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TO FAST FOR SCIENCE.

John Griscom's Coming Task of Forty-Five Days in Chicago.

Mr. John Griscom of New York will begin in Chicago, under the immediate supervision and sole control of Prof. Haines, of the faculty of the Rush Medical college, a fast of forty-five consecutive days on or about the 1st of May. Mr. Griscom has placed himself at the disposal of Dr. Haines, who is described by prominent medical men here as fully competent to the task he has undertaken, (with some reluctance, by the way,) both as a chemist and a physiologist. It is expected, therefore, that the forthcoming experiment will furnish what the Tanner and Deuell affairs did not, namely—many valuable data as to the chemistry and physiology, general and microscopic, of protracted starvation. While the honesty of Tanner's experiment is not questioned by medical men, and while the fatal termination of Miss Deuell's fast at the expiration of forty-seven days seals its genuineness with the testimony of a post-mortem, the chemical and physiological phenomena which accompany progressive emaciation were not accurately studied in the former, nor even registered in the latter. As Dr. George M. Beard intimated, Tanner and Miss Deuell, with the exception of showing that a human being can live forty-five days without food, have demonstrated nothing that was not previously familiar. Mr. Griscom's experiment, under the supervision of Dr. Haines, will either result in the discovery of new facts or in proving that there are none to be discovered.

The New York Times has the following about Griscom:

John Griscom is rather under the middle age, of tolerably compact physique, and the wildest of enthusiasts. Those who recall the portly and imposing presence of Dr. John Griscom, who preceded Prof. Poli in the discovery of the virtues of hyposulphite of soda in the treatment of diseases of the ferment class, will not be surprised to learn that John Griscom, Jr., is a resident of the border land between enthusiasm and mental eccentricity. "He called upon me the other day," said Dr. Beard, yesterday, "and told me he had just come back from the West. He had had a talk with Dr. Haines, who refused to undertake the supervision of the case until he had consulted me. His father, Dr. John Griscom, was a patient of mine before he went to the asylum where he died." Dr. Beard questioned his visitor pretty carefully, but did not find out exactly what he wanted. At last, Mr. Griscom remarked abruptly: "I can't express myself to-day; you see I've been eating, and my brain isn't lucid; I'll starve for twenty-four hours, and come in to-morrow morning." With this the strange visitor departed, but the next morning, punctual to his hour, he reappeared, with a smiling countenance, and declared that he had eaten nothing for the last twenty-four hours, and his brain was restored to lucidity. And such, whether from abstinence or other causes, the doctor found to be the fact. The man explained his wishes with admirable precision and coherence. He desired a certificate to the effect that he was sane. Dr. Beard granted the required document after a careful examination, and the enthusiast was on his way to the West a few hours afterward.

Dr. Beard classified the probable result of the attempt under three heads. The first series of data would consist of chemical observations from analysis of the excreta. The skin and the lungs are excretory organs of the highest importance in such investigations. The second consists of the nervous and mental phenomena associated with starvation, and their correlation with physical changes. The psychological phenomena, the perturbed dreams and the wandering and singular delirium of hunger and starvation, have often been picturesquely described in general literature by persons who have experienced them. But a graphic description, that will interest the general reader, and a scientific study of these phenomena in their relations to temperature, pulse, etc., are very different things. Scientific accuracy, indeed, is not often one of the salient features of popular narrative. The third series of observations consists in daily microscopic studies of the blood, with determinations of the relative number of colored corpuscles per cubic millimetre, as compared with the standard, and a consecutive record of the appearance and behavior of these bodies under such tests as every scientist knows how to apply. Dr. Beard yesterday received a letter from Dr. Haines asking his views as to the propriety of going on with the project, and replied advising him to accept the responsibility.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Brudder Gardner Makes Some Sensible Observations About Post Mortem Profession.

At midnight las' night," said the old man in a solemn voice as he looked up and down the aisles; "at midnight las' night the speerit of Brudder Charles Climax Goshport, a local member of dis club, passed from y'arth to de unknown. Only a week ago he sat in dis hall; to-night he am dressed fur the grave. What achshun will de club take?"

"I s'pose, sah," said the Rev. Penstock as he rose up, "dat it am in order to present a resolution to de effeck dat he was a man of de highest integrity, liberal hearted, high minded, an' dat his loss am a sad blow to de hull city.

