

POPPING THE QUESTION.

From Chambers' Journal.

A gentleman had long been paying attention to a young lady to whom he was very anxious to marry, but to whom he had never ventured to declare his passion. When opportunity afforded his courage deserted him, and when he was resolved to speak, the fair one never could be found alone or disengaged. Driven to desperation, he one day succeeded in accomplishing his purpose in a somewhat remarkable manner at a dinner party. To most people, a dinner party would hardly seem the most suitable occasion for overtures of this description, especially when, as in this instance, the lady is seated at the opposite side of the table from her admirer. The latter, however, was equal to the occasion. Tearing a leaf from his pocketbook, he wrote on it, under cover of the table: "Will you be my wife? Write Yes or No at the foot of this."

Calling a servant, he asked him in a whisper to take the slip—which of course, was carefully folded and directed—to "the lady in blue opposite." The servant did as requested; and the gentleman, in an agony of suspense, watched him give it to the lady, and fixed his eyes, with badly disguised eagerness, to try and judge from her expression how the quaintly made offer was received. He had forgotten one thing—namely, that ladies seldom carry pencils about them at a dinner party. The beloved one was, however, not to be baffled by so trifling an obstacle. After reading the note calmly, she turned to the servant and said: "Tell the gentleman, Yes." They were married in due course.

When Professor Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of Professor Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father's secured. This Aytoun was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady herself to conduct the necessary negotiations.

"We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said glorious old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it on the back of your frock." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane as she entered the drawing room. Turning her round the delighted professor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

In Lord Beaconsfield's last novel an eccentric old nobleman pops the question in the following matter-of-fact language: "I wonder if anything would ever induce you to marry me?" This was evidently intended as a fresh illustration of Lord Montford's eccentricity; but it is really much nearer the terms in which the average man proposes, than is the average proposal of the novelist. The Americans, we know, carry everything to extremes, and we are told that the New York young men have reduced the formula of the critical proposition to a couple of words: "Let's consolidate." Nothing, however, could be neater or more ingenious than the proposal of the Irishman, who thus addressed the rustic beauty upon whom he had set his affections: "Biddy, darlint, they've been tellin' me there's too many of us in the world. Now, if you an' me get the praste to make us two an', troth an' wouldn't there be wan the less?"

Different customs prevail in different countries in this as in other matters. A curious ceremony, for example, is associated with popping the question among the Samoyedes of Russia. When a young Samoyede desires to marry, and has come to an understanding with the damsel of his choice, he visits her father and with a short stick taps him, and then the mother of the maiden, on the shoulder. He then demands the girl in marriage, and offers the father and mother a glass of vodka which he has brought with him. As a token of his good will, the father drinks the vodka; he tells the young man he has no objection, but that he must ask the girl's consent. A few days later the young man comes again, this time accompanied by what servants he has, and provided with plenty of vodka. His retinue remain outside while he enters the room and seats himself by the side of the lady love. The father hands the young man a glass of vodka; he drinks half, and hands the half-full glass, under his left arm, to the girl, who finishes the draught. The father then gives his daughter a glass of vodka, and she in like manner drinks half of it, and presents the remainder, with her left hand under her right arm, to her lover, who drains the glass. After this the father hands a piece of raw meat to the young man, who eats it, and then takes a piece from the floor, eats half, and presents the other half, under his left arm, to the girl to finish. She in turn takes a piece of meat from the floor, eats half, and hands the other half, under her right arm, to the young man to finish. This extraordinary ceremonial would appear to complete the transaction, and may be regarded as synonymous with our engagement. The feasting and other ritual necessary to ratify the contract generally take place soon or immediately afterward.

"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka one evening. "What would you take me for then?" "For better, for worse," replied he; and he was accepted. Here is another case in point. Riding home from the hounds after a famous county meet, a lady observed to her companion: "Why should we not marry, Sir John?" "Ah!" said Sir John, "that is what I have often thought myself." And married they were.

How Much Makes a Man Rich?

