

HAPPY MARRIAGE

Mrs. Gladstone a True
Husband for Him

Mrs. Gladstone's career as a wife and mother has been pointed out for years as a model. The dependence of husband and wife on each other in all circumstances has been noted. The statesman has found in his spouse a true helpmate, who sympathized with all his aspirations, with confidence in all his movements of his long life of political activity, has looked to the future to bring him success in all his projects and vindication of his motives. An amusing anecdote is told in illustration of this wifely, unswerving faith. After the late general election, when the appeal to the country had resulted adversely to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, Mrs. Gladstone was found somewhat depressed by a visitor at Hawarden Castle, while the grand old man was serenely at work in his study up stairs.

"Never mind," said the visitor, sympathetically. "There is One above who will bring things right, in His own good time."

"Yes, indeed," replied the good lady. "He will bring things right; but he will forget all about his lunch if I don't call him down."

Mrs. Gladstone nursed all her children herself. She looked after them from infancy, and cared for them in every way as if she had not been the lady of the castle, who was able to command any amount of assistance that she might require. With their little ones Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have always been the most tender and affectionate of parents. When out of office Mr. Gladstone taught his elder children Italian. The girls were educated at home by governesses, English, French and German. The boys all went to Eton and afterward to Oxford. Blessed herself with a perfect constitution and unbroken health, Mrs. Gladstone has watched over her husband with the skill of a nurse and the vigilance of a guardian angel. She knows the limits of her own skill to a hair's breadth, and the moment they are passed she calls in the doctor. Nor is it only in the maladies of the body in which she has displayed invaluable qualities. She has certainly kept Mr. Gladstone shielded from all the minor worries of life.

Mr. Gladstone is fully sensible of what he owes to his wife, nor has he made any secret of the fact that his continuance in public service was dependent upon the health of his partner in life. Had she broken down and become an invalid he would have retired from the service of his country. It would have been impossible, he felt, to carry on the work of the Government, and, at the same time, to have attended to his duty to his wife, nor could he have stood the strain if she, who had been throughout as a ministering spirit, instead of aiding him, had become a tax upon his vitality. The self-denial of Mrs. Gladstone is beyond all praise. It no doubt seems very dazzling and imposing to be the wife of a prime minister, or even the wife of the leader of the opposition, but the wife herself has a somewhat hard time of it. The absorption of a prime minister in the work of the nation leaves him very little time for domestic intercourse. Mrs. Gladstone has been known to remark that when Mr. Gladstone was in office in London, during the season, it was quite a treat to her to be invited to a friend's house to dinner together with her husband. She always then tried to get seated next to him, "when," she said, "it is at least possible for me to have conversation with my husband; otherwise I see nothing of him."—London Letter.

THE FIRST MATCH.

A Reminiscence Which Appeals Strongly to the Sense of the Ridiculous.

A few days ago a gentleman, who is now something over sixty years of age, said to me: "I well remember the time when I first saw a match. I was then a boy, and was working in the barn with my father, when a young man, the son of a neighbor, came in with a box in his hand and said he could now light a fire without borrowing coals or striking a spark with the flint. Opening the box he took out one of the matches, which was three or four inches long and had a yellow looking substance on one end. This end he dipped into a small bottle which came in the box with the matches and contained sulphuric acid. When the match was put into the acid it instantly burst into a blaze. Although young Grant had paid fourteen shillings (\$1.75) for his box, which held but fifty matches, he was quite ready to use up one or more of the costly fire-makers in showing father how the wonderful invention worked. But father, having a wholesome fear of fire, and looking with some suspicion on any new departure from established ways, begged Grant, if he would fool with that stuff to go outside, for he didn't want his barn burned down, adding, 'it may be fun to see that go off, but it ain't going to do anybody any good to have fire made as easy as that.'" The old gen-

tleman was mistaken. His son has lived to see the time when fire can be made much more easily, and it does people good by saving time and temper while the number of fires from the use of matches is comparatively few. Five hundred "parlor" matches can be bought for five cents; between forty and fifty million matches are made every day in the United States, and still the country is not yet destroyed by fire in spite of the ease with which we can make fire.—Christian Advocate.

A MONSTER CROTALUS.

A Scranton (Pa.) Man's Lucky Escape From His Fangs.

