LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

BY THE REVEREND E. J. HARDY,
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II.

COURTING AND FLIRTING.

Courting and flirting differ from each other as a good thing differs from a bad one. Courting is good and beautiful, flirting is flippant and vulgar. Flirtation has been described by Punch as "a spoon with nothing in it," courtship, though it may be a spoon, too, is a spoon with something in it—that is to say, the intention to marry. Flirting means attention without intention.

"Give Me My Dues of Courting," but the Time Has Been Shortened.

We need not be so long in love-making as used to be the fashion, but a certain amount of the time spent in wooing is owed to any girl who is deemed worthy of being asked in marriage. When a man proposed too prematurely, as she thought, to a certain Scotch girl, she answered, "'Deed, Jamie, I'll have you; but you must give me my dues of courting for all that." She was right. The girl who makes herself cheap and throws herself at her lover ceases to charm. The celebrated physician, Abernethy, wrote to the lady of his choice, Miss Anna Threlfall, that he would like to marry her, but as he was too busy to make love, she must entertain his proposal without further preliminaries. There would be no excuse for a man less usefully employed than Abernethy to rush things in this way, and even he might have discovered that love-making or anything else that softens hearts and sweetens manners is not a waste of time. There is a tendency now to put everything "through" by telegraph and telephone, but there should be one exception. If big business and diplomatic transactions, and the affairs of the head generally, are now settled in no time, it should be different with the affairs of the heart. We cannot afford to cut short courting days, for in them men and women are at their best. We see this amongst birds and beasts; the resplendent plumage and glossy fur which they obtain in the courting days of spring are not more natural than are the generous feelings and enthusiastic ambitions of young men and young women when they gently turn to thoughts of love.

Lovers' "Castles in the Air," and the Consequent Inspiration.

At an examination for a Civil Service appointment a candidate was observed to take something from his pocket; whenever a stiff piece of work was reached, out it came. The examiner thought that he had caught the young man copying, and demanded to see what was in his hand. The man blushed, but handed it to him. It was the photograph of the girl whom he hoped to marry if the appointment were obtained. He had been gaining inspiration from her dear face. This is an illustration of the power which love has to urge us to be and to do our best. When taking delightful walks on sweet summer evenings, pure and faithful lovers build castles in the air. Some of these may reach to heaven, for they may be the beginning of mutual improvement and mutual work that will fit the happy pair, after a useful life here, for a better one beyond. When a young man falls in love his heart is put to school; and our hearts want schooling even more than do our heads.

You love? That's high as you shall go;
For 'tis as true as gospel text,
Not noble then is never so,
Either in this world or the next.

"Believe me," says Ruskin, addressing girls, "the whole course and character of your lovers' lives may be in your hands; what you would have them be they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so. There are those who never seem to think that love has a sacred and a serious side, that it is more than "a modern fair one's jest," more than a fit subject for banter and fun. It is not so, however, with thoughtful people. They appreciate the beauty and understand the immense importance of falling in love. When our late Queen was going to be married, her subjects were delighted because it was a love match. "It is this which makes your Majesty's marriage so popular," said Lord Melbourne. Very beautiful was the courtship of the American President, Mr. McKinley. He was a Methodist Sunday-school teacher, and the lady conducted a Bible class in a Presbyterian Church. At a certain street corner each Sunday they met, and used to chat about their work. For months this continued; then, one afternoon, he said to her: "This separation each Sunday I don't like, at all—you going one way and I another. Suppose after this we always go the same way, what do you think?" "I think so, too," was the quick reply. All courtship should prepare people to go the same way, or at least to agree to differ about it.

Some Interesting Examples of Courting After Marriage.

