed shook the building to its foundation fear was seen in many face grasped hands as though help in the dread of peril. flash of lightning, more terrible the others, came, and all there their eyes: but the priest continuant ropeat the service without realities of words. Adrene leaned her hand on the bronze statue to support herself. then came another flash, Nge while the last, as the priest spoke the words made the twain one. The finsh peared to fill the room with flame, and the accompanying thunder resked it walls. When the scattered senses . the people were gathered Adrene wa seen lying on the floor. The priest raised her; she was ally but a black line was burned on the hand that had touched the bronzed status: and along her arm, over her fair checks. and across her eyes the flosh was seared. She was blind. Telos gavo his bride one look, and then fled from the room. He was found in his chamber deal. with a dagger through his hears, and was his own dagger, driven to the by his own hand. He died as able lied who said: "He shall marty blind woman. He will look but one upon her sightless eyes, and then 1 into an eternity of torment?"-Harry (Fulton, in Chicago News.



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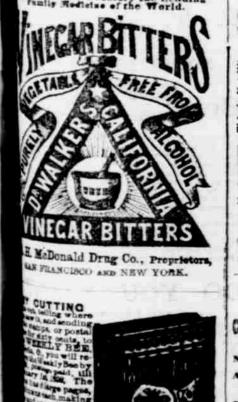


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February 14, 1890.-1y. Family Redictas of the World.



Senses of Tast

CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO

meant to keep a store?" sneered her brother. "That's your idea of a doctor's office, is it? But I guess Wiggins knows better than that.' ROS COLD "He is no doubt a very modest man," Cleanses the said Mrs. Percival, sighing behind her Nasal Passages Allays Pain an HAYFEVER crape streamers, "and does not wish to btrude his sign." Infiamma'.on. "He's a jolly old cove," said Mr. Reals Sore Eyr Jones, who had met him at dinner "And when I told him how mad the Restores that

disengaged. "Humph!" said old Mrs. Hunter, who had three single daughters. "We shall all find out in time, if we wait long enough."

"If he's young and agreeable," said the widow Percival, who had not hitherto mingled in the conversation, "he will be a decided acquisition to our society.

"Did I understand that his name is Doctor Wigg?" simpered Mrs. Walker, who was rather deaf.

"-Ins!" sharply corrected Mrs. Hunter. "I-n-s"

"Doctor Ins!" giggled Miss Murgatroyd. "What a very peculiar name! He must be of German parentage, 07 -"

"Who said any thing about 'Dr. Ins!" shricked old Mrs. Hunter, fairly losing her patience. "I think you're all gone crazy together! 'Wiggins!' That's the name! Neither 'Wigg' nor 'Ins,' but

both together!" "A partnership?" inquired Mrs. Walker, with her head on one side like a hawk. sickly linnet. And just then the tea and hot biscuit came in, and the Dykeville Sewing Society broke up its working session, and became transformed

into a banqueting assembly. But that the corner store was let

higher and higher.

And at last the little tin sign:

DR. WIGGINS.

on the side of the private entrance.

in the middle of the bow-window?"

there was no kind of doubt. There was a buzz of expectation on the subject, a thrill of agreeable anticipation. Mr. Jones had heard that Dr. Wiggins was

a married man with a large family of grown sons and daughters. Squire Goshawk had it, on no less incontrovertible foundations, that he was a young student, just graduated, on the lookout for a wife. It was supposed that he would occupy, as an office, the lower room, in which the lamented Trestles

had hanged himself, and furnish the upper apartments either as a bachelor understand!" sanctum, or as family rooms, according to his needs. This seemed rather a

peculiar location in which to select a home, but then, as Miss Melinda Mergatroyd observed, people's tastes dif-

that any one else should share his prejudices. And as days crept on, and the iouse was neatly painted outside and in, the missing panes of glass replaced, and a new furnace put into the basement, the tide of popular curiosity rose figures simpered at them!

was nailed with four brass-headed nails "Very strange," said the eldest Miss Ha, ha, ba! Ha, ha, ha!"

> hree gentlemen joined but feebly. There was a joke in the matter, unloubtedly, but they didn't see it.

ter unanimously say: other three doctors were at the news of his coming into the place, I thought in other people's business!"-Amy Ran-

meat out of a paper in front of a smoky fire and drink cold coffee from a tin can which loaked. And just then there came a solemn tap-tap at his door. "My first patient," thought Dr. Wiggins, hiding the broad and meat behind

a medical encyclopedia and hurrying to There stood three tall men-Leonidas flunter, Squire William Goshawk

"Walk in, gentlemen; walk in," said the doctor, and he rubbed his hands and looked at them with an air of smiling expectancy. "In what way can I serve you this evening?" "Sir," said Squire Goshawk, "we're a

peaceable and law-abiding populace here, but there are some things which human flesh and blood can't stand," "And this is one of 'em," sputtered Mr. Deane.

