EASY DIVORCE.

Increasing Evils of the System—What Society Most Needs.

Dr. Talmadge preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Sunday April 20th. On the subject "Easy Divorce." Before the sermon he read and expounded the scriptural passage in regard to the burial of Sara in the cave of Macphelah. One of the hymns was sung to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." Dr. Talmadge's text was Matt. xix-6: "What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

That there are in America, to day, said he hundreds and thousands of infelicitous homes no one will doubt. If there were a skeleton in only one closet that might be locked up and abandoned, but in many a home there is a skeleton for every closet. "Unhappily married" are two words which tell all the domestic history. You need no orthodox minister to prove to a badly mated pair that there is a hell; they are there now. Thousands of good and gracious women are thus incarcerate, and their life is a crucifixion, while many a good man, like John Wesley, has married a vixen or a fiend. Oftener both parties are to blame, and Thomas Carlyle is an irritable scold, while his wife smokes and swears, and Froude, the historian, is mean enough for the shekels he gets for the manuscript to withdraw the curtain that hid the life long squabble at 5 Cheyne Row and Craigen Puttock. For the relief of all such homes it is proposed to disband the domestic partnership. Make divorce easy. When husband and wife find themselves at a discord, drop the tune and let there be a reassortment of spirits.

Now, for certain causes, divorce is as right as marriages, and I have as much regard for one lawfully divorced as for one lawfully married. God authorizes one as certainly as he authorizes the other. But wholesale divorce isone of the national scourges,"

FREE LOVE AND ITS ADVOCATES.

And it is no surprise to me when I see what have been the influence at work to disparage that divine and glorious institution. We had for a long time while lecture platforms resounding with the talk of a free love millenium. Meetings in Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and Cooper Institute, New York, and Tremont Temple, Boston, and all over the land. The stage occupied by women, some of whom have since been distinguished for their promiscuity of affection. Among their favorite themes were, "The "Tyranny of Man," "The Oppression of the Marriage Relations" "Woman's Rights,,' "Affinity," the chief spirits of such meetings were women with short hair and short dress, but long tongues everlastingly at war with God and society because they were created women,while a few men with soft accent and cowed demeanor and apologetic for their masculinity sat here and there on the platferm and held the parasols of the termagant orators as they went on preaching the gospel of free love. Those frantics, rampant for twenty years on the platform, sent more devils into domestic life than can be exercised for the next century. Men and women went home from such meetings to be permanently confused about their wives and husbands that they never got over the perplexity and the civil and criminal courts were called in to help disentangle the trouble, and this one paid an alimony and the other got a limited divorce and the father took the children on condition that the mother could see them once in a while; and some of the contestants went into the grave and some into the penitentiary and some into public dissoluteness and all into wretchedness.

DEMORALIZING BOOKS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

Another influence that has done much to demoralize the marriage relation has been the postulous literature that fills the country millions of sheets of it abroad every week, choked with stories of domestic wrongs, infidelities, stratagems, murders, until it is a wonder that there is any common sense or decency left on the subject of the marriage relation.

Now for the correction of all these abuses it is seriously proposed that divorce be made more easy. Before I yield to that cry I want to know how easy it is now. I have looked over the law of all the states, and though easier in some states than in others, it is easy everywhere. In order that it may be perfectly easy in Illinois after mentioning a long list of causes for which divorce may be granted, that state in her law says that the court may decree a divorce on other grounds if satisfied of the expediency of so doing. You wonder that in Cook county of that state in 1880, there were eight hundred and thirty divorce suits begun! To show how easy it is I have to tell you that in Massachusetts six hundred divorces were granted in one year, in Maine four hundred and seventy-eight, in Connecticut four hundred and one. In the one city of San Francisco they had theee hundred and thirty three divorces in 1880, in New England in one year two thousand one hundred and thirteen, but in twenty years in New England twenty thousand. At the rate at which causes for divorces are multiplied and the number of cases increases we are not far off from the time when the courts will set apart whole days for applications and all that will be necessary to prove against the man will be that he has left his evening newspaper on the middle of the floor and against a woman that an overcoat was found buttonless. Within a few years divorces have doubled in France, England and the United States. In Western Reserve, Ohio, the divorces as compared with the number of marriages are one to eleven in Rhode Island one to twelve, in Vermont one to fourteen. Is not that easy enough? Mark this: In all the history of the world the frequency of divorce is always a sign of the dissoluteness of society. For the first five hundred years of Rome only one divorce—years of her glory and virtue. But the reign of vice began and with it divorce became epidemic and if you want to know how fast the empire went down ask Gibbon. Do you know how the reign of terror was ushered in France. By twenty thousand divorces in Paris in one year.