"Yes, such a resolushun am in order. Brudder Penstock, can you remember dat you eber took Brudder Goshport by de hand an' gin him a word of praise fur his hard work an' honest ways?"

"I—I—doan' remember dat I eber did, sah."

"Am dar a pusson in dis hall who kin remember dat he eber put hisself out to favor Brudder Goshport?"

Not a man answered.

"Kin any one of you remember dat you took any perticler interes' in how he got along?"

Not a voice was heard in reply.

"To be a little plainer," continued the President, "am dar one single pusson in dis hall who eber felt five cents' worth of anxiety for Brudder Goshport's worldly or spiritual welfare?"

The hall was so quiet that the sound of Elder Toots rubbing his back on the sharp edge of a window-casing gave everybody a start.

"Not a man in dis hull club—not a man in dis hull city, so far as we know, eber put hisself out to do a favor for or speak a word in praise of our lamented brudder, an' yet we have the cheek to talk of a resolushun settin' forth his many vartues an' our heartfelt sorrow. No, sir! We doan' pass no sich bizness heah! I should be ashamed to look his widder in de face if we did. It am de way of de world to let men alone jist when a leetle help would give 'em a broad and easy road. We h'ar of dis man or dat man havin' won de gratitude of de people, but we dean' h'ar of it until he am dead. When a man has gone from y'arth de papers an' de public suddenly diskiver how honest he was; what a big heart he had; how much good he was allus doin', an' what a loss to de world his death will prove. De time to praise a man is when he am livin' beside us. Praise hurts nobody, but many a good man has grown weary fur de want of appreciashun. Heah am seventy-two of us in dis hall to-night, an' we have to own up dat not one of us eber went outer our way to prove to our brudder dat his gentle ways, his squar' dealin' an' his upright life war' any mo' 'preciated by us dan as if he had bin a hoss-thief! An' to pass a resolution would be to brand ourselves hypocrites. Let no man dare offer one."

"Two Toller."

Detroit Free Press.

There was a slight blaze on the roof of a house on Russel street a few days ago, and when the insurance adjusters went up to make their survey they found that about $2 would cover the loss.

"Two toller," exclaimed the owner when he heard the decision; "I can't take no two tollar."

"But you see for yourself that a dozen shingles and an hour's work will make good all damages."

"Gentlemens, you doan' put me off like dot. When my vhife finds dot we vhas on fire she creams boleece and murder und falls down sthairs. Would you let your vhife fall down sthairs for dot sum? If so, I goes home mit you und sees de fun."

"We do not insure husbands and wives, but buildings," was the reply.

"I know, but mein oldest poy he runs for der fire-box und falls a picket-fence oafer und breaks his good clothes all to pieces. Two tollar! Dot doan' bay me for goming up here."

"Yes, but we can only pay for actual damages."

"Dot's all I vhant. Who stole my dog when my house vhas on fire? Dot dog ish gone, und he vhas ten tollars wort."

"We didn't insure the dog."

"Und maybe you don't insure dem poys who sat on der fence and called out: 'Dot lod Dutchman's red nose has set his house on fire!' Do you oxpect I take such sass like dot for two tollar?

Und when the firemens come here dey break mein clothes-line down mit der ladders, und dey spill wasser all oafer my carpets. Two tollar! Vhell, vhell! you go right avay here, und I takes dot old insurance policy und steps into der mud!"

Whisky Stops Toothache and Kills the Woman.

Vineland Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

A woman by the name of Blynn, residing near Forrest Grove, died the other day under rather singular circumstances. Finding it necessary to have some teeth extracted and not liking the idea of resorting to gas or chloroform, she resolved to try what virtue there was in whisky in such cases. She called upon C. C. Fish, of North Vinland, a local tooth-puller in that hamlet to have the aching teeth extracted. Before submitting to the painful operation, however, she procured and drank half a pint of ordinary whisky and in a few minutes followed it up with half a pint of Jersey apple-jack, full strength. This mixture of drinks produced the desired unconsciousness, during which the teeth were pulled. In a short time she revived, but only to become wild with delirium, her ravings having all the appearance of one in the last stage of tremens. Becoming exhausted she lapsed into a semi-unconcious condition, and, gradually growing weaker, in a few hours she died. Her neighbors say she was a woman addicted to strong drink and had previously been attacked with tremens.

