

DIVORCES.

Chapter on Divorces—What a Woman Lawyer Knows About the Business—30,000 Divorces a Year.

Over 100 divorce suits were entered in the Equity Court of the District of Columbia during the year. The suit has not been quite 100 divorces, for some of the cases are still pending, but in most of the cases where final action has been taken the applicants have been granted divorce, and each has taken his or her burden of life singly. What is the reason of it? your correspondent asked of Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the noted female lawyer, who sat in her parlors on F street.

"I don't know," she laughed; "I've got a good many of 'em here, though I don't profess to be at all a divorce lawyer. I suppose I have something like seventy-five cases in Washington, and when there are good grounds I find no difficulty getting divorces. If there are not good grounds I won't take them."

She sat erect as she talked, spoke vigorously, and checked off her sentences with her right hand in an argumentative way. The room in which she sat was a parlor just above her law-office, which occupies the basement front of the house, which is a residence in the business part of the city. The parlor was rather plainly furnished. The furniture was not magnificent, the pictures were mostly family photographs, and the books which stood in a little rack in the corner, had titles like these: "History of Woman Suffrage," "Eminent Women of the Land," "Woman's Future." A painting upon the wall was a very fair representation of Mrs. Lockwood. It represented a woman about 40, with gray hair brushed carelessly back from a face in which was a good deal of color and indications of a good deal of energy. The picture was very much like Mrs. Lockwood except that it appeared to have been painted five or six years ago. The hair is about gray now, and the florid, vigorous color in the face, instead of being confined to the cheeks, is well distributed, giving the suggestion that vigorous use of her tricycle, which stood at her door as I entered, had brought both excellent health and some tan besides.

"I never take a divorce case," she continued, "unless there are good grounds for divorce. That being true, I find no difficulty in procuring divorces here, and if we are to judge by my experience it might be said that divorces are easy in Washington."

"But, compared with other cities and States, how do the divorce laws and customs here seem to be?"

"I think it is easier to get a divorce here than in many other places," she said. "In Boston, now, the testimony is all given in open court, no matter how bad it may be, no matter what the charges, or how painful for the most sensitive party. Now, here I seldom, if ever, take testimony in open court. When a party wants a divorce their deposition and that of the witnesses is taken right here in my office or parlor, they are filed in court, the proper proceedings had, and, if there is good ground for divorce under the law it is granted, and that is the end of it."

"And are the requirements of the law less than those of the law in other States?"

"Yes; less than those in some States. In New York, for instance, it is much more difficult to get a divorce than here. Yet the laws here are not especially lax in that regard. They only grant divorce for desertion during a term of two years, for habitual drunkenness, during a term of three years, for adultery, cruelty, and lunacy, and some modifications of these general causes. Then, no attention will be paid to applications for divorce unless the persons have been residents of the district for two years or more. People often come here from Virginia and Maryland and from points further away to get divorces, but they don't get them. I don't think this is at all a famous place like Indiana, or Utah, or Connecticut, where a divorce may be had almost for the asking, but it is a much more satisfactory place for such a proceeding than some other cities I could name."

Yet when it is remembered that the resident population of Washington—omitting the floating population which has not a two-years' residence here—is but about 175,000, it brings a ratio which, if applied throughout the United States, would give 30,000 divorces a year in the United States. Comparing the laws of the District with those of the various States it is found that a marked difference exists. In New York the causes on which divorces are allowed are: force or fraud in obtaining the marriage, lunacy or idiocy, a prior marriage whereof one of the parties whose husband or wife is still living, incompetence, and marriage below a certain age. Thus several causes which apply in Washington, and for which divorce is granted here, are not allowed as factors in divorce in New York.

