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For Bachelors and Why They Should Not be Encouraged by "Society."

Causes That Will Certainly Conspire to Make Marriage More of a Failure.

MAKES MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

How Clubs Makes Bachelors. A New "Bery Wall's" Opinion on the Great Social Problem.

Harvy B. Wilson, Esq., a famous New York society gentleman, is in Helena. Mr. Wilson is a sort of a Bery Wall in the society of the metropolis, and he knows a good deal about the social conditions of city men of the present day. He is a bachelor about 35 years old and is rich in a fine appearance and plenty of money.

Learning of the presence of so distinguished a person in the city, a Helena Record reporter sought him out and found him standing in the corridor of the Grand Central hotel. After passing a few conversational pleasantries the gentleman said: "I understand an order of Elks is about to be started in your city. Well, that news ought to be received with fear and trembling by your Helena girls. Why? The reason is that the bachelorhood of your city will increase fifty per cent. The Elks is a great social organization. It is like a great family, the members of which are all on intimate terms. That order brings men closer together than any other known of. The club room presents features that attract men where they spend their evenings. If the affair is a success in Helena, and I doubt not that it will be, I predict that the next thing on the boards will be the establishment of a club in connection with it where men will live. Then goodbye, girls, to your probable beaux.

"I tell you, sir, these living clubs are more avowed enemies to the marriage system than anything else I know of. There are thousands of men living in large cities who only marry to secure themselves from the terrors of a boarding house and a restaurant. A man to marry these days must become a member of that institution known to us as "society." He must learn to dance, cultivate a certain coqueness in his manners, buy a dress suit and acquire all the fastidious airs of a diplomat. You will find some men who like this, but the proportion is very small. The great number do it because they want to get married and then they break off from society and enjoy the comforts of a home, the prime object of all their efforts. The small proportion of which I spoke that like society are not the men who marry. They are made up of dudes who mostly become bachelors, and who pass under the appellation of excessively gallant and polite gentlemen.

"To the other and the large number, the society vestibule through which they must pass to get into a home of their own is irksome and tedious. They would fly from it if they could acquire a home life otherwise. Well here is where the club comes in: A party of men, say twenty-five, will get together and form a club. They employ their own cook and a superintendent to run it, with the requisite number of servants. The number is all good fellows and they soon grow warmly attached to one another. They pass the evening together, enjoy their quiet wine, cigars and their games, and have everything they want at a cost far less than it would take to run a family. Business occupies their minds during the day, and they have little desire to wander from the club rooms during the evening.

Thus they pass their time and the thoughts of women or of marrying never enters their heads. They become cynics and sneer at society rather than embrace it; and where very great social hospitality does not exist, there is but little chance of any of them becoming bachelors. I do not know whether your Helena society is hospitable or whether they receive strangers liberally. But there appears to me to be hundreds of men in this city who would fall easy prey to a club. If your society here is exclusive, as I know it is in some places, then your population of marriageable girls are in a bad condition; for the advent of a club, such as usually follows the introduction of the order of Elks, will most certainly absorb the marriageable man to whom the doors of society are shut, and when these doors are opened for lack of numbers it will be found that there will be few to enter.

"I am not giving you anything new," continued the gentleman, "but the matter of which I speak has grown

to be a great social problem in the east, which is now assailing the minds of the greatest thinkers, and the only way to avert this impending disaster is to allow a more liberal spirit in society, abolish much of its stiff ceremony and its discriminating exclusiveness and throw the doors open to the men of character and standing who are now shut out for no apparent reason whatever."

