

A BACHELOR'S MUSE.

NO LACK OF SENTIMENTALITY IN A DULL MAN'S REVERIE.

An Estimate of Women That Appears Laid out to the Student of Changing Conditions—A Few Criticisms and Reminders For the Single Man.

However little may be the logic displayed by those who argue against equal rights, it is certain that there is no lack of sentimentality on their side. In "A Bachelor's Reverie" the bachelor laments the fact that woman's work now is whatever she chooses to select and signs for the old-fashioned woman who had no ambitions. Judging from another part of the reverie the old-time woman had ambitions, but they were strictly of the domestic order.

Her first ambition was to be a wife, second a mother, third a mother again, fourth again another, fifth once more a mother, sixth a mother, seventh a mother, eighth a mother once more, ninth a maternal parent, tenth a parent on the mother's side, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth ditto, ditto, ditto. These numerous but rather monotonous ambitions were cherished, it is to be supposed, in memory of the Emperor Napoleon, who once informed Mme. de Staël that "the finest woman is the one who gives the most children to her country."

This estimate of women, which may be called the Dorking low estimate, is ludicrous because it is the limitation of a limitation. It is worthy to assert that the emperor's famous saying is in greater favor with bachelors of dreamy tendencies than with parents of practical minds. The most enthusiastic mother builds up her hopes on the quality, not the number of her offspring, and the best mothers train their girls for motherhood no more carefully than they train their boys for fatherhood.

"Life approaches its end and barren stage," continues the dreamer, "when man is forced to meet levelness in the guise of a competitor." It does seem unfortunate that levelness should occasionally have to compete, but if her husband does not support her or if she has no husband she must choose between being a competitor with a man or a financial dependent on him. Sore and barren as it may be for man to meet levelness in the guise of a competitor, it is even more sore to be forced to meet the same levelness in the guise of half a dozen abled bodied feminine dependents.

"The young girl," muses the bachelor, "with a mind divided between office and love could never be the embalmess of all that is adorable, the inspiration to all that is worth living for. That depends entirely on the girl. It is a foregone conclusion that her mind will not be divided very long.

If she decides on the office, she may become the embalmess of all that is clear headed and true hearted, the inspiration to all high thinking and right doing. If she prefers the other alternative, the fact that she once aspired to office will broaden her interest in affairs, rescue her from the narrow mindedness which is too often the accompaniment of a monotonous domestic routine and keep her thoughts securely above tating and tattle.

We have no grudge against the embalmess of all that is adorable. Accompanied by a large mental grasp, an accurate knowledge of what is being thought and done by the world's best thinkers and workers and a livelier interest in the universe than in one small person inside of it, the embalmess would be rather taking. Otherwise it amounts to no more than so much blanc mange.

Just before rousing from his reverie the bachelor points out that several women in the world's history have endeavored to modify in his affairs and always with deplorable results. It would be easy to give a larger list of women who had been political benefactors, but such an argument is no more worthy of consideration than the argument that because there are hypocrites in the church therefore the church is rotten, or that because there are quacks physicians should not be trusted, or that because there is bad money in circulation one should empty one's pocketbook into the fire.

But we are taking the reverie too seriously. Dreams, however fantastic, are always laughed at when the sleeper awakes and by no one so heartily as by the dreamer himself.—Vives and Daughters.

A Punctilious Man.

A card should be turned down at the upper left hand corner when a call is made in person and the recipient is not at home. An amusing case of the punctiliousness with which this rule is observed in Europe is that of an old Spanish gentleman who went to pay his devotions at the shrine of a saint, but discovered that the church was undergoing repairs and that there was no priest officiating at the altar. Unwilling to lose credit for his devout intentions, he drew a visiting card from his pocket, and carefully turning down the corner reverently deposited it on the altar.—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Advice to a Would Be Lawyer.

A correspondent asks, "How would you advise a young man of moderate means, desiring to become a lawyer, to proceed?" We would advise him not to proceed. Of course if he shows signs of becoming a good and great lawyer, he might properly borrow money, make his way to the bar and repay the loan as he can. But for most men of moderate circumstances who seek, as you do, "free legal education," our advice is to give up the idea. There are enough poor lawyers now. There are too many lawyers, for that matter. Very few can do more than earn their salt.—New York Sun.

His Recommendation.

Priscilla—Tell me honestly what qualification has your fiance for a husband? Prunella—Experience. He has been married three times before.—Vorne.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

A Singular Coincidence.

