SINGLE OR DOUBLE?

THE JOYS OF CELIBACY AND MATRIMONY CONTRASTED.

Mrs. Frank Leslie Says Sensible Marriages Lead to Atrophy, Romantic Marriages to Murder and Suicide, Single Blessedness to Melancholy Madness.

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TO WANT what he hasn't got is the normal condition of man. Probably it is a good thing for the world that this is so, for unsatisfied desire is the spring of exertion, and we all know that the man who can lie all day under his banana trees and eat their luscious fruit without even the labor of plucking it will not be likely to toil all day in the sun to raise a crop of corn.

Similarly a man who does not wish to marry and is deaf to the voice of the charmer, who is perfectly satisfied with his home in a boarding house and the family covered by his own hat, will not labor and plan and push for money and place as will he who ardently desires to take to himself a wife, to provide for that wife a fitting home, and to see that home filled with his own children.

Of course the exertion he makes for his own selfish end redounds to the benefit of the world at large. His work provides work for other people, and the results of his labor enrich society in one way or another. Nature has planted deep in the constitution of either sex an impulse toward the other. Around this impulse, which nature simply bestows as part of her economy of self preservation, we have thrown a great deal of romantic drapery and pretty sentiment; have buried it in thickets of roses and lilies; have drowned its voice in songs of nightingales and tinkle of lutes and mandolins; have called upon the stars to witness to its loftiness and the moon to admire its purity—in fact, we have deified ourselves and our natural desires into some sort of impossible creation quite unfit for this mundane sphere, while all the time good old matter of fact Mother Nature smiles and says:

"Go on, my dears; be as romantic and ridiculous as you please, only in the end marry, have children and keep the world going just as it always has gone."

Prosaic individuals there are in the world, principally among those so swathed around with the good things of this earth that they have very little freedom of individual action, that they recognize this simple law of nature and follow it without self deception or sentimental pretense. Kings, queens and their families; nobles concerned in the transmission of their titles; very wealthy persons who have the ambition of founding a family and perpetuating a name—all these marry just as nature intended for the sake of the children likely to come of such marriage, and they choose their partners with the deliberate consideration of their fitness for the position they have to offer.

Once in awhile some poor little princess rebels and claims her privilege of flowers and birds and stars and moon and all the other pretty adornments of courtship, and once in awhile some self willed young duke or prince asserts his self will by marrying quite the wrong person for his duchess or princess, but on the whole these highborn unfortunates are pretty submissive to their hereditary destiny and follow out their appointed law with stolid submissiveness.

In this country few citizens feel themselves under these hereditary obligations, and as a general thing an American of either sex marries from pure inclination, and not with any special obligation to posterity. From this independent social condition arises far more freedom of choice than is dreamed of by our unfortunate titled brethren across the seas, and not only freedom of choice among various candidates, but freedom of choice between the two states of matrimony and celibacy.

Nobody here in America need marry if he doesn't want to, and consequently most marriages are those of inclination.

Now the question is, Are these marriages likely to be happier than those contracted from motives of policy?

Some persons will add, Is any marriage likely to be happier than no marriage?

It is a common saying that marriage is a lottery, and, like most other trite sayings, it is so true that it has been worn to rags by the constant usage of those who found the coat so well fitted to their own backs that they could not resist putting it on.

Marriage *is* a lottery, and when we ask, Is it better to marry or to remain single? it is as if we asked, Is it better to give all that we possess for a ticket which may entitle us to a splendid fortune, and which may turn up—blank?

Every one knows in buying the lottery ticket that the most likely chance is of the blank; but yet the possibility of the fortune is so alluring that lotteries drive a thriving business all over the world, and many a man who cannot buy a coat will manage to pay for at least the fraction of a ticket.

Just so with marriage. One cannot take up a newspaper without reading of divorces, of wife murders, of domestic treachery and wild revenge, of all sorts of misery and sin and shame that in one way or another have resulted from marriage. Without going to the public prints one looks through the list of their own acquaintance, and for one happy marriage does not one find two that conduce more to the misery than the bliss of one or the other of the parties? And yet the lottery tickets sell a great deal better than Bibles, and yet the churches, the offices of justices or registrars—every place where people may be married or marry themselves—are thronged with impatient applicants for the means of self destruction, and if you capture any one of these self devoted couples and point out to them the fate of two-thirds of their predecessors they wave you aside and blandly declare:

"Ours is an entirely different case, and nothing of the kind you mention will ever befall us."

