SAINT PAUL.

TOOK CARBOLIC ACID.

May Johnson's Ineffectual Effort at Suicide.

May Johnson, a nymph du pave, who has rooms at 317 Cedar street, made a desperate attempt last evening to shuffle off the mortal coil. She had spent the day with her "lover," a young man about town, and whether or not they had quarreled is not related. During the evening the madam who conducts the bordel heard the cry that May had taken poison, and she hurried to the girl's apartments. May was prostrate on the bed, and palpably suffering excruciating pains. The police were at once summoned, and then Deputy Coroner Mortelle was called in. He applied a stomach pump and administered certain specifics and antidotes, and at midnight the rash girl was out of danger. It is evident that the carbolic acid that the girl swallowed was largely adulterated, as her mouth and throat were not badly burned, as they would naturally have been had the acid been strong.

The girl gives no explanation nor excuse, but it is supposed that the animus was a lovers' quarrel.

BRAND NEW PLAY.

"A Paltry Million" Successfully Given at the Metropolitan.

"A Paltry Million," the new comedy drama by Charles Klein, was given its initial presentation at the Metropolitan opera house, last evening, to only a moderate house. "By Proxy" is the best known work of the author, but it is conceded that it is by no means the superior of the new comedy, which is destined to leap at once into favor. It must be said in the beginning that the play was produced under rather unfavorable auspices, as the audience, while appreciative and demonstrative, was entirely too small to give the proper encouragement to so good a company. The best actor is necessarily a little timid on the uncertain ground of a new and untried play, and needs the support and encouragement of a large and enthusiastic audience. "A Paltry Million" is cleverly written and exceedingly funny, embodying the story of an impecunious attorney who married a rich widow and went in for politics. The attorney is personated by Charles Dickson, and it is needless to say the part is made the most of. In fact, it would be a much more difficult piece of comedy work that would not be solved by him. The adjuncts are all very funny, and the situations ridiculous in the extreme. There was nothing of the hesitancy or uncertainty of a first production, everything going off smoothly and satisfactorily, and the audience testifying their appreciation by the most uproarious applause and by calling the entire company before the curtain. There is no doubt that "A Paltry Million" will be a success, especially when interpreted by so excellent a company. "The Man About Town" was given as a curtain raiser, and was splendidly presented.

New York's last season's most pronounced comedy success, "The Junior Partner," will be the attraction at the Metropolitan opera house for three nights and Wednesday matinee, beginning tonight. The comedy will be presented by the original New York cast, including the following names: Miss May Irwin, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Miss Emily Bancker, Miss Phyllis Rankin, Henry Miller, Hugo Toland, Thomas Ryley and F. B. Strong. "The Junior Partner" will be preceded each performance by Clyde Fitch's superb one-act play, "Fredric Lemaitre." Henry Miller playing in the title role of this one-act piece. As this double bill will be presented by the original New York company, the Metropolitan opera house will no doubt be largely patronized for this engagement.

The sale of seats and boxes for the engagement of Thomas W. Keene the latter half of this week at the Metropolitan opera house begins at the box office this morning. Thursday and Saturday evenings he will give a grand scenic production of "Richard III.," Friday night he will present "Othello," and Saturday matinee he will be seen in "Richelieu." Mr. Keene has a very strong legitimate company and will give most exquisite performances.

TOOK THE BATCH.

Wholesale Arrest of a Lot of Bad Characters.

It will be recalled that Minnie Baldwin was arrested Saturday by Sergeant Sullivan for keeping a house of ill-fame at the corner of Olive and Seventh streets, above a saloon. Yesterday more and very interesting if not sensational matters developed. Fred Siembron and Charles Johnson were arrested for visiting the house mentioned, and thereupon Eva Borggman and May Thompson, apparently inmates of the bagnio, were placed in durance upon the charge of visiting. This charge was made for the reason that the police feared they would be unable to establish charges of being inmates. At the police station May Thompson revealed the fact that she had had trouble with "Coupe" Jim, alias Jim Mathews, and she declares that he robbed her of from $18 to $20. Mathews was consequently placed under arrest, and he will be arraigned before the municipal court today. As a counter charge, Stemborn says he was robbed of $20, and suspicion all points toward the hack driver.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

Judge Kelly's Strong Address in Crusaders' Hall.

