

## To Win a Woman.

Brides Captured in Curious Ways in Various Countries—Some Unusual Bridal Customs.

The Anglo-Saxon bride, even at the end of the nineteenth century, stands almost alone in regard to the degree of freedom with which she may treat Master Cupid when he enters into her life. Her heart is in the main a fortress at her own disposal. She may hand the keys of the gate to whom she lists, and she yields them up almost invariably with the honors of war. That is to say, she alone almost, among brides, is permitted an independent voice in the matter of her life's partner.

Marriages in France are arranged by parents and friends, who pick up all possible information about the antecedents and connections of the opposite side, and if gossip proves satisfactory a meeting is decided upon—this sometimes taking place at a theater. The young man is told how the lady will be dressed, and that she will be seated in a certain place. He will gaze upon her to his heart's content—or otherwise—and will signify subsequently his approval or disapproval. If they approve of each other the young man is invited to his bride's home; the contract is signed in a day or two, a ring is given, and, according to a writer in the Figaro, the young man dines with his future parents-in-law every night until the wedding, which takes place probably just as soon as the trousseau is ready. The bridegroom is supposed to make his fiancée very handsome presents, and these, together with the gifts from friends, are exhibited on the day on which the civil marriage contract is signed. On the day following the religious ceremony is performed.

Little opportunity as the two thus bound together have had of learning something of each other's views and character, the restrictions on their intercourse have not been reduced to the absurdity which obtains in Portugal, Spain and among the races sprung from them in South America.

It would, from all one can learn, be considered the height of impropriety to allow a young man and maiden in, say, Lisbon, to meet and talk together. The method of courtship is therefore unique. A couple by some means or other conceive a mutual liking—though probably they have never spoken, and the extent of their knowledge is such as can be acquired by staring rudely at each other as they pass in the street. The attachment having become a reality, the girl takes up her position regularly at her window, while the swain takes his stand on the street pavement opposite. He executes all sorts of dumb, but eloquent signs, his devotion sometimes assuming the more poetic form of the serenade. In Portugal this happens before he has made any proposal; after he has put the fatal question to the girl's parents and been accepted he is allowed to come to the home quietly until the wedding.

In Mexico this absurd custom is carried even to more absurd lengths. After the betrothal the Mexican bridegroom, according to one chronicler, spends his time largely in twiddling his fingers at his bride from the pavement and making romantic faces. Even if he lives in the same house he has to go into the street to carry on his love-making.

It is generally assumed that the days of wife-capture are past, but "either as a stern reality or as an important ceremony," as Sir John Lubbock tells us in the "Origin of Civilization," it prevails in Australia, and among the Malays, in Hindostan, Central Asia, Siberia and Kamchatka; among the Eskimos, the northern redskins, the aborigines of Brazil, in Chili and Terra del Fuego, in the Pacific Islands, both among the Polynesians and the Fijians, in the Philippines, among the Arabs and the negroes in Circassia, and until recently throughout a great part of Europe.

In the Scottish Highlands and in parts of Ireland, stimulated capture is said to be a part of the marriage ceremony, while in Wales we have it on the authority of Prof. Rhys that quasi capture obtains. Once, when a boy, he assisted at one of these entertaining functions. He arrived at the bride's house early. The door was locked and barred, and preparations were made to resist attack. When the bridegroom appeared admittance was refused, and a long parley, conducted in verse, ensued between the father and his would-be son-in-law. At last he was permitted to enter, but no bride was to be found. She had been disguised by her friends so effectually that she was unrecognizable. Leaving the houses later for the church, the road at some distance forked, and the bride and her father carefully took the wrong road in an attempt to escape, but the friends of the bridegroom were on the alert, and speedily brought them back.

Pretty much the same description is given by George Sand of a wedding in Provincial France as is given by Prof. Rhys of what he has witnessed in Wales. The bride and her friends shut themselves up in the house and barricade it, in view of the coming of the man who would carry her off to another root-tree. When he arrives admittance is summarily refused, and he uses every artifice known to diplomacy to induce them to let him in. He assures them that he and his friends are weary pilgrims, or that they seek refuge from the police, who are on their track. But the wary defenders see through the ruse and there seems

nothing for it but to attempt to take the place by storm. Pistol shots are fired, the door is hammered vigorously; men shout, women scream, and confusion reigns supreme. But still the defenders hold on, until at last the attacking party announce that they have brought a husband and presents for the bride. On this they are admitted, when the fight begins anew for the "possession of the hearth," in which the bridegroom is naturally and necessarily victorious. The bride is his, and the marriage ceremony is proceeded with.