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, at one time Secretary of State, "required only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor, and if necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possession is the richest." To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the State of New York, I was called upon one morning, at my office, by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?' I replied that was my name. 'Bill Marcy?' asked he. I nodded assent. 'Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?' I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at. 'That's what I told 'em!' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force. 'I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy that used to live in Southport; but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you, and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, don't you, Bill?' I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name. 'My name is Jack Smith,' answered the backwoodsman, and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school-house in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man—and got rich, I suppose? I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in: 'Oh! yes, you are, I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was comptroller for— for a long time; and the next time we heard of you, you was Governor. You must have had a heap of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew that you would come to something.' I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?' 'Oh! yes,' said he, 'I ha'n't got nothing to complain of. I must say I have got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees, and cleared more land, than any other in the whole State.' 'And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?' I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his. 'Well,' he replied, 'I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clear cash.' He was rich, for he was satisfied."

ECENTRICITIES OF BULLETS.

At the battle of Peach Orchard when McClellan was making his change of base, a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot stone dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment changed position. The ball which hit him first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and struck a button of his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man just over the heart, and was stopped there by a song book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three quarters of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue spot disappeared. At Pittsburg Landing, a member of the 12th Michigan Regiment of Infantry stooped to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in the act, a bullet, aimed at his breast, struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open, and dopped to the ground in halves. At the second battle of Bull Run as a New York Infantryman was passing his plug of tobacco to a comrade, a bullet struck the plug, glanced off, and buried itself in a knapsack. The tobacco was rolled up like a ball of shavings, and carried a hundred feet away. Directly in the line of the bullet was the head of a lieutenant, and had not the bullet been deflected, he would certainly have received it. As it was he had both ears filled with tobacco dust, and had to be led to the rear. At Brandy Station, one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup-strap cut away by a grap-shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering his skin as if a red-hot iron had been used. He dismounted to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and as he bent over a bullet knocked his hat

off and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with a toothache. In a hand-to-hand fight he received a pistol ball in his right cheek. It knocked out his aching double-tooth and passed out of the left-hand corner of his mouth, taking along a part of an upper tooth. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed. An object, however trifling, will turn the bullet from its true course—This was shown one day at the remount camp in Pleasant Valley. They had a "bullpen" there in which about five hundred bounty jumpers and other hard cases were under guard. Once in a while one of these men would make a break for liberty. Every sentinel in position would open fire, and it did not matter in the least if the man ran toward the crowded camp. On this occasion the prisoner made for the camp and as many as six shots were fired at him without effect. One of the bullets entered the tent of a captain in the 12th Pennsylvania cavalry. He was lying down, and the course of the bullet would have buried itself in his chest. Fortunately for him, a candle by which he was reading, sat on a stand between him and where the bullet entered. This was struck and cut square in two, and the lighted end dropped to the floor without being snuffed out. The ball was deflected, and buried in the pillow under the officer's head, passed out of that and through his tent into the one behind it passed between two men and brought up against a camp kettle. There is in Detroit, Mich., a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes, at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered his left arm; the second gave him a scalp wound; the third hit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear, the first two men who took him were killed. While his wounds were being dressed, an exploded shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear, a runaway ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet he is seemingly hale and hearty, and walks without a limp.

The Work of Planting Whitefish in the Great Lakes.

Chicago Times.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon the United States fish-car, J. Trash Ellis in charge, arrived in Milwaukee. The car is continually moving, under the direction of the superintendents of the various United States fish-hatcheries over the country, depositing spawn of different species at many points. At present the car is under the direction of Supt. Clark, of the Northville hatchery, and is carrying over the country whitefish spawn for plantings in the great lakes. So far, under the direction of Mr. Clark, 2,000,000 fish have been deposited in Lake Michigan at Sheboygan, 2,000,000 at Racine, and 2,000,000 at Muskegon. The hatchery at Northville yet contains about 14,000,000 of the young whitefish. Of these 4,000,000 will be deposited at Oswego, N. Y., 4,000,000 in Lake Erie, at Sandusky, O., and the others at different points in Lake Huron and Michigan not yet decided upon. In conversation with Supt. Clark he said to the Times correspondent that they were doing a big work in whitefish, California trout, and brook trout. At present the Northville hatchery contains about 150,000 California trout ova, and some 30,000 parent fish or stock of that species which furnish the eggs. Of brook trout that hatchery has lately sent out 200,000 ova, and the past season has distributed over the United States 22,500,000 whitefish spawn. Mr. Clark desired to say that the railroad companies, especially the Michigan Central, and Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western, and the Chicago & Northwestern, were playing a noble part in transporting the car free of charge. Mr. Ellis, who has charge, very kindly showed the correspondent over the car during the brief stay in the city, which was only long enough for the car to be transferred to the Chicago train, occupying about ten minutes. The car is a Ridgeway refrigerator, the best the government could secure. On it Mr. Ellis makes his permanent home. It is fitted up for his and his assistants' accommodation, and a cook is carried. The kitchen is on the same plan as the palace dining cars, and the berths are comfortable. The car can be kept at a given temperature, winter and summer. In the summer several tons of ice are stored in a vault for that purpose. Overhead is a watertank which contains the supply needed to keep the young pines in fresh baths. The portion containing the fish is thirty feet in length, and contains a number of cans for their reception. These are connected with the freshwater tank by means of tubes, and are constantly kept full of clear water. The car has just returned from carrying a number of carp spawn through Texas, and, in fact, it runs over the entire country from Maine to Texas. From Milwaukee the car proceeded direct to the Northville hatchery via Chicago. There it will again be supplied with spawn and recommence its rounds at Chicago.