WHAT SOCIETY NEEDS

What society needs most now is to make divorce more and more difficult. Men and women must understand that if they go into the marriage relation there is no prospect of escape except through the door of the sepulchre. What will make the human race pause on the verge of this relation until they are satisfied that it is the safest and wisest and best thing to do. That will put an end to marriage in fun. That will take out of the relation all idea that it is merely a trial trip, and that if they don't like it they can get out at the next landing. That will take marriage out of the realm of the frivolous into the realm of the tremendous, and the flowers in the bride's hair will be no more a joke than the cypress on the coffin. What is most needed is that the congress of the Uniten States at its present session move for a change in the constitution, so that there can be made one uniform law for all the land, and what is right in one State shall be right in all the States, and what is wrong in one State shall be wrong in all the States. New disaffected partners in marriage may move from State to State and achieve liberation from the domestic ties so very easily that the other partner knows nothing of it until he or she read in the newspapers that 'on the 14th of April, 1884, by the Rev. Dr. Somebody, the party —a little while absent from home on pleasure excursion at Newport or business in Chicago—has been introduced into another martial partnership; marriage at the bride's residence; no cards'. In some of the States a practical premium is put upon matrimonial disintegration, while some of the States, like our own New York, have the pre-eminent idiocy of making marriage lawful at twelve and fourteen years of age. Let congress, through a committee made up not of single gentlemen but of men of families, who have their households with them in Washington, after the requisite change in the constitution, prepare one good, common sense, stringent law on the subject of marriage and divorce which will cover everything from Sandy Hook to Golden Horn. Then the brokerage in marriage will cease and the divorce lawyers will go into respectable practice, and those who are planning how they can escape from the martial oath will go to work planning how they may adjust themselves in the more or less unfavorable circumstances.

MARRYING MEN TO REFORM THEM.

Rigidity of the divorce law will keep hundreds of women from the failure of attempting to reform men by marrying them. She knew he drank, although he tried to hide it by chewing cloves. Parents and friends warned her. No! She will attempt his reform by marriage, and if she fail the law will emancipate her; for her habitual drunkenness is a cause of divorce in Indiana, Connecticut, Florida, Arkansas, California and Kentucky, and almost all the states. So the poor thing goes to the altar of sacrifice. Show me where the poverty struck streets of any city are and I will show you whole lines of houses where all the women married men to reform them. The reformatory attempt may be successful in one case out of ten thousand, but I have never seen one successful experiment. Rigidity of divorce law will lead a woman to say: "If I am affianced to that man it is probably forever, and if now in the ardor of his young love and I am the prize to be won he will not give up his cups, after he has won his prize he will surely not give them up. No, sir you are married to your club room and married to your evil habits, and you are a bigamist already. Go."

HASTY AND FOOLISH MARRIAGES.

Rigity of divorce law will put an estoppel on hasty and inconsiderate marriages. Under the impression that for frivolous cause one can be released by the divorce law here or elsewhere, the solemn relation is entered into without reflection or inquiry. Romance and impulse have too much sway. The ground for the compact is that she likes his looks and he admires the graceful way she passes raound the ice cream at a picnic. Men incapable of paying their own board bill take the hand at the altar and say, "With all my wordly goods I thee endow." Women who could not make a good loaf of bread to save their lives promise to "cherish and obey." A Christian will marry an atheist, and that is always conjoined wretchedness, Hearing about love in a cottage, some one brought up in ease goes down to starvation in a hovel. Plenty of runaway matches and elopements, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of which are death and hell! Ministers of the gospel in these regions having no defense as in other regions by public banns or by margiage license signed by State officials, are left to blunder by marrying people that ought never to be married becasue they are too young or already umder solemn domestic contract. By the wreck of 10,000 family altars, by the holocaust of 10,000 sacrificed men and women, by the memory of despoiled homesteads, by the hearthstone of the family which is the corner stone of the State, and in the name of that God who has set up the family institution and made the breaking of the marrital oath the most appalling of all perjuries, I implore the Congress of the United States first for a change in the National Constitution and then for an all comprehensive, just and stringent law of marriage and divorce.

ADVICE TO SINGLE PEOPLE.

And let me say to the hundreds of young people here assembled, before you join heart and hand in solemn pledge, use all caution, make all outside inquiry as to habits, explore the disposition, question as to ancestry, scrutinize the tastes and find out the ambitions. Don't take the heroes and the heroines of cheap novels for your model. Don't entrust your time and eternity in the keeping of a man who has the reputation of being a little loose, or a woman who dresses fast. Remember that good looks are a gift from God, but that a few wrinkles may spoil them or an eruptive disease deface them. Lord Byron's beauty was only equalled by his depravity. Absolom,s hair was not more splendid than his behavior was despicable. Hear it! Hear it! The foundation of happy marriage has been and always will be good character. Ask father's and mother's counsel in this the most important step of your life. They are more interested in your welfare than any being on earth, have already made more sacrifices for you and will do more for your happiness. Above all, ask God.