There is a great variety in the divorce laws of the country. In Maine it is said to be easier to get a divorce than to get a drink. The law reads: "Divorces may be decreed when the Judge deems it reasonable and proper, conducive to domestic

harmony, and consistent with the welfare of society." In North Carolina the law says "any just cause at the discretion of the Judge" may dissolve the marriage tie. In Virginia if a woman is discovered after marriage to have borne a bad character before marriage, without the knowledge of the man who married her, he may be divorced. In West Virginia the shoe goes upon the other foot, and if a woman discovers that her husband was a genuine rake before marriage she may unmarried. In Connecticut the law provides that "such mischief or misbehavior as permanently destroys happiness and defeats the purposes of marriage" shall constitute a legal ground for divorce. In Georgia mental incapacity is legal ground for divorce. In Alabama adultery or immorality committed before marriage as well as after dissolves the marriage tie. In Delaware adultery itself is not in all cases counted a sufficient cause for divorce. In Nevada a failure to provide the necessities of life are sufficient grounds. Kentucky is said to permit divorce for one of a larger number of causes than any of the other States.

IVORY.

An ivory hafted knife to the ordinary diner-out is simply a piece of table cutlery, useful at meals, but devoid of romance. He wonders not at the ingenuity that made the steel and fashioned the blade with its keenly-cutting edge. Seldom does he bestow a thought on the haft. In his eye it is only a knife handle, and he does not allow its antecedents to interfere with his appetite. But through what an experience this bit of ivory, so smooth and shining, has passed! It once formed part of an elephant's tusk, and was probably dug out of the desert, or found in some dense African forest, whilst the jackals or the vultures were feasting on the animals' carcasses. It was most likely carried hundreds of miles over a trackless country, and through a territory peopled by hostile tribes ready to shed blood for its possession. Like fame, ivory is frequently very difficult to get; and when, by the exercise of strength, endurance, watchfulness and cunning the dusky natives have brought it to the shore, they deserve a substantial price for the precious load that has fatigued their limbs and made their shoulders ache. A tusk recently sold at Liverpool weighed no less than one hundred and forty-one pounds, and it can scarcely be said that the African's yoke is easy and his burden light when he has to toil along, in tropical heat, with an elephant's tooth in his grasp. But the obstacles to be overcome in getting the ivory to a civilized region are not entirely responsible for the present high prices in the market. The elephant is defunct in Egypt, and tusks are only attainable there by dredging in the sand; but the leviathan of the woods is by no means extinct in Africa and India, and would possibly yield an abundance of ivory if the demand only grew as slowly as his teeth. The extensive use to which ivory is put is really the secret of the advance in its value. It is no longer looked upon as a material out of which to fashion the beautiful chessmen and exquisitely carved figures that stand as curiosities on quaint sideboards. It is utilized in making such a vast number of articles in daily use, from the dainty ivory-backed hair-brush to the most lilliputian of pocket knives, the from universally-demanded billiard-ball to the fox-headed scarf-pin, that the price of the elephant's tusk must go up. So dear has ivory become, indeed, that one doubts whether Solomon, with all his wealth, would have ventured, had he lived in these days, to make "a great throne of ivory overlaid with the best gold." At a recent Liverpool sale six thousand dollars a ton was the sum obtained for tusks from Angola and Gaboon, and Niger ivory is almost as dear. In three years the price has almost doubled. In 1879 it was possible for brokers to buy at three thousand dollars per ton, and since then nearly all kinds of ivory have risen one hundred per cent in value. Stocks are now very low in the ivory warehouse throughout England, and the fifty tons offered in the Liverpool market were eagerly purchased, only bangles and balls going a little cheaper. At the July sales last year there were seventy-two and one-half tons offered—East Indian, thirty-seven and one-half tons; Egyptian, six and three-quarter tons; Cape, six tons; West Coast Africa, sixteen and three-quarter tons; and sea-norse tusks etc. five and one-half tons. Common and small tusks rose in value fifteen dollars, and thirty dollars per one hundred weight on the previous London prices; and even at the increased quotations various lots of excellent Gaboon and Cape ivory were withdrawn, the owners feeling confident that they could obtain more money. The average supply at the July sales in London for the past nineteen years has been one hundred and thirty-six tons. The largest supply at any one sale was two hundred and three and one-quarter tons in the third sale of 1878, and the smallest seventy-two and one-half tons at the summer sale in 1882. Nor is it probable that any very large quantity of ivory will ever again be offered in the English markets, for a sale has been established at Rotterdam, and in addition to the consignments disposed of there, many of the tusks come direct to this country, where the material is often applied to the most fantastic and extravagant purposes. Any man wishing to become a modern Croesus need only to give up dreaming about the discovery of his pet philosopher's stone, and find a substitute for ivory.—[N. Y. Hour.