The Duper Duped.

New York Tribune.

The race is not always to be swift nor the profits of legerdemain to the prestidigtator. While Herrmann, the "Viennesse Wizard," was in Buenos Ayres he was invited to exhibit his skill at the residence of the Austro-Hungarian minister, where a large company was assembled. For the sake of imparting additional lustre to the occasion a party of five performing Patagonians had been hired to lend their presence. Herrmann created much merriment by playing all manner of tricks upon the artless heathens. He extracted articles of every size and shape from their hair, noses, mouths and ears, but the Patagonians remained strangely composed in the midst of the fun going on about them. And no wonder, for, while the magician was disengaging a massive ornament from the thick locks of the leading Patagonian, that Occidental Ah Jin took a hand in the game he did not understand and extracted from the wizard's pocket an elegant gold watch presented to Herrmann several years ago by the emperor of Austria. On the following morning when the loss was discovered the Patagonian performers had depaited to keep an engagement across the sea.

The Fatal Bomb.

From the London Truth.

The bomb that killed the Czar, according to the *Gaulois*, which publishes a "facsimile, natural size," showing the internal arrangements of the explosives, was a tin cylinder six inches long by three broad. Down the centre was a copper tube, filled with Bertholet's salt and antimony, and through this ran a glass tube, hermetically sealed, containing sulphuric acid. A leaden weight was so placed as to break the glass tube when the bomb struck. The flame occasioned by the contact of the sulphuric acid with Bertholet's salt passed by a small channel to a cartridge with a fulminating composition at the head and pyroxyline below. The fulminate fired the pyroxyline and the explosion of the pyroxyline ignited the nitro-glycerine with which the cylinder was charged. If one of the tubes had been choked the future of Europe and Asia might have been altogether different from that which is now in course of development.

Lord Beaconsfield's peerage patent of August, 1876, gives his title to his own children. As Beaconsfield never had any children, the patent will expire with him when he dies, unless he has made some such arrangements as Lord Brougham made, and has the title divert to his brother. He has a brother, Ralph Disraeli, living, who holds an office under the Government which pays $10,000 a year. Ralph has a son, Coningsby Disraeli, named after the hero of one of Beaconsfield's novels. If the transfer is made, Ralph will get the Hughenden estate, with earldom and other property of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

LITTLE LAURETTE.

Little Laurette was sitting beside
Her dressing-room fire, in a dream alone;
mignonne mixture of love and pride
She seemed as she loosed her zone.

She combed her tresses of wonderous hair,
Her small white feet to the fire peeped out,
Strangely fluttered her bosom fair,
And her lips had a wilful pout.

Is it fear that dwells in those weird blue eyes?
For it is not love, and it is not sorrow.
Ah! little Laurette from your dream arise,
You must be married to-morrow.

Married to one who loves you well,
Whose wealth to your life will a glory be.
Yet I guess you are thinking—who can tell?—
Of Frank, who is over the sea.

How wretched they were, this boy and girl,
When for the last, last time they met,
And he carried away a soft bright curl,
And the heart of little Laurette.

Pooh, pooh, her heart? Why she hasn't a heart;
She waltzed that night with Sir Evelyn Vere.
Into the greenhouse they strolled apart—
He's got twenty thousand a year—

A house in Park Lane—a chateau in France—
A charming villa on Windermere.
She made up her mind in that very first dance
She'd like to be Lady Vere.

The news will go out by the Overland mail;
In a month or two poor Frank will hear
That London has nothing to do but to hail
The beauty of Lady Vere.

She'll be queen of fashion, that heartless elf,
Till a younger comes, and the world grows cool.
And as to Frank—will he shoot himself?
Well, I hope he's not quite such a fool.

Mortimer Collins.

MARYE'S BLOODY HEIGHTS.

Burnside's Experiment on Fredericksburg—One of the most Sanguinary Battles of the War—A Blizzard of Shot and Shell—How the Pick and Flower of the Army Suffered Bloody Repulse.