And would it be better if the cynical philosopher supposed to thus address them succeeded in convincing them of their mistake? Suppose they turn back from the door where he encounters them and leave the expectant person to wait for them in vain? As life goes on and man and maid shrivel into middle aged celibacy, do they bless that kind friend who stood in their way or do they curse him for a meddling fool?

Probably the latter, for there is no proverb so pregnant with melancholy truth as that "there is no cream so rich as that which rises on spilled milk." Mr. Whittier put the same idea into prettier phrase when he wrote:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: It might have been."

But the idea is the same, and there is no truer one afloat. Whatever you do, you will wish you had done the other thing. Suppose, for instance, that you are a sensible man and have chosen your wife as the Vicar of Wakefield says he did his partner, and she did her wedding gown, not so much for present attractiveness as for its likelihood of wearing well, or suppose you are a sensible girl and accepted from among your many suitors the one most likely to become wealthy and to make for you and himself such a name and place in the world as your ambition led you to desire.

Well, you two sensible persons are married, and what is the result? Why, you are both pining or grumbling or scolding, as your temperament suggests, because, having all that you bargained for in your matrimonial venture, you have not also secured quite another set of advantages which you had no right to expect. The man, tired and disgusted with his day among his fellow men, comes home with a feeling that here is, or should be, a refuge from the selfishness, the hardness, the indifference to his interests or pleasure, which have all day surrounded him and kept his wits upon the stretch lest some one should get the advantage of him. He vaguely and unconsciously expects to find sympathy, tact, sweetness, forbearance and tenderness enshrined within the precincts of the place he calls home, even though it be but a room in a boarding house. Well, he does not find them, and he is cruelly, bitterly disappointed, even though he may not know just how or why. He finds what he bargained for—a shrewd, capable partner of his purse and prospects, not at all of his heart and soul. She inquires how his business has gone; gives her opinion as to what he has done, left undone or ought to have done; puts her finger unshrinkingly upon the weak spot which he has vainly tried to hide from her, and when he confesses that the man he trusted has disappointed and cheated him she calmly replies:

"I told you so! Really I wonder you will not take my advice sometimes about these things."

And she?

Well, was there ever a woman who did not want somebody upon whose shoulder she could cry her unreasonable tears and be petted back into joyousness and smiles? Was there ever a woman who did not want a man's indorsement of her new bonnet or a man's opinion upon the set of her new gown, and perhaps the girdle of a man's arm around the waist as he whispers that nothing could help fitting well to so pretty a figure or suiting so sweet a face? Some of my readers who have made the other kind of marriage from a sensible one will understand what I mean.

Well, the woman who has made the sensible marriage would doubtless like this sort of thing as well as her weaker sister, and, although she may not know what it is that is lacking, she feels the lack, she frets and pines for she knows not what, and finally, if she has good luck, grows cold and hard and numb and buries the best part of her woman nature so deep that it ceases to trouble her.

That is a sensible marriage, but I am not prepared to say that it is not preferable to a love marriage, for the disappointments, if more withering and hardening, are not so intense and not so apt to lead to destruction.

In the love marriage both parties set out with an absolutely impossible ideal, not only of the character and capabilities of the chosen partner, but as to the conditions under which they are to live together. The marriage relation as formulated by a pair of true lovers is one that never was and never will be realized on earth, and, as we are told upon the best authority that there are no marriages in heaven, we may fairly conclude that it is absolutely ideal and never to be realized anywhere. It is a pity, for I suppose the human mind is unable to conceive of anything more satisfactory than an ideal marriage—a husband noble, lofty, wise and powerful among men, tender, deferential and protective toward his wife—a sort of combination of Napoleon, Solomon and Romeo.