SMUGGLERS.

How Custom-House Officers Investigate the Mysteries of Brides' Trunks—Swearing to a Lie.

There is a bride among the passengers—a sweet thing, the soul of conscientiousness. When the question, "Anything dutiable?" is propounded by the matter-of-fact customs officer to her, she appeals to Harry, standing by her side, with a confident "You know." "But really I don't know, my dear. You can tell better what's in your trunks than I can," from Harry. "Oh, but how can I tell?" he continued in despair. "I don't know what is wanted; I have some presents for friends; some little things I bought for myself, but really I don't know." "Would \$50 cover the cost?" This from the staff. "I think it would, but perhaps you had better say \$60." "All right; you will swear to that?" "Yes, but please wait a minute; perhaps I ought to think again before I swear. Oh, Harry, dear, is there anything I have forgotten? It would be so dreadful if I should swear to a lie. Let me see [after a minute's calculation]; yes, I really think \$60 will cover the amount." When the bride has vanished the staff takes occasion to remark that this is quite an exceptional case. "Usually," he continues, "I much prefer a man's declaration to a woman's. As a rule, you can't depend much on women. They have no sense of responsibility, and with most of them the desire to smuggle something amounts to a mania."

To the inspector the face is an open book—the feminine smuggler is caught and she knows it. Her cheeks glow as if with fire, great drops of perspiration stand on her forehead, her eyes have the look of a frightened hare, and all the while that wide-awake Inspector is getting deeper and deeper into the mysteries of a young woman's toilet. It is the custom for inspectors to pass rather lightly over some articles, to make as little ado about them as possible, because long experience has taught them that women have feelings about some things which even a custom-house officer is bound to respect. But this is no common case. Duty is duty, business is business. Nothing must be slighted. Each article is, therefore, separately unfolded, carefully felt over, held at arms length and reluctantly put aside.

Quite another picture is this: It is the bride's trunk that is now undergoing examination. Besides the Inspector there is a Deputy Appraiser present, inasmuch as her declaration made it certain there would be something for him to do. A delicate perfume ascends as the lid of the trunk is lifted. And, as the examination proceeds, scarcely an article is displaced. Whatever the mysteries of the toilet hidden in that capacious receptacle they remain so for the most part, for what Inspector would not spare the blushes of a bride? A glance informs the Appraiser what the value of any article is, and in a twinkling he has prepared a schedule, figured the cost at \$15 (quite a shade below the sum to which the lady was willing to make declaration), the duty at \$14.50, passed her over to the Collector's deputy, who accepts the money, gives a receipt therefor, and the business is finished. It may be remarked here that the customs officers seldom evince any disposition to go behind the declaration. Thus the article on which the bride paid duty were intended for friends, according to her own declaration; had she said they were her own, for personal use, nearly all would have passed duty free. One article, for example, was a handsome fan, another a scarf-pin, another a lace collar, etc. Some people will speak of her as a lady, others a fool.

A DOUBLE ENDER.

"What's the matter with the back of your head, Jack?" asked a number of Bohemian clubbers, as a member entered with a huge lump on his alleged brain cavity the other morning.

"Why, it's all owing to that chuckle-head Tom Stoggers," growled the injured party. "That fellow has no more sense of humor than that owl there."

"Hasn't, eh?"

"No, he hasn't," growled the professional funny dog of the concern. "I'll just tell you. You see, a party of us went yachting last Sunday, and we took dinner at Rety's over at Saucelito. Of course, you all know what Rety's is, and how infernally they stick you?"

"We should sigh," replied the listeners, in pensive chorus.

"Well as I expected the amount of the bill would knock us out, I told Stoggers, just for the fun of the thing, to stand behind me when I asked for the score, so that I could give a low groan and faint. He was to catch me, don't you understand?"

"Exactly," said the crowd, much amused.

