

MARRIED IN THE DARK.

THE CASE of Mary E. Knox and a young man named Merritt, near New York, is a very singular one, and yet the dust covered legal records of Michigan tell of a case still more singular. Miss Knox was engaged to a young man named Merritt, the day was set for the nuptials, they drove away together and were married, and now Merritt vows he was not the bride-groom. She vows that he was, but cannot prove it, and both make out a pretty good case. One may well argue that he ought to know whether he ever married a certain young lady or not, and she said lady may well argue that she ought to know the man who rode to the clergyman's with her, stood up beside her, made his responses in due form, and drove her back home. These arguments are what mystify the Knox case. Now for one more singular:

About twenty years ago there lived in central Michigan a curious old Benedict named Dodsworth. At the age of fifty he married a girl of twenty, plump and hearty, and when the burden of sixty years bore him down, his wife was only half his age, Dodsworth was noted for his peculiarities, but the climax came when he found himself on his dying bed. He was worth about thirty thousand dollars, and he hadn't a blood relative living, so far as he knew. He wanted to leave his property to his wife, as the pair had lived very happily, but yet he could not leave it without displaying some of his peculiarities in the provisions of the will. Some old men display a mean spirit when making their wills, and draft in a provision cutting the wife off with a shilling if she marries again. The old man wasn't of that stamp. His young wife was good looking, vivacious, fond of society, and it was folly to suppose she would mourn for her late husband any great length of time. Therefore Mr. Dodsworth turned heel on the usual custom, and said in his will:

"In case my wife Celia does not take unto herself another husband within thirteen months from date of my burial, all bequests otherwise made in this will are to revert to the State of Michigan, to be used for building and furnishing a home for old women."

Whether Celia was pleased or displeased at this provision deponent saith not, but the old man had not been under the sod six months when the widow was said to be looking out for another man. If it was singular for the dying Dodsworth to urge his wife to marry again, it was still more singular that he should desire the ceremony to be performed under the following circumstances, viz:

"And it is made incumbent on said Celia Dodsworth that in taking a new husband the marriage ceremony shall be performed in the big barn on my farm, on the H— road. It shall take place at ten o'clock in the evening, on the main floor, without lights of any description, with all doors shut, and a free invitation shall be extended to all. The clergyman shall stand in the stables and the bride and the groom on the main floor, and the principal parties to the ceremony shall be dressed in black throughout."

The widow announced her intention to faithfully obey in spirit and letter, the will was probated, and the twelfth month had scarcely passed before she issued an invitation for the public to attend a wedding at the big barn. Just who the groom was to be no one could positively assert, as the widow had been keeping company with a widower, a bachelor and two young men, and as far as any outsider could judge she loved one as well as the other. Being good looking and talented, and having a fortune behind her, it was not strange that she should have a number of suitors.—She seemed to enter into the spirit of the affair with great zest, as also did the minister; and to further mystify the people in attendance, the bride entered the barn alone at one door, the groom alone at another, and no one knew that the minister had arrived until his voice was heard in the stables.

There were at least two hundred people present, and each one understood that even a striking of a match would break the will. Many jokes were passed and considerable confusion existed, but at length the minister announced that all was ready. The ceremony was gone through with, and at its conclusion, the affair having been a "process," a rush was made for the bride; she was kissed by a hundred men, and was then carried home, a distance of a mile and a-half, in a big arm-chair.

Now comes the mystery. When the lady was set down at her own door the widower, the bachelor and the two young men claimed to be her true and lawful husband. None of the crowd could say who was the lucky man, the minister was at sea and the bride herself seemed to have doubts. The widower was the man of her choice, but in the confusion he could have been hustled aside, and he did affirm that an attempt was made to choke him and get him out

of the barn. The bachelor vowed that she had promised to marry him, as also did both the young men, and each one was sure that he held the widow's plump hand and was legally married to her. The four men had a fight, but that didn't mend matters. The crowd ducked two of them in a creek, but that did not decide the question.

Just how it would have terminated had not the widower been a man of nerve no one can tell, as the other three had already appealed to the law, when the widower stepped in and took his place as husband, and settled with the others for two thousand dollars each.

One of the young men, now over forty years old, and having all the wife he wants, (she weighs two hundred and thirty pounds), is living in this city, and, during an interview had with him not long since, he solemnly and earnestly assured your correspondent that he was legally married to the widow Dodsworth that night in the big barn. Another of the parties lives in Clinton county, and he has time and again asserted that he is the woman's true and lawful husband, so help his God. The bachelor is dead, but were he alive and kicking, he would renew his oft-repeated protestations—

"I married her, by gum! and, by gum, I ought to have her!"