TO THE HAPPILY MATED.

Let me say to those who are happily mated Avoid first quarrels. Have no unexplained correspondence with former admirers. Don't cultivate suspicions. Don't in a moment of temper rush out and tell your neighbors about your wrongs. Don't let the gad-abouts of society unload in your house their baggage of gab and tittle-tattle. Don't stand too much on your rights. Learn how to apologise. Don't be too stubborn or too proud, or too devilish to "make up." Almost all the great matrimonial disasters started with little infelicities. The whole pile of ten railroad cars, telescoped and smashed at the foot of an embahkment a hundred feet down, came to that catastrophe by getting only two inches off the track. The most scandalous and wide resounding divorce cases have grown out of little misunderstandings that were allowed to go on till home and respectability, and religion and immortal soul went down in the crash.

And fellow citizens as well as fellow Christians, let us all have a divine rage against anything that would despoil the marriage state. Blessed intuition! Instead of two arms to fight the battle of life—four! Instead of two eyes to see the rugged path—four! Instead of two shoulders to lift the burdens—four! Twice the energy. Twice the courage. Twice the holy ambition. Twice the probability of worldly success. Twice the prospect of heaven. Into that marriage bower God fetches two souls. Room outside for all bickerings, and all controversies and all contention. Room inside only for one guest, and that the Angel of Love. May that angel guard the floral door of this Edenic bower and with keen blade cut down at the rescued door-sill its worst enemy—easy divorce. For every "Paradise Lost" may there be a "Paradise Regained," and when we leave our homes on earth may there be for us a brighter home in heaven at the windows of which there are familiar faces at this moment watching and waiting to see our arrival, and wondering why so long we tarry.

Lady Stradbroke Snubbed.

London Truth.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that "the lady of title" who is morally responsible for the London *World* libel has gone entirely unpunished. The Queen was exceedingly angry with her; and she received an unmistakable hint that she would do well not to attend the drawing room, and her majesty also crossed her landyship's name out of the state ball and concert invitation lists. Indeed, the name would have been permanently struck off the Buckingham Palace list but for the Queen's consideration for her ladyship's blameless husband, who has suffered as much mortification from the affair as did the Duc d'Ivry after his spouse's indiscretions at that Congress of Baden of which we read in "The Newcomes," "My lady" has also received the cold shoulder from Marborough House, so that altogether her position has been by no means so satisfactory as most people suppose.

Fanny Ellsler's Old Age.

Fanny has never married, although she is reported to have been beset with offers from her 16th to her 70th year. She is credited with having had a number of lovers, and an officer in the Austrian cavaly and a well-known stock broker in this city are reported to be her sons, but the relation has never been publicly acknowledged. The notorious scandal about herself, when a bewitching girl of 18, and the Duke de Richstadt, son of Napoleon I., she has always stoutly denied. She says their bruited love affairs must have been purely metaphysical, because she never, she avows, laid eyes on the handsome and ill-starred youth. She lost a large part of her fortune some years since by speculation on the Bourse, but has sufficient left to keep her in comfort and independence. No trace of her personal charms has been visible for twenty years.

The Woman Who Dared.

Laura Johnson, a Milwaukee girl, became so indignant on reading a letter from her betrothed, in which he expressed the desire to break off their engagement, that she tried to snatch the engagement ring from her finger, but it was so firmly fixed that she could not remove it. Seeing a hatchet near by, she then deliberately chopped the finger off, and sentit, with the ring attached, to the faithless lover.

Blaine's Awful Vigor.

Washington Letter.

By the way, I saw Mr. Blaine on the street the other day, and I was struck with his vigorous action. He walks with the strength of a steam engine, and his face flushes like a boy's. Still I must confess that his hair and beard are white as snow. Blaine is really a young man.

HISTORY OF OSCULATION.

KISSES OF ALL COUNTRIES AND OF ALL TIMES.

Men Who Kiss and Their Reasons for Such Salutations—The New Fashion of Labial Salutation—Gaining Ground Among the Dudes.

The researches of laborious delvers in the mine of usual information have made it no longer doubtful that the art of osculation is of an antiquity very remote indeed. No doubt the term designating this charm process is one of somewhat "learned length," and of sibilant, if not of thundering sound. But it is susceptible of easy translation. It is a noun, and a very proper one, generally speaking; but even if sometimes a little naughty, it is always nice. Holy Writ is replete with records bearing on the subject. The practice is unquestionably of Oriental origin, as in truth is that of the race with which it came in to stay.