## The Late Lord Randolph Churchill.

Lord Randolph Churchill, when in his best health and busy, used to astonish most other Englishmen by his indifference to "sport" as a means of getting rid of his occasional lapses of leisure. He once said that he knew of two ways of spending a holiday infinitely preferable to going off to Scotland for the shooting: one was to go to Paris and spend a month on the boulevards; the other was to run down to Brighton and stay in bed 20 hours out of the 24. His ideal of a happy life was to go to bed in a quiet room, stay there during the day reading and dozing, dine in slippers and dressing-gown in the evening, and as soon as convenient thereafter go back to bed. Such liking as he had for society was of the unconventional sort. He never took a very keen artistic delight in his wife's musical accomplishments, but he was unwilling that anyone else should speak disparagingly of them. At an entertainment once, where she had consented to execute a brilliant dash on the piano, a tall youth with bangs and a monocle was observed paying a languid and insolent attention to the music, standing close enough to the performer to hear his comments easily overheard by her. "Lord Randolph" was close at hand, too, and presently heard the rapid youth remark: "Deuced fine music, you know, but it lacks soul—it lacks soul." To the critic's astonishment a muscular young man with a big mustache, whom he had not noticed before, whispered in his ear: "If or a shilling I'd wallop the life out of you!" He hastened to withdraw, but without discovering the identity of the author of the menace. The next day, to his delight, he received an invitation to the Churchills' home. Of course he accepted with avidity. On entering the house he was met by his threatening neighbor of the night before, who, he at once discerned, must be Lord Randolph. He proceeded no further than the entrance hall, for Churchill beckoned in the direction of the drawing-room, and out floated Lady Churchill. "This fellow has come to apologize to you for his remarks of last night," hissed Lord Randolph. "Now," to the stranger, "down on your knees!" Down went the dandy, hissing out the most abject plea for forgiveness. Then he was turned over to a footman to be put ignominiously out of the door, while the host followed his retreating figure with a roar of derisive laughter.

They used to tell a story in the New York clubs about the first visit paid Lady Churchill by her uncle, Lawrence Jerome, after her marriage. I believe Mr. Jerome originally told it of himself. He modestly approached the portals of the Churchills' town house, and accosted a choice addition of Jeames Yellowplush: "Is Mr. Churchill at home?" The footman shivers. "Me lud is in Ireland." "Humph! What's he doing in Ireland?" The footman is frozen into silence with horror. Mr. Jerome tries again: "Is Mrs. Churchill at home?" The footman quivers with suppressed indignation. "Me leddy is not down stairs yet!" "Not down stairs? In bed at this time of day? Does she know what o'clock it is? Here's a pretty how-de-do! Well, you go up and tell Mrs. Churchill—!" The footman, growing every moment more desperate, here turns deadly pale and clears his throat nervously, being about to call aloud and summon assistance to eject this audacious intruder, when a silvery voice, with a musical laugh behind it, is heard over the banisters from the second story hall: "Oh, that's you, Uncle Larry, isn't it? Come right in!" The footman writhes in an anguish of self-abasement at once, bowing low and retreating. "Oh, sir! Oh, me lud! Pardon me! If you please, me lud, this way—this way!"

—One of the most affecting features in a life of vice is the longing, wistful, outlooks given by the wretches who struggle with unbridled passions toward virtues which are no longer within their reach. Men in the tide of vice are sometimes like the poor creatures swept down the stream of mighty rivers, who see people safe on shore, and trees and flowers as they go quickly past; and all things that are desirable gleam upon them for a moment to brighten their trouble and to aggravate their swift coming destruction.

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes: "I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

## A Model's Opinion.

Writing of the humors of male models, Mr. Marks says, in his "Pen and Pencil Sketches," they are generally vain, and are firmly convinced that the artist owes much of the success of his picture to the fact of their having sat to him. The most remarkable of Dr. Marks' models was one Campbell, a man of natural gifts, but of no education save that which he had obtained from a first-book for children taught him by his mother.

Campbell's vanity was inordinate but amusing. On his first "sitting" to Mr. Marks, he was told that he might talk as much as he liked, so long as he retained the position. Readily availing himself of the permission, he described a meeting with the Duke of Wellington.

"I'd been to Apsley House (the duke's London residence) to fetch away a picture that had been sent him to look at. I was wrapping (wrapping) it up in the green baize in the hall, when the duke passes by and says:

"Oh, you've come from Messrs. Blank for that picture."

