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UNIFORM DIVORCE LAW

Agreed on by Commissioners From Various States—Provisions of the Act.

[From the Richmond Times.]

At the next session of the Legislature a bill will be offered changing the law in relation to divorce. It will be presented by three commissioners from Virginia on Uniformity of State Laws. After the commissioners from various States agree upon a bill it generally receives the approval of the American Bar Association and then is presented to the several State Legislatures.

The bill in relation to divorces, which will promptly be adopted by every State, it is expected, is as follows:

Section 1. No divorce shall be granted for any cause arising prior to the residence of the complainant or defendant in this State, which was not a ground for divorce in the State where the case arose.

Sec. 2. No person shall be entitled to a divorce for any cause arising in this State, who has not had actual residence in this State for at least one year next before bringing suit for divorce, with a bona fide intention of making this State his or her permanent home.

Sec. 3. No person shall be entitled to a divorce for any cause arising out of this State unless the complainant or defendant shall have resided within this State for at least two years next before bringing suit for divorce, with a bona fide intention of making this State his or her permanent home.

Sec. 4. No person shall be entitled to a divorce unless the defendant shall have been personally served with process, if within this State, or if without this State shall have had personal notice duly proved and appearing of record, or shall have entered an appearance in the case, but if it shall appear to the satisfaction of the court that the complainant does not know the address nor the residence of the defendant and has not been able to ascertain either, after reasonable and due inquiry and search, the court or Judge in vacation may authorize notice by publication of the pendency of the suit for divorce, to be given in manner provided by law.

Sec. 5. No divorce shall be granted solely upon default nor solely upon admissions by the pleadings, nor except upon hearing before the court in open session.

Sec. 6. After divorce either party may marry again, but in cases where notice has been given by publication only and the defendant has not appeared, no decree or judgment for divorce shall become final or operative until six months after hearing and decision.

Sec. 7. Wherever the word "divorce" occurs in the act, it shall be deemed to mean divorce from the bond of marriage.

Sec. 8. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed. In its report the Committee on Uniform State Laws says:

"It may not be out of place in this connection for your committee to say a word as to the purpose, wisdom and practicability and effect of this short, simple and most moderate act which is the outcome of much deliberation and discussion extending over three years' sessions of the conference. The act proposed attacks directly and we believe effectively three of the greatest evils, considered from a legal standpoint, of the present condition of our various and conflicting divorce laws. First, it does away largely with the scandal of migratory divorces. Second, it prevents the wrong of speedy decrees against absent defendants who may be ignorant of any suit pending. Third, it does away with the interstate confusion arising from some few States forbidding remarriage, while a great majority of the States permit it."

CLOCK REFORM IN SPAIN.

The Hours Will Run From One to Twenty-four.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The Queen of Spain has signed a decree establishing the method of accounting time which omits the "A. M." and "P. M." of the present universal system. In all railway, mail, telegraph, telephone and steamship service in the Peninsula and the Balearic Islands, and in all the ministerial offices, the courts and all public works, time will hereafter be regulated by the time of the Greenwich Observatory, commonly known as Western European time. The computation of the hours will be made from the hour of midnight to the following midnight in hours from one to twenty-four, omitting the words "tarde" (afternoon) and "noche" (night), heretofore in customary use. The hour of midnight will be designated at twenty-four. These regulations are designated to take effect January 1, 1901. Government officials are directed to observe and carry out the decree and all of their respective departments and bureaus.

His Opinion.

Fiddleback—Are you going around to Miss Muffin's tomorrow night, Mrs. Von Blumer?

Mrs. Von Blumer—She gives a chafing dish party, doesn't she?

Fiddleback—Yes.

Mrs. Von Blumer—We may. Are you?

Fiddleback (smiling)—Well, hardly. Mrs. Von Blumer—Why, I thought you were fond of Miss Muffin.

Fiddleback—I am, but not of her chafing dish parties.

Mrs. Von Blumer—You mean—

Fiddleback—I mean the chafing dish part.

Mrs. Von Blumer—You don't like that?

Fiddleback—Well, I can stand a good deal, but the concoctions Miss Muffin gets up in that instrument of torture are too much for me.

Mrs. Von Blumer—You are too hard on her, I am sure.

Fiddleback—Hard on her, do you say? Well, I guess she is pretty hard on the rest of her victims.

Mrs. Von Blumer—What particular dish of hers don't you like?

Fiddleback—Well, I can't say that I am partial to any of them. I've tried them all, and there isn't much choice. Her lobster Newburg can produce about as much complex agony as anything else. But I think for suffering long drawn out, for steady, unintermittent, ailed-bodied pain, her Welsh rabbit takes the blue ribbon. Have you ever tried Miss Muffin's Welsh rabbit?

