A Wedding in Wyoming.

Oil City Derrick: Camping near the town, we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store, I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the postmaster.

"It is now 2:30, and at 3 there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Burton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that was elected justice of the peace about a month ago, and, as this will be his first attempt at a marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me."

We went to the old squire's cabin. We found him pouring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse and looking terribly anxious. After greeting us he said:

"Stiles, the durned galoots thet got up these 'yer laws hadn't gumption enough to last 'em over night. I've run through the blamed book a half a dozen times, and can't find a dod blasted word about matermony, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got ter put the clamps on this couple, hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh!" said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people'll never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can.'

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through in tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the 'squire, who began:

"Fellow-citizens, this 'yar man and this 'yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the bonds of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game ef tuk to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself, now and furevermore. All in favor of me proceedin' as orthorized by the law, say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'no.'"

Nobody said "no."

"The motion's carried unanimously, and the court rules that thar hain't nuthin' to pervent the tryin' of the case. Grip yer fins."

The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly sw'ar that ye'll freeze to 'Mandy furever an' ever? That ye'll love 'er, an' pervide fur 'er, an' treat 'er squar an' white, accordin' to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws o' the United State, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time, that you'll nuss him in sickness, that ye'll always be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offenses; do you swa'ar this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then, by the power in me vested as justice o' the peace, in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife, and legalizes ye to remain as sich now an' furevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, and may God have mercy on your soul an' bless this union with his heftiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

A Printer's Lost Chance.

Pittsburg Leader.

There is at the present time working in the composing-room of the *Leader* a printer named William H. Cooper, whose history aptly illustrates how fortunes are made and lost; how an individual may be rich to-day and not worth a cent on the morrow. His story is but a rehearsal of the scenes that are daily occurring in the stock and oil markets. A reporter learned that at one time Mr. Cooper had been tolerably wealthy, put one day he realized that his wealth had vanished like a summer's cloud, and that he was worth nothing, metaphorically speaking. He was rather reluctant to say anything about it, but by dint of much persuasion on the part of the scribe he related the following of how he was completely "cleaned out" in the brief space of a few hours. In the fall of 1878 Mr. Cooper was employed as a messenger-boy at the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, on Duquesne Way. This office was for the accommodation of the oil men, most of whom had their offices on this street. He was then about eighteen years of age, and by reason of his coming in contact with the brokers in the course of business he was very well acquainted with them all. When the Oil Exchange was organized in this city, in the above mentioned year, he turned in his messanger-book and resigned the position to take that of janitor of the Exchange. He said he was a favorite of the members and partitularly of Gr. George H. Nesbit, of Petrolia, who was a heavy dealer in the greasy substance which has been the means of making and ruining so many men. In February, 1880, at the instance of Mr. Nesbit he went on the floor of the Exchange as a full-fledged broker, the means being furnished by that gentleman, which enable him to do so. He continued as a broker for a period of about four months, and, notwithstanding his extreme youthfulness, for he was probably the youngest broker in the country, he made the largest single purchase ever made on the exchange. This was on May 13, 1880, and the number of barrels that he thought was 100,000. In the four months that he was engaged in the oil speculation, at a rough guess, he stated he managed to make about $26,000, which was a large amount of cash for a youngster of his age to handls, but his unlucky day came. He had his whole amount invested in "margins," and Dan Goettel, of New York, "bulled" the market until the prices advanced 33 cents on the barrel, and the clique could not put up "margins" fast enough, and in consequence they lost in the agregate of $500,000, and he himself was compelled to succumb. It was on a certain Tuesday in June of the year 1880. The market opened at $1 0½c and closed at $1 06½. The next day it opened at $1.08¾. and advanced until it reached $1.24½, and closed at $1.21¾. This to use his own words, "forced our clique to lay down, being heavily short." Mr. Cooper is now sticking type on the *Leader*, but he says he will again try his luck and endeavor to retrieve what he has lost.

Greek in Milwaukee.

