WHOLESALE MARRYING.

A Manitoba Matrimonial Bureau That Did a [illegible] Business.

[illegible] Girls Exported from England to Fill the Demand of Bachelors for Wives – Short Courtships Were the Rule.

"Not many years ago I was in the wholesale matchmaking business," said an ex-officer of the army, according to the [illegible] (N. Y.) Telegram. "It was not brokering of the matrimonial kind. At that time—in 1879 and 1880—Manitoba was being opened to settlement, and there was a rush of colonists thither from Ontario and Quebec and from Great Britain. The settlers were mostly men. Some of them had families and would send for them as soon as they had got somewhat fixed, but very many of them were bachelors. They were making homes for themselves, and naturally they found that they needed wives. Not a few of them were sons of English farmers, and nearly all were respectable and hard-working fellows. They could not afford to go and get wives, and so helpmates had to be imported for them. Young women, guaranteed as to respectability, were brought over from England in great numbers, and the business rapidly grew to be an important branch of the immigration traffic. One philanthropic lady in England devoted her attention to exporting homeless but worthy girls by the shipload to Quebec, whence they were forwarded to Manitoba. Trains would come into St. Boniface, across the river from Winnipeg, bringing two or three carloads of available wives at a time. They were chaperoned with due regard to propriety and were consigned to the land and mining agents, who conveyed them to Winnipeg, where suitable quarters were provided for their temporary accommodation. The accommodation was very temporary because they were soon disposed of. The settlers, who were bachelors, applied for the girls as fast as they were brought in. Their applications were not considered unless they were properly guaranteed as to their character and ability to support a wife. Few of them came to Winnipeg from a shorter distance than two hundred and fifty miles. Most commonly they were certified by letters from land agents, stating that John Smith, for example, was located on such and such a tract of land, was the owner of fifteen hundred horses, was sound and kind and so forth. On making formal application for a wife John Smith was asked what sort of a woman he preferred—whether blonde or brunette, tall or short, plump or thin, etc. Having stated his preferences he was introduced to one of the awaiting ladies, whereupon matters were quickly arranged. A remarkable point was that no suitor had ever to be introduced to a second girl. Invariably he was content with the first one and immediately married her. Apparently the men considered that when they had gone so far as an introduction they had committed themselves irretrievably. In this way, by a process of artificial selection, myself and other persons officially in charge at Winnipeg made matches by wholesale. The young women were given free transportation, of course, the object being to make homes in Manitoba and thus secure the permanent settlement of the country. Incidentally the natural increase of the population was provided for. I remember one man who drove seven hundred miles to get a wife. He was present when a train load of girls arrived and spotted the young woman he wanted off-hand. Within seven minutes after the train came in the pair were united in matrimony, and the bridegroom started away with his bride in a buckboard wagon."

A Dog Asks for Help.

In East Boston lives a remarkable dog, which is a mixture of Newfoundland and mastiff. His name is Nero, and his master believes he can understand every word that is spoken to him. Not long ago Nero entered a lumber yard where he was not known, and limping up to one of the workmen held up an injured paw. Nero is not so handsome and gentle in appearance as he is intelligent, and the man ordered him out. Nero walked away as far as the door, turned around, came back, and again held up his wounded foot. The man stopped his work, and gently taking hold of the paw found a safety-pin imbedded deep in the flesh. He extracted the pin, the dog wincing at the pain, and when the little operation in surgery was over the dog licked his paw and then thanked his benefactor as plainly as a dog could, afterwards trotting away as if nothing unusual had happened.

The White Rhinoceros.

From a letter addressed by that renowned sportsman, Mr. Selous, to the London Field, it appears that that curious and rare animal, the white rhinoceros, has not yet gone the way of the dodo and the great bustard, though some have ventured to give Mr. Selous' authority for saying that he is extinct. It is to the occupation of northern Mashonaland, which kept the native hunters to the west of the Umniati river, that this gentleman attributes the fact that in this part a few specimens still survive the constant persecution which in less than twenty years has utterly exterminated them in every other portion of south Central Africa. "There may yet," Mr. Selous adds, "be ten, or even twenty of these animals left, but certainly not more, I think, than the latter number."

An Exchange of Compliments.

It was a little hard on the boy, for he meant well, and had a sincere admiration for the girl. They were sitting at the tea-table with a number of others, and as he passed her the sugar he murmured in an undertone: "Here it is, sweet—just like you." The compliment was a little awkward, to be sure, but he meant it, a[illegible] it seemed more than cruel when, a moment later, having occasion to pass the butter to him she drawled: "Here it is, soft—just [illegible]."