There are several references in Genesis to kissing. In the affair of Joab and Amasa, recorded in H. Samuel, it is connected very intimately with a tragedy, for it is recorded that: "Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him and the hen smote him in the fifth rib." Labal salutation appears also to have been interchanged by Joab and Rachel; Laban and his sons and daughters; Moses and Aaron; Orpha and—mirable dictu—her mother-in-law! A good girl that Orpha!

Strange as it may appeas at first blush, the allusions to the practice of kissing in classic literature are comparatively few, and those mostly of a contemptuous character. It is well known that the Greeks and Romans—especially the latter—had no tolerance for effimminacy in any form and perhaps, from their point of view, kissing came under that ban.

So, too, among most of the great Roman writers. Persius and his greater successor, Juvenal, had their hands full in lashing the giant vices of their time, and gave no heed to trifles. Whether kissing prevailed to any great extent dnring the Dark Ages is a question involved in an obscurity as profound as its importnce.

The dawn was some time in breaking, but about the beginning of the Fifteenth century the long-hidden sun-god burst forth in all his effulgence. The people of Europe, and, for aught that can be added to the contrary, those of Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea commenced to kiss. It was one loud reverberation from Indies to the Pole!

In 1448, Lorenzo the Magnificent reigned in Florence. He was the most munificent patron of learning all kinds—including the science and art of kissing—since Mæcenas. During the three centuries following Lorenzo's reign other choice spirits bore sway in high places. They were nearly all—male and female—devoted and assiduous patrons of the one art of kissing. Contemporary literature is full of it. Shakespeare overflows with moving delineations of this absorbing pastime. There is hardly one of his dramas—tragic or comic—in which there is not a reference to kissing. The term "kiss" appears one hundred and forty-nine (49) times in the plays: "kissed" and kissing are used in eighty-two instances, making a grand aggregate of two-hundred and thirty-one (231) times in which the bard recurs to a soul-absorbing exercise in which, no doubt, he was himself proficient.

At the court of Lorenzo the form of kissing was most decorous. Henry VIII. kissed in a sort of catch-as-catch-can fashion; so did Catherine II. of Russia. In Spain the art was brought to a very high point of refinement, as indeed might be expected from the chivalric character of Spain's sons and the beauty of her daughters. The Spanish kiss is described as passionate and prolonged. These conditions, too, were to be expected, for we have it on high poetic authority—one of the "boss" bussers of his age—that:

The Spanish girl is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
And if she love or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.

It was in France, however, that the kiss bloomed into the full flower of perfection. Mesdames Pompadour and Maintenon have given names to the forms of the salute; both have been described as courtly, but not frigid. Ninon de l'Enclos, who preserved her charms up to her death at 90, would be embalmed in the amber of history on the same account, if upon no other. The kiss a la de l'Enclos was distinguished, like her herself, for its vitality and a decided disposition to "stick."

The poets of the Restoratiou in Euglahd—sad dogs most of them—were never tired of descanting on the kiss, with variations not fit for the ears polite of our day. After them came Fielding, Smollett and certain other like worthies. Everybody knows what the authors of "Tom Jones" and Roderick Random" were, and so there's an end on't. Richardson, the virtuous author of Clarissa Harlowe," was, of course, too good a man to speak of such a naughty subject save in a cold, Minerva-like way.

It should have been said that the Puritans of the Cromwellian period were somewhat addicted to kissing, but after a most discreet fashion. In fact a quaint author of the period, who probably had "been there," compared the chaste salute of a Puritan maiden to the thrust of a woodpecker's bill.

Passing the Georgian and Victorian eras, during which Byron sang "The First Kiss of Love," and Tom Moore struck his harp and warbled like a nightingale of "bowers," "smiles," "wine," "kisses," and cognate subjects, one comes to a new phase of the momentous kissing question, and at this point it becomes necessary to dwell a little on the character *dudus Americanus*, or great American dude—the latest product of our "society" and civilization. As a sort of zoological title has been bestowed on the dude it is proper to remove any false impression that he is not an ass—that is, not in form or feature. In fact, he has none of the qualities of that noble animal—none of his grit, obstinacy or staying powers. The dude hasn't even the redeeming quality of bad temper, like that other noble animal "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity"—the mule. A dude may be described in the main as the combined product of a tailor, a shoemaker and a hatter. At his birth silliness marked him for her own. Insipidity took him in tow at an early age and will hold him fast astern through life. The dude—if, indeed, that nature had any particular design in giving such a being animate existence—is probably designed to furnish a casual paragraph for the newspapers and to supply an occasion for mirth to all persons who have not taken leave of their senses.

