

CONCERNING MEN AND WOMEN.

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M. A. (Author of "How to Be Happy Through Married," etc.)

WHOM TO MARRY? Sir John More (father of the chancellor, Sir Thomas) was often heard to say: "I would compare the multitude of women which are to be chosen for wives to a bag of snakes, having among them a single eel. Now, if a man should put his hand into this bag he may chance to light on the eel; but it is a hundred to one he shall be stung by a snake."

Perhaps the lottery theory of marriage was never stated more strongly or with greater emphasis; but is it true? I think not. Of course there are many exceptions, and we all know that neither prudence nor goodness can keep away sickness, loss of fortune and the other changes and chances that so greatly affect happiness. Still, if the right sort of life-partners have been chosen, these things will be taken in the proper spirit, and home together in a way that increases rather than diminishes love. All depends upon whom we marry. We must choose a man from being stung by a snake, and will give him a goodly eel as his marriage portion. "But love is blind," people say. Certainly love is not very sharp sighted; but we need not be blindfold. We may be head over ears in love, but we will not entirely lose our heads if we have tried to cultivate presence of mind in the midst of danger.

"KEEP YOUR HEARTS IN YOUR HEADS." Of course, it is by our feelings and impulses, and not by reason, that we choose life partners; but reason may have at least a negative influence. If our hearts tell us when we should marry, our heads may point out those with whom it is not expedient to wed, and it is possible to keep our hearts in our heads. The lottery theory is an extreme view on one side. Opposed to it is the other extreme of thinking that so-called chance might be eliminated altogether and courtship and marriage brought under the reign of law.

There is one power which more than any other tends to counteract natural selection, and that is fashion or Mrs. Grundy. She has divided society into all kinds of cliques and classes, and it is impossible for a person in one of these rather unnatural divisions to become acquainted with much less to marry, one in another. In one of these divisions there may be some young ladies, thoroughly fitted for marriage, languishing in the slough of matrimonial despond, and in a neighboring division there may be gallant young men ready and willing to rescue them, but how are they to do so? They have never been introduced to them, and we know that in the British Islands one of the greatest social crimes is to attempt to rescue a few persons from drowning by introducing them to the land of the living. It is obvious how this restricts the limit of possible choice and hinders the law of marriage of the fittest. Very often people do not marry those whom they like best, or would suit them most, but those whom they can. And some cannot marry at all. It is a case of "water, water, everywhere but not a drop to drink."

A young man who earned a good income in the city of London, told the present writer that though he wished to marry, he really did not know any girl to whom he could propose. He lived in a suburb and went up by train to the city every morning. No one except a clergyman had called upon him, and he was good at picking up acquaintances himself. "I BELIEVE IN LOVE MARRIAGES." But suppose there is an opportunity of making a choice, upon what principle ought it to be exercised? Well, I must say that I believe in love marriages, but I think that the best way to turn out well than those which are made for other reasons.

Tell me where is fancy bred? Or in the heart or in the head? This word "fancy" is the English for "love," and the true answer to this question, as it seems to me, is that this love or fancy is bred or produced not in the head, where people reason, speculate, make a bargain, but in the heart where they feel, admire and love.

That at least is nature's answer to the question. A young man, the first time he meets a certain young lady, feels very queer; he does not know who she is, nor why she is so lovely. It is not in love. He says to himself, "Well, of course, I'm not a marrying man, but if I did marry I might do worse than take that young lady." And when he meets her never believe those who say they are not marrying men; they go off with their friends say, "I never could see what Mr. So-and-so saw in Miss So-and-so." That is just it; they could not see it, and the man himself could not see it, but it was nature speaking to him in her strongest and truest language. "Marry her, for she is the complement of the one who completes and fills up your nature, or refuse her for the sake of another with more money or more intellectual compass, but she is the one who is your own dry little soul."