THE best expression of faith in Christ is to follow him. You cannot go beyond this.

A Curious Marriage.

Fourteen Years of Age and for the Second Time a Bride.  
Westover, Md., Dispatch to the Times.

The many remarkable crimes and romances which during the past three years have rendered the Eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia so notorious have just been supplemented by an incident which fully sustains the reputation of the shore for strange occurrences. Last week Ella Shores, age 14, was married to Howard E. White, aged 16, of Dame Quarter District. The interest attached to this ceremony will be apparent when it is stated that the girl was the divorced wife of her stepfather, Sydney Shores, aged 45. On February 5, 1880, the Rev. Mr. Bowen married Shores and the girl, then 12 years old. On the 9th of the same month Shores was arrested at his home, in Dames Quarter, and the Rev. Mr. Bowen was arrested in Mt. Vernon and taken before Justice Robinson, of Princess Anne, and committed to jail in default of bail. Shores had married his uncle's widow and she had not been dead more than two months when he induced Ella, his wife's daughter by her first husband, to marry him, as stated. The child was too young to know any better and no blame was attached to her. In this State a penalty of \$500 is imposed upon a man for marrying his step-daughter, and the minister is fined \$1,500 for performing the ceremony. Both Shores and Bowen were indicted at the April term of court, 1880. Both trials took place during the same term. Shores was convicted and a fine of \$500 was imposed upon him—he to stand committed until fine and costs were paid. The convict was a poor man and it looked as though the groom would pass the remainder of his days in jail. Fortune favored him, however, and he escaped from jail on May 20, 1880. Mr. Bowen was tried and acquitted on the ground that he did not know the girl or the affinity existing between her and Shores. The marriage of Shores and Ella was annulled by the court. It will be seen that on the same day of the same month two years after her first marriage Ella Shores was for the second time married, although only 14 years old.

THEY MET BY CHANCE.

About a year ago, says the Louisville Courier Journal, a young man came to this city from one of the counties bordering on the Kentucky river, and entered into the practice of his profession here. He came to the city because there was more of a field for labor before him and more material with which to build up his fortune, but notwithstanding all this he felt a pang of regret in leaving his country home, because, as is usual in such cases, there was a girl in the case. On a large farm adjoining the little town in which he resided, lived a very bright, handsome, and intelligent young lady, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and conceded to be one of the belles of the county. The young man became acquainted with her, and, as others had done before him, fell a victim to her charms, and became a worshiper before the shrine of her beauty. The first visit he paid her was soon followed by a second, until he became a regular visitor at her father's home, and observers began to comment on the advantages of the match and their prospects. The time finally came when the young man was to leave his home for the city, and, after many affectionate partings from his sweetheart, a promise obtained from her to be true to him, he left, with the understanding that a regular correspondence would be kept up. This promise was adhered to until about six months ago, when for some reason or other, she failed to answer one of his letters. Thinking it might have been mislaid in the mails, he wrote again, and his letter was answered in person by the young lady's father, who unfolded to him the terrible tale that his daughter had run away from home about a week previous, in company with another man, and no intelligence could be received of her whereabouts. The shock was an awful one, and the young man was almost prostrated, but recovered and joined in the search of the father for his faithless daughter and sweetheart. They succeeded in tracing her to St. Louis, where they lost all trace of her, and gradually she began to slip from his memory, and the story of his first love was almost forgotten when it was brought back to him with startling force on last Tuesday night. About 8 o'clock two men, one of whom was the man spoken of above, were walking along Jefferson street, when they came in front of a cigar store. A proposition was made that they go in and get a cigar, which was acceded to, and they entered the store. No one happened to be in the store at the time, and the young man stepped to the lace-curtained door leading into the sitting room and opened it. The movement probably cost him more pain than any other event in his life. Seated at one end of the room directly opposite the door was a handsome young woman, apparently about 20 years old, with black hair, large brown eyes, and a very pretty face. As the door opened she partially rose from her seat to greet the visitor, when her eyes fell on the face of the young man standing in the door. With a startled cry of surprise she turned to leave the room, but the movement and the cry