One would have thought that the absurdities of this abnormal creature, in dress and deportment, had reached a climax long ago; but no. The latest "wrinkle" among the dudesque fraternity is that they have taken to kissing—not some other fellow's sister or wife; oh, no that would involve some risk, but to kissing one another. Careful investigation proves this to be a fact. When two of our metropolitan dudes meet now, whether in public or private, they forthwith embrace and then the osculatory operation is performed. It is the proper thing, you know by jove!

"Yes," said a well-known society man, who is not a fool, however. "It appears to be a fact that the dudesque brotherhood have fallen in love with one another. Most of them now embrace and kiss whenever they meet, like simpering school-girls. It is the latest craze."

"Well," said the star man, who had the pleasure of meeting the society man, "what think you will be their next manifestation of silliness?"

"Heaven knows, I'm sure I don't," replied the man of the world. "In point of capacity for doing *outre* and absurd things, the genius of your dude is simply inexhaustible. Ask me something easy."

"I saw the most disgusting sight my eyes ever lit upon the other day, as I was driving up Lexington avenue, near Forty-second street," said an old citizens to the reporter.

"Nothing less than two young fellows, with long frock coats, tail hats, tight trousers and tiny canes—in a word, a brace of dudes kissing openly in the street. It occurred directly opposite the Vanderbilt house, at Lexington avenue and Forty-second street."

"Upon my soul," he continued, with unnecessary emphasis "this is a fact-Heavens! What are we coming to anyhow?"

And so it is. That famous "paroxysmal kiss," of which all the world heard only a few years ago, has, perhaps, gone out of fashion but the kiss dude will no doubt, be found a fit substitute. The progress of this latest aberration of dudedom will be followed with interest. Certainly in respect to osculation, the dudes can point to a noted prototype and exemplar in the person of Absalom who (II. Samuel, xi, 5) "kissed any man that came nigh to him." Of course it would be too, too painful if a few of our dudes should meet with a like fate even as they follow his practice.

HUMOROUS.

A health resort: The doctor.

The age of journalism: Mucilage.

A sweet thing in bonnets: A honey bee.

The man with a lottery ticket looks out for the number one.

Floods come high, but it seems the unhappy Ohio people must have them.

No, the Indian does not wear a feather head-dress in order to keep his wigwam.

Japanese soldiers carry fans. These weapons are propably used only in the hottest of the fight.

The face of the sun is covered with blotches again. The sun should take something for its blood.

Quite a number of Florida citizens are spending the winter in the north to escape the severe weather.

"Man wants but little ear below," said the school-boy who got a sounding box on the side of his head.

Money often leads men astray. Some of hem will run after a dollar, but a hound dog is more avaricious. He will follow a scent.

An article containing a dozen hints on how to take care of a horse is going the rounds of the press, but there is not one hint as how to get the horse.

A bill has been presented to the legislature to regulate the manufacturing of cider. Is this not unwarranted interference with the freedom of the press?

"No," said the man who looked on with unconcern at a fight at the Philadelphia board of aldermen, "that seems nothing to me; I've run an opera company."

James, who was trying to sew a new button on his coat murmured: "They say there's a new yacht that makes fifteen knots an hour, but this thread makes twenty knots a minute.

"Shot dead by a doctor!" Such is the startling caption of an article in an exchange. He must be a very unskillful physician who has to resort to powder and ball to get rid of a patient.

In all ages and all countries the scales have been the emblem of justice. From this it is painfully evident that all fellows whose business it ts to get up emblems have never traded much at grocery and provision stores.

A Minnesota exchange says: Farmers in the western part of a neighboring county have organized clubs for the purpose of improving their horses. This is a good case for the cruelty to animal associations to exercise their humane proclivities,

The papers are telling of a lawyer who heard "Macbeth" rehearsed and was struck by the answer of the witches when asked what they were doing: "A deed without a name." "Why, that's void," exclaimed the lawyer, "I'll burst a deed without a name in any court in Christendom."

The old tramp who was a "Michigan fire-sufferer" last summer will go on the road this spring as an "Ohio flood-sufferer." He thought once he would have to appear as a "Java earthquake-sufferer," but the floods have fortunately rendered this rather far-fetched excuse unnecesaary.

"Boy," he asked, as he stood at the foot of Woodward avenue and looked across to the Canadian shore, "what is the depth of water off the dock here?" The boy looked him all over with a careful eye and then slowly answered: "That's the way it's allus been! If a fellow wants to commit suicide its allus some one so big that his clothes won't begin to fit me! I won't tell you nothing about it!"

Anecdote of Cardinal Manning.

London Graphic.