"Well, I asked for the bill, and when the proprietor said twenty-six and a-half I dropped, just as if I'd been shot. Did a regular Clara Morris back fall, you know?"

"Did he catch you?"

"That's just it. The infernal idiot was flirting out of the window with a girl on horseback, and so I earrolled on a spittoon and blamed near broke my neck. Stoggers apologized for being so slow. Slow—mind you. Why that fellow hasn't any more appreciation than a blind cow."

But somehow the others didn't agree with him.—[San Francisco Post.

LATEST NEWS ITEMS.

Chicago is to have an elevated railroad.

Cadet A. L. Beebe has been dismissed from West Point for hazing.

A submarine cable was laid under the river at Memphis recently in ten minutes.

A wild partridge in Gibson county, Tennessee, is raising a family of domestic chickens.

James F. Gardner, colored, has been appointed Agent at the Ouray, Utah, Indian Agency.

Cadet J. R. Taggle, of Kentucky, has been dismissed from the Naval Academy at Annapolis for hazing.

A well known resident of Buffalo, N. Y., has paid a neighbor \$5,000 not to lease his house for business purposes.

Burglars have robbed a Detroit bank of \$4,000. This is the only successful "system" of playing against the tiger.

A bronze statue of General Robert E. Lee, ordered by the city of New Orleans, has been successfully cast in New York.

Contracts through telephone between business men are null and void, according to a recent decision of a Troy, N. Y., jury.

The drought is causing a general stoppage of mills at Manchester, N. H., and over 4,000 operatives are out of employment.

Philadelphia has thirty-one wards, and according to the last registration 206,586 voters, against 209,173 in 1882, a decrease.

The frosts have done great damage to southern Vermont, to corn, alfalfa, and other crops.

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A Providence school-teacher, Mrs. Julia E. Arnold, gets 95 per cent in a Civil Service examination and is appointed clerk of the post-office city delivery.

Boston stay-at-homes do not take kindly to those who spend the summer in Europe and come back to stick up their noses at the dirty streets of the Hub.

A number of skeletons, in one of which was a flint arrowhead, sticking between the ribs, was found recently by Mr. Steers in a mound near Brown's Valley, Minn.

Barney Archer, a lad living on a farm between Toledo and Adrian, having been tracked by detectives, has confessed that he made several attempts to wreck Lake Shore trains, from mere deviltry.

John M. Krum, who from 1843 was Judge of the St. Louis Circuit Court, Mayor of the city in 1848, and for nearly half a century a prominent member of the Western bar, died in that city on the 15th instant.

The signature of King Canonicus attached to the deed that he and his nephew, Miantononi gave to Roger Williams, has been enlarged and is to be cut on the face of the Canonicus memorial, soon to be dedicated by the Road Island Historical Society.

A man from Michigan has stirred up the inhabitants of Lexington, Henderson county, Tenn., by claiming to have seen, during the war, several bags of gold buried in a certain spot near that place. Digging has begun in search of the supposed treasure.

Connecticut hat factory girls are all writing their names on the bands of the hats that they make. A Bethel girl put her name on a band a year ago and the hat was bought in a New Orleans store by Henry G. Segur, who wrote to the girl, fell in love with her by letter and has just married her.

THE OLD TOWN CLOCK.

The old town clock is mute. Its days of usefulness are over, and it stands as a relic of bygone times upon the old church tower, looking for the day to come when it shall become dust and crumble away, as have many who have gazed upon its face, or listened to its musical sound as it tolled the passing hours. Had it the tongue of mortal what tales it could tell of love and hate, birth and death, marriage and parting, peace and war, plenty and famine. How often has the bell within the moss-grown tower pealed forth the glad notes of joy, or tolled the solemn knell of death? As one looks up at the weather beaten face and motionless hands of the old town clock a feeling akin to reverence fills the heart. Beneath a generation has passed. Men who have risen to national fame and passed away have heard it strike; the felon in his cell has listened to its strokes; maidens watching for truant lovers have heard the knell of their hopes peal forth from the old tower. Ah, who can conjecture how much of hope or despair, pleasure or pain, has been witnessed by this silent sentinel of time? Many years ago this public time-piece did its duty properly, to the great advantage of the citizens of the growing metropolis, but it is now dead. It has tolled its own requiem; it sleeps its last sleep, and stands as its own monument. Let it stand as a warning to the world that man and his labor must alike perish.