I do not now remember meeting such a gentleman, but he is one well known in feminine chateaux en espagne. With such a man is mated, in the ideal marriage, a woman compounded of Penelope, Aspasia, Griselda, Recamier and the Joan who saw no man in the world but her Darby. She is endowed with beauty, wit, grace and sense enough to make her an intelligent companion for her husband, yet feminine humility enough to make her always look up to him as her head and lawgiver. She is as good tempered as an angel, as sweet of voice and manner and thought as a seraph, as innocent as a dove and as wise as a serpent; skilled in all accomplishments and a queen in society, yet always preferring the domestic hearth and a tete-a-tete with a tired husband to the most brilliant entertainment.

Well, when two average persons marry, each expecting to find in the other some such ideal as here depicted, there is apt to ensue a very severe disappointment on both sides, and the married pair are fortunate indeed if in the revulsion from absurd delusion they do not fall into the opposite extreme of unreasonable discontent, ending in recrimination, suspicion, contempt, dislike and final alienation.

"If, then, neither a reasonable marriage nor a romantic marriage is likely to be satisfactory, is it not the part of wisdom to avoid both and accept the part of single blessedness?" inquires some one.

Ah, my friend, there is no class of beings so covetous of the cream upon the spilled milk of their youthful possibilities as the old maid or the old bachelor. They do not talk about it—especially the old maids do not—but if one could see the bitter pangs of lonliness they silently endure; if one could hear the inarticulate moans of envy and regret uttered by their sorrowing hearts at sight of what appears the wedded bliss of some former companion, one could not doubt the sharpness of these jagged teeth of Charybdis on which they have thrown themselves to avoid the black gulf of Scylla.

Which, then, is better—or, to put it a little cynically, which is the lesser evil—the Scylla of matrimony or the Charybdis of single loneliness?

And if one decides for matrimony, which is the blacker gulf—that of a marriage de convenance, which we have styled a sensible marriage, or that of a marriage of romance and delusion, sure to end in bitter disillusion?

I do not pretend to answer. Like the sphynx, I only ask and wait for a reply.

Mrs. Frank Leslie

A Pretty Penwiper.

An exceedingly pretty penwiper is made of five overlapping oak or maple leaves cut from felting in shades of dark and light olive, tan, old gold and garnet. Vein each in contrasting silk and mass the plain leaves cut from any shade of felting preferred. A bow of inch wide ribbon in crimson and olive tied over the stems hides the fastening and completes the gift.

PENWIPER.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS GIVES SOME PRACTICAL HINTS TO WOMEN.

It Is the Trained Complexity of Motion That Makes Grace—All Women Should Set Aside a Portion of Each Day to the "Training" of the Body.

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MANY women hesitate to adopt physical culture through a false idea that naturalness means grace. "We do want to be graceful, but we hate affectation," they say. "What is natural and easy must be graceful. We become conscious, stiff and stilted once we meddle with nature and attempt to train ourselves into grace."

Never were hackneyed expressions more utterly false than these. The many unfortunate surprises from mirror and photograph camera ought to prove that to any intelligent person. Thought may imagine a position of great dignity and elegance. The reflection discloses one of extreme awkwardness that is frequently ludicrous. While thought must underlie all grace, it is not able to speak through stiff, untrained muscles.

Some people are born with natural grace and need little or no suggestion in this regard. With some a little thought and effort works marked improvement, while others, in order to attain any sort of satisfactory symmetry, must go into a regular course of training for development. Any one who would develop all her latent charm must pass through more or less of this.

Pleasing expression of the body is similar to harmony on a carefully tuned piano. When one portion of the body is keyed too high and another too low the result must be discord to the observer. This discord is awkwardness. Proportional tension or laxity of the body produces its music, which is grace!

Among women there is the comfortable clumsiness of ignorance, the lissom indolent grace of the skilled muscle and the great crowded middle land of effort without training, showing stiff, awkward angularity, self consciousness and nervousness, as displeasing to the eye as uncomfortable to the owner.

Were thought upon the subject all that were necessary, one lecture, with illustrations from everyday life, would be sufficient to produce an audience of absolutely graceful women, but unfortunately muscle must be made obedient to brain before it can fitly represent it.