Among the anecdotes of Cardinal Manning, the following is one of the best. Dr. Mayhew was one of the most puzzling examiners at Oxford. He always asked the most capricious questions. Once he found his match in in a beardless youth, who solved with classic calmness the most difficult questions the professor's brain could invent. When Mayhew saw that he had to deal with a formidable opponent, he changed his tactics, commenced in Latin, and asked: "Quid est Spes?" [What is hope?] "Magna res," [a great thing] was the immediate answer. "Quid est Charitas?" [What is charity?"] was the next question. "Magna raritas," [a great rarity] replied the student. "Quid est Fides?" [What is faith?] "Quod non vides," [What is unseen] answered the young theologian. Mayhew was forced to laugh against his will. He gave the student his hand, and—a thing that rarely happened—asked him to dinner. Fifteen years later Dr. Mayhew received an invitation to a dinner. It came from the student above mentioned, who then gave a banquet in honor of his installation os Bishop of Westminster.

An Empress at Wiesbaden.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The Empress of Austria is at present staying at a Wiesbaden hotel, under the name of Countess Hohenembs, and spends her days like an athlete in training. She seldom attends the concerts, theaters and other amusements of the fashionable watering place, but a day rarely passess when she does not ride to some of the surrounding chateaus or villages, accompanied by her groom. Not content with these long rides, the Empress devotes several hours daily to fencing and gymnastic exercises, in which she is said to sho more skill and endurance than many a practicesed feucer or gymsastic of the so-called stronger sex. She rises at dawn and, with brief intervals, ddpends the whole day either in riding or in athletics, and long before the fashionable world thinks of retirnig the Empsess is enjoying the refreshing sleep which follows physical exhaustion.

A Long Rest.

"Oh, dear me," murmured a six foot invalid, stretching back over a rocking chair and scraping his toes against the ceiling "I'm almost worn out, and must take a long rest."

"Let me move the furniture out of the room, lovey," replied his wife, "before you begin your rest.."

"What for?"

"So as to have nothing interfering with you" she said, "and then to save my household goods from damage, too."

He looked at her fiercely as she proceeded:

"But if you'll go into the back yard darling, you'll have more room, and if you should become cramped out there I can persuade the neighbors to take down a panel of their fence, and then you could have a real nice long rest."

For answer he jerked his hat on and fled from the house.

Badeau's Historical Serial.

Letter in Philadelphia Times,

Gen. Badeau, who has left the Havana Consulate, is one of the geological vestiges of the Grant administration. His grandfather kept a private school in New York, to which Hamilton Fish went. Adam Badeau was a newspaper writer, and he found his way up to Grant's staff and Grant sympathized with him because the other aides-de-camp pecked at him. He became possessed of a great central idea—to write the only vindication of Grant as a commander. Each volume of that book stood to him in the stead of one of the tales told by the Vizier's daughter in the Arabian Nights; she did not finish her stories till she had saved her own head down to that time when she would have died a natural death. Badeau wrote one volume of the life of Grant after he had been in London as Consul. The next volume may have been finished, but nobody now knows or cares. Whether the third voluue has been published the libraries alone can tell. The book must be finished, however, because he is out of the public service.

BISMARCK OFF HIS PEDESTAL.

A Few Sample Extracts from Roswell Busch's New Book.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* makes a column or two of interesting extracts from the forthcoming English translation of Dr. Busch's new volume, "Our Imperial Chancellor," Here are the meatiest of them:

HIS RELIGION.

"As in his politics, so in his religious views," says, Dr. Busch, "he has, achording to his own words, undergone a gradual development. He has gone through his period of rationalism, then he has lived through a time of unbelief, or ay least a time when religion was no necessity to him. Afterward he expressed himself in so decided a fashion as to lead to the belief that he occupied a Christian and even an Evangelical standpoint. In later years he seems to have retained just sufficient of this to be regarded as a deeply religious man, firmly believing in God, in divine order, and a personal immortality, who does his duty according to this belief, and is accustomed to draw his strength for the fulfillment of his duty from it, but who cares little for doctrinal formulæ, is not intolerant, and has no great desire to be edified through the mouth of the priest. The first period of rationalism coincided with the time when the young student was sowing his wild oats, but even at the worst of times there was always a longing and striving after something higher and better, which after a time of melancholy and depression was succeeded by a more healthy state of mind." This was about the time when Bismarck became acquainted with his wife; Johanna von Puttkamer, the daughter of one of those pious families who at that time were frequently found in the German nobility. "He had the feeling of emptiness," said Dr. Busch quaintly, "but now he was happy to have becomes a Christian, and with this feeling was allied the satisfaction of matrimonial bliss." Some time after his marriage he wrote to his wife:

"I cannot understand how anybody who reflects on his own self, and yet knows nothing nor wants to know anything of God, can bear to live on in contempt and dullness. I do not know how I have borne it formerly; if at present I should have to live as I did then, without God, without you and the children, I should, indeed, not see why I should not cast off this life as a soiled garment.