Mrs. Von Blumer—Oh, yes, indeed! Why, I have been giving her cooking lessons for the last six months!—Harper's Bazar.

His Moments of Joy.

Did you ever hear of the strange man who went out to a summer hotel once for a holiday? He impressed on the clerk the first day he was there that it was of vital importance that he be called at 6 o'clock next morning. He was called. He didn't come down stairs till 2 in the afternoon. The injunction to the clerk was repeated every day, and every day the mysterious guest staid in his room till late in the afternoon. When he had been at the place a week and was about to leave, the clerk said to him:

"I beg your pardon, sir; it's none of my business, but why have you left orders to be called at 6 o'clock every morning and never got out of bed till several hours later?"

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you. Back in the city I've got a job that compels me to get up every morning, summer and winter, at 6 o'clock. This is my first vacation for five years. Every day when your bellboy has come up stairs and banged at the door I've started up to dress and get down to the office and then suddenly let the conviction steal blissfully over my brain that I didn't have to. Then I've gone back to bed, bugged the pillow and dreamed that I was in the Elysian fields. That moment of joy that has followed the banging on my door every morning has been worth three times the price of the bill."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Sympathy Misplaced.

One day during a cold snap last winter I saw an old man in a grocery acting rather suspiciously, and soon I saw him steal a potato from a barrelful of the tubers that stood outside the counter. The old fellow slipped out of the house as soon as he could conveniently and limped away. I followed him, thinking to give him what change I could spare, for I thought he must be desperately poor if he must steal a potato.

When I caught up with him and offered him a little money, the old man roared with laughter. When he had got his breath again, he said:

"You saw me steal the potato, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, lemme tell you, my son, I've got potatoes to sell. I raise thousands of bushels of them. I've got the biggest market garden in this county, and I've got more money than you ever saw. Carryin a potato in your pocket will cure the rheumatiz, but for it to do any good you've got to steal the potato. See?"

I saw. And I sawed wood.—Will Visscher in Woman's Home Companion.

Bad Manners.

An old gentleman, walking up Cork Hill, Dublin, overtook a coal cart heavily loaded and drawn by a wretched quadruped with its legs bending under it, its bones sticking through its skin.

"How can you ill treat your horse so?" he cried, addressing the driver. "It is quite exhausted. Look at the way its tongue is hanging out."

"Exhausted, is it?" answered the boy. "Why, 'tis the bad manners of him. He's putting it out at you!"—London Tit-Bits.

Enjoyable.

Tess—How did you enjoy yourself at her wedding?

Jess—Very much. Her gown was a wretched bad fit, and everybody was remarking how poor the presents were.—Exchange.

OUR WINES AT PARIS.

Received Many Awards, but Deserved More.

The remarkable success of American wines at the Paris exposition thoroughly astonished the French, and when the fact becomes better known in this country it will be a cause for congratulation on the part of all loyal Americans. Every wine producing country in the world sent samples of its product to the expos. on. All told, there were 9,000 different exhibitors, presenting approximately an average of five kinds of wine each. This made a total of about 35,000 samples which the wine jury was obliged to test and pass judgment upon. Of these 35,000 samples there were about 500 from the United States, exhibited by about 100 producers. More than 80 per cent of the samples exhibited received either gold or silver medals, and one wine attested by only one point of getting the Grand Prix, says the New York Sun.

This proportion of awards was higher than that received by any other nation. Even France, with all its wonderful science in grape culture and winemaking, failed to get more than 42 per cent of its exhibits into the honor class. And it should be remembered, too, that the jury was composed largely of Frenchmen, who would naturally be disposed to favor the wines of their own country. That the United States got so large a percentage shows that the Frenchmen were surely fair in their judgment. Had it not been for the unfortunate practice of American winemakers of labeling their wines with French names the percentage of awards would have been much higher. As it was a number of the very best wines made in the United States were excluded from the awards by reason of these imitation names.

To the average wine drinker in the United States—that is, the person who is not a connoisseur—the words sherry, sauterne, burgundy, port and champagne are descriptive of a kind of wine. Without special thought it is taken for granted that these words are generic. And so one often sees ports and sherries and champagnes and burgundies which are made in the United States, and it never occurs to the average person that there is anything unfair or deceptive in these names. To the Frenchman, raised in an atmosphere of wine culture, and to the thorough student of the subject this practice is most reprehensible. The Frenchman knows that, properly speaking, a burgundy wine can only come from Burgundy, that a port wine can only come from the district of Oporto, that a champagne can only come from the Champagne district and that a sherry can only come from the Spanish district of Xeres. The character of the wines made in these various districts is so distinctive and has gained such worldwide reputation that the names of the provinces have come to be used by the general public in this country at least as descriptive of the character of the wine rather than as descriptive of the place where it is made. So it is that we have American burgundies and American champagnes, American sherries and American sauterne and American St. Julien clarets and American Medoc clarets and many similar misnomers.