The attendance at Crusaders' hall yesterday to listen to the address of Judge Kelly was large and intelligent. The speaker took for the subject of his remarks a sign which he used to see at the entrance to very long bridges to be found in his native state, viz., "Turn to the Right, as the Law Directs." He drew from this a forcible address to young men, pointing out to them that every sort of success in life depended on their keeping to the right as the law—the moral law—directs. The most frequent evil road to be met nowadays is the road to the saloon. Avoid it. Keep to the right. His discourse was marked by many apt illustrations, and brightened by numerous flights of eloquence. Mr. Gutridge, for the society, pointed out the advantages which the organization offered. J. F. Gehan sang with his usual richness and power, and J. A. C. O'Neil gave a good violin solo. At the close twelve young men forswore the intoxicating cup.

POLICE POINTERS.

George Turpin, the "South St. Paul Cyclone," had Maud Wiley, a colored girl, arrested on a charge of stealing $20 from him at his house, 182 Chicago avenue. Turpin claims that he hired the little colored girl in Minneapolis on Friday and that he took her to his home. Yesterday mooning he was out of the amount claimed, and he insists that Maud has played him for a sucker. Yesterday morning the "Cyclone" awoke and found his clothes scattered about the floor and the colored girl he had employed as a domestic was missing. He called upon the police, and Maud is behind the bars.

Wilhelm Miller, the Turtle Lake, Wis., farmer, assaulted with a coupling pin near the Wisconsin Central railway sheds the other night, is now out of danger, and he is expected to be out in a day or so. This is rather peculiar, for all the physicians agreed that his skull was badly fractured in the first place.

John Morgan was arrested yesterday in a lower Third street hotel on a charge of stealing a watch from Peter McGowan. McGowan had previously been arrested for drunkenness, and he then made the charge against Morgan, and both repose in the central police station.

HEPANJIBO, THE HERO.

How He Won a Dusky Damsel Whose Conditions Were Very Cruel.

For Coming Years of Servitude the Maiden Took Early Revenge.

Dragging a Buffalo Head Attached to Slits in His Broad Back.

Gen. R. W. Johnson Relates a Tale of Latter-Day Barbarism.

After the hustling and hurrahing of the canvass and election are over, even those who have been most deeply interested naturally drop back into an easier way of going, and seek recuperation in pleasanter paths than are to be found in the field of politics. This quick settling back from high pressure existence to the ordinary run of every-day life is one of the admirable traits of the American character that cannot be treasured too highly, and no man probably possesses it is a more liberal degree than Gen. R. W. Johnson.

From politics to romance! From the hot hunt for political preferment to the gentle pursuit of the pleasures of literature—distracting civil strife to mind-easing and heart-satisfying love lore. What a jump. The general was found in a mood to moralize recently, and finally drifted into the current of love and marriage, after this fashion:

The marriage of young and refined people in this country is one of the most interesting events in their lives. Fond and devoted parents make the most elaborate preparations for celebrating the nuptials of their daughters; and, if they have wealth, nothing is left undone to make the occasion one long to be remembered. The trousseau of the bride is of the richest and most costly materials, and the delicate handiwork must be that of some skilled Parisian. Various causes lead to matrimonial alliances. Some marry for wealth, others for name and social position, but the greatest number are the outgrowth of love and sentimental admiration.

Indian Marriages.

Among the Indians marriage is quite a different matter. The man wants a female servant, and when it is remembered that the wife is simply a slave of her husband, that she is compelled to do his bidding, that there is no drudgery too laborious, no service too humilating and degrading for him to demand it of her, it will be readily understood that love is not one of the elements entering into the matrimonial alliances of these low and degraded people.