By nature large minded, independent, enthusiastic, honest, sensible and dignified, American women as a class utterly misrepresent themselves to foreigners by untrained gaucheries of personal expression.

Observe in the next company of which you are a member the hunching of shoulders to cars, chests hollowed into furrows, contracted brows, turned in toes, spasmodic contortions of the face, supposed to be expressive; incessant jerkings of hands, arms and head; stiffening of limb joints into supposed graceful positions—all outward incongruities due to neglect of the laws of grace; bad habits of sitting, riding, walking, which distort or leave unaccented the shapely line of corsage, sleeve or limb, and which are chiefly the result of a nervousness born of the desire to please.

Skilled grace is always easy and comfortable. It makes a Bernhardt, a Salvini, a Lotta. Looking upon it each one imagines it easily attainable—till one tries! Unskilled motion is painful awkwardness. Half trained skill is conscious affectation—the most displeasing of all.

The stumbling block in the way of improvement to many Americans is found in their impetuous haste to show off, to rush into observation with half baked skill, as far from naturalness as from grace. Observers, disgusted, have been led to exclaim: "All this Delsartean work is affectation. I will have none of it."

In her ideas of grace the English woman's manner is marked by an exaggerated repose; the Frenchwoman's by a crystallization of surprises; that of the Italian and Spanish by an indolent luxury of line and motion—the music of feeling.

It is not the simplicity of it, but the trained complexity of motion, that makes grace. In the bow of a Salvini there are a score of motions, yet to look upon it is the most simple and natural thing in the world.

Few pretty women get half the value of their figures on account of the stiff ungracefulness of the muscles. Untrained muscles do not grow beautifully wild, like children and flowers, but stiff and ungainly, without adaptability or expression.

The hand of a professional pianist, trained to habits of obedience to the brain, even in repose is speaking—full of expression. Compare it with that of the day laborer. Most of our bodies compare with the latter.

The first thing to do with the body is to "limber it up," to make the muscles absolutely pliable, but firm and strong, to make the different portions of the body individual or distinct from each other, to make all subservient to the dictates of the brain, and to make this obedience spontaneous and unconscious through habit.

Even a "busy woman" should devote at least fifteen or twenty minutes twice a day to the training of her form to make it straight, round and flexible.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

The woman wave has reached even to Iceland, thawing and melting the big icebergs on its way. Iceland has established a high school for girls.

Labouchere on Large Fortunes.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, discussing the recent death of Jay Gould and the large fortune he left in London Truth, says: "Were I an American I should meet this tendency by a progressive death duty on all bequests. What I mean is that the duty would not progress on the sum total left by the individual, but on the sum inherited by the individual. Suppose that a man left $1,000,000, and that my progressive duty doubled itself on every $500,000 inherited by any of his heirs. My plan would work out in this way: If the duty on the first $500,000 were 5 per cent., should he leave one person $1,000,000 the sum of $75,000 would have to be paid, $175,000 by any one getting $1,500,000, and so on, until the effect of leaving an excessive amount to one individual would be that the state would become the sole heir. This would prevent the perpetuation of accumulations and oblige a millionaire so to spread his money on his death that a large number of individuals would profit by it."

A Queer Looking Coffin.

Hezekiah Shepherd, an aged and eccentric citizen of Davis county, Ia., was recently buried at Drakeville, in the same county, in a coffin built in exact imitation of the easy chair in which he had sat for years.—St. Louis Republic.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The War Over the Empire Modes Still Continues.

There is a prolonged and fierce battle going on all the time with regard to the pronounced empire fashions between the modistes and the vraie elegantes, who cannot reconcile themselves to the ugly and ungraceful outdoor and indoor gowns and cloaks. It is, however, one of two things—you must wear empire or not wear it. If you do you make yourself ugly, and if you do not you are out of fashion.

There are some few who look fairly well in the enormous gigot sleeves and short waist. Among them I noticed the other day the handsome young Duchess de Bligny, who wore a costume of peau de soie with changeable effects, russet red and green, which was very handsome. She, however, has had the courage to brave the orders of the "style," and the skirt was laid in deep kilts from waist to feet. The corsage was made of the same silk, but the facing to the collar and balloon sleeves was of a dark self colored green. The vest and forearms were made of brocade in garnet and green. Over this was thrown a short cape of prune velvet. It reached to the waist only, and was bound with fur and lined with lilac satin.