EDUCATIONAL QUALIFICATIONS. A New Scheme to Nullify the Negro Vote in Alabama.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Nov. 28.—The Dispatch of Montgomery, has been for some days agitating the question of a constitutional convention to prescribe an educational qualification for voters. The Dispatch says editorially to-day:

We have scant respect for, or patience with, those southern newspapers and politicians who hesitate to discuss their local affairs unreservedly for fear of giving offense to Kansas or Ohio. Our idea is that Alabama should manage Alabama's affairs in her own way, and if Kansas and Ohio want to walk the floor about it, they shall be allowed to do so. We said yesterday that the legislature ought to call a constitutional convention for the purpose of adopting and defining new qualifications for voters in Alabama. We repeat this morning; we urge it with all the earnestness at our command. Every calamity we have suffered in the past, every peril that menaces us in the future, is directly referable to the fact that the right of suffrage then resided and now resides with a vast body of men unfitted by ignorance and degradation to exercise it for the good of society. But for the memory of the travail and the terror through which we passed in the dark period lying between 1866 and 1870, we could look back over our past without the lightest gleam of regret. But for the dread of what the republic can restoration may bring forth, we could face the future with a heart of hope. The curse, however, hems us in. Behind it lies the ghastly record of ten years of horror. Before us stretches the dilating vista of alarm. Do we long for the day when no President's frown will threaten our repose, and when the conspiracies of party benchmen will trouble us less than the lightest zephyr that ripples down a moonbeam? Would we be politically free ourselves? Then let us rise up and swear that we will have it so. Harrison with Foraker, Fairchild, Halstead and Medill yelping at his heels is clamoring for a "free ballot and a fair count." Very well. Let us give it to him.

A FLAT AT THE YARDS.

A Fish Creek Stock Man's Account of His Dealings with the Eastern Dealers.

S. F. Tuttle was in the city yesterday en route to his home on Fish creek, in Jefferson county, on his return from Chicago, where he had gone with four car loads—eighty head—of cattle. These were loaded on the cars at Boulder on the 15th inst, and by being subjected to some unlooked for delays while in transit not only shrunk in weight but arrived in Chicago after the market price had fallen. The price realized \$35 per head. Mr. Tuttle is impressed with the discrepancy between the prices paid by Chicago dealers and that charged to consumers, but does not pretend to explain it. While in Chicago he was escorted through the great Armour establishments, and in one compartment were the dressed carcasses conspicuously labelled for sale at five cents per pound. This, Mr. Tuttle says, is merely a device to impress sellers with the low price obtained by the dealers. The prices obtained are much higher, but the labels are displayed to convince the countryman that the members of the cattle trust are public benefactors—philanthropists in disguise.—Independent.

A CHAPTER ON DREAMS.

Little Do We Know of Them—Dyspepsia a Prime Factor.

Many have discoursed learnedly upon dreams, propounding wise theories and making plausible suggestions, yet no one has ever arrived at any real solution of the matter. It is only a barrier of cloud that bars the way to knowledge thereof, yet no fortress wall could be more impregnable. It is but a step from our noisy, busy world to the vague and vast territory where,

Hollow as a breathing spell,
Dreamland lies forlorn of light—
but no man may set up milestones along that trackless waste. We only know that, when all things lapse to "a sleep and a forgetting" the imagination becomes a fly-by-night, and the wits speed over land and sea like wild birds set free from the cage.

There are few creatures exempt from these nocturnal journeyings, however brief and circumscribed they may be. The dog "hunts in dreams," the cat fights its battles over again, and the bird sings in its sleep, while even the most commonplace person can usually give some crude account of his experiences in slumber. Certain dreams are common

to all people—falling from a precipice, down, down, to some unfathomed gulf—striving to walk upon a floor that sinks horribly beneath the feet—endeavoring, in urgent haste, to put on garments that drop off, turn wrong side out, and develop other impish propensities—riding in a coach which suddenly crumbles to pieces, and leaves one staring in the road. So to speak, it is a marked peculiarity of dreams that "the bottom drops out of everything."