The same sort of people who tell the young not to marry to please themselves, but to please everybody else, and entirely for prudential motives, generally go on to say: "And whatever you do, do not allow yourself to be influenced by beauty, for beauty is but skin-deep." I never hear that phrase without thinking of the reply which a girl once made. She was a good-looking girl, and was talking to a man who was a little less so, and was thinking that she was conceited, and ought to be taken down a little, remarked: "But, you know, beauty is only skin-deep." She fixed her eyes on his glittering eye and answered: "Yes, I know beauty is only skin-deep, but ugliness goes into the bone."

Next Week: "ON ENGAGEMENTS." Pertinent Comment. To the Editor of the Globe: In your issue of Feb. 3, 1899, appeared the following head lines—"Are Declared Leaky," and "Two Bills in which St. Paul is deeply interested—Still they are approved." "One of them provides for an additional levy for school purposes, and the other provides for a transfer of the money in the Broadway bridge fund. Considered by the Ramsey delegation." In view of the fact that our city government is so rapidly and so conscientiously acting in this matter, when the comptroller, without any decision of the courts on the "Broadway bridge fund" (which, according to your paper, was declared unconstitutional before the Ramsey delegation), transferred same to the Broadway street bridge fund, involving as it does an amount equal if not greater

than the apparent deficit in the school fund. Why, then, do we need a new charter? Who paid for the petitions that were circulated for the appointment of the committee, and who paid for the charter which was turned down by the people at the polls?

Was this school bugaboo to be used as a club to whip the people, under the pretext of continuing our schools for the full term, to vote for such a charter as the commission (which the court, no doubt, will appoint) will recommend? If the court-house officials, the comptroller included, are anxious to secure sufficient money to properly maintain our schools and pay the teachers, why don't they see that they do it? Instead of conducting his office in violation of the law? If he will make the tax-dodgers of our city pay their equal share of the personal taxes, there will be no necessity for an increased school levy or a new charter; on the contrary, there will be enough money to place the teachers, writers and policemen's salaries back to where they were before the recommendations of the so-called "Parker investigating committee" were carried out. I have been reliably informed that the county assessor has this year reduced the assessments of a great many of the tax-dodgers below the assessed value of the property for the year. This action on his part again raises the question as to the truthfulness of the charge that the tax-dodgers raised \$200,000 to secure the enactment of a law to keep the present incumbent in office.

The tax-dodgers are very active in trying to secure the new charter, and it would be well for the honest taxpayer to investigate the matter thoroughly before voting for any change. -Honest Taxpayer. St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 25.

MARKET SITE. St. Paul Citizen Criticizes the Attitude of the Commercial Club. To the Editor of the Globe: Having noticed the position of your valuable paper on the question of the selection of a market site, the Globe being the only paper which has favored the wishes of the majority of the citizens, I venture to submit the following points:

The spectacle of individual greed, of ward politics, in fact the whole mad race and feverish activity of certain members of the Commercial Club, by any means to foist upon the public a market site in a location and at a price which is truly absurd, to say nothing of its objectionable features, has left a comparatively calm generation as do that if the gardeners and citizens have as yet only faintly protested, the righteous feeling against this measure will be adequately shown in the coming too long hence. I do, however, feel impelled to express surprise, to use a mild term, at the attitude of the Commercial Club, a club supposed to stand for the promotion of the general welfare and advancement of the best interests of our city—in sending a delegation to the council last night to aid and abet those members of the club who are interested in furthering their own ends, would give us a market on Eagle street at any price. This last move indicates the length to which it is possible to go under the stress of personal ambition, but the question is why should the Commercial Club lend itself to any such scheme, which, on the face of it, is so evidently not in the interests of the city, but in the interests of a mere handful with an axe to grind? -James Mackay. St. Paul, Nov. 25.

SMART SHORT STORIES

Some time ago Nat Goodwin had an opportunity to witness Alf Hampton's imitations of himself in his favorite roles. Hampton, knowing Goodwin was present, cut off the city and in the interests of the scene Goodwin had never a word to say. At last an intimate friend ventured to ask how he liked it. "Well," replied Goodwin, "I can say this, one of us is bad."