How Much Sleep Is Needed.

Sleep is nature's best restorative. The length of time to be given to slumber varies in accordance to age. Infants require at least 16 hours out of the 24; to the age of 4 or 5, about 12 hours, and from 10 to 15, about 10 hours. The most beneficial sleep is that which is taken an hour or two before midnight, says McCall's Magazine. Those, of course, whose occupations necessitate their time of rest being somewhat irregular should endeavor to make up for lost sleep, otherwise Nature will have her revenge on an overtaxed brain. A light supper should be taken at least two hours before retiring, and the mind ought not to be engaged in deep study just before bed time, otherwise sleep will be restless and unrefreshing. Healthy sleep is one of the greatest promoters of longevity. Insomnia is very prevalent nowadays, owing to the rush and excitement of modern existence. Sufferers from this miserable complaint should consult a good doctor. Recourse to drugs of which one knows so little is to be entirely deprecated. The health of thousands has been ruined through the use of narcotics, for most narcotics contain some sort of poison, and their ultimate effect is certain deterioration of the brain power.

Golf.

The game of golf was put down by an act of parliament in Scotland in 1841 as a nuisance. Then fines were inflicted on people who were found guilty of playing the game, for it interfered with the practice of archery, as men preferred wielding the club to pulling the bow.

To prevent obstruction to traffic in the main streets of Boston in the daytime all the repairs are made at night.

Bilge Water.

I am quite well aware that there are objections to hospital ships in the tropics. When they are moored, there is the burning question of bilge water. I will not discourse on the subject of bilge water, as inexperience thereof might make the explanation wearisome. Any one acquainted with the bilge water question knows it is of engrossing interest. Bilge is a prince among smells, and if you have ever fallen under its power you will always think that every terrific thing in smells is a manifestation of bilge water.

I remember on one occasion when on board a moored hulk, not a hospital ship, smelling in the evening something that called for mention, so I mentioned it. "Oh," said my companions, more under the sway of bilge water than I was, from their greater knowledge of its power, "it's only our bilge water." In the morning we found it was the rotting carcass of an elephant that had floated down the river and now hung in the mooring chain.

After a considerable time was spent in getting rid of the carcass I said, "For goodness' sake, gentlemen, stir up your bilge water, and let the smells fight it out together while we go ashore for a spell." "No," said my companions, terror stricken at the suggestion. "You do not know our bilge water when its back's up. It would stretch you if you were half way across Africa. This elephant is mere lavender water to it."

This was a more dreadful bilge water than a hospital ship would have. Still, though bad, bilge water is not necessarily fatal under proper management.—Chambers' Journal.

Paid His Debt.

When Joe Chamberlain entered the house of commons, he was anxious to try his oratorical powers. A certain leading politician, who was piloting a bill through the house, was approached by one of Mr. Chamberlain's friends, who said:

"Chamberlain would like to speak on the bill. Can you give him a chance?"

"Well, you know, I think it would not do. He's a new member, and nobody knows what the dickens he might say."

Time went on. Chamberlain gained ground—became a power in parliament. The leading politician, on the contrary, had made a series of blunders which had imperiled his position. An election was imminent. Forgetting his previous record, he thought that if he could get Mr. Chamberlain to speak for him he would strengthen his position. He, therefore, applied to the right honorable gentleman.

The latter calmly surveyed him through his eyeglass and said:

"Well, you know, I think it would not do. I am a new member, and nobody knows what the dickens I might say."

Chinese Porcelain.

Chinese porcelain was common in Europe for 400 years before a German potter succeeded in finding out the process of making it. This Chinese pottery is scattered all over the world and everywhere valued, but nowhere was the distribution more curious than in western Canada. Early in the nineteenth century a Chinese junk was cast away on the Pacific coast of America just south of Vancouver island, and its cargo of willow pattern plates fell into the hands of the Hudson Bay company's officers. Still in the remotest trading posts of the fur traders a few fine specimens remain.

Eradicating Out Stumps.