So rebellious are dreams, and so erratic in their course, that they cannot be compelled by any effort of will; wild fire could be more easily chained. We may long ardently to see once more, in "the wilderness of sleep," some beloved and vanished face; yet this poor solace may be denied, while alien images crowd into the brain. Upon this subject Hazlitt wrote, "I never dream of the face of any one I am particularly attached to. I have thought almost to agony of the same person for years, nearly without ceasing, so as to have her face always before me, and to be haunted by a perpetual consciousness of disappointed passion, yet I never in all that time dreamt of that person more than once or twice, and then not vividly." Nor can the last impression received by the mind before slumber overwhelms it be calculated upon; for we may read of Mother Blood's execution, and dream, immediately afterward, of a cabbage garden; or, transversely, we may be cradled by the most soothing, placid meditations, yet the weird magician, who bears the branch of poppies, will beckon us to follow through seas of gore.

Experiment has proved that dreams may be influenced, if not controlled, through the inlets of the senses; the thunder of drays upon the cobblestones suggests a tempest to the dreamer, and the fumes of sulphur or the pleasant odors of aromatic water near his nostrils transport him to strange countries. For this reason the noises of awakening life give color and movement to the visions that "hang upon the edge of day," rendering them more real and vivid than those which come at dead of night.

It is one of the peculiarities of dreams to seem to be tending toward some stupendous climax, and then to turn away with utter irrelevance. The dreamer remains imperturbable in the face of the most astounding transformations; if animals, and even inanimate objects, become gifted with speech, he is not surprised; yet he is likely to be startled and terrified by the most trifling things. If he dreams of being pursued, it is not by a lion or tiger, but, perhaps, let us say, by an indistinct yellow blur, hovering near the ground like a will-o'-the-wisp—unspeakably sinister to his fancy—darting from thickets, and gliding in and out among the trees.

It is somewhat disenchanted to realize that dyspepsia is one of the prime factors in dream making. It matters little whether the conscience be clear, if the digestion be not in equally good case. Most people have experienced the excitement, the supersensitiveness of every faculty, brought about by a febrile condition of the blood—the lightness of head and limb, extending, as one fancies, even to the loss of gravity—the strange, unfamiliar aspect assumed by well known objects about the room; for fever, like indigestion, is a fertile breeder of phantasms.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How to Save Clippings.

After trying many ways of preserving scraps and clippings of transient value, which are wanted for reference in writing any article, I have adopted this plan: Instead of putting them away in envelopes or boxes, where it would be hard to find them, I simply put them in order, with a letter clip at the top to hold them together. I can immediately refer to any one of them, and when I have finished with them I throw the worthless ones in the scrap basket and paste the others in my book.—"C. E. E." in The Writer.

The Paris Exhibition Train.

An endless railway train, consisting of 400 platform cars, is to be one of the attractions at the Paris exhibition. The line will be on a level with the surface, and the train will run slowly enough to permit most people to step on and off while it is in motion; but for the accommodation of elderly people a stop of fifteen seconds every minute will be made. The motive power will be electricity.—New York Sun.

Blue Lines Bad for the Eyes.

For some time past the school authorities have recognized the injurious effect on the vision of the use of writing paper ruled with blue lines. The grand ducal school committee at Mayence is the first in Germany that has taken positive steps in banishing this paper from the public schools. From and after the 1st of January no ruled paper is to be allowed with lines other than black.—Paris American Register.

Crafty London Shopkeepers.

The other evening a native born Londoner, during a discussion of the mysterious Whitechapel murders, fell to talking of Petticoat lane. "It is," said he, "merely another name for one side of Middlesex street. The street forms the boundary line of old London town, and while the side next the city is known by its proper name, the opposite side is called, from the large number of second hand clothing stores, Petticoat lane. Very crafty are those dealers down the lane. A man may stroll past their shops and, seeing a handkerchief hanging outside that he fancies, step in and purchase it, then if he will turn and walk back on reaching the end of the street he will find the identical handkerchief in its old position. The thrifty seller has in his employ one or more small boys whose sole duty is to follow purchasers and 'prig' from them their newly acquired property."—Chicago Mail.

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