HUNTING SOAP.

Slippery as an Eel—Impossible to Find Words to Express His Feelings—"So Near and Yet So Far."

The other morning, while Mr. Brown was washing his hands, the cake of soap slipped out of his fingers, and, striking the wall, flew down behind the wash-stand.

Mr. Brown immediately got on all fours, and laid his head on the floor to see where the soap was. It was right against the wall, and about as far from one side of the wash-stand as the other.

When Mr. Brown began to reach under with his arm, he found he could not get half way to the soap, because he was on his knees, and his back was almost broken, and a sharp pain ran up his neck, and he felt as if he had been dropping potatoes all day.

And then he lay on his chest as though swimming, and thrust his arm fiercely under, and took off about half a yard of skin. This caused Mr. Brown to foam at the mouth and say to himself:

"By gracious! this is a test case, and I am going to see if a cake of soap can beat me, if I have to stay home from business all day, and break the wash-stand up in the bargain!"

So Mr. Brown rolled over on his back and thrust his arm under as cautiously as though there was a hornet's nest under the wash-stand. On, on it went, and Mr. Brown smiled a smile that had every possible symptom of victory in it.

By this time his throat was full of spit of the carpet, and frequently he coughed. But now his finger—the very end of his finger—touched the soap, and that momentary touch broke through his soul like a benediction, and caused a fresh spout of smiles to float as softly over his features as does the summer gale across a field of bearded wheat.

That touch had a magic about it that thrilled Mr. Brown with divinity. It was to him, in short, what spring chicken is to the negro, and found as lovely a place in his dreams as does the razor in the negro's boot.

Then Mr. Brown turned on his side to see the soap, that he might grab it; but when he got on his side, his reach was shortened and he couldn't touch the soap. Then he turned over on his back, and felt the soap again, and attempted to grab it. In doing this, he only sent the soap flying further back, and out of reach.

In an ecstasy of rage, he thought he might get the soap by making a desperate crack at it with his hand, and knocking it out on the floor. So he hauled off and let fly as hard as he could, and his hand missed the soap and flew around like a compass, and struck the stone paper weight that was acting in the place of the leg that was gone.

Before he could count how many fingers had been knocked out of joint, he discovered that the paper weight had been driven against the wall by the force of the blow.

Ere he could utter the words that were on the end of his tongue, the wash-stand tilted and upset the basin of water on him, and while the water was in his eyes and ears, the basin followed and lay on his stomach like a tombstone, and pretty near knocked the breath out of him.

Before he could express himself, although there were about four thousand words inside of him struggling to get out, the drawers flew out, and emptied a lot of tooth-powder and razors and lathering-brushes on him. Then the doors of the wash-stand flew swiftly open, and raised a couple of lumps on him that he will carry about for several weeks to come.

After this Mr. Brown turned over on his chest, and almost inhaled a lathering-brush—he was breathing so hard. He saw the soap distinctly. The soap saw him, too. He looked upon it as a cat looks upon the mouse that is out of her reach.

And Mr. Brown grinned fiendishly at the soap and said:

"Just come out two inches from the wall, and give me a chance to grab you. I dare you to come out even one inch, you mean, miserable five cent cake of soap. So you'll take a dare, will you? If I were only half your size, I wouldn't take a dare; I would face the music. You are a spiritless plebeian cake of soap—you are only fit to wash a dog with. I believe you are only an imitation of what you claim to be, you—"

Here Mrs. Brown suddenly opened the door against Mr. Brown's head, and said:

"Why in the world don't you come down? The breakfast is getting cold."

"!!!!!!" replied Mr. Brown, as he sat up and ran his fingers through his hair, to get out the razors and lathering-brushes.

"What's the matter, anyhow?" demanded Mrs. Brown.

"I want to get that cake of soap out from under the wash-stand."

"Well, why don't you?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"Because I can't," replied Mr. Brown. "I cannot reach it; I cannot get there."