A brilliant description of the Battle of Fredericksburg, prepared for the annals of the war, by Major General St. Clair A. Mulholland, occupies seven columns in the Philadelphia *Times*. General Mulholland touches upon the fine condition of the Army of the Potomac, relates the circumstances under which General Burnside took command, tells of the opening of the battle and of Meade's advance, and describes vividly the terrible onslaught and repulse at Marye's Heights. The following extract from the article is a description of the thrilling scenes enacted in front of the famous stone wall:

While Meade was moving on Hamilton's the troops in the city were prepared to strike. At noon, Meade not yet having reached Hamilton's, General Couch ordered French and Hancock to the assault. French moved first, closely followed by the superb. As he wheeled into the streets leading towards the enemy we were in full view of the frowning heights and the march of death began. Nearly a mile away arose the position that we were expected to carry and though not yet clear of the city we felt the pressure of the foe, the fire of whose batteries concentrated to crush the heads of our column as they debouched upon the plain. Solid shot, fired with light charges, richochet on the frozen ground, caromed on the pavement and went tearing through the ranks, traversing the entire length of the street bounding over the river to be buried in the opposite bluff.

After getting into the open air and crossing a mill-race a rise in the ground hid us from the enemy, giving an opportunity to dress the ranks and prepare the column of attack, which was by brigade front, General Kimball's brigade in the lead, followed by those of Colonel Palmer. Hancock's division came next, with the brigade of Zook, Meagher and Caldwell in the order named. Here is no disorder. The men calm, silent, and cheerful. The commands of the officers, given in quiet, subdued voice, are distinctly heard and calmly obeyed. The regiments manœuvre without a flaw.

In this trying moment the guards are ordered out and the alignment made as perfect as on dress parade. The destruction of human beings is done with order and system. Yet it is terrible enough; the very absence of confusion and excitement but adds to the dreadful intensity of the horror. As for the screams and shrieks, I have never heard anything of that kind either on the field or in the hospitals. It may be that the soldiers of other nations indulge in cries and yells; our men took their punishment without a complaint or a murmer. Just before morning from this spot one of my young officers, a brave boy from Chester county, Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Seneca, G. Willauer, was badly torn by a shell, which stripped the flesh from his thigh and left the bone for four or five inches white and bare. He came to me, and holding up the bleeding limb for inspection, said, with the most gentle manner and placid voice: "Colonel do you think I should go on with the company or go to the hospital?" No doubt had I told him to go on he would have done so. Then the advance is sounded. The orders of the regimental commander ring out clear on the cold December air. "Right shoulder, shift arms," "batallion forward, guide center, march!" The long lines of bayonets glitter in the bright sunlight. We have no friendly fog, as Meade had, to hide us from our foes, and as we advance up the slope we come in full view of the Army of Northern Virginia. All their batteries open upon us. We can trace their line by the fringe of blue smoke that quickly appears along the base of the hills and we see that we are marching into an acre of fire. And what a reception awaits us! Fire in our front, from our right to our left. Shells come at us direct and oblique and drop down from above; shells enfilade our lines, burst among us in front, in rear, above and behind us. Shells everywhere; a torrent of shells; a blizzard of shot, shell and fire. The lines pass on steadily. The gaps made in the ranks are quickly closed. The colors often kiss the ground, but are quickly snatched from dead hands and held aloft again by others who soon in their turn will bite the dust. The regimental commanders march out far in advance of their commands and they, too, fall rapidly, but others run to take their places. Still in good order, we push forward until five hundred vards of the long half mile that lay between us and Marye's Heights is passed, then the sharp, whiz of the Minnie joins the loud scream of the oblong bolts.

HANCOCK'S GALLANT ADVANCE.