The Indian woman's greatest desire and highest ambition is that her husband shall be distinguished as a great warrior, be industrious and successful as a hunter, and above all that he shall be a man capable of great endurance. Hepanjibo had no second as a warrior and when he laid claim to the heart and hand of the fair Ah-quod she accepted him under the following conditions:

He was to submit to having two parallel slits, two inches apart and four inches long, made in his skin just over each shoulder blade. These strips were to be torn loose from the flesh, and one of the ends of a rawhide rope was to be passed up under one and down under the other, the ends brought together and tied to an old and dry buffalo head turned upside down, so as to have the horns resting on the ground. Thus harnessed he was to go around the camp once and then to repair to the tepee of the bride, around which he was required to pass,

Dragging the Head

until the gentle maiden on the inside was thoroughly satisfied that no pain could be so great that he could not endure it. Hepanjibo wanted a wife badly, and so he consented. In making the journey around the camp the horns would occasionally catch under a sod, and the effort to extricate them would cause the blood to flow profusely from his lacerated back. He made the rounds of the camp safely, and after dragging the head around Ah Qqad's tepee three times, her brother stepped out and addressed him thus:

"Well done, my brother-in-law, here are three ponies which I present to you. Go in, the feast is ready; there you will meet your wife."

Ah-quod dressed his wounds, and placed before him a kettle of bouillon and some dried buffalo meat. The ceremony was complete, and it was thus that Hepanjibo won his wife. They thenceforth lived as happily together as husbands and wives among the Indians usually do.

This is not a fancy sketch, but a description of a real marriage ceremony, the facts in relation to which were given to me by one who witnessed the whole disgusting ceremony. It seems strange that such a cruel, bloody proceeding could possibly take place in America near the close of the nineteenth century, which has given to us the fullest and grandest civilization ever enjoyed by the human race. It is reasonable to suppose that an Indian even, would not care to pass through such an ordeal more than once, and hence, I suppose, second marriages are of rare occurrence.

A MATCH MADE.

Moth and King Will Wrestle on Nov. 25.

Last evening arrangements were perfected with the management of the Olympic theater for the forthcoming wrestling match between Jack King, the world's champion at five styles, and Charley Moth, the champion Græco-Roman wrestler. The event will occur at the Olympic on the 25th. There will be a vaudeville bill in connection, but the battle of these gladiators will be sufficient to pack the house, without other attractions. Next Monday the conditions will be made known. As stated in these columns yesterday, it is undecided whether it will be plain Græco-Roman or Græco-Roman and collar and elbow. Moth is willing to concede catch-as-catch-can with Græco-Roman, but he objects to the collar and elbow style. On this point they are still hanging out, but the two are so determined upon meeting each other that there is no longer any doubt that the differences will be arranged. The point is both Moth and King are going to Chicago to participate in the athletic events of the world's fair, and each wants to vanquish the other for the reputation that would be gained thereby.

King will arrive in St. Paul from Butte Sunday, and he will at once go into training for his great battle the following evening. Jimmy Manning or Patsy Curry will probably officiate as referee.

"McCarthy's Mishaps" at the Grand.

There is a good deal of hard work done by some of the people presenting "McCarthy's Mishaps" at the Grand opera house. The skit itself has been presented in much better shape in St. Paul heretofore, and it is not too much to say that the present company was hardly deserving of the splendid house which greeted it last night. Outside of the Ferguson children, there is little to be said in praise of any person in the cast. Even Barney Ferguson himself has lost much of his old-time attractiveness, and there is a great deal too much of woodenness in some of those who appear in the cast. Marguerite Ferguson is an extremely clever dancer, her brother is worthy of considerable praise, Post as Michael Mulligan is passable, but beyond this it will suffice to say that the merit of the piece lies in the ludicrous situations developed at times during its progress.

STOLE THE RIG

And Sold It on Too Short Acquaintance.

Billy Gavin, the well-known Minneapolis liveryman on First avenue south, between Washington avenue and Third street, let out a horse to a man who registered as Hans Hanson. It transpires that Hanson brought the horse to St. Paul and offered it for sale to Abbey for $100 for the entire rig. Mr. Abbey was suspicious, and Hanson was placed under arrest, and then it turned out that the rig was owned by Gavin. Officer Pothen made the arrest. The police court records show that Hanson, who had lived in Stillwater, had his wife arrested for adultery with a man named Peter Bockstrom on the 20th of last month, but this case was dismissed for want of proof.

A "Dick Deadeye" Opinion.