By a recent change in the curriculum of the high school, Greek has been dropped from the studies, though Latin is still retained, and a city paper regards the dropping of Greek as a mistake. We think so, too. Years ago we held old fogy notions upon educational matters, and thought that English ought to be taught in the public schools. It seemed to us that as English was the language of the country, and the Enghish sciences the only ones used in business, it could not do children any particular harm to teach them a little English occasionally—not too much, so that it would interfere with their Greek, Latin, painting, drawing and dancing, but enough so they could buy two yards of factory cloth at eight cents a yard and feel satisfied in their minds that the two yards came to sixteen cents. We were running a little country paper at that time, and work as hard as ever we might we could not make any money, and we could not account for it. One day we dropped into a school examination, where Latin was being peeled off in great flakes and Greek was being talked like a man filing a circular saw. We saw at once where we were making our life a failure and wasting our energies, and we retured to the office resolved to remedy the defect. We opened on the public in the next issue with plenty of Latin and Greek, and the effect was wonderful. The public had been suffering for just that sort of thing, and the edition was exhausted. Subscriptions began to pour in from all quarters; we enlarged the paper and came to Milwankee, still crowding its columns with Latin and Greek. The public knows the rest. Money has flowed in upon us so that we have to keep a man with a splint broom at the door to sweep it back. This is what Latin and Greek has done for us, and we can truthfully say that we had rather see a boy able to write a beautiful essay in Greek, any time, than to see him hanged for horse stealing. It is mere creditable to him.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Mrs. Langtry has disapeared from London society. As a professional beauty she paled before Whitelaw Reid.

A miner is always a lucky man, because he can always take his pick.—*Toledo American.*

To find out who are the most promising young men, ask the or.

The Newspaper Man.

The reasons why so few men comparatively succeed in journalism, says a sensible exchange, is because so few have for it the temperament and the constitution. More than a moiety of mankind is slow, lacking in alacrity, and devoid of a sense of proportion. The art of putting things rapidly in shape is not well understood by the public. This is the reason why we have long-winded sermons, lectures promotive of somnolency, and magazine work which presupposes that longevity vouchsafed to the long-abiding old gentlemen and ladies of the Old Testament.

The public is not inconsiderate—it is only ignorant. The newspaper is a mystery, of the manufacture of which it knows hardly anything. Those who give to it the enthusiasm of youth, the vigor of manhood and whatever of wisdom old age may have brought with it might have abiding fame in this department of literature, or the other, in the field of science, in the arena of public affairs. Taste or accident has betrayed them into a humble sphere of human exertion, nor do they quarrel with their fortune. He who drifts into journalism rarely leaves it; he still plods on in the daily toil which for him has a rare fascination. Often there is no fame for him. The cleverest newspaper men may be utterly unknown, and not forgotten only because he has never been remembered. His heart, however, is stout, at any rate; and, come competence, or the lack of it—come the highest or the humblest position, he still toils with irrepressible cheerfulness, and hopes when all is over with him that his associates who survive him will be reasonably sorry or solemn at his funeral.

Home Made Candy.

It is perfectly natural, as every one knows, for children to beg for lumps of sugar from the time when the baby first connects sugar with the bowl till years later when he is allowed to help himself. It is entirely proper they should have in moderation the sweets they crave, and which in a large measure supply their bodies with needed heat. They enjoy wonderfully well having sweet things made at home, in whose making they can assist, and it is not much trouble to indulge them and let them at least have molasses candy and pop corn balls. These balls are easily made by boiling some molasses until it will harden in cold water, pour it over the pop-corn, take it into a cool room, butter your hands and roll the corn into balls.

It is a simple matter, also, to make chocolate caramels. All that is needed is one cup of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of grated chocolate, a piece of butter the size of a walnut; stir constantly and let it boil until it is thick, then turn it out on buttered plates; when it begins to stiffen mark it in squares, so that it will break readily when cold.

Cocoanut caramels are made of two cups of grated cocoanut, one cup of sugar, two teaspoonsful of flour, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff; bake on a battered paper in a quick oven.

Nice white candy is easily made: one quart of granulated sugar, one pint of water, two teaspoonsful of vinegar; boil, but do not stir it; you can tell when it is done by trying it in cold water. Pull it like molasses candy; have a dish near by with some vanilla in it, and work in enough to flavor as you pull; let stand until the next day.

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