The easiest way to get rid of stumps in field or meadow is to burn them out. Dig a trench around the stumps about two feet wide and two and a half or three feet deep, cut off all projecting roots quite close and remove the soil as well as possible. Then leave the stump for a few days to dry. Gather up a lot of dry sticks, brush, etc., and fill up the trench all around and on top of the stump and set it on fire. The stump will be consumed in a day or two. Even green stumps may be burned out in this way, although it may require a second or third supply of dry sticks on the fire to accomplish it.—Contributor American Agriculturist.

The cable companies as a rule do not lay their own cables, although they have large and well equipped steamers with which to make repairs. There are several British companies which make a business of laying cables. They own their steamers and train their officers and crews to the work.—New York Tribune.

A writer in the New York Medical Journal says that the curved pages of the ordinary book are injurious to the eye of the reader. The curvature necessitates a constant change of the focus of the eye as it reads from one side to another, and the ciliary muscles are under a constant strain. Moreover, the light falls unequally upon both sides of the page, further interfering with a continued clear field of vision. It is suggested that the difficulty might be obviated if the lines should be printed parallel to the binding instead of at right angles to it.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Peanut as an Ornament—The Cook's "Helping Hands"—Chicken Bouillon and Cream.

"Few persons are perhaps aware that a thing of beauty is a common peanut plant, growing singly in a six or eight inch pot and grown indoors during the colder months," observed a florist to a reporter. "Kept in a warm room or by the kitchen stove a peanut kernel planted in a pot of loose mellow loam, kept only moderately moist, will soon germinate and grow up into a beautiful plant. It is in a similar way that the peanut planters test their seeds every year, beginning even early in the winter, and the facility with which the seeds will grow in this way has suggested to many southern flower lovers the possibility of making the useful peanut an ornamental plant for the parlor or sitting room window."

"As the plant increases in size and extends its branches over the sides of the pot in a pendent manner there are few plants of more intrinsic beauty. The curious habit of the compound leaves of closing together like the leaves of a book on the approach of night or when a shower begins to fall on them is one of the most interesting habits of plant life. And then, later on, for the peanut is no ephemeral wonder, enduring for a day or two only, the appearance of the tiny yellow flowers and putting forth of the peduncles on which the nuts grow impart to this floral rarity a striking and unique charm all its own. There is nothing else like it, and florists throughout the country might well add the peanut plant to their list of novel and rare things."—Washington Star.

"Helping Hands."

A writer in Home Chat says as she passed through the kitchen of a friend who is an up to date housekeeper that the cook was dishing up a mysterious sort of tongs arrangement into a saucepan and fishing up some dumplings destined to garnish the boiled pork for the kitchen dinner.

To my look of inquiry Mrs. N. said: "Oh, those are cook's 'Helping Hands,' and very helpful they are. You use them to lift things out of boiling water or to draw pies, etc., from the oven, and I am sure they save my poor cloths from many a burn."



them to lift things out of boiling water or to draw pies, etc., from the oven, and I am sure they save my poor cloths from many a burn."

Chicken Bouillon and Cream.

As one course of a luncheon or for light refreshment nothing is more generally satisfactory than chicken bouillon served with whipped cream. To make it put a three or four pound chicken into a quart of cold water with a stalk of celery, a slice of onion and a sprig of parsley. Set on the back of the range and let it come slowly to a simmer. Cook slowly for half a day, skimming it often. Then strain it into a saucepan or soup kettle, season with salt and pepper and add the white of one egg that has been beaten with one-half cupful of cold water. Wash the eggshell and add that, but do not allow any of the yolk to get in, as it will make the bouillon cloudy. Let the soup boil rapidly for ten minutes and then turn in one cupful of cold water and boil for five minutes longer. Remove from the fire and strain through a flannel cloth. Salt to taste and color with one-half teaspoonful of caramel to every quart of the bouillon. Serve in cups with whipped cream.

Do Your Own Marketing.

In nothing more than marketing does the old truism, "If you want anything done well, do it yourself," apply. The woman who buys her own provisions is mistress of the situation in more ways than one. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker all try to please the patron who knows what she wants and refuses to be pleased with anything short of it. A little woman was heard to say to a reliable butcher the other day: "I have just moved into the neighborhood and want a butcher that I can trust to give me the worth of my money and to advise me about the best and most economical cuts of meat. I do not want to pay for fancy cuts, but I want the best of everything."

"That," said the butcher as the woman left, "is the kind of a customer that an honest man likes. But woe betide the dishonest dealer who tries to get the better of her. She is too wise to be fooled."—New York Tribune.

The Price of Ten Cents' Worth.

Customer—Give me 10 cents' worth of paregoric, please.

Druggist—Yes, sir.

Customer (absentmindedly)—How much is it?

Druggist—A quarter.—Boston Christian Register.