Some English tourists who had arrived at an inn at Achill Island, off the coast of Mayo, asked the landlord what he could give them for dinner. "I can give you three kinds of mate," he replied. "I can give you pork, I can give you ham and I can give you bacon." After partaking of this varied assortment, the tourists rang the bell and asked the landlady, who answered it, if they could have any kind of sweets. She took counsel with her husband. "Those English chaps want sweets, do they?" he said, "then go down to the shop and buy twopenny worth of sugar stick and send it in to them." I am reminded of this when I see people making love. What can they have to talk so much about? They live on the same "mate" in different forms, or perhaps there is no "mate" at all in the diet of love, but only sweets—endless sugar sticks. It would be well if the spoony pair would keep a few of these to supply food for conversation after marriage. How stern and taciturn do many couples become in private life when they have been a year or two married! That silence is not gold, but shows that the golden days of courtship are passed. A human heart, that most valuable thing in the world, has been won by courting; will it not be lost if all playfulness and sweets of love disappear in a few years? The fact is, love even more than friendship needs to be kept in repair. In courting days before marriage there are demonstrative affection (too much of it in the opinion of unsympathetic lookers-on) and self-sacrifice, and where these are continued after it the result is conjugal felicity. A man should not only love his wife dearly, but he should tell her that he loves her, and tell her very often, and the wife, on her part, ought not to be less desirous of winning her husband's admiration, merely because she now wears upon her finger a golden pledge of his love. Why should she give up those pretty wiles to be fair and pleasant in his eyes which she was so ingenious in inventing in courting days?

A friend of the writer said to an elderly man who had difficulties at home, "You know your wife is not so young now as she was, so you ought to tell her sometimes that you love her as much as you did long ago; she would like to hear that. And when you go home now just put your arm round her neck and give her a good courting-day kiss. The next time my friend met the old gentleman he asked, "Well, did you take my advice; did you do what I told you?" "Oh, yes, but that about the kiss was all rot." "What do you mean?" "I mean that when I tried to put my arm round my old woman she pushed me from her and said, 'What's gone wrong with you, ye old fool?'" The fact that this proffered kiss should have seemed to indicate softening of the brain rather than of the heart showed that there had been a great want of after-marriage courtship. It is to be feared that the case is a sample of many others. Nathaniel Bowditch, author of the "Navigator," a book once famous, has told us that whenever his wife came into his presence he tried to express to her outwardly something of the pleasure that it always gave him. A navigator, that, worth following! If to be ever beloved one must be ever agreeable we should continue after marriage those tender, winning ways that were so effective when we were courting. In all other investments a man doubles and trebles his property by fresh improvements or new investments, but marriage often becomes bankrupt because the principal is not put out to interest. Why is there no fresh thoughtfulness and consideration by the partners, why do they not work it over, and renew it with fresh acts of kindness and love?

Reasons Why Some Married People Are Miserable.

To foster with vigilant, self-denying care the development of another's life is the surest way to bring into our own joyous, stimulating energy. Bestow nothing, receive nothing; sow nothing, reap nothing; bear no burden of others, be crushed under your own. If many people are miserable though married, it is because they ignore the great law of self-sacrifice that runs through all nature, and expect blessedness from receiving rather than from giving. They reckon that they have a right to so much service, care, and tenderness from those who love them, instead of asking how much service, care and tenderness they can give.

After Carlyle's marriage, his friend Jeffrey, wrote to him: "Take care of the fair creature who has trusted herself so entirely to you. Be gay and playful and foolish with her, at least as often as you desire her to be wise and heroic with you. You have no mission upon earth, whatever you may fancy, half so important as to be innocently happy." This advice should be taken to heart by some people who are earnest and well-meaning, but hard. If they had more human nature, and humor and play in them, their marriage would be happier, and their children would turn out better. A man came into a room of a house belonging to people who had been married eight years. The wife looked out from under the table and said: "Don't tell where I am, as George and I are playing hide-and-seek. Were they playing the fool? No, but courting after marriage, which is one of the wisest things men and women can do, if, of course, they do it with their own wives and husbands. A man should dress his wife well and make her happy, if for no other reason than to make his old loves sorry that they refused him.

Flirting is, in our opinion, as hateful as honest courting is beautiful. It is associated with ogling bar maids and leering bar mashers. Healthy young men and maidens have no time for a pursuit that means nothing, certainly nothing good. They prefer to mount their bicycles and wheel away to where they can hear birds sing songs which are not unmeaning.