"We can't allow it," said Leonidas Hunter. "You must either leave Dykeville or

abandon that branch of your profession," said Mr. Deane. "And the sooner you understand this fact, the better," added Squire Goshawk,

with dignity. All the while they spoke, the eyes of the three inquisitors were wandering around the room in a restless, erratic sort of way, which struck the doctor

with amazement "Gentlemen," said he, "what on earth do you mean? "Where are they?" said Squire Gos-

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Dr. Wiggins.

"No equivoques, sir," sternly uttered Mr. Deane. "You are greatly mistaken if you think that the criminal law will not reach you."

"We allude, sir," said Leonidas Hunter. "to the bodies."

"What bodies?" said Dr. Wiggins. "Come," said the lawyer, "this won't go down! They were seen to be carried into this house, wrapped in white sheets, in the broad light of-of-" he was going to say "day," but corrected himself by adding: "the street-lamps!" "Oh!" said Dr. Wiggins, a light breaking in upon the troubled darkness of his brain. "O-o-h! Yes! Exactly! I

And then Dr. Wiggins fell back into the dislocated chair, and laughed until he was purple in the face.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he chuckled. "They're lown-stairs! Hal ha! ha! Come and fered. And because old Trestles didn't look at them!" choose to live there, it was no reason "The man is devoid of natural feel-

ng." thought the three gentlemen. But they accompanied him down-stairs o the big store, where heaps of boxes, ales and draperles lay about, and, standing up against the counter, the enseless faces of two life-sized wooden

"They belong to Miss Mix, the millner who has rented the store of me,' sid Dr. Wiggins. "To put in the winlow, you know, with fashionable gowns and spring bonnets on 'em! And you really believed they were dead bodies?

Hunter. "Why didn't he have it gilded And off went Dr. Wiggins into a fresh paroxysm of laughter, in which the "And put out his surgical instruments and quinine bottles, and all the big double teeth he has drawn, as if he

> Miss Mix "opened" the next day with a fine assortment of seasonable goods; and by the noon train Mrs. Wig gins and the six little Wigginses ar rived. And the feminine neighborhood has ceased to take any interest in the fairs of the new-comers; and Squire Goshawk, Mr. Deane and Leonidas Hun

"We guess the ladies will know it the next time we are induced to meddle

IN A HOG'S STOMACH.

Chamber's Journal.

Here Is a Very Strange Story or a Most Ingenious Lie.

A Winston County (Ala.) peddler tells a story which, if not true, evinces an imaginative power which no one would ever suppose him to possess. A farmer named Greene while in town

was persuaded to buy a few Chinese lily bulbs, which will grow if placed in a bottle or jar. They resemble in appear ance a diminutive steer's head, and sell on the streets for a mere trifle.

Farmer Greene took a fancy to them and bought a dozen of them. When he reached home he had no bottle or jar to

them, hung in his gallery, and the original had consented to be his wife. The happiest man in Italy was Telos.

and he was proud of the beauty of his Adrene. And Adrene was happy, because through Telos' wealth she hoped to repair her father's broken fortune, the poverty of which she had well concealed from all in Florence, for none there knew that his wealth had gone through the reckless gambling habit of himself and his daughter, and that with barely enough to keep up appearances for a few months he had left Rome and settled down in Florence with the hope that his daughter's beauty would win her a wealthy husband.

The day for the wedding was fixed, and Telos sent invitations to all his friends, and he invited his schoolmate. Bacenis, of Naples, to spend the three weeks before his marriage with him When Bacenis arrived Telos was impatient for him to see the beautiful Adrene, and after the meeting be was just as impatient to hear his friend praise ber.

"Isn't she beautiful, and isn't she grand?" asked Telos. "She is, indeed," answered Bacenis,

"and I hope she is as good as she is beautiful, and as noble as she is grand. "She is," said Telos, with delight "And her eyes! There are no eyes so beautiful among all the glorious eyes of Italy." Before Bacenis could reply to this there was an interruption by a servant, who announced that the artist Carreto

was waiting to show a new and beautiful portrait to Telos. "I will see him presently," said Telos.

"Now, Bacenis, tell me did you ever before see eyes so beautiful as those of Adrene?"

"Yes, I believe that I have," answered his friend, frankly. "Evon more beautiful."

"No, don't say so," exclaimed Telos. "Where?" "At Naples," answered Bacenis.

"Not in Italy. Impossible!" said Telos. "Don't say so, Bacenis. Tell me that you are only joking, to plague your friend a little." "But it is the truth." quicily replied

Bacenis. "Then it shall not be," quickly replied Telos, and a flendish look marred the beauty of his features. He contin ued: "Who is she?"