Prince Henry of Orleans when he travels takes with him a physician, a scientist, an editor, a historian and a photographer, each of whom makes a daily contribution to the interests of the prince. In describing his method at a Paris salon, a friend ironically asked: "And what is the hard work which you do for your prince?" "I have set off all the prince; I have the overwhelming duty of making the various accounts agree."

Leung Gov. Timothy L. Woodruff, of New York, it is said, never violated his rule to ill-treat or but to give a job to business until his income was \$50,000 a year. When he reached this point he entered political life. Once, in debating with a wealthy politician, the latter said: "I have never seen you so rich as you are." "Yes," replied Mr. Woodruff, "but you made your fortune out of politics, and that's where I'm spending mine."

A grand wedding was being solemnized at St. Peter's, Eaton square, London. On each side of the strip of carpet that extended from the church door to the curb was a crowd of people watching the bride and groom. The bride, in a decision of equipments of the most aristocratic and well appointed character came a four-wheeled cab, dingy and disreputable beyond belief. The driver, who had the policeman in charge, "you can't stop here! We're waiting for the bishop of—!" The cabman regarded the officer with a triumphant leer, as he flung the bride and groom into the ragged blanket over his skeleton steed. "It's all right, gov'nor," he said, "I've got the old buffer inside!"

A story is told of the late Chief Justice Cockburn. He was once counsel for a plaintiff in a certain case and Mr. B. was for the defendant. Cockburn called a witness and proceeded to examine him. "I understand that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Jones, is that so?" "Yes," replied the man. "What did he say?" demanded Cockburn. "Mr. B. promptly rose and objected. The conversation could not be admitted as evidence. But Cockburn persisted and Mr. B. appealed to the judges, who thereupon retired to consider the point. They returned after a few minutes, and when they returned they announced that Mr. Cockburn might put his question. "Well, what did he say?" asked counsel. "Please, sir, he wasn't at home," replied the witness, without moving a muscle.

TALLOW CANDLES

With Red Wine the Main Medicinal Stand-By in France. In France the peasantry will stick to medicines calculated to turn the average doctor's hair gray with horror. Wine is an ingredient of every prescription. In fever cases it is always the predominant one. The French solution of tallow in fermented grape juice is truly beautiful. If his children are stricken with the measles he gives them wine, well sweetened with sugar, and highly spiced with pepper. For a severe cold he administers a quart of red wine and a melted tallow candle mixture. For scarlet or brain fever he gives eggs, white wine and soot well beaten together.

Lunatic Postoffice.

In the lunatic asylums of Belgium there are securely locked boxes, in which every inmate must deposit letters of complaint. Three times a week these letters are collected by outside officials, who investigate every case, and if a person is found there is a label stating that the preparator will restore him to a bad head, if it fails to accomplish the job he can have the seller arrested and thrown into jail.

Navy's Death Rate.

The death rate from disease in the Dutch navy last year was only 3.5 per cent. There were 1,000 deaths in 1898, and 1,000 deaths were caused by cholera.

Use of Champagne.

It is said that in one year the champagne districts produce in seven.

MEDICAL NOTES.

The progress so far made in the prevention of spitting is only a beginning; the great work of eradication is yet to be accomplished, for the spitting habit is ancient, deep rooted and so fixed by heredity upon the race as to have become an instinct and a superstition. The following from the Medical Press and Circular will give the former some notion of the magnitude of the work before him. In days of antiquity spitting was resorted to in order to ward off dangers, and up to the present time luck is wood and misfortune avoided by the process of spitting. Fishermen spit upon their hooks after baiting them, and it is considered to be absolutely essential before washing in the same basin in which a friend has washed to spit into it, for otherwise a quarrel would be sure to follow. In Odessa, where the custom prevails of always spitting three times before kneading trough. Babes in Hungary are especially singled out as objects of the superstition; the custom there is to spit into the babies' faces in order to bring them good luck. In Silesia and Bohemia persons generally spit three times when they meet an old woman, but it is quite difficult to conceive why the presence of an aged female should thus call for such a profligate evacuation of the salivary secretion under these circumstances. In Sweden a great deal of superstitious spitting seems to take place. Persons for example, spit upon their bed before retiring. Playing cards are spat upon when the luck is bad, and every new suit of clothes is made the object of a gross exorcism, but for what reason it is quite impossible to imagine. Superstitions of this kind have had and it would seem from the above facts, that the one under discussion has been endowed with a phenomenal vitality. Despite its absurdity, filthiness and unhygienic character, it has still survived; whereas on sanitary grounds it should, without further loss of time, be confined and confined beyond all chance of resurrection.