Mr. A. C. Drinker, of this city, has been an enthusiastic student of natural history since he was a small boy in the beech woods of Clifton fifty years ago. "I have had three very narrow escapes from being bitten by poisonous snakes," said Mr. Drinker the other evening, "and in each case it was a different variety of reptile that came near giving me a dose. One afternoon in August, a good many years ago, I was tramping along near the Burnt bridge with my rifle on my shoulder, when I happened to see an immense blackberry bush, loaded down with dead ripe berries. It was up the bank a little way, and I stood my gun up by a stump and went to the bush. The body of the bush was as thick as a good sized cone, and it lay within a few inches of the ground. I carefully reached my fingers around it and started to pull the bush toward me slowly, when I felt something pushing and pulling on it. It startled me a good bit, and I let go of the bush and watched. Something kept on shaking it, but what it was I couldn't tell. I was bound to find out, though, and after a little, I poked the leaves away with a stick and got at the mystery. The power that moved the bush was a big rattlesnake. His fangs were fast in the thick stem, half an inch from where my fingers were when he struck at me, and he had bunted and pulled till there wasn't a berry left on the bush. I didn't hear the least noise while I had my fingers on the bush, and I was certain that the old fellow didn't make his rattle buzz before he struck.

"I wanted to have a little fun with him before I pounded the life out of him, and so I let him hang there and hunted up a tough dead hemlock limb. Then I went back and gently touched the snake on the head with the stick, pulling the bushes apart so that he could see me. That set him to rattling and wriggling to the top of his strength, and I never saw a madder creature than he was while I teased him. His eyes blinked and his mouth was as red as fire. After awhile I pried him loose and put the end of my club where he could strike at it. He was a good fighter, and he drove his fangs at the stick five or six times, hitting it within a sixteenth of an inch of the same spot each time. By and by the rattler got tired of fighting the club, and with his head and tail up he made for me.

"Just as he reached out, his head flattened, his mouth opened to its widest extent, and the fangs in his fiery upper jaw gleamed. Then I gave him a bat with the club that paralyzed him, killing him with another blow. He had thirteen rattles and a button and was five feet long. I brought him home and dissected him, and my sister has the rattles yet. The poison sacks at the roots of his fangs were not larger than small pens. In each one there was a small drop of fluid that looked a good deal like glycerine. There were four distinct growths of fangs on each side, one back of the other, so that when he shed one set there was another set to take its place. The poison is ejected through a very fine hole at the point of the fang, a hole no larger than that in the needle of a hypodermic syringe. I have dissected many a rattler since then, but I have never caught a finer one than he was."—Scranton (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

The Real Heroine of That Popular and Homely Song.

I know Sally and her lover so long! I have studied them so often! I know them so well! They are very little changed now, except, perhaps, in costume, from what they were in the day when Henry Carey first cast eyes on them and made them immortal by his song. Of course I knew them. I can see them every Sunday; they are the same Sally and the same lover still, for Henry Carey made them immortal. I wish I could make them and their lives and their loving companionship quite clear to readers who do not know London and its streets and its Sunday aspect. Sally is a short girl; her lover is an undersized man. The lives of such a class in London make undersized men and women. She is a pretty little girl indeed, though not so pretty as her lover thinks her; and we ought all to be glad of this, for if he did not idealize her where would be his love? What sort of a lover would that be who only saw in his sweetheart just such charms as his and I can see in her? He gazes tenderly, fondly, into her upturned face, as if it were the

face of an angel. Her beauty and ripe red lips and dark brown hair, crisp and curly, and white teeth. Her hands? Well, yes; a little large, perhaps, and when she takes off her gloves—which she will not often do when she is out for a walk with her lover on the Sunday—one can see that the hands are not of the very whitest, and the tips of some of the fingers show the tattoo-marks of the needle—for it does not need to be told that Sally is a seamstress of some humble order. I hardly know of any thing that speaks to me with keener pathos than that needle-pierced finger with its marks that will never go off. It tells somehow of long working hours, often until the dawn has come and after. Perhaps poor Sally had to work an extra hour or two into the Sunday morning, in order to earn her afternoon walk abroad with her faithful lover. I take it that it is almost always an afternoon walk. Sally could not well get away before her family's early dinner.—Scribner's Magazine.

A Queer Indian Tradition.

The Buffalo Express tells of an Indian's grave along the shore of the Oneida Lake where at times a weird and supernatural light makes its appearance. It is described as a ball of fire about the size of a large orange, and sways to and fro in the air about thirty feet from the ground, confining its irregular movements within a space about one hundred feet square. People have attempted to go near enough to solve the mystery, but it would suddenly disappear before reaching it. A very peculiar story is told by the neighbors near the spot. They claim that many years ago the locality was part of an Indian reservation. A man by the name of Belknap frequently dreamed that there was a crock in the Indian cemetery containing immense treasures, and that if he went there at the hour when graveyards yawn he could secure it. These dreams were repeated so often that they had a strong effect, and he went there with a pick and shovel according to instructions, but he failed to turn round three times when he found the crock, as the dream directed. He went to pick it up, but was stunned by a flash of lightning, and the crock disappeared. Since that time the spot has been haunted by this mysterious light.