The ranks of the naval reserve in Boston are recruited from the flower of clubdom, and its members hold themselves in readiness at duty's call to lay aside their dress suits or their Poole morning clothes for their white duck suits or tarpaulins, and they pride themselves on their efficiency in handling the slush bucket and manipulating the big guns.

During the practice drill on the armored cruisers last summer one of these amateur Boston tars, who is noted for his "culchaw" and refinement, was smoking a friendly pipe with one of the Dick Deadeyes of the regular navy. The conversation turned naturally to the subject of the naval reserve, and after a while the clubman said:

"Now, tell me candidly, which does the best work, the reserve in Boston or the one in New York?"

The old sea dog shifted his quid, hitched his trousers, "winked the other eye," and said:

"Well, sir, without wishin' to flatter you, the New York reserves ain't in it with Boston. They can't do their work like you can."

"I've always thought so," said the Bostonian, complacently, "and am glad to have my opinion confirmed by a competent authority. What seems to be the trouble with them over there?"

"Well, sir," said Dick, slowly, blowing a cloud of blue smoke, "the trouble is that they don't take to work like you do; they are all gentlemen over there."

Eight bells struck, and a deep silence pervaded the ship.

EXTREME NOVELTIES.

Dry Goods and Fashions.

Heavy cloths have raised velvet stripes.

Toques of plaid velvet, with two quills thrust diagonally on the left side.

Russian galloons, in silk, on a cotton ground, covered with fine tinsel thread.

Silk crepon gowns over a silk accordion plaited skirt.

Entire dresses of fine glossy astrachan fur.

Umbrella tops of polished elephant's teeth.

Black butterflies in lacy patterns picked out with a few brilliants for brooches.

A large mauve orchid in clear enamel as a pendant brooch.

Bees, flies, etc., with iridescent wings and jeweled bodies.

Marvels in Miniature.

Chicago Herald.

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a baket. Within the basket are twelve tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which cannot be distinguished with the naked eye. Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived in England during the early part of the eighteenth century, tells of seeing a carved cherry stone which would be a wonder even in this age of fine tools and fine workmanship. The stone was one from a common cheery, and upon it were carved the heads of 124 popes, kings, queens, emperors, saints, etc. Small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced on the authority of Prof. Oliver that with a good glass the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of the queens and saints by their miters and crowns. The gentleman who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner £5,000 for his treasure. Think of it, $25,000 for a cheery seed!

A Diver's Curious Plight.

London News.

A few days ago a diver employed from Cardiff for the purpose of assisting in the operations for floating the vessel Accrington had a very narrow escape from losing his life. The water had been pumped out, the vessel plugged, and the diver went down on the outside to patch up the hole. To do this he had to remove one of the plugs which had been placed in the vessel for the purpose of stopping the inflow of water. As the plug was taken out the suction drew in the man's arm up to the shoulder, and he was kept tightly wedged to the ship's side. He telephoned in the usual way to those above the water, but they were unable to release him from his perilous condition. A messenger was sent to the Penarth dock, and Mr. Taylor, the diver attached to that place, immediately proceeded to the spot. He descended and, after some difficulty, released his comrade from his dangerous position after he had been in the water an hour and a half.

Arterial Blood Flow.

London Chronicle.

One of the most interesting of the new psycho-physiological instruments is the plethysmograph, which indicates the least flow of blood in the arteries of the arm. By means of it observers have found that when the sentence of the judge is read before a criminal there is a decrease in the flow of blood in the arm, but that the sight of a glass of wine increases the flow. Again, when it is required to perform an arithmetical calculation, to multiply, for example, nine times seventy-three, an increase of blood flow is the result. The flow is little affected in a brutal murderer or born criminal when a pistol is shown to him, whereas in the normal man the plethysmograph indicates a decided effect. Thus involuntary testimony is supplied as to the nervous and physical nature of the born instead of the accidental criminal.

Determined to Keep on Eating.

Mrs. Bitters (at the church festival)—Excuse me, Brother Isaac, but are you going to stop eating; pretty soon? You have your third bowl of oyster stew now.