COSTUME OF PEAU DE SOIE.

For evening gowns for balls and opera the empire is not so bad with modifications, and some of them are really artistic. The Baroness of Mohrenheim is trying hard with many of her friends to still further develop all that is best in the Russian styles and adapt them to present taste. It is a thousand pities that we have no real leader of fashion to help us just now.

Every new cloak, wrap or cape is a little uglier than the last, unless it happens to be English, and indeed I fancy that we would almost be glad of the severe English style if it could do away with the empire. And the hats are almost exact copies of olden days, but of bonnets one should not complain. They could be so much worse!

Shoes are being made long, flat and narrow, to reach certainly more than an inch beyond the toes and to lie flat upon the ground at the end instead of having the graceful curl of the later styles. The heels are flat and low, and in short the shoe is as ugly as it can be made. It is not intended for a progressive or reform shoe, but is simply made this way because it is. T. D'A.

The Salary Too Small for Both.

"When L. Q. C. Lamar was made secretary of the interior, nearly every young man who had known him in Mississippi went to Washington to get a job," said H. F. Cole, of Water Valley, Miss. "Among the number was John Youngblood, editor of the Oxford Globe, who called at Mr. Lamar's office on the 8th day of March, 1885. The secretary was of course glad to see him. Youngblood had once been Mr. Lamar's private secretary. He expected something big, but a clerkship only was tendered him, and this he declined.

"Time wore on, and Youngblood, in common parlance, 'went broke.' Could his old friend, Mr. Lamar, let him have fifty dollars? Mr. Lamar could and did. Two weeks more, could his old friend, Colonel Lamar, let him have a hundred while he was waiting to be placed? Again Mr. Lamar could and did. A month rolled by. Youngblood's board bill was due. He had to live while waiting, and he knew no one else in Washington except his old friend from Oxford. His board bill was settled. The next day he called again and wanted to be accommodated. He was.

"After Youngblood went out Mr. Lamar turned to Colonel Muldrow, his assistant, and said: 'See here, Henry, Youngblood has got to get away from Washington. Find some place for him. Both of us can't live on $8,000 a year.'

"The next morning Youngblood was made superintendent of the Arizona schools and was sent to Yuma, where he later died."—St. Louis Republic.

William Hahn Has Good Luck at Last.

William Hahn, a month ago a tramp, has just received information that he is heir to $100,000. Hahn has had a good many ups and downs, chiefly downs, and now that he has struck it rich he can scarcely believe in his good luck. He was born in New York city, of German parentage, thirty-four years ago. He learned the cabinet maker's trade with Herman, the big furniture manufacturer. He went west in 1876, visiting several states. He put $800 in the Fidelity bank in Cincinnati, and went to Alabama, and very soon learned that the bank had failed and that his earnings had gone with it.

Later he had his chest and face cut by a bursting wheel in a shop. Then his wife and child died. He went to Chicago, and in September began tramping eastward. He reached Utica on election day and begged a job in a furniture factory. When he sent to Chicago for his tools he learned that they had been stolen. In a few days he was taken ill, and now, when again on the verge of financial dissolution, he has received a letter from the burgomaster of Wurzburg, Bavaria, saying that his deceased uncle has left him $100,000.—Utica (N. Y.) Dispatch.

Mr. Yerkes and His Mausoleum.

It will be hard work to convince the patient people who ride or try to ride on the North Side Chicago cable cars that Mr. Charles T. Yerkes is a philanthropist, yet he sometimes finds very laudable uses for his money. Mr. Yerkes has set apart $250,000 for an observatory and telescope for the use of the University of Chicago. His order was particularly Chicagoesque: "Go ahead and construct the biggest and most powerful telescope in the world. I will be responsible for the cash." But Mr. Yerkes does not put all his money in telescopes. He lives well, furnishes his house lavishly and has an eye to paintings far beyond the ordinary purse.