attracted his attention, and he ran across the room and catching her by the arm, pulled her face around to the light, and looked at her. The one look satisfied him, and releasing her arm, he stood for fully a minute as if dazed, and then walked out of the room without saying a word. He had recognized in the features the one whom he had loved and who had betrayed him. The young man has written to the girl's father, informing him of her whereabouts, and if she does not become frightened and leave, another scene will no doubt occur.

A Bride's Strange Freak.

Shunning Death That She Might Elope With Her Music Teacher.

A very peculiar proceeding was related to me to-night effecting a gallant officer of the army, brother of a lieutenant at Fort Mead, and one out of which an interesting romance might be woven. I do not care to give the gentleman's name, but will state that he is a nephew of a prominent Union general of the rebellion period and ex-member of Congress. A year or so ago he became enamored with a handsome and accomplished Eastern lady, wooed and won her. Their honeymoon was all that loving hearts could make it, and their future gave promise of great and continuous happiness. The lady was blessed with more than ordinary musical talent, but uncultivated, and to perfect the divine art she was sent abroad by her husband. She visited the various conservatories of the continent and finally located in Paris for two year's instruction. While there she was reported as being very sick and soon afterward the terrible announcement of her death reached Lieutenant — by cable. He at once directed that the remains be embalmed and returned to America for burial, which order was complied with; but the grief-stricken husband was unable to go east he requested a friend in New York to receive casket and cause its interment in Greenwood. This was done.

Subsequently certain intelligence reached the widower of a character that roused his suspicion and caused him to hasten to the beautiful cemetery overlooking the harbor of New York, where the remains were exhumed, the casket opened and found to contain the decaying remains of a man. An investigation was at once instituted and resulted in establishing the fact that the wife had eloped with her music teacher, first causing a report of her sickness and death to be sent to her far-away home, and in corroboration of it had secured a corpse from the morgue, which was sent as her own, with the result above stated.

It is gratifying to observe among the progressive ideas of the present period, so prolific in all sorts of revolutions, the radical change of sentiment respecting the training and education of girls. A few years ago many mothers, even among those who were accustomed to hard work themselves, allowed their daughters to grow up in comparative idleness, as though some stigma attached to honest and useful labor. They were probably sent to school, perhaps to a fashionable seminary, with the honest purpose, no doubt, of affording them the advantages of a finished education. After a few years they would return to their homes, their education "complete"—to use the parlance of the day, "accomplished young ladies;" they were supposed to be familiar with *belles lettres*, to speak perfect French fluently, to play the piano divinely, to know how to dress faultlessly and to dance gracefully—were, in short, familiar with all the conventionalities and proprieties of polite society. But as for the practical knowledge of the every-day duties of woman's life they knew absolutely nothing—rarely could even cook a dinner or make a loaf of bread. Their school-days over, the only special purpose before them was to get married, to make a "brilliant match," in order that their luxurious tastes might be gratified and that they might be enabled to live a life of indolence, ease and frivolity. With such training and education girls grew up and blossomed into womanhood with no more idea that they were important factors in the great plan of humanity than if they were not human beings at all. If through necessity they were compelled to do any work, their unsystematic efforts were likely to be inefficient, and if they did achieve any excellence it was only through the pain and difficulty which those must suffer who labor without proper discipline and knowledge. Of course the natural sequel of this lax and imperfect system of education for our daughters was discontent and unhappiness. With nothing to do time hung heavily on their hands. The excitement of gay and frivolous life always has its resultant ennui, and no wonder that the votaries of pleasure, with no noble aspiration to inspire their more exalted senses, so soon become blasé, their dispositions soured and their very existence a burden to themselves and a source of annoyance to all about them.

