

## SOME MATRIMONIAL ADVICE.

Bill Nye Goes Into the Solemn Warning Business.

My Dear Sir: Would it be asking too much for me to request a brief reply to one or two questions which many other married women as well as myself would like to have answered?

I have been married now for five years. To-day is the anniversary of my marriage. When I was single I was a teacher and supported myself like comfort. I had more pocket money and dressed fully as well if not better than I do now. Why should girls who are abundantly able to earn their own livelihood struggle to become the slave of a husband and children and tie themselves to a man when they might be free and happy?



Dressed fully as well if not better than I do now.

I think too much is said by the men in a light and flippant manner about the anxiety of young ladies to secure a home and a husband, and still they deserve a part of it, as I feel that I do now for assuming a great burden when I was comparatively independent and comfortable.

Now, will you suggest any advice that you think would benefit the yet unmarried and self-supporting girls who are liable to make the same mistake that I did, and thus wear them in a manner that would be so much more universal in its range and reach so many more people than I could if I should raise my voice? Do this and I will be gratefully remembered by.

It would indeed be a tough, tough man who could ignore the gentle plea, Ethel; together far than the pale, intellectual hired man who now addresses you in this private and underhand manner.

You say that you had more pocket money before you were married than you have since, Ethel, and you regret your rash step. I am sorry to hear it. You also say that you were better clothed when you were single than you do now. You are also pained over that. It seems that marriage with you has not paid any cash dividend. So if you married Mr. Ethel as a financial venture it was a mistake. You do not state how it has affected your husband. Perhaps he had more pocket money and better clothes before he married than he has since. Sometimes two people do well in business by themselves, but when they go into partnership they bust higher than a kite, if you will allow me the free English translation of a Roman expression which you might not fully understand if I should give it to you in the original Roman.

Lots of self-supporting young ladies have married and have to go very tight on pin money after that, and still they did not squall, as you, dear Ethel. They did not marry for revenue only. They married for protection. (This is a little political bon mot which I thought of myself. Some of my best jokes this spring are jokes that I thought of myself.)

No, Ethel, if you married expecting to be a dominant partner during the day and then to go through Mr. Ethel's pockets at night and declare a dividend of course life is full of bitter, bitter regret and disappointment.

Of course I want to do what is right in the solemn warning business, so I will give notice to all single young women who are now self-supporting and happy that there is no statute requiring them to assume the burdens of wifehood and motherhood unless they prefer to do so. If they now have abundance of pin money and new clothes they may remain single if they wish without violating the laws of the land. This rule is also good when applied to young and self-supporting young men who wear good clothes and have funds in their pockets. No young man who is free, happy and independent need invest his money in a family or carry a colicky child 37 miles and 2 laps in one night unless he prefers it. But those who go into it with the right spirit, Ethel, do not regret it.



I do not wear as good clothes as I did before.

I would just as soon tell you, Ethel, if you will promise that it shall go no further, that I do not wear as good clothes as I did before I was married. I don't have to. My good clothes have accomplished what I got them for. I played them for all they were worth, and since I got married the idea of wearing clothes as a vocation has not occurred to me. Please give my kind regards to Mr. Ethel, and tell him that I do not know him personally. I cannot help feeling sorry for him. Very sincerely yours,

HUDSON, Wis., April 1, 1885.

Not So Green as He Looks.

(Detroit Journal.)

"See that country cousin over there by the stove?" inquired a Harlem clerk of another yesterday, "a rural appearing customer entered and glanced curiously around the store."

"Yes, I see him. What of it?"

"Watch me take him down. Say, mister," the clerk continued, addressing the supposed greenhorn, "we don't keep whisky."

"Wall, sonny, all I've got to say is that it'd save you a pile of trav' if yer did!" was the prompt reply.

Answers Solicited.

(Washington Hatchet.)

Of what did Charles Dudley Warner?

On what did Henry Cabot Lodge?

Why did Frances Hodgson Burnett?

Why and what does Mary Mapes Dodge?

What did Harriet Martineau?

What did T. Buchanan Read?

Why did Edgar Allen Poe?

What did Leigh Hunt?

Why did Henry Clay Carter?

Why was Laurence Sterne?

Texas Siftings: Did a woman ever clean up a room when she moved out of it and did she ever fall in expressing her opinion, ranging from mild vituperation to emphatic condemnation, of the horrid condition in which her predecessor had left the premises into which she moved?

## The Confederate Constitution.

(Nashville Union.)

A gentleman of this city remarked to a Union representative recently, that the gift by Mrs. Vanderbilt to Vanderbilt university of a photo-lithograph of the "Constitution of the provisional government of the Confederate states of America" should be followed by a gift of the original document to the Tennessee Historical society. "This document," he said, "is for sale, and some one of our southern societies should fall heir to it. It is valuable as being the organic law of the now defunct Confederacy."

"Who has the original?"

"Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine, now of New York city, who has had it in her possession ever since the fall of the Confederacy. At that time her husband, Felix Gregory de Fontaine, a well-known journalist and war correspondent, was the editor and publisher of a paper in Columbia, S. C. After the evacuation of Richmond a train load of boxes containing public documents, etc., was shipped to Columbia. De Fontaine needed paper on which to print his journal, but where to get it was a puzzling problem. George A. Trenholm happened to be in Columbia at the time, and to him the journalist explained the situation. 'Go down,' said Trenholm, 'to the depot and help yourself to some of the Confederate boxes, in which something may turn up that will answer your purpose.' De Fontaine acted upon this, and one of the boxes contained the Confederate Constitution. Mrs. De Fontaine laid claim to this relic, and has sacredly protected it ever since."

"In 1882," remarked the reporter's informant, "I went abroad, and was commissioned to negotiate its sale to the British museum. As the custodian of such papers was absent from England at the time, my mission failed. The price asked was \$10,000, but I believe half that sum would secure it now."

"Have you seen the fac-simile referred to in The Union?"

"One of the first copies was sent to me, and it tells a mournful story. Of the forty-nine signers over one-half have joined the silent army, and of the living only one, John H. Reagan, of Texas, is in public life."

The Festive Bowl in Gotham.

(Cor. Boston Herald.)

Never before in the history of New York fashionable society has there been so much wine-drinking during the present season. No form of evening entertainment exists at which champagne is not freely served. At the German, the parties, the balls one and all, at dinners and under every possible pretext, wine is furnished, and all hands, including the young women, drink freely and without becoming the subject of comment. Indeed, it is expected that by the time the fall and if their eyes sparkle the more and a rosy tint attaches to the complexion, so much the better, and no harm done. The Astors and the Vanderbilts would no more give a dinner or a ball without wine than they would exclude flowers for adornment and china for use. The same practice prevails daily at half the dinner-tables of the fashionable folks of the town, whether there be guests or not. The wine-glass is as the goblet for water, and is more frequently used. This is a condition which calls for temperance people are powerless to reform.

The edicts of fashion's fancies are not easily frowned down. Indeed, it is something like 20 years since New York city had anything akin to a temperance revival, and there is to be found among all sorts of people a decided feeling against the agitation of abstinence principles. There are no temperance lectures, no temperance demonstrations, and precious few temperance sermons. There have been told this winter scandalous stories of drunkenness at the most fashionable of the balls and parties, but there is a general disposition to call it good fun. The guests enjoy it and are pleased, and the hostess is pleased because the guests are having a jolly time. It wasn't so twenty-five years ago, and it isn't so now to any great extent outside New York city's society circles.

A Marriage Fair in Roumania.

(Donline's Magazine.)

We have had baby shows and bazaar shows, but what shall we say to an annual fair for marriageable young girls? Such a show is of immemorial custom among the Roumanians. As the time for the fair approaches, the fathers, who the children are marriageable, collect what they can afford as a dowry. Whatever this consists of it is packed if possible, into a cart or carriage, and on the appointed day they all—fathers, children, and chateaus—start for some trying place, generally chosen among the western mountains of Roumania. When the fair is opened, the fathers climb to the top of their carriages and shout with the whole power of their lungs, "I have a daughter to marry. Who wants a wife?" The call is answered by some other parent who has a son he is anxious to pair off, and the two parents compare notes, and if the marriage portion is satisfactory, the treaty is then and there concluded. The young man takes possession of his wife and all her goods and chattels, and drives off merrily. If, on the other hand, the match is unequal, or for some other reason unsatisfactory, then the parents begin to cry their live merchandise once more.

A Cabinet Minister's Wife.

(Washington Letter.)

The cabinet officers' wives have each year to call first upon the wives of the justices of the supreme court and then upon the senators' wives—every one of them. Having gotten rid of those generally-odd social debts, the cards of general calls pour in upon them at the rate of 300, 400 and 500 per week, and the senseless, old unwritten law commands that every one of them shall be returned in person. A dozen instances can be quoted where women died, or were left invalids for years, by this stupid exaction of society. There has been great talk all of the time against the absurdity of the custom, now that Washington has grown so far beyond its estate in its days when it was established, but none like to assume the initiative in doing away with it, and it would require concerted action to carry it through successfully.

"Mr. Speaker," said the gentleman from Rock (Mr. Norcross), "I would suggest that the attention of the sergeant-at-arms be called to the fact that it is oppressively warm here."

The speaker called the sergeant's attention, as suggested, to the warmth of the chamber, and the latter had a window on the north side lowered.

"Mr. Speaker," said the gentleman from Kewanee (Mr. Darbellay), who occupies a seat on the north side, "that window will have to be raised again, or I'll have to leave my seat, for a heavy draught is blowing in here on me."

"The speaker is in doubt what to do. One member calls for a window down and another for a window up," observed the presiding officer, whereupon the gentleman from Wood (Mr. Nash) arose, and in the drawing tone characteristic of him, said:

"Mr. Speaker, I would suggest that a chunk of ice be given to the gentleman from Rock, upon which to sit."

"Mr. Speaker," retorted the gentleman from Rock quickly, "I would suggest that a chunk of ice be applied to the head of the gentleman from Wood."

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