Of Especial Interest to Those Who Wish to Marry.

We have heard of an Eastern custom which enjoined that on the day of her marriage the bride should sit all the afternoon with her face to the wall. If any one spoke, she was not to answer. This was supposed to typify her grief at leaving the state of single blessedness. An English girl may not feel this poignant grief at getting married, but if she can make her girlhood happy by putting it to a good account, she will not be ready to accept the attentions of the first person who desires to marry her and make her a miserable woman. As to what she can do to make herself more attractive, this depends on the kind of man she wishes to attract. If, however, she desires a good, worthy husband, she had better use no art, but simply be her own natural self.

A correspondent of an American newspaper has discovered as the result of her observations that the girls who are most successful in getting husbands are those who have learned to earn their own livelihood in useful employments. And this is as it should be, for a girl who has felt the responsibility of necessary work, is likely—other things being equal—to make a better mistress of a home than a girl, however, charming, who has had nothing to do but look pretty all her life. Marriage is not all billing and cooing, as many brides expectant suppose it to be. Before marriage Edwin is ready to go through fire and water, and to endure any hardship, for his beloved Angelina; but after marriage, should the dinner be a quarter of an hour late, or the joint be overdone or underdone, or any of the domestic wheels drag a little, Edwin will lay all the blame on Angelina. Let Angelina, therefore, before marriage learn to keep all the wheels properly oiled.

We must give all the nice, modest girls we know credit for not consciously endeavoring to catch husbands, but there are those who, instead of making themselves useful and calmly resting in their maiden dignity, think only of getting married, and use questionable means to achieve their purpose. One of these questionable means, and one that defeats itself is for a girl to woo before she is wooed. A girl who courts a man may think that she is making an impression, for her attentions please and flatter him; but she does not win his love. In disgust he turns to someone else whose womanly reserve keeps him on tenterhooks, and gives a zest and romance that were wanting in the other affair.

To Do Flirts Justice, It May Be Said That They Are Insincere.

To do flirts justice, however, it may be admitted that many of them have no matrimonial intentions. Indeed, they are not serious enough for that. All they want is to get fun and to win admiration. This sort of girl not unfrequently assumes a "fast" style of talk, manner and dress. In doing so, she makes a great mistake. A loud girl may attract attention, and have half an hour of popularity with the baser sort of men, but she will never gain the lasting regard of the judicious.

Worse than this are the ladies, especially those designated by the term "old stagers," who permit risky conversation. A man whose admiration is worth having would be "put off" by this more than by anything else. Whatever men may be themselves they like gentleness, modesty and purity in act and thought in women. They think that women should be the conservators of all that is restrained, chivalrous and gentle. To encourage a young man's attentions for the pleasure of exhibiting him as a conquest, or for the purpose of exciting the assiduities of another person, or from any motive except the impulse of regard is so cruelly deceitful and dishonorable, that only a thoughtless and unprincipled woman will do it.

But though the word "jilt" always carries with it strong reprobation, it becomes at times a necessity to break off a matrimonial engagement. A girl should be sure that a man means something, and that he has a good character before allowing him to pay her attention; but if she discover that his love has grown cold, or that he has formed some habit which would unfit him for domestic life, it is much better for her to risk being called a jilt than to bring upon herself and perhaps unborn generations intense misery.

A female flirt is not an amiable character, but she is not nearly so contemptible as the male of the species. Even if a girl be one of those emotional young persons who easily fall in love, or imagine that they do, a truly chivalrous man will rather save her from herself—from her own indiscretion—than make a fool of her.

Next week: "Choice in Marriage."

A Rest.

We are in receipt of an odd Billville epitaph:

"Six times married,
On earth he tarried.
Fancy its storm and strife,
Here lies Bill Gordon—
Death awardin'
More peace than he knowed in life!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

BEATA WINFIELD, VIOLINIST.