Begging in the Orient.

Beggary throughout the East is a thriving profession. There are guilds of beggars, besides the numerous communities of dervishes, who are semi-religious mendicants. Many families have been beggars for generations, and are mendicants from choice. Some of these professional beggars are actually wealthy. Four-and-twenty years ago the writer well remembers a case. The Chief Beggar (the title was not conferred in derision) gave his daughter in marriage to a substantial farmer. The girl's dowry consisted of two freehold houses, the rooms of which were entirely filled with dry pieces of bread, and the sale of these begged crusts subsequently realized a considerable sum, being disposed of as food for cattle. It must be remembered that in the East there is no organized charity, that most Mussulmans are exceedingly charitable, many giving away a fifth and some even a third of their income. Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the professional beggar thrives.—Good Words.

"It may seem singular to you," says a New York florist, "but I've been keeping a record for these twenty years past, and I have found that nine murderers out of ten are ardent admirers of flowers, and most of them prefer daisies or lilies."

How Quicksand is Frozen.

The remarkable achievement of sinking a deep shaft through treacherous grounds by means of first freezing the earth has been successfully accomplished at the Chapin mine, in Northern Michigan, by the Poetsch process. The contract was to freeze, excavate and curb up a rectangular shaft 15½x16½ feet, and about 100 feet deep. This was accomplished by first putting down the freezing pipes three feet apart, in a circle 29 feet in diameter, to the depth proposed to be reached by the shaft. The pipes were connected at the top and filled with a solution of brine containing about 25 per cent of calcium chloride. The brine was frozen to a point below zero by means of an ice machine, and in forty days a frozen wall of ice, earth and stone was formed 10 feet thick. The excavation in the meantime had been going on, and seventy days from the commencement it was completed to the ledge 100 feet down, in spite of some difficulty from the percolation of water near the bottom, which was stopped by freezing. Except for this ingenious method, the sinking of the shaft, would, it seems, have been practically impossible on account of the great inflow of water.—Evangelist.

THE SAMOAN'S PALOLO.

A Curious Worm That Comes Once a Year to Delight Dusky Epicures.

The palolo is probably the most curious table delicacy in the world. It is a worm about as thick as a strand of yarn and from five to eight inches long. It is caught once a year near the Samoan Islands and is eaten by the native Samoans. Very early in the morning of the first day of the last quarter of the November moon hundreds of small boats full of Samoans put out from the shore near Apia to the coral reefs. Every boat is provided with fine nets stretched between bent sticks and attached to a short handle. At the reefs a little skirmishing for the best places, many collisions, a good bit of Samoan cursing, and any amount of singing and shouting precede the fishing. Then an occasional shout of "Palolo! palolo!" is heard as some one scoops in a netful of worms. Suddenly the water begins to crawl. It seems to be boiling with tiny water-snakes. The natives throw down their paddles and grasp their nets. Those who have no nets snatch up baskets, sieves, any thing that will hold worms and not water, and begin to scoop in the palolos. They work with tremendous energy, for they realize that the minute the sun rises the palolos will be off again for another year. Buckets, baskets, bowls, and platters are filled with the tiny squirming worms, yet the natives work on with a will which white people have rarely given them the credit for possessing. The sun rises, and all is over. The palolos are gone, no one knows where, and the Samoans put back to shore with their catch.

In sea water the palolos can be kept alive for hours. Without water they die in a few minutes. Roasted palolos are of a dark-brown color. Boiled palolos and raw palolos are blue, brown, light yellow or green. Many natives eat them raw; others roast or boil them. The time of year at which the worms appear near Samoa and are caught is probably their spawning season, as microscopic examination shows most of them to be full of the tiniest eggs. Eggs and worms together taste something like strong sea fish. Fondness of them as a table delicacy is usually an acquired taste. This is not particularly strange, as several features of their appearances are apt to suggest very disagreeable ideas to the civilized imagination. In the first place, the palolo's body is fashioned pretty much after the plan of the tapeworm. It consists of an indefinite number of sections. Each section has underneath two "crawlers" or feet and on top a black dot. On the head are two little horns and three feelers, not unlike tiny warts in appearance. The upper lip is comparatively rough and hard. Like the tapeworm, the palolo is not killed by being taken apart. The removal of several sections of the palolo is followed by a shrieking together of the rest of the body till the worm looks a thin thread. When the palolo breaks itself in two, as often happens, by its quick, snake-like movements through the water, the same result follows. This phenomenon has given color to the delusion that the palolo is a kind of self-dissolving creature, and that the almost instantaneous disappearance of them from the Samoan waters at sunrise on the day of the annual catch is the result of the general self-dissolution of the worms. In fact, only those sections removed from the head and the section next to the head of the palolo die. After a short time other sections grow out of the section next to the head, and the palolo is as good as new. The female palolo does not differ from the male palolo in appearance, and breaks herself up in the same way and with the same results.