Old Hundred.

THIS unique psalm tune first appeared in John Calvin's "French Psalter," published at Geneva in 1543 as the "proper tune" to the 134th Psalm.—Guillaume Franc was musical editor of this work. He was a master of music, yet all that will be found in ordinary musical history regarding him is that he was an "obscure musician of Strasbourg, of the sixteenth century." The Church owes him not a few of her finest melodies. A melody in Luther's great psalter, published from 1524 to 1569, seems to have suggested the ideas of this inimitable chorale. One of Luther's hymns of eight unequal lines, which was set to a melody of the Moravian or Waldensian early Church, contains the elements of the Old Hundred. But these were reset and remodeled by Franc, who left Strasbourg and became "cantor" or precursor to Theodore Beza at Lausanne. He subsequently settled and died at Geneva, leaving as his imperishable monument the music of the "French Psalter." The music was afterward adapted to the Hundredth Psalm in the first "English Psalter" ever published, edited by John Calvin, and printed for the use of the congregation of English-speaking refugees at Geneva in 1556, of which at that time John Knox was minister. The musical editor of the psalter was Claude Goudimel, of Rome, who suffered martyrdom at Lyons at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew because he had set the English psalms to music. This Genevan-English psalter was reprinted in 1563-4 by "John Day, over the pump in Aldgate," and Andrew Hart, in Edinburgh, and laid the foundation of the psalmody of the Protestant churches of the world. The words of this psalter contained first thirty-seven psalms written by Sternhold and Hopkins the remainder being written by ten of the refugees at Geneva. William Keith, from Aberdeen, wrote the hundredth psalm. This psalter, words and music, was for some time universally used by the Protestant churches of England and Scotland. When Oliver Cromwell got the Westminster general assembly of divines to prepare a new version of the psalm in common metre, for the use of the churches, the Parliament sanctioned it, the English church at once adopted it, but the Scottish people rebelled on the ground that they had already a better psalter of their own. Cromwell had to come to a compromise with the hardy Scots. (The only other compromise he ever made in his life was with Cameron, of Lochiel, when he and his army got bewildered in the wilds of Lochaber.) This compromise was that in Scotland a number of their favorite psalms, from the old psalter, might be published as second editions. This was done, and the music is thus called "old"—the Old First, Old Forty-fourth, Old Hundredth, Old Hundred and Thirty-fourth, Old Hundred and Thirty-seventh, etc.—

What it Feels Like to be Guillotined.

WE have heard how it feels to be poisoned, to be hanged and to be drowned, but it has been reserved for Monday, an Italian gentleman, to let the world know, through *La Defense*, what it feels like to be guillotined. He was in 1873 condemned to death for a crime of which he was innocent, and it was not the fault of Italian justice that he escaped. The blade of the guillotine fell, but the wood in the grooves of which it ran and had swollen slightly, and the knife stopped barely two centimetres from his neck. While they were repairing this defect a reprieve arrived—the true murderer had been found and had confessed his crime. "It was at 8 a. m., August 17, 1873," says M. Mondate, "that my confessor, Abbe Fernia, entered my cell to announce to me that I must die. When at the touch of his hand upon my shoulder I awakened, I comprehended at once the nature of his errand, and despite my confidence it seems that I turned horribly pale. I would have spoken, but my mouth contracted nervously and no saliva moistened it. A mortal chill suddenly invaded the lower part of my body. By a supreme effort I succeeded in gasping, 'It is not true!' The priest answered I know not what. I only heard a confused buzzing. Then a sudden thrill of pride buzzed through me. For some minutes I felt no fear; I stood erect; I said to myself that if I must die I should show them that an innocent man died with courage. I spoke with great rapidity; I was horribly afraid to be silent or to be interrupted; I thanked the governor of the prison and asked for something to eat. They brought me a cup of chocolate, but I refused it. Again I had become fully aware of the horrors of my situation; I had visions of what the scaffold would be like, and mechanically asked the attendants, 'Does it hurt much?' 'No, not a bit,' answered somebody, and I saw before me a new person in a gown of black woolen—the executioner. I would have risen, defended myself, asserted my innocence, but I fainted, and when I returned to consciousness I was pinioned in the cart which was entering the death-place. I cast a shuddering look at the horrible machine. I had no more connected and coherent thought, and the rights between which the knife runs seemed as high as the masts of a ship.—I was lifted to the platform; I had but one fixed idea—that of resistance. But how could I resist? I was seized and flung down upon the plank. I felt as if

Wonders of the Waters.