"I am not a fatalist," said T. Davitt Jennings, "but occasionally I run across things that puzzle a great deal. Not long ago Dr. Tom Hewitt of Leadville, Colo., died. Hewitt was somewhat of a fatalist and believed in a great many things that I didn't. Omens and harbingers of evil he was much given to believe in. You have undoubtedly heard stories of people dying and the clock stopping at the same time, or some numerical of its face popping out. Hewitt had a sign in his office window in his residence which read, 'Dr. Tom Hewitt. It was composed of 11 white letters glued to the pane. Hewitt took sick about 16 months since. A few days after his illness I noticed that one of the white letters had dropped off and was gone. The illness of the doctor caused the family to forget most everything else, and so the letter was not replaced. A month later Hewitt was still sick, and I noticed a second letter was gone. He layed along, up and around now, and then sick again, for a period. Meanwhile the white letters were not replaced. Month after month went by, and every succeeding month saw a letter disappear. Hewitt noticed it, and then he would not allow them to be replaced. After over 10 months of sickness, and when 10 of the letters had disappeared Dr. Tom got an extra severe spell of illness and died. The morning after his death I visited the house and noticed as I passed in that the last letter was gone."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Notes From a Todd.

It is a matter of common observation that the loudest sounds are not always made by the largest animals. The roar of the lion exceeds in sonority the cry of the elephant. Any one who had only heard without seeing a bullfrog might well suppose that its fearful voice breaking the silence of the night must certainly come from the throat of an animal of formidable dimensions.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of vocal power in an animal is that related by a recent traveler in the highlands of Borneo. He was informed by natives that they had heard a tiger roaring in the neighborhood. Such news is always startling to a stranger in the jungles of the east and hardly less so to the natives.

An investigation was accordingly set on foot, which resulted in the discovery that the alarming roars had been emitted by a toad! This toad of Borneo, however, was by no means an ordinary member of the family. It measured no less than 14 inches around the body.

That the natives should not have recognized the true source of the sound shows that the existence of such toads was either unknown to them, or that, at any rate, they had never discovered the remarkable vocal capabilities of the animal.—Youth's Companion.

Three Curious Words.

Fillibuster, freebooter and buccanar are words curiously interrelated. The French and the English sea adventurers once made common cause against Spanish settlements in the new world, and all three of these words came in time to describe the rude sea soldiers who despoiled the Spanish main and the territories upon the coasts of the Spanish possessions. Fillibuster is said to be the result of an attempt to make a French word of freebooter, and the English borrowed it back from the French because it sounded less frankly brutal than the English word.

Buccanar was originally French in origin, and it meant at first one who hunted the boucan or wild cattle and hogs of the West Indies; then one who made jacked meat of their flesh, and finally, because this meat was used to provision the ships of the sea rovers, a fillibuster or freebooter.—New York Sun.

A Hint For Rainy Weather.

During a recent stormy day a gentleman who had no umbrella, and who had just come into town by a local train, perceived before him as he stepped into the street a person whom he took to be an acquaintance, and who had a fine new umbrella hoisted over his head. Running up to him, therefore, he clasped him on the shoulder, saying as he did so by way of a joke, "I'll take that umbrella if you please." The individual thus addressed looked round and disclosed a perfect stranger, but before the other could apologize he said hurriedly: "Oh, it's yours, is it? Well, I didn't know that. Here, you can have it," and broke away, leaving the article in the hands of the first party to the conversation. This narrative, which is strictly true, affords a valuable hint to persons who may be caught out without protection from the rain.—London Tit-Bits.

A Clever Parrot.

F. X. Zeigler of Columbus, Pa., has a parrot named Dick that is considered one of the most intelligent birds of its species in the world. Dick always takes a hand in household matters. If Mr. Zeigler's son does not get up in the morning at the usual hour to go to the office, the parrot will say to the girl, "Call Clem," and he will insist on his command being obeyed. I recalled on one occasion when the family was earnestly discussing some local event Dick broke in as follows: "Papa, do you love mamma?" "Yes, of course I do," replied Mr. Zeigler, when the parrot burst out, "Oh, you old fraud!"—New York Telegram.

The Nervous System.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is 3 pounds and 8 ounces; of a female, 2 pounds and 4 ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "bodyguard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled.—Popular Science Monthly.

Ready For the Worst.

"What! Smoking, Fred? Thought your doctor told you it would kill you?" "So he did, and I quit. But at the end of a week I wanted to die, so I'm smoking again."—Lifo.