With the improved theory of female education no woman is now regarded as qualified to assume the responsibilities of mature life unless prepared by a training in useful work to feel that, although she is a member of the great human family mutually dependent, she yet possesses an individual independence. We need not go across the water and cite for examples the sys-

tem of practical education that the daughters of the best royal families in Europe undergo, however satisfactory it may be to learn that one princess is a model mother and housekeeper, another a practical artist, and still another prides herself upon being familiar with the culinary art and work of the kitchen. In no country is the modern theory of woman's education advancing more rapidly than in our own. No useful employment that a girl can perform is considered degrading here. No nobler women exist than may be found to-day among those behind the counters, in the stores, at the case in the printing office, at the telegrapher's desk and in scores of other useful industrial positions.

Wise mothers, no matter what their social position, now teach their daughters the minutest details of housework. A young lady who does not know how to cook a dinner or make bread is regarded as one whose education has been very sadly neglected. After completing their school course many young ladies aspire to some useful employment. Though perhaps so favored that there is no necessity for them to labor, they find satisfaction and taken pride in familiarizing themselves with some vocation that will render them independent in any vicissitude of fortune. Thus with head and hand employed they find that contentment and happiness of which idleness is devoid. With this growing desire among women to fill a useful place in the world it is also gratifying to observe that wider opportunities are constantly offering for the employment of female labor in pursuits for which women are peculiarly adapted. Passing by the fields of literature and art, in which women have held no inferior position for centuries, it is beginning to be realized that clerkships in public offices, in stores and in banks may be filled as acceptably by women as by men. Then there are the lighter trades and scores of other avocations opening to women's employment. But with this wholesome change in sentiment respecting woman's usefulness, a most discouraging drawback to her advancement is the inequality of pay between the sexes. Unreasonable as it may be, it is nevertheless true, as is generally known, that women receive less compensation for the same work performed than is given to men. This should not be, and *The Record* trusts that the day is not far distant when the concession to woman's claim for woman's rights will be extended at least so far as to insure equal pay for equal work.—*Phila. Record*.

THE farmers of this country are exceedingly ungrateful if they do not recognize one instance of the beneficial effects of protection which has recently been brought home to them. Owing to the partial failure of the potato crop there has been a large importation of potatoes from England and Germany. It is estimated that the total importation is from 2,000 to 3,000 tons, or from 75,000 to 100,000 bushels a week. A New York dispatch giving an account of this trade says that owing to this unprecedented importation freights from Liverpool have advanced fifty per cent. in the last four months, the rate now being about \$4 a ton. The potatoes cost in Liverpool about \$15 or \$20 a ton and are sold here at ninety cents to one dollar a bushel. The best potatoes cost delivered in the New York warehouse, "after all expenses of freight, cartage, commissions, insurance, etc.," are paid about \$33 a ton and sell for \$36, leaving a profit of about \$3 a ton. The contributor of the information adds: "A duty of about 15 per cent. a bushel protects American farmers to the extent of 45 cents a barrel."

The duty on potatoes is precisely fifteen cents a bushel. Owing to an unprecedented failure of the potato crop in this country a large importation of potatoes is necessary and this abnormal instance of protection to the farmers deserves to be duly recorded. Unfortunately the farmers of this country have few potatoes to sell and the protection is of little benefit to them. When the crop is abundant they are exporters and the tariff is then of no benefit to them at all. But it will be observed that the chief protection of the farmers is not in the duty of fifteen cents a bushel, but in the increased cost of freight, the commissions, insurance, etc., which with the duty raise the cost from \$15 to \$20 a ton to \$33 a ton. Were there no duty at all there would be abundant protection to the home producer in the rare instances of foreign competition, in the cost of transportation. But nevertheless let not our farmers who have no potatoes to sell this year be wanting in gratitude for the blessings of a protective tariff. As for the consumer to whom potatoes are becoming a luxury at one dollar a bushel let them look out for themselves. Protective tariffs were not made for them.—*Harriburg Patriot*.

A MISSOURIAN who attended prayer meeting with his daughter felt compelled to rise up and remark: "I want to be good and go to Heaven, but if those fellows don't stop winking at Mary, there will be a good deal of prancing around here the first thing you know."

LIKE a crack in a wall, a small fracture in friendship endangers it all. Repair it at once.

IDLENESS is the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.