[illegible] to their [illegible]

FORGOT HE WAS ON FOOT.

An Absent-Minded Doctor Who Thought He Was Driving a Skittish Horse.

Dr. S—— was noted among his professional brethren for his power of concentration. When once he bent his mind to a problem he became totally oblivious of everything about him. The doctor, according to a Connecticut exchange, had a horse that was almost as famous as himself. Among her peculiarities was the habit of shying. She would not shy at things which most horses consider fit subjects for that sort of digression. She would pay no attention whatever to a newspaper blowing about the streets, but was mortally afraid of a covered wagon. At the sight of one of New Haven's suburban stages she would run over the curbstone and threaten not only the doctor's life, but that of the chance passer. Of this habit she could not be broken. It seemed as though she could smell a stage long before it came in sight, so that the doctor would go half a dozen blocks out of the way rather than meet one. Early one morning he received a telephone call to the effect that one of his patients had become alarmingly worse. Without waiting for his carriage, he started to walk the distance, being about a mile. His mind became at once absorbed in the case, but not so much so that he did not remember that the course of the Seymour stage lay right to his path. He looked at his watch and saw that he would be sure to meet it if he went the shortest way. He was in a hurry to get to his patient, but there was no help for it. He uttered a malediction over the circumstances and turned off at the first corner. This obliged him to nearly double the distance, and the day was warm. He walked as he never walked before, and failed to recognize a couple of intimate friends whom he nearly ran over. It was not until he had spent two hours with his patient and come out to look for his horse that he began to realize that he had walked a mile out of his way so that he need not shy at the Seymour stage.

FERRY AND GAMBETTA.

Widely Different in Nature, But Both Hated the Regime of Napoleon.

A writer in the Paris Figaro draws a comparison between Ferry and Gambetta, than whom apparently it would be difficult to find two men more widely different. Gambetta partly owed his wonderful popularity to his lively and enthusiastic nature, which enlisted sympathies and won him friends everywhere, while Ferry, proud, stiff and sarcastic, chilled and repelled. Gambetta once told Ferry, laughingly, that he was a rose tree, on which there grew only thorns. Yet the two were good friends, and at one time lunched together regularly once a week. It was their hatred of the imperial regime that united them.

M. Ferry, after the civil ceremony of his marriage, did not attend any religious service—the marriage of M. Daudet's son with the daughter of the late Victor Hugo was contracted in the same manner—consequently the bigoted clericals, who are much more numerous in Parisian society than most people are aware of, would not either call on or attend the receptions of Mme. Ferry, pretending not to recognize that she was his lawful wife.

Quite lately, when M. and Mme. Ferry were staying in Rome, the pope granted them an audience. Leo XIII., with his usual quick wit and marvelous tact, seized the opportunity, and when it was time to bring the interview to an end asked them if they would like to have his benediction. Of course, they both answered in the affirmative. After he had blessed them he added: "You see what a short thing it is to be married religiously." The action was a graceful one on the part of the pope, but it was intended also as a rebuke to the bigots who insisted on fighting Ferry on this point.

HOOPSKIRTS IN WAR TIMES.

They Were Used as a Hiding Place for Contraband Articles.

During the war the crinoline played a practical part, as many ladies were in the habit of hiding contraband articles under their skirts and in this manner smuggled them through the lines to the soldiers, said a Denver man to a St. Louis Republic writer. I remember one instance of the kind of which I was a witness. I was a boy about fourteen, and with my mother was about to make a visit from Memphis to Grenada. We were detained at the guardhouse waiting for a passport, for which we had an order, when a richly dressed lady came in and presented a note from the commanding officer to pass her through the lines. She would have got through easy enough, but as she was leaving the station the band of her hoopskirt broke and it fell to the ground. The lady screamed and swooned dead away. Fastened to the skirt were a dozen pairs of fine cavalry boots which she was endeavoring to smuggle through to confederate soldiers. She was locked up, and it was some time before friends secured her release. My mother was so badly frightened by the incident that she gave up the visit to Grenada, for she too had some contraband goods tied to her crinoline.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS.

Awkwardly Worded Notices Found in Newspapers.

"No person," wrote an imaginative undertaker, "ever having tried one of these air-tight coffins of ours will ever use any other."

This, according to the Detroit Free Press, is supplemented by the truthful but discouraging advertisement of a dentist: "Teeth extracted with great pains."

A western farmer advertises for a woman to "wash, iron and milk two cows."

An advertisement appeared in a Washington paper for "a room for a young man 10x12."

This is an advertisement from the columns of an English court journal:

"Blankets! Blankets! Blankets! For domestic and charitable purposes of every description, quality, size and weight."