RAILROAD BUILDERS BOMBARD NASHVILLE.

WILLIAM B. DODDRIDGE,
President Tennessee Construction Company.

COLONEL JERE BAXTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

No railroad construction company has ever bombarded its way more literally and effectively into the heart of its territory than the new Tennessee Central, now in process of construction.

The new line is a St. Louis enterprise, capitalized by prominent St. Louis financiers, and built by a man long connected in a leading way with railroading, and well known in St. Louis, besides.

The man who is building the road, as president of the Tennessee Construction Company, is William B. Doddridge, formerly general manager of the Missouri Pacific and the Gould system.

Mr. Doddridge is ably assisted by that prime politician, Colonel Jere Baxter of Tennessee, whose one ideal is to liberate his constituents from commercial bondage and lay within their reach the limitless fruits of nature's products in the Cumberland Mountains.

The Tennessee Central Railroad Company has fifty-five miles of completed line from Monterey, Tenn., the western summit of what is known as the Cumberland Mountain plateau, extending eastward across the plateau to a juncture with the Cincinnati Southern Railroad at the foot of the mountains on the east.

This constructed line, built by the same capitalists who are now extending and completing the system, traverses the inexhaustible coal fields of the plateau, but has no outlet, which makes the opening up of nature's treasures commercially profitable.

West of Monterey, about 128 miles to Lebanon, there is an existing line of road, called the Nashville and Knoxville Railroad, owned by private individuals. This road it is purposed to purchase. From Lebanon to Nashville, a distance of thirty-two miles, forms the western extension of the Tennessee Central road.

This strip of road is now under construction, with Mr. Doddridge in charge, and will be completed by January next. The completion of this road affords a continuous line east and west over the mountains from Emory Gap to Nashville.

The old citizens of Nashville, in whose ears still rings the cannon boom of the battle of Nashville, and the reverberating echoes of Stone River, declare that not since the days of '63 have they heard such firing at close range, or any other range, than was carried on for the space of two months by the builders of the Tennessee Central.

In order to reach the heart of Nashville about one-half mile of solid cliff had to be cut out for a double-track right-of-way, 30 feet wide at the bottom and from 25 to 50 feet high. The success of the road hung upon the excavation of this cliff, which it was thought impossible to do. However, the work was done in opposition to the other railroads, whose interests center in Nashville. The contractor who did the work was as regularly arrested as his supper time came round every day in the week, set free and fined, only to go back to blast anew for eight long weeks.

Here of Battle Was Smith.

"It makes me laugh every time I think of poor Smith's predicament," said Mr. Doddridge a few days ago, as he related the story of the recent warlike bombardment on the banks of the Cumberland, near Nashville.

"Smith is a typical railroad contractor, tall, sinewy and as fearless as they make them. It's a pity, too, that his name is just plain Smith, for as such he is swallowed up in the great army of Smith's. I don't even know his baptismal name. He was recommended to me by Colonel Jere Baxter, my political associate in the construction of the new railroad. I asked him to send me a fearless fellow, and Smith certainly answered the bill.

"Well, Smith came with a gang of 80 husky negroes to start the operation of blasting the cliff. The only way the opposing parties could resist this construction of an inlet to the heart of the city, was by resorting to petty means of redress.

"No sooner had the work of excavation begun, the mines been fixed for blasting the rock, followed by a bombardment so fierce that it reminded one of the taking of a fortress, than a warrant was served upon Contractor Smith. This happened always in the afternoon, but early the next morning Smith was back at work with his 500 blacks to renew the day's siege.

"In this way Smith was systematically arrested every day for ivolating a city ordinance. His fine was regularly assessed at $10, which, of course, the company cheerfully paid. It took six weeks to blast out the cliff in question, 3,000 lineal feet of side-cut, elevated above the river some forty feet.