Moreover, Mr. Yerkes has consideration for his future residence and is not to be outdone by Cheops or Mausolus or any other extravagant ancient. So he has put $50,000 into a tomb that will some day welcome him to its hospitable embrace. This provision sheds quite a luster on Mr. Yerkes' forethought, and shows how easy it is to spend money when one has the money and the accompanying brilliant ideas.—New York World.

Prevent and cure Constipation and Sick-Headache, *Small* Bile Beans.

An English Court Decision.

Patent medicine advertisers who offer to bank on the virtues of their remedies can be compelled to redeem their promises in the English courts. A test case decided this week by the court of appeals establishes an interesting precedent for America as well. A year ago, when the influenza was prevalent, the Carbolic Smoke Ball company in an advertisement guaranteed immunity from the disease to everybody who used the remedy three times daily for two weeks, £100 to be the forfeit. Mrs. Carlill used the smoke ball faithfully for three weeks and then the epidemic seized her. She sent in her claim for £100, but the money wasn't paid.

All sorts of excuses were offered. It was argued that the offer was a mere device to attract attention, a wager vague in its terms, that there was not a complete contract, because Mrs. Carlill did not notify the company of her acceptance of the offer. All these excuses have been brushed aside by the courts in which Mrs. Carlill brought suit. Lord Justice Bowen, in the decision, likens the case to the offer of a reward for a lost dog. People do not write letters to the advertiser accepting his offer, but they look for the dog. It is safe to say that the decision will work a sweeping modification of the claims made on behalf of the thousand and one curealls in the public prints.—London Letter.

Officeholders Who Pay Rent.

Governor Leon Abbett, who was informally nominated for senator from New Jersey by Governor Elect Werts at the Democratic society's dinner in Jersey City a few evenings ago, has a law office on Broadway opposite the postoffice. The sign is on the stairs and on the door, but "Leon Abbett, Lawyer," is very seldom inside. Callers are informed that the governor is in Trenton, or that the governor is in Jersey City, or elsewhere in New York, or in some other part of New Jersey. Many other out of town officeholders have offices on Broadway. Railroad Commissioner Chapin's law office is in the Corbin building. He drops in occasionally, but one cannot find him unless he makes an appointment.

Mayor Boody, of Brooklyn, is a member of a banking firm. He keeps an eye on his business, but does not go to his office regularly. Commissioner of City Works Adams, of Brooklyn, has a law office in this city, and finds time to drop in and pass the time of day with the office boy occasionally. It is estimated that upward of 500 officeholders and others are paying rent for offices which they do not occupy. It's a good thing for the landlords.—New York Advertiser.

Immigration.

Whatever may be true of London, it is probable that a large share of the poverty of our American cities is due to the influx of helpless and degraded people from other countries. London draws into its insatiate maw the vigor of the country and impoverishes it. New York and Boston are themselves largely impoverished by the immigration of multitudes whose standard of comfort is far below that of our own people, and who help to drag the natives down to their own level. The American policy seems to be to prevent the "pauper labor" of foreign countries from competing on its own ground with American labor, but to open the door as widely as possible for this "pauper labor" to come to America and depress our own labor market by its desperate competition.—Rev. Washington Gladden in Century.

A Few Left.

When Colonel Tom Kavanagh, who was sergeant-at-arms of the Republican campaign committee, returned to the city, he was kept busy receiving the condolences of his army of friends and submitting good humoredly to their handinage. He was standing on F street, when an old friend came hurriedly by. Hands were shaken in the passage, and as the gentleman went on he remarked:

"Well, Tom, we snowed you under in great shape."

"We!" ejaculated Tom in astonishment. "Have you changed again? Great Cæsar, how much truer it is getting every day that there are only a few of us left!"—Washington Post.

Put up in neat watch-shaped bottles, sugar coated, *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

Previousness of a Former Postmaster.

The funniest after election story is told by Representative Hopkins, of Illinois. In his district is the little crossroads postoffice of Ivanhoe, over which in Cleveland's administration a German Democrat presided. When President Harrison came into power Mr. Hopkins had the Democrat succeeded by a Teutonic Republican, who died about a year and a half ago. His wife was thereupon appointed postmistress. On the day after election the German Democrat appeared at the postoffice.