[illegible]

DOOM OF THE HORSE.

Electricity the Coming Motive Power for Vehicles.

Not Only Street Cars, But Wheeled Conveyances of All Kinds Will Be Propelled by the Unseen Force That Is Revolutionizing the World.

From present indications it will not be surprising if within a few short years the electric motor will have superseded the horse generally, if not universally, as a motive power, says the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette. Within three years it has taken its place on all the street railways in the city, with a single exception, that were not using the cable. The same is true of every other city in the country. Even country towns and thickly populated country districts have electric roads. In this way hundreds of thousands of horses have been displaced within the last five years. The cable came first, but it is being superseded by the electric motor, as it is less expensive and more easily handled.

Many of our readers will be able to recall the cry against steam railways that they would do away with stage coaches and horses, thereby throwing thousands of drivers, hostlers, horse buyers and tavern keepers out of employment. It is said that this cry was so loud as to keep the Baltimore & Ohio railroad out of this state. Had it not been for the turnpike influence the first line would have come to this city, and thence to Wheeling, instead of going over the mountains from Cumberland to Wheeling. The stage horse was doomed, however, and had to go. Is it not possible, or even quite probable, that the carriage horse and the draft horse are likewise doomed? Within two years from the present time carriages, buggies and light wagons will be scudding along our streets propelled by electricity, and it is not improbable that the same power may be applied to heavier-wheeled vehicles.

In a recent letter Thomas Shields Clarke, the artist, who has been in Paris for some time, says:

"Do you realize that the days of our equine friend are numbered? Carriages propelled by electric or naphtha motors are already a common sight on the streets of Paris and becoming more numerous every day. Not being a great lover of horseflesh I shall be glad when it is gone. What nice, clean streets we will have when it ceases to hammer them to pieces with its iron shoes. More capacious carriages can be used and many men can own their own conveyances when propelled by a motor that only uses a few cents' worth of electricity, in naphtha, per day, and costs nothing at all for feed or attention when not in actual use. Every man may then be his own driver. It looks very much as if this new order of things will be established before the close of the present century."

There are none, or at least only a few, who will take issue with Mr. Clarke on the subject. The electric motor and storage battery have been brought to such perfection that it is quite safe to predict a general if not universal decline in horse power. During the coming harvest a number of agricultural machines, such as reapers, mowers, thrashers, plows, harrows and rakes will be operated by storage batteries instead of horses. This is rendered possible by late improvements in the storage battery. A five-horse-power battery, good for ten hours' steady work, occupies a box no larger than an egg case, and weighs no more than one hundred and fifty pounds. These can be transported any distance, and may be returned and recharged at small cost.

A battery of this size and power will propel a farming carriage continuously for fifty hours, or at least for ten days if only used five hours each day. So it will not cost nearly so much as a carriage horse, nor require either feed or attention when not in use. There is no reason why it should not become very popular.

TO CLEAN SPECTACLES.

Use a Bank Bill of Large Denomination, and Be Happy.

"It's the greatest idea in the world," said a guest of a St. Louis hotel, rubbing his glasses with a fifty-dollar bill, according to the Globe-Democrat.

"Now, I can't see ten feet without my glasses, and glasses have a tendency to become blurred, you know.

"Now, I have worn spectacles constantly for over twenty-five years, and I have, in a small way, made a study of them. A linen handkerchief does not clean them well, and a silk is always sure to leave a thread sticking to the frames.

"Paper is no account, as it leaves specks on the glass. Cotton is sure to leave a lot of lint behind it. Chamois is too thick, and kid don't do at all. I've tried them all, and I know. The thing to use, my boy, is a bank note; it cleans the glasses beautifully and leaves nothing behind it.

"Of course, it isn't necessary to use a fifty every time, but I happened to have this one loose in my pocket and I'm expecting a friend along in a minute and I wanted to make an impression. Yes, they say bills carry disease with them, but I ain't afraid much. I've never caught anything from them. You can use a one as well as a fifty, but use a fifty if you can; there's more money in it."

A Changeable Water Mark.

Two Americans who were dining at tables in front of a cafe in Paris, near the Seine, noticed high up on the front wall of a building a red mark, and underneath it this inscription: "Inundation of 1875. High-water mark." "Come! come!" said one of the Americans to the restaurant keeper; "you don't expect us to believe that the river ever rose as high as that?" "Oh, no," said the proprietor, blandly; "it only came up to here." He made a sort of scratch with his thumb nail down near the ground. "But, you see, when the mark was down there the children rubbed it out so continually that we had to put it up there out of their reach."

IRELAND OF OTHER TIMES.