Soon we forget the presence of the shell in the shower of smaller missiles that assails us. The hills rain fire and the men advance with heads bowed as when walking against a hail storm. Still through the deadly shower the ever-thinning lines press on. The plain over which we have passed is thickly spotted with the men of the Second Corps, dead, in twos and threes and in groups. Regiments and companies have now their third or fourth commander and the colors are born to the front by the third or fourth gallent soul who has raised them. The gaps in the lines have become so large and so numerous that we have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently heard. French nears the entrenchments of the Confederates' first line and the enemy redouble their efforts. The storm rises to greater fury. The struggle is hopeless. His lines wave like corn in a hurricane, recoils, then breaks and the shattered mass falls back amid the shouts and cheers of Cobb's and Kershaw's brigades, that line the trenches in our front. Now Hancock, with the division that never lost a gun or a color, sweeps forward, and being joined by many of the gallant men of French's command makes the most heroic effect of the day. Passing the farthest point reached by the preceding troops, he impetuously rushes on, passes the brick house so conspicuous on the field—on, on, until his flags waved within twenty-five paces of the fatal stone wall. Then with a murderous fire everywhere around us we realized the full absurdity of the attempt to accomplish an utter impossibility. We had not yet fired a shot. We had only reached the spot where our work was to begin. Forty per cent. of the force had already fallen. No support within three-quarters of a mile. In our front line after line of works followed each other up the terraced heights to the very crest, which was covered with artillery. To carry the assault further would be extreme madness. Should we take and occupy the first line, it would simply be to meet the fire of the second and third. To fight the host in front was not possible. We were here only to be shot down without being able to return the blow. So the division, or rather the half of it that still existed, began falling back; but Hancock would not be driven from the field, and halting where the formation of the ground afforded some shelter to his hard-tried command, he remained until relieved at nightfall. And now the long, long, dreadful afternoon that awaited the thousands wounded, who lay scattered over the sad and ghastly plain.

The only place of cover was the brick house out near the stone wall. To this hundreds of the wounded dragged themselves and a great mass of sufferers huddled together and struggled to get nearer the house, that they might escape the fire. All around the great heaps of dead bore testimony to the fierceness of combat. Near by a colored sergeant lay stark and cold with the flag of his regiment covering him. Just in front of the stone wall lay a line of men of the Irish brigade, with the green boxwood in their caps, and the two bodies nearest the enemy were those of my beloved friends, Maj. William Horgan, and Adjutant John R. Young, both of the Eighty-eighth New York. It was not yet one o'clock when the assaulting column retired and we had nearly five hours to wait in darkness. When we heard the clock in the Episcopal church in the city strike the hours that seemed so long. The sharpshooters of the enemy soon got a position from which they could enfilade the house and when any one moved among the mass of bleeding men it was the signal for the rifle balls to whistle around. Few of us expected to live until night and but few did. We thought the battle ended, when through the darkness loomed up the divisions of Hooker. Nobly they came to the work, with empty muskets and orders to carry the position with the bayonet. The dark mass passed the brick house and almost to the point that Hancock had reached. They had come up through the gloaming unseen and surged against the base of Marye's Heights.

Again the hills flashed fire, shook, rocked roared and belched forth tons of iron on the red plain, more minutes of useless carnage. The sombre wave rolled back, the last and most absurd attempt of the disastrous day had come to naught and seventeen hundred more had been added to the ponderous list of casualties. Clouds overshadowed the skies; and guided by the lurid fires still smouldering through the ebony darkness the immense crowd of wounded began crawling, struggling, dragging themselves toward the city, those who were slightly hurt assisting others who were more seriously injured; those with shatterd limbs using muskets for crutches, many fainting and falling by the way. And when in the town how hard to find a spot to rest or a surgeon to bind up the wounds. More wounded, than the city had inhabitants, every public hall and house filled to overflow, the porches of the residences covered with bleeding men, the surgeons busy everywhere. In the lecturing rooms of the Episcopal church eight operating tables are in full blast, the floor is densely packed with men whose limbs are crushed, fractured and torn. Lying there in deep pools of blood, they wait so very patiently, almost cheerfully, their turn to be treated; there is no grumbling, no screaming, hardly a moan; many of the badly hurt smile and chat, and one, who has both legs shot off, is cracking jokes with an officer who cannot laugh at the humorous sallies, for his lower jaw is shot away.

LOSSES IN HANCOCK'S DIVISION.