"Cleveland has won," he said with accents of the fatherland and of triumph delightfully mixed. "The postoffice is mine."

The widow, knowing that Cleveland had been elected, and unsuspectingly believing that her official career was ended, did not object when her predecessor brought a big wagon and carted the entire contents of the postoffice over to his store. He has been acting as postmaster ever since.

Yesterday Mr. Hopkins reported the facts to the postoffice department, and an inspector has been sent to convince the enterprising Democrat of the error of his way.—Washington Post.

Telegraphing at Sea.

The telephotoes, an instrument invented by Mr. C. V. Boughton, of this city, by which vessels at sea can converse at long distances, has been placed on public exhibition, and is pronounced a success by experts. The instrument consists of a series of wires and electrical connections, operated by a keyboard, by which 106 incandescent lights are controlled and made to produce the signals of the Morse telegraph alphabet. The wires number over 5,000 and occupy a space of only 11 by 12 inches. The dots of the telegraph characters are represented by two illuminated lamps, the spaces by twelve unilluminated lamps, and dashes by twelve illuminated lamps.

The inventor claims that 32-candle power lamps can be seen at a distance of ten to fifteen miles. Mr. Boughton has secured patents in this country and Europe. A complete instrument will be built and placed at the disposal of the United States government, to be exhibited on the model of the warship Chicago at the World's fair.—Buffalo Letter.

Collecting Taxes from Indians.

County Treasurer Summerland is having some difficulty in collecting taxes on the property owned in this county by the remnant of the Miami tribe of Indians, the latter declining to liquidate under the impression that they are not obliged to contribute to the support of the government. All have let the taxes on their farms go delinquent, and when the tax collector went out to obtain the money they chased him off the premises. He, however, made a levy on live stock, which would have been sold Friday had the Indians not secured a restraining order from the circuit court.—Wabash Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Serra Took First Prize.

The Spanish painter Serra, long domiciled at Rome, whose work is often seen in New York, took the first prize of a gold medal at a recent competition of Spanish artists at Madrid. He has the grand cross of the Order of Isabella, and has been further decorated by King Humbert. He is one of the artistic descendants of Fortuny.—New York Home Journal.

There Are Ekologists in Boston.

A new science was christened at the Vendome last night. Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Institute of Technology, called it "ekology," and its sponsors were the members of the Boston Boot and Shoe club and ladies, to the number of nearly 250. "Ekology" is only another name for what has been known as the science of domestic economy.—Boston Record.

The two men who are said to be the most difficult of access by interviewers are Colonel Ingersoll and Archbishop Corrigan. While there is a great divergence of opinion upon certain religious questions, both agree in keeping from within the pencil reach of reporters.

The month of October was the most prosperous in the history of the Brooklyn bridge. There were 4,330,920 persons carried on the trains and the receipts were $118,695.

A Prize Picture Puzzle.

EXPLANATION.—The following picture contains four faces, a man and his three daughters. Any one can find the man's face, but it is not so easy to distinguish the faces of the three young ladies. The picture was published in a few newspapers some time ago, and attracted considerable attention to our standard remedies. We now offer a **new** prize competition in connection with it. As the sole object is to **introduce** our medicines into **new** homes, those who entered the former competition are requested not to compete in this one. As to the reliability of **"The Ford Pill Co.,"** and the estimation in which their medicines are held in Toronto, Canada, where they are best known, patrons are referred to the daily newspapers, wholesale druggists and leading business houses generally of Toronto.