The Palmy Days of Dueling, Hard Drinking, Fun and Jollification.

Never was such a time of feasting and jollification as the palmy days of the Irish parliament, says All the Year Round. The county elections were a continued scene of fighting, fun and revelry. It is one continuous Donnybrook fair, and the county elector, with a good coat on his back and money clinking in his pocket.

Steps into a tent, just to spend half a crown,
Steps out, meets a friend, and for joy knocks him down
With his song of shillelah and shamrock so green!

With the same gayety of heart, the gentlemen fought their battles with more deadly weapons. At that time dueling was a recognized part of the social code. The "thirty-six commandments," arranged by a gentleman of Galway, formed a complete set of rules on all the punctilios of the duello. According to the printed rules of Galway, seconds, if desirous, may exchange shots at right angles to their principals, and, lest the gentlemen should have forgotten their mathematics, there is a diagram to explain how this right-angled fire is arranged. The pistol was a national weapon, the long, heavy dueling pistol, which was handed to the principal by his second, "the flints hammered and the feather-spring set." Some Irish gentlemen who had served in France tried to substitute the small sword for the pistol, and a dueling club was formed in Dublin—"a most agreeable and useful association"—the members of which styled themselves the "Knights of Tara," and who strove by practice in the fencing school and on the field of honor to bring the rapier into fashion again. But their practices were denounced as "frivolous" by the regular blazers, and national habits were too strong for the innovators. "Well hit, but no lives lost," was the bulletin most hoped for on the conclusion of a duel, for the kindly Irish nature recoiled from occasioning the death of a neighbor, and perhaps a friend, but wounds were glorious, and none could doubt the honor of one who had been winged on such an occasion.

A BAD TIME TO LAUGH.

Remarks on the Untimeliness of a Boy's Mirth.

As a matter of fact a boy never should laugh at his father until he (the boy) is eighteen years of age at least. Earlier than that, according to the Minneapolis Tribune, it is not safe. A boy over near the university has for several evenings stood up to eat his meals, and all because he neglected the above rule of conduct. His father takes great pride in a Hambletonian colt he is raising. The old man fairly delights in puttering around the stable, and he can hardly wait until that colt is four years old and trots a mile to harness in 2:35¼, as it surely will. The other morning the pater was fussing around in an old silk hat and equally venerable greatcoat, pitchfork in hand, and while he was working about the colt's heels the boy gave the animal its feed. The colt does not allow any familiarities while feeding and, when the old man, in a stooping position, backed up against him the colt lashed out with both feet. The man stood so near that the kick broke no bones, but he was shot as from a catapult right through the clapboards on the side of the barn. His head was driven through his tile, and when he extricated himself from the splinters the rim of his headgear hung around his neck like a ruff. He regarded the whole business as rough, and delivered an oration through his hat which the boy regarded as amusing. The youngster laughed. First he stood and laughed, then he laid down and laughed and rolled over and over and hugged himself and still laughed. But when that devoted father got clear from the wreckage he seized the nearest strap, and the boy has not smiled once since. The boy knows now that he is not big enough to laugh at his father.

A Wonderful Spinster of Old.

Spinster Annie Maria von Schurmann was the name of a woman who lived at Utrecht during the sixteenth century. She was so learned a woman that all men of science of that day considered her a marvel. She spoke German, French, English, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew with equal facility and even understood the Syrian, Chaldaic, Arabic and Ethiopian tongues. Astronomy, geography, philosophy and theology were her special hobbies and she wrote many interesting pamphlets on these subjects. Aside from this she was a painter, sculptor and engraver of high degree and played and devised several musical instruments. She was held in high esteem by and corresponded with many of the prominent savants of the age, even with Richelieu, Queen Anne of France, Elizabeth of Poland and Christine of Sweden. She died unmarried at the age of seventy-two.

Men in 4000 A. D.

A French statistician, who has been studying the military and other records, has found that in 1610 the average height of man in Europe was five feet nine inches; that in 1790 it was five feet six inches; in 1890 it was five feet five inches and a fraction. At the present time it is five feet three and three-fourths inches. It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature. The calculation shows that by the year 4000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches.

Order of the Garter.

The insignia of the Order of the Garter are: A gold medallion of St. George and the dragon suspended from a blue ribbon; the garter itself, of dark blue velvet; a blue velvet mantle lined with taffeta, with the star of the order embroidered on the left breast; a hood and surcoat of crimson velvet and a hat of black velvet, a collar of gold weighing thirty ounces, and the star with the cross of St. George in the center encircled by the garter.

AN UNLUCKY MAIL CAR.