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AMERICANS' CRESTS.

WARD M'ALLISTER FAVORS A TAX ON COATS OF ARMS.

Mr. McAllister Also Advocates the Establishment of a Herald's Office as One of the Government Departments—Right of Americans to Wear Crests.

The number of persons using crests and coats of arms in this country is very large, and there is no way of ascertaining how large it is. The American who wants a coat of arms and has not got one usually adopts one which pleases his eye, without regard to any other considerations. In England supporters are seldom granted with coats of arms to any but members of the peerage. But Americans must have everything of the finest, and therefore they usually take supporters to themselves. There is one very rich and famous family in this country, though of humble origin, which displays a coat of arms with four supporters instead of the two which usually satisfy English ducal families.

There is, however, a great deal of dissatisfaction with this irregular state of things. Mr. Ward McAllister, the arbiter of fashion, said it should not be tolerated. Coats of arms, he says, should be registered at a herald's office, as they are in England and other well regulated European countries. Then we should know who were entitled to them, how they got them and so forth.

"I propose," said Mr. McAllister, "that the American herald's office should be established as one of the departments of the federal government at Washington. This is a very practical suggestion. The government would be able to put a tax on armorial bearings and in that way raise a large revenue, as the English government does. It is one of the happiest ways of raising a tax I can think of. Members of fashionable society and all the other persons taxed would be pleased by it, and no one, I think, can show any good reason against it."

"I know it is easy for you to assert that Americans have no business with coats of arms and such things because they are relics of feudalism, but that is nonsense. They are not any more harmful relics of feudalism than many of our social customs. Fashion requires us to use them, and fashion must be obeyed. It is merely a matter of fashion. A man with a coat of arms is not likely to be a more dangerous plutocrat than a rich man without one. Besides, armorial bearings are ornamental and look well on silver and china. That is one of the best reasons for having them."

"I must say a few words to you who has the right to use them. It is not necessary that a family should obtain them by grant from the English or some other European king. It is enough if they have been used since the beginning of the country's history, or for three generations. In England any respectable person not in retail trade can get a coat of arms by paying for it."

"Unquestionably many younger sons came over to this country who had a right to bear the arms of their family. Their descendants settled in different parts of the United States and in the fullest manner entitled to use arms. On the other hand, many men of wealth and high social standing, but not of aristocratic origin, have adopted them since the practice became fashionable, as they have a perfect right to do. These families will transmit their arms to their descendants until they become as interesting as those of aristocratic European origin."

"There are some interesting anecdotes to be told of the introduction of coats of arms into the general society of this city. Of course there are a few New York families who have used them continuously since the creation of the colony, but when the practice first became general it was received with a good deal of opposition. Gordon Hamersley used to say that his crest was useful to tell him which was his carriage. Colonel Thorne, who married Miss Jauney, went to Europe 50 years ago and established himself in Paris, living as no other American had ever done. He took the British minister through his hotel, who, after viewing his liveries and his stables, turned to Colonel Thorne, exclaiming, 'And you say you do all this on \$12,000 a year! It is marvelous.' On returning to America to live the colonel turned out in this city positions with his coat of arms embroidered on the left sleeve of each position. This created such a rumpus, the population hissing him as he drove by, that he was compelled to withdraw them."

"Some of our best people were pilgrims and Huguenots, who on reaching this country and establishing themselves here adopted such vanities as coats of arms, as a monarchical institution. This was all very well in the beginning, but the blue laws have faded. We no longer cultivate primitive simplicity, but with wealth and age we turn to luxury and find among its necessities the use of coats of arms. The necessity and love of the American for title or some designation of distinction, plain Mr. 'not filling the bill,' is illustrated in the west and south. For 50 years or more it has been a universal custom to bestow a military title on all men who have risen above mediocrity, such as governor, general, captain, colonel, it being purely honorary. Such titles men carry through life with this love of ours for individual distinction, which is one of our marked characteristics. When a man wants to seal his letters, mark his plate or decorate his harness, he wants a crest, and as Americans with money own the universe this crest must be forthcoming. Of course it is only an accessory to the arms, and now the question is, How shall Americans get them? And how shall they be able to keep them?"

"Let me repeat that society would welcome the establishment of a herald's office for the better regulation of these matters."—New York World.

When you walk,

"When you walk," says a Russian proverb, "pray once; when you go to sea, pray twice; when you go to be married, pray three times."