The proprietors of **"The Ford Pill Co.,"** will give an elegant pair of **Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness,** valued at **$600,** (delivered free in any part of the United States, to the *first* person who can make out the three daughters' faces. To the *second* will be given an elegant **Lady's Gold Watch,** set in sapphires and diamonds. To the *third* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-rings.** To the *fourth* will be given a handsome **China Dinner Service.** To the *fifth* will be given a **Kodak Camera.** To the *sixth,* a **Swiss Music Lamp.** To the *seventh,* a **French Mantel Clock.** To the *eighth,* an elegant **Banquet Tennis Set,** and many other prizes in order of merit. Every competitor must cut out the above "Puzzle Picture," distinguish the three girls' faces by marking a cross with a lead pencil on each, and enclose same with 25 U. S. two-cent stamps for **one** of the following "Prize Remedies:"—**"Ford's Prize Pills," "Ford's Prize Catarrh Remedy,"** or **"Ford's Prize Cough Cure."** Select any one of the above remedies you desire. Address **"The Ford Pill Co.,"** Cor. Wellington & Bay Sts., Toronto, Canada. The person whose envelope is postmarked **first** will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. As this advertisement appears simultaneously throughout the United States, every one has an equal opportunity. To the person sending the *last* correct answer will be given an elegant **Upright Concert Grand Piano,** valued at **$500.00.** To the *first* person from the *last* sending a correct answer will be given a gentleman's fine **Gold "Sandos" Watch,** which strikes the hours and quarter hours on small cathedral gong at pleasure, and valued at **$300.00.** To the *second* from the *last,* a first-class **Safety Bicycle,** pneumatic tire. To the *third* from the *last,* a first-class English **Shotgun.** To the *fourth* from the *last,* a suite of **Parlor Furniture.** To the *fifth* from the *last,* a handsome Silver **Tea Service.** To the *sixth* from the *last,* an elegant **Plano Lamp.** To the *seventh* from the *last,* a handsome pair of **Portieres.** To the *eighth* from the *last,* a genuine English leather travelling **Trunk.** To the *ninth* from the *last,* a genuine **Statuary,** and many other prizes in order of merit.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR EACH STATE.

A special prize of a **Silk Dress Pattern** (sixteen yards, any color), or a first-class **Sewing Machine** (any make desired) will be given to the *first* person in each State in the U. S. who can make out the three daughters' faces. We shall give away **200 valuable prizes,** besides special prizes, (if there should be so many sending correct answers.) No charge is made for boxing and packing of prizes. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. **Extra** premiums will be given to only those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicines. Nothing is charged for the prizes in any way. They are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise **"Ford's Prize Remedies,"** which are standard medicines, and will be used in every family for years where they have been once introduced. All prizes will be awarded strictly in order of merit, and with perfect satisfaction to the public. The remedies will be sent by mail, postpaid, and prizes **free of duty.**

A WATCH FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER.

An **extra** premium of a genuine **"Fearless" Watch,** (stem winder,) will be awarded to every person who sends a correct answer within 30 days after this advertisement appears, in case they should not be fortunate enough to secure one of the larger prizes. That is, if any one can find the three faces and enclose them within 30 days from the time this advertisement appears in the newspaper, they are guaranteed either one of the leading prizes, or an **extra** premium of a watch on conditions stated. No answer will be noticed that does not contain 30 cents for one of **Ford's Prize Remedies.**

Address THE FORD PILL CO., "37," Cor. Wellington & Bay Sts., Toronto, Canada.

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for Infants and Children.

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Scott's Emulsion cures **Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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Ely's Cream Balm

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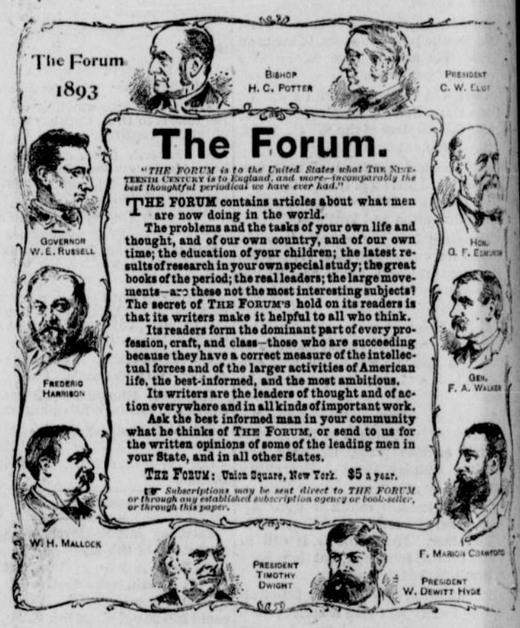

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