Alkali Ike (with his mouth full)—The case stands jest this-a-way, Sister Bitters: You made me ante up in advance. I forked over a $5 bill, and then you said it was agin the rule to give any change back. Wal, now, sister, I'm goin to keep right on eatin' till one of three things happen—till that thar rule is suspended for my benefit, or till I git my money's worth or bust.

Could Afford to Do It.

Puck.

Customer—I see that you are reducing prices. The last time I got this paregoric it was 70 cents, but now I get it for sixty.

Druggist—Yes, our new clerk was discharged from the last store for making a mistake and killing a man, and we get him so cheap now that we have cut down our prices.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

THAT STRICT FAITH.

Rev. W. S. Vail Tells of the Advent of Orthodoxy.

The Pulpit Change From the Sermon That Froze the Blood.

An Interesting Sketch of the Change That Always Comes.

Religious Beliefs and the Conditions That Will Alter Them.

Rev. W. S. Vail, of the First Universalist church, preached yesterday on "The Vanguard of Orthodoxy," and took his text from St. Paul: "And we shall we changed." In preaching a sermon, he said, that will exhaust the leading lines of thought embraced in this text I shall be obliged to make the text more comprehensive than the idea that suggested the sermon. The text being larger, therefore, than the topic I announced—"The Advance of Orthodoxy"—the topic will lie within it as an island within a group; and just as we would explore the group, running down the sparkling channels, pausing in the silent bays, tramping through groves and pausing at springs, so will we touch the borders, and get the outlines of this topic while we proceed with the more comprehensive subject unfolded in the theme.

Let me confess in the beginning, then, that my first interest in this idea of being changed, was brought about by a comparison that developed out of circumstances that gave it birth. A copy of a paper was placed in my hand, and I was scanning the pages in an indifferent sort of way, when this circumstance was forced upon my attention: A long record was printed detailing the ordination of five young men to the ministry of the orthodox church, and with the account was printed a statement of their doctrinal position, which in turn was commented upon by Dr. Hyde, president of Bowdoin college, and a leader of New England orthodoxy. Of course the spectacle of these Andover students brought back the vision of the long struggle that has covered many years, and those of us who knew its beginning looked upon this as a definite result. For we recalled the fact that many years ago, when the divinity school was at Cambridge,

Heresy Was Scented

and money raised to change the location to Andover hill. And when the location was changed, the next movement was to form a creed, iron bound and well buttressed, that should be signed every three years by all professors, that the heretic might fail to wire his way into the fabric so well built and so closely guarded. And it was so well built and so closely guarded, that for a generation no heretic could get a foothold. But after forty years the rigid men who had been managing the school began to fail in physical strength, and new blood was sought to take their places. Then, as if by special providence, a class of men came in who attached to the creed reservations that killed the effect of their signatures; then began agitation, and it was discovered that heresy was entrenched behind walls and escarpments built by New England orthodoxy, and guarded by judicious care so many years.

And naturally out of this advance of thought I asked myself where the liberal church found itself today, and what it had found in different conditions, and by comparison its position seemed to me to be made clear. And as I have used the word compare I may be allowed to carry out the idea by presenting the analogies that will represent conditions and changes that are taking place. The first liberal preaching had in it both the fire and the pathos of protest. And we may explain that a protest has the martial ring of a challenge. The stag that sends the long roar through the forests at night protests against the ascendency of a rival. The disinherited knight, entering the lists, riding down to the front, touching the shield of the champion until it rang again, entered a protest against the champion's ascendency. When life was lived as in the presence of the flames and