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfaction can not be had. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Sold by C. F. Heinze, druggist and chemist, 222 North Main street.

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A Terrible Threat.

A janitor in a blue shirt was cleaning the windows of a bank at Broadway and Park place the other day after office hours, when a tramp came along, who, after eyeing him a few moments with envy, yelled to him: "Hello, there, you chap in the bank, can't you throw a fellow out a little money? I'm clean broke, and almost anything would be welcome."

The janitor went on cleaning the windows, but wouldn't admit it. The tramp passed a few moments and then yelled: "Come, now, don't be a hog. There must be a million dollars in there, and all you got to do is to chuck a bundle of it out. Are you going to do it or aren't you?" Still no response.

The tramp began to chafe under the galling haunter with which he was being treated. "If you don't give me some of that money, I'll start a report that the bank is in trouble," he yelled. "If ever there was a first rate hog, it's you."

After 10 minutes had elapsed and no one had taken the least notice of the tramp he began to walk slowly away. As he reached the gutter he turned round, shook his fist at the window cleaner and muttered: "When the commie is declared, any one who wants money will only have to walk into a bank and ask for it. I'll be there, my beauty, when the day comes, and I'll point you out to the fellow citizens as an insolent and bloated symbol of wealth. You just wait, my friend, till the call to arms is sounded, and you'll find me right on the spot ready to tell what I know about the enemies of the proletariat."—New York Herald.

A Theatrical Dresser.

There is one difference between American and European theaters as marked as their schedule of prices and their ushering system, and that is in the matter of "dressers." The European manager employs about half a dozen dressers who act as body servants of the leading actors in his company and a regular employee of the house, like gas men, cleaners and some shifters. The American actor, however, dresses himself or else hires a man to assist him. When he does hire a man, it is usually a fellow player who is "doing" small parts and is glad of the chance to increase his \$10 wages by \$5 from the leading or heavy man or first comedian.

The dresser has not only to assist in changing his master's costume, a performance requiring great expedition, but makes repairs, folds and puts away the clothing, packs and unpacks the trunks and sees that the dressing table is supplied with paints, wigs, combs and other needful articles. In the European theater the dresser seldom or never acts, though he is often an actor who has been forced off from the stage by illness, lameness or loss of voice. He is generally prompt, quiet, a little obsequious and hopeful of tips at the end of a run or of a season.—New York Sun.

They Did Not Go to Sleep.

"The itinerary of a Methodist minister may have its unpleasant features," remarked a well known divine to a newspaper man yesterday, "but it has its advantages too."

"There is one little dried up Scotchman who used to be on the southern Ohio conference list who never failed to get over with his congregation. At one station he fared badly, and on the last evening he addressed the church he began, as all settled back to listen with ease: 'Now, brethren, he said, it is not fair to go asleep as ye always ha' done until I get along w' my sermon. This is my last one—so wait a wee till I get along, and then if I'm nat worth hearing sleep awa' w' ye, and I will not care, but dinna get before I ha' commenced. G' me this one chance! 'And they were all pretty well awake by that time, so he went on: 'I shall talk for my last text among ye the two strong words 'Know thyself,' but I will say before I begin the main discourse that I would nat advise this congregation to make many such profitless acquaintances! 'You may believe that there was not a snore or a nod in the house that evening.'—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Prompt and Effective.

Detroit has a bachelor of the compulsory sort, but Detroit won't have him long. He has been discriminated so many times that lately he has been almost impetuous in his attentions. She is a widow and an improvement on all her predecessors in his heart. The matter was settled a week ago in a rather round about way. They had been talking on woman in general.

"So you think," he said,

"So you think," he said, "that woman is prone to jump at a conclusion?" "I certainly do," she responded earnestly. "And you are like all the others?" "I hope so."

A great thought came to him then. "Would I were a conclusion," he sighed, with such a sigh that within five minutes two hearts were consolidated.—Detroit Free Press.

Dancing and Early Art.

It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it will seem a kind of scurrlage to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment, and if the connection must be made some would choose to make it along other lines than those of art. But, in truth, the dance supplies us with the key, so to speak, of the development of the fine arts.—David J. Hill in Popular Science Monthly.

The Value of Women According to Sages.

"He who builds a house and takes a wife heaps heavy afflictions on his head," declares some Hindoo sage. Their relative value is fixed by other proverbs, such as the Venetian's, "If woman were of gold, she wouldn't be worth a farthing."

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