It is possible that a nature like that of Bismarck's would not have been constant to this belief had he not regarded Christianity as the foundation of the state, and had not the melancholy of former days accompanied him in his after life, mostly sleeping still within his soul, but now and then coming to the surface with full power and bitterness.

IS HE SUPERSTITIOUS?

Superstition it is said, is closely allied to strong religious belief, and it appears that the great chancellor forms no exception from this rule. He is awed by apparitions in uninhabited castles, shrinks from dining where thirteen sits down at table, believes in unlucky days, and adheres to the ancient belief of the moon on every living thing. This, at least, is said among the people, and Dr. Busch occupies himself for awhile in giving examples by which to prove this weakness. The conclusion of the chapter, however, contains his real opinion on the matter. "He is the clearest thinker in politics, deep and far-seeing beyond all his contemporaries, always grasping what is right, without prejudice, elevated above customary things. He is a spiritualist, a believer in ominous days, an arithmetician, with mystical figurer? Really? No, it is all nonsense with the exception of a single story which happened at Schonhausen (where the chancellor heard mysterious footsteps in the anti-chamber of his bedroom). "The jests about my superstitions," he said a few months ago 'are nothing but jests, or consideration of the feelings of others. I will eat at table with twelve others as often as you like, and will undertake the most important and serious business on Friday."

HIS HOME LIFE.

It is a pleasant change to turn from the turbulent public life of the chancellor, and see him in his home, surrounded by friends to whom he is united by ties of sympathy and love. There, before all, is the common companion of his life—the woman who has stood by his side for more than thirty years, and who has ever proved a loving wife. "The princess has been brought up religiously: but hers is a bright, lively nature, gifted with a goodly portion of natural wit, with fine taste and feelings. Very musical, and a splendid player on the piano, she is at the same time a careful, sensible housewife, and, after the manner of the noble ladies of former days, she is said to have some knowledge of medicine. With genuine womanliness she created for her husband a home full of comfort and genial warmth, and intelligently shared for years his griefs and hopes, sometimes even, as is evident from some passages in Bismarck's letters to her reprinted by Hezekiel), to a certain measure in political questions, although as a rule, she does not belong to the class of women who take part in politics Her correspondence with him, when official duties or pleasure trips separated them geographically, was very lively and affectionate. He calls her "my heart," "my dearest heart," in his letters; he sent her jessamine from Peterhof, blooming heather from Bordeaux, and promises to send her eidelweiss from Gastein, where, on the sixteenth anniversary of their wedding day, he remembers that this day, "has brought sunshine into his bachelor's life."

HIS TASTES.

The chancellor is stronger in modern than in the two classical languages. "When I was a 'primaner,, "he said once at Eerrleres, "I knew very well how to write and read Latin, but at present it would be difficult, and Greek I have altogether forgetten." History and Geography have always been his favorite studies, and in literature is well acquainted with the authors of the past as well as the present times. Goethe and Shakspeare are his favorites, and he is greatly interested in modern French and English novelists. Although no connoisseur in painting and sculpture, he likes the society of artists, and from his youthful days at Berlin he has retained a a great admiration for music, especially by the classical composers. Among the great masters Beethoven pleases him best. In a letter to his wffe, written during the summer of 1851, he says that he is well and happy, but is a little homesick for "the woods, the sea, the wilderness, you and the children, all mingled with sunset and Beethoven."

HIS HABITS.

If Bismarck has ever had any taste for gambling, it has long since lost him, and at present he never touches a card. As a youngster he rather like whist, and once remained at the whist table for seven full hours playing twenty rubbers. "But," he said once, when talking about this, "I was only interested when the stakes were high, and that does not do for a paterfamillas." It is true that in the summer of of 1855 he took part in a game of quinze, but solely for political purposes, with political thoughts at the back of his mind. "It was at the time," he told us at Versailles "when I concluded the treaty of Gastein with Blome. * * *

Although as a rule I have long since left off playing, I played so recklessly that all the others were astonished. But I knew what I wanted. Blome had heard that at quinze you had the best opportunity of getting to know people, and he was trying it then. I thought you shall know him well. I lost a few hundred thalers. * * * But I confused him; he thought me foolhardy and gave in." In addition to card-playing he has also discontinued smoking, partly on account of his health. He has of late suffered much from neuralgia, and "if he suffers from nervousness it is no wonder; for more than twenty years the most important part of the history of Germany, and not a little of the history of the neighboring countries with its puzzles and problems, confusion and danger, have passed through his head, and he has taken it to heart as well." Irritation affects his health more than anything else, and that he should have his full share of it is the constant care of the parliamentary parties and of some court circles. Prince Bismarck is rather short sighted, but reads and writes without glasses, and has a very fine ear. Like all nervous people, he likes warm clothes and rooms, and as soon as the weather becomes cool all the rooms in the house, even the spare rooms and passages, have a fire. The temperament of the chancellor is rather choleric, but the volcano dies out as quickly as it is kindled, and his good nature soon gets the upper hand. Says Dr. Busch: "He has been called a bitter character, a despiser and hater of mankind, a scoffer and calumniator. Preposterous! He hates and despises only that which in man is not human." Prince Bismarck's annual revenues amount to over £25,000; he lives quietly, but is hospitable, and wishes all his visitors to feel at home as long as they are under his roof. When living on his estates he occupies himself with forestry. and his favorite walk is in the oak woods when his favorite flower, the heather, is in bloom.