"Her name is Donarel. She is a daughter to Mother Camilla, the fruit vender," said his friend.

"The daughter of a low fruit vender with eyes more beautiful than those of Adrene!" cried Telos. "No! no! you make me mad. Leave me. Have Carreto come with his picture to change my thoughts."

He was left to himself, and walked the floor with closed teeth and clinched hands. When Carreto was shown in with the picture Telos, in an impatient voice, asked: "What have you?"

"A new portrait for your inspection. answered the artist. "The eyes will give you joy."

might lose the thread of the subject "What! have you again painted my hand; therefore it is best not to day Adrene?" inquired Telos. turb him. "No. It is of another, whom I was

fortunate to meet. The eyes are more beautiful than those of Lady Adrene. Let me show you," replied Carreto.

"No!" said Telos. "Cover it from my sight. I shall never see eyes more beautiful than those of my love. Where

is it? Who is it?" The artist paused a moment in astonshment before answering: "Naples. Her name is Donarel."

"The plague take you all!" cried the infuriated Telos, as he draw his sword and tore the canvas into shreds. "Are you all in league against me? Away! before I take your life."

that is impossible to tell to what failing Three days after this sorrow came to the heart of Mother Camilla, at Naples.

STREET CAR COURTESY.

A Few Rules That Should No. Observed by Travelers on All Lines. When you enter a street car ph

says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

aboat the lady passengers.

This is not to discogniode

catching mumps or measles.

you are bound to respect.

only to protect his corn patch.

your manners.

pass by.

vently.

a street car and chin to the

your parcel or bag beside yes, well'

entitled to the room of a passenger.

Always stand on the rear platfornt of

Sometimes you and a person similar

When a lady with a balle in the

arms enters a car don'aget not burn you

head in a newspaper and read by several

there is always danger of the bath

in a street car, particularly if you now

If a lady and gentleman enter store

together and you are asked to many be

a little, don't do it. It is not new room

and the conductor has no rights the

should always carry his stick under h.

arm. The ladies having a care in

their optics will notice him more fer-

The selfish man always spreads him-

self out and reads his paper with stand

indifference. To more up a little he

Trees 650 Feet Tall.

gineer of Tacoma, says: "I have been

all over this country and have the bert

collection of the flora to be found any-

trees 650 feet high? They are to b-

found that high in the unsurveyed towa-

ships near the foot of Mount Tabours,

and what is more I have seen them and

made an instrumental measurement of a

number with that result. There are lots

of trees near the base of Mount Tacoma

whose foliage is so far above the ground

where. What do you think of the

Prof. Fred G. Plummer, the civil on-

You can generally tell a dude by the

that they should sit beside each of

size of his cane. Entering a cor

the lines that a woman who ball

child out for an airing has no burl

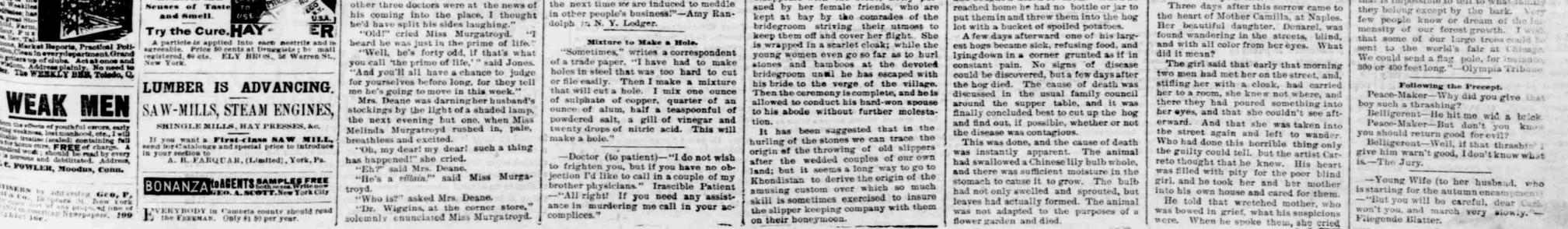
to get into a crowded street est

Always cross your logs while-

brush the dust from your shoe and

barber-pole socks, and then the

with one foot ressing upon his and



beight.

served in a modified form. An inter-

esting instance of recent times is given

of the Khonds. All the preliminaries be

ing satisfactorily arranged, each family

contributes something toward adorning

the feast which is prepared at the

bride's dwelling. The feast is succeed-

ed by dancing and singing well into the

night, until it is time for the real busi-

ness to commence. An uncle of the

bride takes her on his shoulders, and

an uncle of the bridegroom does the

same for him, while the dance is at its

Suddenly they exchange their bur-

dens; and the uncle of the bridegroom

disappears with the bride, hotly pur-

sued by her female friends, who are