No. 800 Is a Veritable Terror to the Erie Railway Men.

Railroad men, as a rule, are far from being superstitious, but there is a certain mail car on the Erie railroad which trainmen always dread to have on their train. This car, which is regarded with such a superstitious dread, is mail car No. 800. On account of the aversion to it, this car is kept at the shops, except when it is absolutely needed on the line. This car, according to the Chicago Tribune, has a record which perhaps no other car in existence can equal. Not this car alone, but all its predecessors bearing the same number have met with disaster.

In the great disaster at Tioga Center thirteen years ago, mail car No. 800 was wrecked and burned. A new No. 800 was soon after built at the Jersey City shops. After being in a number of minor wrecks, it went down the steep bank at Shohola a few years ago in one of the worst wrecks the road has ever experienced. The remains of this ill-fated car were burned and a new one bearing the same number was built at the Buffalo car shops. For a short time the bright, new car ran from one end of the road to the other in safety, and the trainmen began to lose their fear of it when it was in their train. Its luck was short-lived, however, and it has been in nearly every serious wreck the road has had since. A little over a week ago train No. 12 ran off the track at a switch. As was expected, this car was on the train.

Recently there was a wreck near Lackawaxen. A railroad man at that station the day of the wreck, in talking to some passengers, said: "I'll bet 800 was in the train." When the train had been put on the track and pulled slowly into the station the railroad man said: "There, I told you so." Sure enough there was the mail car with the unlucky 800 in big figures on its sides. These three figures are a terror to every man on the road, and until the car is laid up for good the railroad men say frequent wrecks may be looked for.

SEIZING AN OPPORTUNITY.

Johnnie Thought He Had the Chance of a Lifetime.

Many laughable things have happened in Sunday schools, but few superintendents or teachers can ever have been taken more completely aback than was Bishop Cheney on one occasion. He was to superintend his own school, says American Youth, and as he entered the church he met a little group of street gamins—ragged, dirty and unattractive.

"I stopped to speak with them pleasantly and told them that I would put them in classes after I was through with the opening exercises. At this one of them thrust his hand deeply into his pants pocket and pulled out an old jack-knife.

"'Mr. Cheney, I wish you would keep that until after the Sunday school is over.'

"Why he wanted me to keep it I did not know then. I do not know now; but I took it, put it without thought into my pocket, took my place upon the platform, struck the bell that called the school to order and was about to give out the opening hymn when my attention was diverted by the patter of little feet coming up the broad aisle.

"It is a long church, and a little girl was coming from the extreme opposite end. She came slowly, but with an expression in her face that showed she had a most important message to communicate, and so all exercises were suspended.

"Every eye was upon her and upon me as she climbed up the chancel steps. With a face and voice expressive of intensest eagerness she said to me:

"'Say, Mr. Cheney, Johnnie wants his knife. He's got a chance to trade.'"

SUNDAY BATTLES.

Some of Them Were the Most Famous of History.

Many of the most famous battles of history have been fought on Sunday. To go on further back than the beginning of the present century, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the battle of Eylau, won February 8, 1807, by Napoleon over the Russians and Prussians, and the battle of Friedland, June 14, 1807, won by Napoleon over the same allies, were both fought on Sunday.

On Sunday, May 21, 1809, Napoleon was defeated at Essling; on Sunday, May 2, 1813, won the victory of Lutzen, and on Sunday, June 18, 1815, was overthrown at Waterloo.

Wellington, besides Waterloo, won several of the greatest victories at Vimeira, in Portugal, August 21, 1808; at Fuentes de Onoro, May 5, 1811; at Orthes, February 27, 1814; at Tarbez, March 20, 1814, and at Toulouse, April 10, 1814, all of these battles being fought on Sunday.

During the civil war in this country the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, was fought on Sunday, and the battle of Chickamauga September 19 and 20, 1863, ended on Sunday.

Vicksburg was surrendered on Saturday, July 4, 1863, and formally occupied on Sunday, the following day, and on the same day Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg. Petersburg fell on Sunday, April 2, 1865, and on the following Sunday Lee surrendered.

A Natural Preference.

An impecunious man stood at the corner of one of the Jersey City cross streets during the recent bad weather, watching a brakeman as he helped to shunt a freight train into one of the great car yards. The roofs of the cars were slippery and wet, the brake wheel looked cold, the brakeman had a red nose, watery eyes and a general appearance of discomfort, and looked as if he had been out all night. Turning to a bystander, who was [illegible] waiting for the train to pass, the impecunious one remarked as he looked up at the dejected and grimy figure: "On the whole, I think I'd prefer to be a banker."

THE

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