Fumes of Hell,

when no pleasure could be enjoyed without intermingling this awful reminder of danger with it, when Sunday was made bright and beautiful by the Almighty, but changed to a day of menace and mourning, when every family had some son or daughter lost according to popular teaching to torments that would never cease, then rose Father Ballou, and accepting the gauge of battle thrown down, began a protest that was like the power of an invading tidal wave. Now compare those days with what we were called to witness a few weeks ago in the very churches where these ideas were preached, on the ground where these giants fought. Five young men stand up for ordination to the ministry of the Congregational church. They make a statement of belief. Of God they say: That while Nature may reveal His beneficence, and the avalanche may proclaim His power, still, "in every noble human being I see the nobility of God; the more noble the character the fuller the revelation of Him:" further, that "it is in this way I have come to believe in the divinoness of Christ; not because of the stories of His birth, or of His miraculous deeds, or of His ascension to heaven, but because in His life I see in deeper colors and truer proportions the divine humanity I have always recognized in my fellow man." Of miracles this man says: "The whole natural is just as truly supernatural; the terms are co-extensive." Of inspiration he believes "that God's revelation to men is according to the laws of their minds," and that "the scientist, the sage and the poet are as truly inspired as the prophet and the apostle." Of salvation he says that "salvation is sonship," and that "sonship is almost, if not exclusively, a matter of character," and, further, that "to be a true man is to be a saved man." Of the question of hell and punishment he is equally explicit, declaring that "heaven and hell are states of character, begin here and are not essentially changed enywhere;" that "the duration of punishment for the sinner I do not know," and, further, "I am certain only that punishment will continue as long as sin continues, but the mercy of God endureth forever." On this platform these men ask and receive ordination; and if this is orthodoxy, then I am orthodox. It is nothing less than remarkable that they won on such a platform, for they are the first, I think, who have dictated the terms on which they will work. "And we shall be changed." Compare this doctrine with the lurid sermons of Edwards and Emmons—the sermons that

Froze the Blood

of hearers, and were often punctuated with cries of horror. And still, these men go into orthodox churches. They are the first fruits of Andover. They show a possibility of a radical orthodoxy, for they are as zealous in practical work as they are in expression of opinion. Who can tell, therefore, of the results that may possibly come, or exactly where the new orthodoxy may stop in its intellectual development? It really seems to me that liberalism must prepare for a quicker movement and a longer stride if it shall keep up with this march of progress herein plainly indicated.

And then when we pass from this world of ideas and care to the world of experience, it seems to me these words have found a profound fulfillment in modern philosophy; for while St. Paul said we shall be changed, the greatest leader of modern philosophy said we never can say that we are something, but must always properly say that we were something yesterday and that we will be something tomorrow. And this changing aspect of life the philosopher calls becoming, an idea that we fully understand only when we view life as a drama or as a battle. On Cemetery Ridge you hear the shrieking shell, Lee's signal of battle; next you see the shock of battalions hand-to-hand, the wheat trampled beneath their feet, the changing panorama of blood and smoke and steel—then an army defeated and an army victorious, a banner flying and a banner trailing—and that drama is life; there are many things that we have been, many things that we will be, but we are always standing between a past with certain conditions and a future that will have other conditions that we may not know at present. Compare the surroundings of this hour with what you knew five years ago—what differences of hope and prospect, what differences of friends and helpers, what differences in the outward surroundings of your life. And the present never stays. Even while you are talking it is gone. Before you can analyze it it is behind. So is our life swifter than the horseman that Job saw speeding away; a rifle smoke blown through the woods;" a "rainbow that lives but a second in the spray" and is gone; and so we have no present, but represent one constant eternal change. And may that change serve to lift us higher at each turn until we reach the nobler aspirations of life that are

True and Ideal.

And the very mention of this aspect seems to unfold before the eye a panorama. And viewing life as a panorama, even including the physical, we see the same great truth. For taking this view, from the rose in full bloom that was touched by last night's frost, ranging to larger vision until we reach the mountain seamed and riven and splintered by the earthquake, the whole world is changing. Look still closer and we observe influences that are like an invisible army, allowing nothing to stand still but keeping a constant turmoil all the time. And it is this view of the destructive powers, tearing down all the time, that gives so much pathos to many views of life.

That is change without hope. A man unknown, but whose name has changed every tide of life in the world since his day was carrying a heavy cross to a hill outside a city in the time of the proud Augustus. When the cross had been fixed in the ground he was nailed to it and left to die. And when it was nearly over with him so far as this life was concerned, he cried: "My work is completed; Father, take home your son." That is change with hope. God help us to see the change, but the change with hope.

DIVIDING THE YEAR.

A New Scheme Being Evolved Which Will Make the Year Appear More Evenly and Benefit Everybody.

New York Recorder.

Gen. von Sichart in Mayence, who is a personal friend of the German emperor, and is said to have the kaiser's backing in his enterprise, is agitating the movement for a new division of the year's calendar.