"The bulk of the rock, thus excavated, landed on the slope of the Cumberland River. Occasionally a few stones would block the channel, causing the Government engineer to complain, but he was reasonable and made no trouble. Sundry blasts, however, would explode and send a shower of rocks clear of the river and into a lumber yard on the other side. You may be sure there was trouble then. Hundreds of negro hands, howling and shouting, would flee from the yard, refusing to return until the intrepid Smith was again placed under arrest. I have been told repeatedly that the oldest citizens of Nashville said the bombardment reminded them of the cannon boom of the Battle of Nashville, during the war.

"It is the purpose of the Tennessee Central Railroad Company, after completion of the line from Nashville to Emory Gap, to extend it eastwardly to Knoxville and the Atlantic Coast, and westwardly toward St. Louis, and eventually to the World' Fair City. It is the intention to construct a low-grade line, thereby cheapening the transportation of coal from the Cumberland Mountains, developing the natural resources of that part of the country and stimulating its latent industries.

"I also intend to build a spur of the line to the Hermitage, the old home and burial place of General Jackson, which is to the South what Mount Vernon is to the entire nation. The Hermitage is situated about twelve miles from Nashville and reachable only by turnpike, which makes it an expensive, as well as a laborious pilgrimage. This spur will pass on its way to General Jackson's tomb the Confederate Soldiers' Home, another point of interest to thousands of people."

Subsidy of a Million.

In August next the city of Nashville will vote on a proposed subsidy for the new line of $1,000,000, and in order to make the campaign effective and educate the people of Tennessee to the benefits which they will derive from the building of the Tennessee Central, Colonel Jere Baxter has begun the issue of a little paper called the Independent. This sheet, which is edited by the doughty Colonel, is a two-column octavo, and is devoted exclusively to enlightening Tennesseeans, and especially the citizens of Nashville, on the subject of their new line, the progress made in construction, the benefits to be derived from the opening up of the new fields of natural products and industries, now lying dormant.

The prospects for the subsidy bill going through at the August election are very promising, and if so, it will put the road in shape which will soon make it one of the formidable competitors of the great trunk lines of the United States.

GROUP OF MISSISSIPPI BEAUTY: YAZOO CITY.

MISS CARRIE BROWN — MISS REBEKAH

MISS MARGARET K[illegible]NE.

DETECTIVES IN FRANCE MUST ATTEND SCHOOL.

The gentle art of sleuthing is taught in France in a regularly graded school with lessons and examinations. The school is known as the Academy for the Acquisition of Criminal Lore.

To be eligible to this course of detective work one must have had a regular school education and in addition to be able to speak English, German and Spanish, besides, of course, French. The fees for tuition are very high. The school building is an old chateau surrounded by private grounds, some 900 acres in extent. Some of the exercises which the would-be detectives undergo are given in a thick wood on the grounds.

The students of the institution on entering the academy are first trained in the use of their eyes and hands. One of the lessons consists in placing a pupil in the middle of a brilliantly-lighted room full of furniture. He is left for but a few seconds when the room is darkened and he is required to sketch hastily a complete map of the room, indicating the position of the furniture.

After this a face appears for a moment before the lights are turned off. The student is then required to describe the face and the color of the hair and eyes. He is afterwards required to recognize a photograph of the face among several hundred others.

The education of the hand is as follows: The pupil is placed in a darkened room full of curious and unusual objects. He is required to touch them rapidly and afterwards to recall exactly what he has touched and write descriptions of them. He must remember even the slightest details. One of the exercises consists in placing a jeweled knife before him in the dark which he is allowed to touch only for a moment. Afterwards he must tell by touch what the jewels are—whether rubies, diamonds or opals.

The Coiffing.

With skill and grace in days that were,
In Louis Seize's sunny France,
He needs must strive, a brave coiffeur,
A beauty's beauty to enhance.
The while she dreams of hunt and dance,
Amid the scent of musk and myrrh,
He combs and curls, as in a trance,
And clips a tress, unmarked by her.

And in the smile that slants her eyes,
My lady wonders, worldly-wise,
What hands will rumple this coiffure;
While, doomed to build another's snare,
He toils with fingers skilled and sure,
Whose love may only touch her hair.
—Sidney Lanier.