A Kansas Romance.

Mrs. Ed. Thorn nee Miss Anderson, was married a short time since at West Union, to Wesly Davis, of Kansas. There is, says the record, quite a romance connected with the affair. It seems that about ten years ago Mrs. Thorn became engaged to Davis and was to have been married, but as the saying goes "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." and Davis didn't get her then. In about a year after her engagement with Davis she married Thorn, who died eight years afterward. Davis, heart-broken, left for the West, where he has accumalated considerable wealth. Upon learning of the death of Thorn he immediately came back and again tendered his love, which was accepted. Davis, thinking to be sure this time, married the lady in about two weeks after his arrival.

Leopold's Early Sweetheart.

London Truth.

It was certainly a singular coincidence that on the day of the Duke of Albany's death the approaching marriage of Miss Daring was announced. About four years ago the duke proposed to Lady Ashburton's daughter, with the full approbation of the queen, but was rejected, to his very great dissapointment. He was not, however, the only one of the queen's sons whose early woolngs were unfortunate, as the Duke of Connaught was twice refused by Princess Marie of Hanover before he went to Berlin in search of a bride.

What Munkacsy is Doing.

Pall Mall Budget.

The great Hungarian painter Munkacsy, whom the Emperor of Austria has just made Baron von Munkacsy, sends nothing to the Salon this year from his gorgeous studio, which is the most fashionable and *extrapschutt* in Paris. He is putting the finishing touches on a huge picture, "Christ between Two Thieves," in which he has painted no less than fifty figures aroun the principal group.

REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF GAS.

Notice is hereby given that from and after the 1st day of June next the price of gas will be reduced to three dollars per 1,000 feet, with a further reduction of fifty cents per 1,000 feet on all monthly bills amounting to one hundred dollars or under, and seventy-five cents per 1,000 feet on all monthly bills exceeding one hundred dollars. The reduction conditioned upon the payment of bills on or before the 10th of the month succeeding.

By order of the board of directors.

April 20, 1884. H. H. SIBLEY, President.

LEGAL.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate Court, Special term, April 24, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Harris Smith, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of William Hendricks, of said county, representing, among other things, that Harris Smith, late of New Haven county, Connecticut, between the year 1863 and the filing of said petition, died intestate, and being an inhabitant and resident of said New Haven county, Connecticut, at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is interested in the estate of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to him granted;

It is ordered, that said petition be heard before the Judge of this court, on Wednesday, the 21st day of May, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul in said county.

By the Court.

[L. S.] WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.

Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.

WILLIS & WILLARD, Attorneys for Petitioner. apr25-4w-fri

Notice to Creditors.

State of Minnesota, County of Ramsey, ss. In Probate Court, special term, April 24, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Herbert L. Hinckley, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the Judge of Probate of the county of Ramsey, will upon the first Monday, of the months of June, July, August September, and October, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., receive, hear, examine and adjust, all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased; and that six months from and after the date hereof have been allowed and limited for creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented or not proven to its satisfaction, shall be forever barred, unless for good cause shown further time be allowed.

By the Court, WM. B. McGRORTY,

[L.S] Judge of Probate.

O'BRIEN & WILSON, Attorneys for Adeline E. Hinckley, Administratrix of said estate. apr25-5w-fri

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate court, Special term, April 9 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Michael McMahon, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Maria McMahon, of said county, representing, among other things, that Michael McMahon late of said county, on the 24th day of January, A. D. 1884, at Saint Paul in said county, died intestate, and being an inhabitant of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is the widow of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to Patrick T. Kavanagh granted;

It is ordered, That said petition be heard before the Judge of this court, on Friday, the 9th day of May, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office, in said county.

Ordered further, That notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul, in said county.

By the Court,

[L.S.] WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.

Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk. apr11-4w-fri

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY ss. In Probate court, Special term, April 8, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Abraham Werrick, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of James Werrick of said county, representing, among other things, that on the 28th day of February, A. D. 1884, Maria Inger Werrick, the administratrix of said est