Among the most wonderful fish to be found in the world is the blind Proteus, which is found only in the subterranean lakes of Krain, in Austria. Six fine specimens of this creature have just been received at the Aquarium in this city, with a consignment of submarine wonders from Europe, and with proper care it is hoped they will live for a considerable time. In color they are yellowish pink, which, however, on exposure to the light, becomes mottled and subsequently turns to a dark brown. They have long flat heads and four short slender legs, the fore feet ending in two nailless toes and the hind feet in the three. Strange to say, coming as they do out

of utter darkness, the creatures have eyes. They are small, however, and are ordinarily hidden beneath the skin. Somewhat similar to these fish is the Mexican Axoloth, another strange creature just received. "Lang Tsing Yee" is the name of a beautifully colored fish, two specimens of which have just been sent from China. These are of a bright golden yellow, tipped on the fins with black, and they have each four lace like tails.

Pretty or Not.

TO BE PRETTY is the great object of almost every living woman, even of those who lecture upon the impropriety of doing so.

Beautiful women spend a great deal of thought upon their charms, and homelier women grow homelier through fretting because they are not handsome.

Men, at least while they are young, are very much like women in this respect, though they hide their feelings better.

There is one comfort to the homelier ones, however.

After you come to know people very intimately, you do not know whether they are pretty or not.

Their "ways" make an impression on you, but not their noses and ears, their eyes and mouth.

In time the soul expresses itself to you, and it is that which you see.

A man who has been married twenty years scarcely knows what his wife looks like.

He may declare that he does, and tell you that she is a bewitching little blonde, with soft blue eyes, long after she is fat, and red and forty; because the image of his early love is in his heart, and he doesn't see her as she is to-day, but as she was when he courted her.

Of being an indifferent husband, he may not know she is the fine woman that other people think her.

You have known men who married the plainest women, and think them beauties; and you know beauties who are quite thrown away on men who value a wife for her success as a cook.

As far as one's effect on strangers is to be taken into consideration, beauty is valuable, and very valuable.

So, if you have it, rejoice; but if you have it not, be content.

Take care of your heart, your soul, your mind and your manners, and you will make for yourself that beauty which will render you lovely to those who are nearest and dearest to you.

Too Well Proved.

A LAWYER had a case on the docket in which, among other things, he wished to prove that his client had no money, and to this end he cross-examined one of the opponent's witnesses as follows:

"You asked my client for money did you not?"

"Well—yes sir."

"Answer promptly, sir. Let us have no hesitation. You asked him for money—now what was his answer?"

"I don't know as I can tell."

"But surely you remember."

"Yes sir."

"Then out with it. What was his answer?"

"I'd rather not tell."

"Ho! ho! You are on that track are you? You won't tell?"

"I should rather not, sir."

"But I should rather you would! So sir, if you do not answer my questions promptly and truthfully, I'll call on the court to commit you for contempt."

"Well, if I must tell tales out of school here you have it. I asked him yesterday if he couldn't lend me half a dollar, and he told me he could not."

"And you believed him did you not?"

"Yes, sir; for he said you had robbed him of every cent of his ready money, and if he didn't get out of your hands pretty soon his wife and little ones would come too."

"That will do, sir. You can step down off the stand."

Fortune's Changes.

A Washington letter says: In the rotation of fortune incident to our republican form of government, families who are living in affluence and ruling society this year may be next earning their own support or living in dependence upon friends. This is a fact so forcibly impressed every day in this city that it has not the benefit of a single doubt. I frequently meet Mrs. Ex-

I was paralyzed and lay there for an immense time. Then there was a sharp blow on my neck, and I fainted again with the instinctive idea that the knife had struck me. It was not the knife but the upper part of the *lanette*. When I came to myself I was in the prison hospital."

What is Wrong With the Bees.

R. F. Criley, residing at Isabella Station, Wilmington and Reading railroad, was the owner of six large hives of bees that stored a great deal of honey last year, but at present he is fearful he will lose his entire bee family. Those in two hives are already dead, and all the others appear to be in a dying condition. He says that he had not taken any honey from them since last spring, and the hives are full of honey, showing that they are not starving. He took the combs out of one hive and examined them, without finding a single worm or indication of anything else being wrong. There were 18 combs 11 inches wide, filled with honey, but all the bees were dead. The bees are in patent hives against the southern side of a board fence and protected from the northern winds, occupying the same location they did a year ago and flourished exceedingly well. The cause of the death of the bees is unknown.

A Strange Hair Story.