The general pronounces it "foolish and unbusinesslike that seven months in the year have thirty-one days, four months thirty days, and one month twenty-eight days or twenty-nine days respectively."

He says "it causes much confusion, and it is entirely unreasonable that a certain date should advance with every year one day, and with every leap year two days.

"Could it not be so arranged that those days were fixed on certain dates once for all?" asks the general, and continues:

"One year we celebrate Easter in the middle of March; in another year we celebrate it in the middle of April. There are hundreds and thousands of people in every city in the world who divide their business year according to the date Easter may fall on.

"Is it not unreasonable that their year's division should be a different one with every twelve months? By the same unreasonable reckoning, the schooling seasons are regulated. In one year the child has a month's time longer for preparation than in another.

"This may be greatly to the disadvantage of a child that is supposed to pass his or her examination within a stipulated period, not a certain number of months or weeks.

"In some parts of the world, in Germany, for instance, five holidays occur successively within ten ordinary days in all years when one of the Christmas holidays does not chance to fall on a Sunday.

"All this proves that the modern division of the year does no longer fill the requirements of a busy world. This is my proposition for a radical change:

"First—The year is to be divided into four seasons, the first three seasons to have 91 days, the first month in each season to contain 31, the other two months to contain 30 days. The fourth season shall contain 92 days, and in leap years the second season shall also contain 92 days. These two extra days shall be added to the last day of each season, December and June, respectively.

"Second—The first day of each season, i. e., the 1st of January, the 1st of April, the 1st of July and the 1st of October, shall always fall on a Sunday. By this arrangement the first day of each second month of a season falls on a Wednesday, the first day of each third month of a season falls on a Friday. This makes Dec. 30 and June 30 fall on Saturday every year in a century. The 31st day of December in each year and the 31st day of June in each leap year are to be called extra days and leap days, respectively: they are to be added to the weeks closing on the 30th of December and the 30th of June as an eighth day.

"Third—Easter shall always fall on the 1st of April, Whitsuntide on the 19th of May. They are to be fixtures on those dates. Christmas is to be fixed forever to fall on Dec. 24.

"Fourth—The beginning of the year, Jan. 1, is to be dated back eleven days, that is, it is to fall on the shortest day of the year. By this arrangement the beginning of spring, or the first day of spring, occurs simultaneously with the 1st day of April, the first day of summer falls on July 1, and the beginning of autumn on Oct. 1.

"Fifth—In order to do away with the eleven days the nine extra days and the two leap days are to be omitted in the first nine years after the adoption of the new calendar. The new calendar is to begin with the year 1901."

His Last Hunt.

Key West Equator.

Postmaster Peacock tells us that a son of Indian Billy Jewell, better known as Billy Key West, a young man twenty-one years old, met his death in a singular manner while hunting last week in the Indian hunting grounds in Dade county. Billy, who is a good hunter, went out and shot a large buck. Thinking him dead, he stooped down on coming up to him to cut his throat. The buck in his last agonies made for him and drove his horns into the abdomen of the Indian, ripping it open. After three days, Billy not returning, a party was made up, and, attracted by the buzzards, both hunter and hunted were found dead together—the Indian still impaled on the horns of the buck.

MOLTKE'S SILENCE.

The Old Man Could Be as Speechless as He Was Stubborn.

Pall Mall Gazette.

There are numbers of good things in the fifth volume of "Moltke's Memoirs," which has just appeared. It is told, for instance, that as the king's birthdays successively approached there used to be bets among the officers and the general staff as to how many words Moltke would use in proposing the toast of the day. Some backed a nine-word speech, others put their money on eight words. Moltke's habit was to say: "To the health of his majesty, emperor and king," or, "To his imperial majesty's health." In 1884 an oyster breakfast was staked on the marshall's not using more than nine words. But, because he began with the word "gentlemen," the bet was lost. The loser comforted himself by saying: "He's aging, is Moltke; he's getting loquacious!"

Once, when the field marshal was staying for the baths at Ragatz, he went alone through the woods to Praffers. As it was a hot, thirsty day, he stopped at a wayside inn for refreshment. The landlord hailed him with: "Bather at Ragatz, aren't you?" "Yes." "Moltke is said to be there, eh?" "Yes." "How does he look?" "Well, he looks much as you or I look," answered the field marshal. On a later day the landlord was surprised to find he had been interrogating the great general himself.