The story of the "Three Lanterns" has been given in different versions in recent numbers of the New York Medical Journal. That of Dr. Chase, the latest to appear, is briefly as follows: A man had a magic charm by which he was able to see the souls of murdered persons in the front yards of this man murdered them. While on a journey, this man became ill and asked the hotel clerk or some other voluble person to direct him to a good physician. After the visit over the doctor's head, he saw a number of souls in each place he called he saw so many souls in the front yard that he dared not trust the doctor. At last, he discovered a doctor's house in front of which there were a number of lanterns. He went to one of the lanterns and saw a woman who looked as if she might have died of old age. This was a good recommendation, and the man decided to try the doctor. After the visit over the doctor's head, he saw a number of souls in each place he called he saw so many souls in the front yard that he dared not trust the doctor. At last, he discovered a doctor's house in front of which there were a number of lanterns. He went to one of the lanterns and saw a woman who looked as if she might have died of old age. This was a good recommendation, and the man decided to try the doctor. After the visit over the doctor's head, he saw a number of souls in each place he called he saw so many souls in the front yard that he dared not trust the doctor. At last, he discovered a doctor's house in front of which there were a number of lanterns. He went to one of the lanterns and saw a woman who looked as if she might have died of old age. This was a good recommendation, and the man decided to try the doctor.

An inability to sleep often amounting to protracted and exhausting insomnia not only gives rise to much distress but undoubtedly affects the general health, which usually depends—neurasthenia. Wunderlich believes that two-thirds of all cases of nervous insomnia are due to a disturbance of the sensory irritation of the brain. If drugs are to be avoided as far as possible, but if any are used trichloral and sulphonal are the best. Under no circumstances should the use of morphia be allowed. If drugs are to be used at all it is generally best to prescribe bromides in diminishing doses, beginning with forty-five grains at bedtime. If there are symptoms of sensory irritation, as in the case of Hydrargyri Iodidum or phenacetin, morphia may possibly be indicated. Sleeplessness in many cases depends on excessive gastric secretion and acidity of the gastric juice, and for this bicarbonate of soda and bismuth may be given. The most appropriate measures, however, are hygienic and dietetic. The cold pack in particular is well adapted for this purpose, and prolonged as to bring on sweating, being terminated when the patient begins to feel warm and the pulse increases in frequency.

Most of the names by which new drugs, especially coal tar products, are called are invented as catch words. The technical names would be long and unpronounceable for daily use. A new drug, nitravin, for example, a new local anesthetic, is technically diethylglycolamide. It is of use for active medicinal purposes, and is a very good solution in nitravin causes local insensibility in from five to ten minutes which lasts for twenty minutes and which is sometimes followed by an unpleasant burning and prickling. The drug has no disturbing effect on the healing of the wound. It has the advantage over cocaine that it is slightly antiseptic, so that it may be used for a long and undisturbed time if desired they may be boiled without injury.

A case is reported by Jonathan Hutchinson, of London, in which a lady could not take tea because it made her feet feel cold and wet with perspiration. She thought she was suffering from rheumatism and that the hands were also made cold, but not so markedly as the feet. Mr. Hutchinson had long been familiar with a certain case and a friend of his, a person cold, but did not know the perspiration attended it. He believes that the coldness was caused by contraction of arteries because the feet shrink. Alcohol usually has an opposite effect.