But the most appalling loss was in the division of General Hancock. Of the five officers composing his personal staff three were wounded and four horses were killed under them. The General himself was struck by a rifle ball but not seriously hurt. Of the sixteen officers of the Sixty-ninth New York every one was killed or wounded and the regiment lost seventy-five per cent. of the enlisted men, and left the field with its fourth commander, three having been disabled. The Fifth New Hampshire lost seventeen out of twenty-three officers and had five commanding officers during the fight. The One Hundred and Sixteenth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers had all the field and staff and many of the line officers killed and wounded, and was taken off the field by the fourth officer in command during the fight. The first color sergeant, William H. Tyrrell, held up the flag until hit with five rifle balls. The Eighty-first Pennsylvania lost twelve out of sixteen officers and seventy-five per cent. of the enlisted men. The fourth commanding officer brought the regiment off the field. The Fifty-seventh New York lost nine out of the eleven officers present. The Sixty-sixth New York had four commanders during the battle, the three first having been killed or wounded. Many other regiments of the division suffered almost as severely, yet, notwithstanding the great loss, on the morning of the following day, when ordered to support the Ninth Corps, the command fell in, ready, and willing, and the contemplated assault with the Ninth Corps, led by General Burnside in person—from which he was happily dissuaded by Generals Summer and Hooker at the moment that all was ready to make the attack—was the last attempt of the campaign.

The Cannon Man Fails to Go Off.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

During the "side-show" entertainment given at Robinson's Circus nightly after the regular performance, a man is shot from a cannon. Last night the fuse was applied to the gun, the explosion occurred but no man appeared. This was a surprise to the audience, who did not understand the "hitch." After the smoke had cleared away and quiet was restored, a groan was heard to issue from the gun, and the pityful cry, "Oh, my poor arm!" Several attendants rushed to the piece, and, reached in, drew forth the victim who failed to be shot out. It was found that the poor fellow, Henry Jahn, was burned badly about the arms and body, and was suffering intense pain from a broken arm. He was carried to the dressing-room and cared for. He was not dangerously hurt, but he will hardly permit himself to try the experiment again. On the previous nights, it is said, his shirt was almost burned from his back in "doing" the act. Here's a good chance for the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to step in and distinguish itself.

A CAPITAL ON WHEELS.

The Removal of the County Seat of Marshall County, by a Vote of the Commissioners, Likely to Create an Opportunity for Litigation.

WARREN, April 23.—The movable goods and chattels of the county of Marshall, consisting of a big safe, furniture, books and papers, and treasurer's cash were carried off the other day on a four horse wagon from Warren, where the business has heretofore been done, to Argyle (late Louisa) in Middle River township, some nine miles further north. This was in accordance with a vote of a majority of the county commissioners (two out of three), the posse comitatus being headed by the sheriff of the county.

Thereby hangs a tale which the lawyers will not be slow to get hold of to their pecuniary benefit and the expense of the tax-payers. The county was organized by the legislature of 1879, the act conferring upon the governor the power of appointing three commissioners, who should appoint the other officers of the county until the next general election, and temporarily locate the county seat. This latter thing the two commissioners living in Middle River township claim has never been done, and that there is no record of the fact. The proceedings of the first meeting of the board do not appear on the minutes, having been abstracted before copying; the first recorded proceedings being those of an adjourned meeting. The other commissioners, and the most of the county officers, who reside at Warren and propose to remain there, claim that they have sufficient evidence that the county seat was located at Warren by the unanimous vote of the board at its first meeting. They also claim that, even had not this been done, as an entirely new board has since been chosen the power to locate does not reside with them and can only now be conferred by the Legislature.

The courts will, of course, be appealed to, and meanwhile the county seat will remain on wheels and perhaps stick in the rich alluvial mud of the Red River valley. Unless some prompt settlement of the matter is arrived at, more serious complications will arise, as the two parties are uncompromising and no legal business can be done in the present state of affairs. Public Examiner Knox, who was examining the accounts at the time of the removal, transferred his office with the books and papers he was in possession of to the hotel, thus declining the honor of the sheriff's triumphal escort toward the British possession.

A Brief Romance.

New York Special to the Chicago Times, 24th.