WE HAVE a remarkable circumstance in hatology to relate. Wm. T. Hayes and lady called at the *Reporter* office a few mornings ago, with their rosy-cheeked daughter, aged between five and six years. Three years ago the hair of this girl was cut, by our measurement the other day we find it 21 inches in length, and in great profusion, which is an extraordinary growth in that period of time, three years. But the remarkable part is, the parents inform us that when their daughter's hair was cut, three years ago, the mother put a small portion of it, about one inch in length in a vial, which had contained cinnamon drops, but which had been previously cleansed. In this vial the little bunch of hair was placed, corked and put into a chest, and forgotten until two years ago, when finding it accidentally, Mrs. Hayes, was astonished to see the vial nearly full, the hair having grown all the time, and now the bottle is full and some half dozen hairs have found their way out between the cork and glass. From the curls in the bottle we judge they are the same length as the hair upon the little girl's head at this time, and of the exact color. The bottle we are told has never been uncorked since the hair was put into it, and the parents fear to open it lest an entrance of fresh air might disturb its further growth. The vial has been left at our office for a short time, where any one can see it. Mr. Hayes and lady vouch for the correctness of the fact, and we have no reason to doubt their story.—*Centre Reporter*.

THE BEST EVIDENCE.

MR. H. R. STEVENS: DEAR SIR.—We have good reason for regarding your Vegetine a medicine of the greatest value. We feel assured that it has been the means of saving our son's life. He is now seventeen years of age; for the last 2 years he has suffered from necrosis of his leg, caused by scrofulous affection, and was so far reduced that nearly all who saw him thought his recovery impossible. A council of able physicians could give us but the slightest hope of his ever rallying. Two of the number declaring that he was beyond the reach of human remedies, that even amputation could not save him, as he had not vigor enough to endure the operation. Just then we commenced giving him Vegetine and from that day to the present he has been continuously improving. He has lately resumed his studies, thrown away his crutches and cane, and walks about cheerfully and strong.

Though there is still some discharge from the opening where the limb was lanced, we have the fullest confidence that in a little time he will be perfectly cured.

He has taken about three dozen bottles of Vegetine, but lately uses but little, as he declares that he is too well to require it.

Respectfully yours, E. S. BEST.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

IF VEGETINE will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure scrofulous diseases, a medicine of perfect health after trying physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine so famous? Such great cures it works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. The great source of diseases originates in the blood, and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

MR. STEVENS: DEAR SIR.—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and general debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaints. Yours respectfully, MRS. MONROE PARKER.

101m 386 Athens Street.

Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

LEATHER & C.

THE subscriber has now on hand at LOW PRICES, Good Sole Leather, Kip of Superior Quality, Country Calf Skins, French Calf, LININGS, ROANS, &c. F. Mortimer, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

Governor Ford, of Ohio going to or from the Treasury where she holds an office, and is as eager for her monthly salary as the untitled, uneducated woman who works in the same room.—Ohio people will recall Mrs. Ford as a woman who adorned the Executive Mansion, and is still, as she was then, a strikingly handsome woman. In another office in the same Department is a daughter of a former Secretary of the Treasury, Walker, and in all the Departments we find women who have been rulers in society, and been described as wearing five thousand dollar dresses and giving ten thousand dollar parties.

DR. SCHENCK'S STANDARD REMEDIES

The standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic, and Schenck's Mandrake Pills, and if taken before the lungs are destroyed, a speedy cure is effected.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivaled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs; nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm or matter is ripe a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

To enable the pulmonic syrup to do this, Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills and Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver. Schenck's Mandrake Pills act on the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative; the alkali of which it is composed mixes with the food and prevents souring. It assists the digestion by toning up the stomach to a healthy condition, so that the food and the Pulmonic Syrup will make good blood; then the lungs heal, and the patient will surely get well if care is taken to prevent fresh cold.

All who wish to consult Dr. Schenck, either personally or by letter, can do so at his principal office, corner of Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday.

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists throughout the country. [mch & apr.]

VEGETINE PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

Its Medical Properties Are Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

VEGETINE is made exclusively from the juices of carefully selected barks, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated, that it will effectually eradicate from the system every taint of scrofula, scrofulous Humor, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Diseases, Cancer, Faintness at the Stomach, and all diseases that arise from impure blood. Scrofula, Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout and Spinal Complaints, can only be effectually cured through the blood.

For Ulcers and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Scald-head and Ring-worm, VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For Pains in the back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and General Debility, VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretory organs, allays inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Flies, Nervousness and General Prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by VEGETINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, VEGETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable BLOOD PURIFIER yet placed before the public.

THE BEST EVIDENCE.

The following letter from Rev. E. S. Best, Pastor of M. E. Church, Natick, Mass., will be read with interest by many physicians. Also, those suffering from the same diseases as such great cures it works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. The great source of diseases originates in the blood, and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

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