The mystery of the palolo's sudden appearance near Samoa for a few hours annually and its magical disappearance at sunrise are unexplained. Why the palolos come to be caught by the dusky Samoans only at the beginning of the last quarter of the November moon, where they go to, how they breed, and where they live—all this is something that nobody knows.—N. Y. Sun.

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

How I do pity the man who is only a second lieutenant in his family, and is liable at any time to loose even that position. He holds the sacred and responsible office of captain, and yet even the old gray horse kat in the kitchen dispizes his orders and laffs in his face. When he is out in the world he sometimes undertakes to assert his importance and dignity, but every body can see he is only whinasing to keep up his carriage. His children hav no grater affockshun for him than to pity him, and the world denies him even that poor tribute and treats him with disgust. The hen-pecked husband is the saddest spectacle I know of, there ain't enuff ov him left for enny one to luv or to hate.

As to Tuesday his town moneys aggregate no should with that could get gusted at have members of he would have 25.

O'Grady didn't last week in the called him a thief, and instead of ad-gos like a gentleman arents of personal vion, Mr. O'Grady! We'll it lively for you. And, while on this subject, we ave that of all the corrupt, knavish, drunken public r convened in a room to town council caps the olt week we shall begin a war nification on these vipers, and or don't fly it won't be our fault. NOVELTY.—We learn that Mr. Shields, of Omaha, has purchased a lot on Apache avenue and tends to build and open a hardware store. This will be a novelty. Not that we haven't a hardware store in town, but the idea of a man opening a store here instead of a saloon will like our people queerly. The saloon-erest needn't be alarmed, however, we know of at least six new ones which will open this fall to help control the political campaign.

IT CAN'T BE DONE NOW.—For a year or more after we struck this town we could be kicked and cuffed with perfect impunity, even by a low-down rascal. We were knocked down, cuffed up and down the street, and our noses pulled out of shape two or three times per week, and we never thought of resisting. We were a tenderfoot of the tenderfootedest sort, and it was a question whether we should pull through or not. Let some one attempt to tweak our nose to-day! The offer of a hundred dollars in cash wouldn't tempt a man in town to try it on. We are no longer a tenderfoot. The man who sets out to "lift" us now has got to beat chain lightning. Every chap who has piled into us for the last ten months has had to be carried off on a stretcher, and two of them, as the town records show, sleep peacefully among the daisies.

IS MARRIAGE A MORTGAGE?—It is well known all over the world that a mortgage for months on the entire body of a man is a very profitable business. It covers every own worthless carcass, and is closed any minute. This is why we are often asked why we don't take possession when that ch on journalism refers to us in endearing terms as "Jackies," "hypocrites" and so forth. We go over one day last week calculated to turn him out on the sand hills, he fell to weeping and melted us, it seems hard for a man to be sed by his own property, we haven't heart to kick away the barrel. Besides, he runs such an abject body for a weekly newspaper, that Kicker receives hosts of complimentary comparison. We are not to be mean with him—not unless of abusing us and tries to publish disseminate.

DEPARTMENT.—As will be well our subscribers we add date ment to the Kicker this thing and forecasting the weather. Kicker changed a signal office on own building, and shall less our us hourly. We have ty of No. 1 a map of the United and have arranged a promise by which we expect nine of our predictions to be verified. There has been a long-felt want in this y, and the enterprise of the will no doubt be duly appreciated.

all start out at a slow pace and ushing until the harness fits. Our first prediction: "Clearer, cloudy, cool; may rain and may be a sort of a feeler, and we do use any of our readers to give thing excursion or a Sunday-picnic on account of it. We time to get used to the hang of lag, and after we have we will be to beat the government out for wear one shirt all winter.—Free Press.

"I," said the jurymen, "I'm and have had more experi-matters than you have. 20 years old and have the jury nine terms, and I'll never agin. I've got a way to yer, Judge. We've notice of how yer man-s, you held' new to this bus- we like yer. We've talked er and we've voted to stand w, if any of them lawyers voted yer any. Judge, yer the word and we'll be time. We've taken an and yer can depend on Judge."