The Sun says: On April 7 a gentleman and lady got off the train which arrived at Yonkers about 10 o'clock in the morning, and walked to the city court, where the gentleman asked for Judge Ellis, and was directed to the law office across the way. He found Judge Ellis' law partner and asked where he could find a justice of the peace or a minister who could perform the marriage ceremony. He was directed to the Rev. Daniel Cole's residence. The couple went thither, and there were married. The New York Methodist conference was meeting in Yonkers at the time, and the Rev. Geo. H. Cory of Tarrytown and the Rev. Henry Jackson of Port Ewen were in the house and witnessed the marriage. The groom was Washington Nathan, aged thirty-three; occupation, gentleman. The bride was Mrs. Nina E. E. Armit, daughter of Col. James H. Mapleson, aged twenty-six. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Nathan walked to the Getty house and had dinner. Mr. Nathan did not register, and upon ordering some Scotch ale declined to write his name on the waiter's card. It was well known at the hotel, however, who he was, and the beauty of the bride drew many glances toward her. She was dressed in black. After dinner the bridal couple went to the depot, taking the 2:40 p. m. train for New York. Mr. Nathan, the groom, is the son of the late Benjamin Nathan. Mrs. Nathan is the only living daughter of Col. Mapleson, the operatic manager. She was married about nine years ago to Capt. Armit, of the marine corps of the British navy, and has had four children, two of whom, a boy and girl, are now living. Mrs. Armit, a year or more ago, obtained a divorce from her husband. Capt. Armit's sister, who took Mrs. Armit's part in the differences ending in the divorce suit, died in the winter of 1879-80, and left her about £10,000. Mrs. Armit came to New York in the spring of 1880, residing for a time at the Victoria. She then went abroad again, and it is only a few months since she returned to this country. It is stated that she first became acquainted with Mr. Nathan abroad, probably at Nice, where she was accustomed to spend her winters. Mrs. Armit was at the St. James hotel before her marriage. The newly-wedded pair, with the children, are now living at a boarding house on Fifth avenue.

A Corner in Women.

Contrary to expectation and precedent, says the New York Herald, the new census shows that in this country the ruder sex outnumbers the gentler to the extent of nearly a million. It is to be sincerely hoped that nobody will say: "What are you going to do about it?" for that is manifestly one of the cases in which there is really nothing that can be done, except to feel uncomfortable, for the condition is not merely accidental and temporary; it promises to be permanent, for the discouraging misproportion is not simply between adults of the two sexes, but includes the entire population all the way from extreme age down to the cradle, and this in spite of all the Mormons and other agencies for the importation of domestic servants have done to make the balance even. It, therefore, stands to reason that not only is the genus old maid doomed to speedy extinction, but also that nearly a million of the young men of America will have to go wifeless unless each can raise the price of a ticket to Europe and two tickets back. It also becomes quite evident that the local valuation of women will increase; any market in which nearly a million competitors are sure to "get left" in the struggle for something not only desirable, but absolutely necessary, is threatened with a "corner" that must be simply gigantic in its proportions. The ladies are to be congratulated on the prospect; they always were worth more than they brought. Even in the days when they outnumbered men, it was agreed that it was impossible to have too much of a good thing; now, however, they can exact their own terms. Instead of meekly submitting to all sorts of inconvenience and privation for the sake of being married and having a home, they can now name their own terms; they need not even endure husbands that drink, smoke, or spend several evenings a week at the lodge, for rather than go wifeless the tyrant man will abate his pretensions and woman will become autocrat. Place aux dames!

Renounced His Religion.

BUFFALO, April 21.—An event has occurred here which creates much excitement among Jewish people, Nathan Biesenthal, a young Israelite, who is well connected and stands high in Hebrew society circles, having forsaken the religion of his fathers to embrace Christianity. The ceremonies were yesterday performed by the Rev. J. Ralston Smith, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. Biesenthal is a popular vocalist, and has sung in the choir of the Temple Beth Zion and Westminster church, where he made the acquaintance of Gertrude Deming, the daughter of Frederick Deming (secretary of the Forest Lawn Cemetery association), and a prominent society belle. He became enamored of the young lady, and the attachment was reciprocated; but obstacles to their union were met. Her family are rigid Presbyterians. His mother, who exerted great influence over him and was ardently devoted to the Jewish faith, enjoined him to remain steadfast to his religion. He yielded until last month, when his mother died and he resumed his attentions to Miss Deming, notwithstanding the earnest protest of his two sisters. He finally announced his intention of renouncing the Jewish faith, of embracing Christianity, and of marrying Miss Deming. It is probable that Mr. Biesenthal's course will, in a great measure, lead to the disruption of his present social relations. He at presents hold a responsible position in the house of Desbecker & Weill.

The Bible Revision Commitee will be perfectly competent to improve "Now I lay me down to sleep," having succeeded so well in polishing up the old Lord's Prayer.