A new evil of alcoholism is added to the list of evils by Prof. von Bunge. At a recent meeting of the German-speaking Physicians, he presented statistics which, while he did not consider them conclusive, showed that the prevalence of alcoholism was increasing, and that the prevalence of habitual tippling among women and their inability to nurse their children.

When it comes to buying medicine it is much cheaper to be sick in some countries than in others. In the United States, for example, phenacetin sells for \$1 an ounce, salicylic acid for \$1.50 an ounce, and salol for \$3.50 per pound. In Canada, the price for the same drugs in the order given is 20 cents, 45 cents, \$1.35 and \$1.50.

Dalzer, in the Semaine Medicale, recommends lactic acid as a remedy for herpes. The best preparation is to be rubbed with a 20 per cent solution of lactic acid until the skin becomes inflamed. Then the treatment is suspended for a few days, to be resumed when the inflammation has subsided. Dalzer claims that he has often observed a new growth of hair in the course of three weeks.

Mexico may be behind in some things, but she has some unique laws relating to patent medicines. Dr. Walker Ellis says that in the State of Yucatan, if a bald-headed man buy a bottle of hair oil on which there is a label stating that the preparator will restore him to a bald head, if it fails to accomplish the job he can have the seller arrested and thrown into jail.

In the Chicago Clinic, Prof. Rowell Park makes the startling prophecy that for the next ten years, the present rate of cancer deaths in the United States will be more than doubled in the city of New York from cancer than from consumption, smallpox and typhoid fever combined.

According to reports, British soldiers sailing for Africa have been urged to sub-

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"OLD LAND AND YOUNG LAND."

Alfred Austin, the poet laureate of England, has written a poem entitled "Old Land and Young Land." In which he sings the song of what the British refer to as the Anglo-American alliance. The poem made its appearance in London yesterday: I. The Young Land cried, "I have borne it long. But can suffer it no more; I must end this endless, inhuman wrong. Within half an hour own your flag, or So fling out the war-flag's folds and let the righteous cannons roar!" II. It was a quick, rash word, for the strong Young Land whose ways are peace; It weareth no mail, and its keels are manned With cotton, and corn, and fleece, While lands there are that are cased in steel, and whose war-hammers never cease. III. And these, when they saw the Young Land grin Its loins to redress the wrong, Whispered one to the other, "Its heart is strong. But its hosts are an undrilled throng, And its bolts yet to forge, so quick let us strike before that it grows too strong." IV. And they said to the Old Land, "Surely you will step up to foil its claim? It waxes in strength, as striplings do, And it grids at its parent's name. Take heed lest its overweening growth One day, and two, and a ounce of simple syrup and 5 drops of carmine or cochineal solution. The dose is one or two teaspoonfuls. Saccharin in small quantities may be added, if desired, to the solution of soda for children made irritable by quinine. -Leon Noel.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Ha, did I dream? Was it a vision gay That swept before mine eyes and fled away? Was it reality, that wondrous store Of pies and turkey, cakes and sweets galore, And cider, too, that erst with stealthy step I from the barrel had been wont to draw, Now placed, with all the rest, that blissful day, At my sweet will, with none to say me nay? -Richard H. Stoddard.

JOHNNY'S LETTER TO SANTA.

Dear Santa Claus: When you come to my house please bring me a trumpet and drum, A hobby-horse, jumpin'-jack, base ball and sled, an' a top that will hum. An' Santa, our fireplace is all stopped up, (With a furnace we don't need that), But ring the door bell, an' I'll let you in. An' show you where the stockin' is hid. -December Woman's Home Companion.

THE BLUEBELL.

A dainty little bluebell lonely, Beside the pathway grows. Gently nodding in the gloaming, Good-night to the sweet wild rose. With dew upon its petals gleaming, Like sparkling diamonds fair; With moonbeams round it idly streaming, Its fragrance fills the air. -Mart McEvoy.

Hamm's Excelsior Beer. "His brow was like his eyes beneath, Flashed like a falcon from its sheath, And like a silver clarion rang The accents of that unknown tongue -Excelsior!"