The old Emperor William often told a Moltke anecdote against himself. He said that, observing an untidy-looking young lieutenant, he inquired who he might be. He was told "an officer who has just left the Danish service and joined the Prussian." The king, as he then was, ventured upon "that most gratuitous form of error, prophecy," saying of the ill-dressed subaltern: "That man will never get on in the army." In comment the good-humored monarch would say: "That gives you the measure of my insight (coup d'œil.)"

KICKED THE WRONG ONE.

No Wonder the Warnings Had No Effect.

New York World.

A young woman has been taught a lesson against all communication by signs. There were unexpected guests at dinner the other night, and her younger sister sat on one side of the table beside one of them. The sister was extremely communicative, and the older became very nervous as revelation after revelation concerning family affairs was made. She finally took to nudging the offender beneath the table, out foot pressures, however forcible and frequent, failed to stop the chatterer.

After dinner the much-annoyed young woman demanded fiercely:

"What do you mean by not paying any attention to my signals? How dared you go on so when I kept kicking you to make you stop?"

Whereupon the young sister looked mystified.

"Signals? Kicks?" said she. "But, my dear, you didn't kick me."

And the family disciplinarian sank back limply as she gasped:

"Oh, Sara, don't, don't tell me I was kicking that man!"

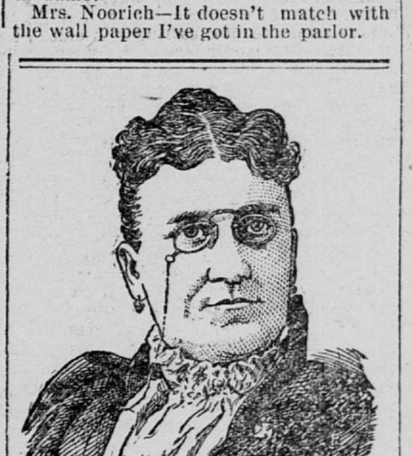
Righting the Matter.

Chicago News Record.

Mrs. Noorich—I want the pinkstone front of the house all torn down.

Contractor—Anything wrong with it, madame?

Mrs. Noorich—It doesn't match with the wall paper I've got in the parlor.



Mrs. S. M. Wateri
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Found No Relief.

They would tell me my condition was **owing to my age** and that I must have patience. But after two years patience ceased to be a virtue. I was growing so weak I could not sleep at night. And when I was able to go out, I was **afraid to go far from home.** I was constantly tired; I could not go up or down stairs or raise my arms above my head without giddiness, and was so afraid to look up that I became accustomed to holding my head down.

At Last

I was persuaded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using four bottles, my improvement in health is **wonderful.** I candidly believe I am **cured of all my ailments.** My appetite is good, can eat any time, am free from neuralgia and other troubles.

I Never Felt So Well

or was as stout as now since I was married, and I am mother of nine children. I have increased from 125 to 143 pounds. I am **perfectly well,** go out every day. When my friends ask what has made such an improvement I tell them I owe it all to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and that I am **made over again.** Friends whom I have persuaded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla are also deriving benefit from it." Mrs. S. M. Wateri, 1213 32d Street, N. W. Georgetown, D. C. Take Hood's.

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was cured. No pain in 18 months.
M. J. WALLACE.

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BRUISES.
Pittsburg, Pa., 302 Wylie Ave., Jan. 29, '87
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St. Jacobs Oil
and was cured in four days.
FRANZ X. GOELZ.

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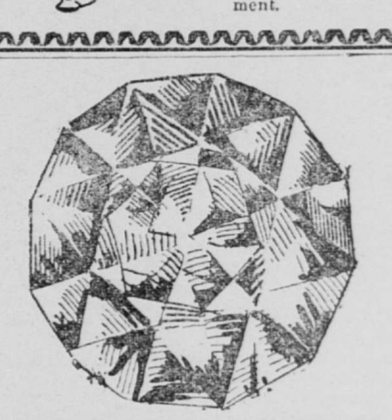

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