"Then Mrs. Brown said: "Do you want to see me get it?"

"I do," replied Mr. Brown, with a grin of contempt.

"All right," said the wife, who thereupon simply lifted the wash-stand out from the wall, picked up the soap, tossed it to her husband, and said:

"Men would never be able to get along at all if it were not for their wives. Anybody would think from the noise you just made that you were trying to reach under the bureau to get a collar-button out of a distant crack with your finger nail."

And before Mr. Brown could reply, Mrs. Brown had fled swiftly down stairs and, as Mr. Brown scraped the dust off the soap with a tortoise-shell paper-knife, he felt very mean and humble to think that he had not thought of lifting the wash-stand out as his wife did.

And in his rage he banged the soap down on the floor like a base-ball, and then put his heel on it to crush it. But it would not be crushed. It simply flew from under Mr. Brown's heel, and landed him on the floor so hard that some of the fillings were knocked out of his teeth.

And at the breakfast table he had not a word to say, but felt the keenest humiliation, and secretly watched the clock and longed for the hour for his departure to business to arrive.—[Puck.

A TALK ABOUT BEARDS.

The Origin of the Word Barbarian and the Egyptian Beard.

The early Romans considered a full beard as evidence of the savage nature of its wearer or at least of his lack of refinement. The term "barbarian," which was applied by the Romans to almost every race outside their own, has been confounded with the beard (the Latin barba, French barbe, signifying beard), especially as the word was used as a reproach to any one who wore hair upon his face, and some suppose that the barber of to-day obtained his name from that root. Neither of these suppositions is correct, the term originating with the Egyptians, in application to the natives of Barbar, an ancient country on the coast of Africa. Still, it would not be surprising if the beard had something to do with its adoption by the Romans. Recollection may be called, incidentally, to the play of "Ingomar," wherein the beard of the hero furnishes material for dramatic eloquence. In this case its possessor regarded it with pride, and his hardest task was to cut it off.

On the other hand, when an Egyptian artist desired to depict a low, slovenly fellow, he represented him as having several days' growth of hair upon his face. But, for that matter, the artist of to-day would be likely to portray a tramp in the same way. Among the Egyptians artificial beards were worn, however, as a matter of personal ornament—one of the whims of fashion—and Egyptian warriors returning from a campaign pointed with pride to their unshaven faces, as an evidence that their battles and hardships had given them no opportunities to attend to their personal appearance. The beard has always been one of the attributes of the soldier. Shakespeare depicts him as "bearded like the pard," and he makes Jack Falstaff say that if he does not perform a certain valorous deed he'll never wear hair on his face more.

Readers of Thackeray will remember that Jos. Sedley allowed his mustache to grow when he desired to pass for an officer. At the time during which the incidents of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" are supposed to occur, no English gentleman, unless he were a military man, wore a beard of any kind, excepting at the risk of being looked upon as eccentric or worse. Later the "mutton-chop" style came into vogue, and has since remained "delightfully English." In this country, men not very old well remember when a man with hair on his face was looked upon with curiosity and even with suspicion.—[Boston Herald.

GEMS IN GOLDEN SETTINGS.

Conscience is the most enlightened of all philosophers.

A great name without merit is like an epitaph on a coffin.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.

Gravity is a stratagem invented to conceal the poverty of the mind.

Nothing impairs authority more than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it.

Satire lies about men of letters during their life and eulogy after their death.

Contentment swells a mite into a talent, and makes even the poor richer than the Indies.

To speak, but say nothing, is for three people out of four to express all they think.

Pride defeats its own ends, by bringing the man who seeks esteem and reverence into contempt.

Gayety is not a proof that the heart is at ease, for often in the midst of laughter the heart is sad.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid looks most profound.

Great men undertake great things, because they are great, and fools because they think them easy.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, and that which he has and that which he thinks he has.

Paris now possesses a Russian colony, a Spanish colony, a Levantine colony, and an American colony. It is probably only a question of time and opportunity until the American colony steals all the other colonies, and skips over the nearest adjacent boundary line with the same.

We have three kinds of friends: Those who love us, those who are indifferent to us, and those who hate us.