"Yes, sir," I says, and with that he touches his hat with his forefinger and walks out and gets on his horse."

"When he was gone, a man in black, his butler or valley-de-sham, I suppose, comes up to me, and he says:

"Do you know who you was speaking to just now?"

"Yes," I says, "I does. Arthur Wellesley, better known as the Duke of Wellington."

"Then why didn't you say your grace to him?" he says.

"Grace!" says I, "what should I say grace for? There aint no banquet spread here, is there? Where's the wians?" I called him sir, the proper title between man and man."

"Well," he says, "you're a rum kind of customer, you are. What do you call the duke?"

"What do I call him?" I says, "a wholesale carcase-butcher, that's what I call him."

"Well," he says, "suppose I was to write and tell your master of this?"

"Write and tell him," I says, "I'll take the letter myself. Now just look at his career," I says. "First of all, he goes to France to learn the art of war; after that he goes to India and kills thousands of natives as was only defending their country, and at last fights the very country where he learnt the art of war, and kills thousands and thousands more. A wholesale carcase-butcher, that's what I call him!"

Bald Heads and Indigestion.

One secret of nature that has so far eluded apprehension and that will probably forever remain an unexplainable mystery is the cause of baldness in the genus homo. The latest bit of literature on this subject appears in the British Medical Journal, which says:

"The cause of baldness is a question which has a personal interest for many people in these days when the 'new man' finds it almost as difficult to keep his hair as the 'new woman' does to find a husband. The theory of the bald-headed man generally is that his exceptionally active brain has used up the blood supply which should have nourished his scalp; but those whose crop of hair still stands untouched by the scythe of time unkindly hint that this explanation is of a piece with Falstaff's excuse that he had lost his voice by 'singing of anthems.' Then there is the theory of the hat, which we are told makes for sanitary unrighteousness in two ways—allowing no ventilation, and by its hard rim cutting off part of the blood supply from the scalp. Again there is seborrhoea, which prepares the way for fungi that blight the hair. It would have been wonderful if that pathological scapegoat, indigestion, had not had this particular misdeed laid to its charge. We are not surprised, therefore, to read in an American contemporary that dyspepsia is the great cause of baldness. This is how the mischief is done: 'Nature,' we are assured, 'is very careful to guard and protect and supply the vital organs with the proper amount of nutriment; but when she cannot command a sufficient quantity of blood supply for all the organs, naturally she cuts off the supply of parts the least vital, like the hair and nails—just as one of our splendid paupers discontinues his subscription to an hospital in view of the death duties. The hair, in fact, dies that the nobler parts may live up to a proper standard of physiological efficiency. The best way, therefore, to escape baldness is to be careful in our diet, and above all to avoid irregularity in meals—a counsel of perfection which the busy man too often finds it impossible to follow. We are not prepared to deny that indigestion may have something to do with baldness, but the part it plays is probably altogether secondary. We know of no evidence that bald-headed men are more dyspeptic than their neighbors, and women, who suffer much—chiefly through their own fault—from digestive troubles, are very seldom bald. The increasing prevalence of baldness, might, with at least as much plausibility, be ascribed to the general betterment in our social condition that is taking place. The late Prince Consort (who himself lost his hair early) held that baldness is a sign of breeding; heredity, therefore, rather than indigestion would account for its frequency in the upper ranks of society."

## Popular Recitation—David Shaw Hero.

The savior, and not the slayer, he is the braver man.

So far my text, but the story. Thus, then, it runs: from Spokane Rolled out the overland mail train, late by an hour; in the cab

David Shaw, at your service, dressed in his blouse of drab,

Grimed by the smoke and the cinders. "Feed her well, Jim," he said;

Jim was his fireman. "Seattle sharp on time!" So on they sped;

Dust from the wheels upflying; smoke rolling out behind;

The long train thundering, swaying; the roar of the cloven wind;

Shaw; with his hand on the lever, looking out straight ahead.

How she did rock, old Six-Forty! How like a storm they sped?

Leavenworth: thirty minutes gained in the thrilling race.

Now for the hills; keener lookout, or a letting down of the pace.

Hardly a pound of the steam less! David Shaw straightened back,

Hand like steel on the lever, face like flint to the track.

God! Look there! Down the mountain, high ahead of the train,

Acres of sand and forest sliding down to the plain!

What to do? Why jump, Dave! Take the chance, while you can.

The train is doomed; save your own life! Think of your children, man!

Well, what did he, this hero, face to face with grim death?

Grasped the throttle, reversed it, shrieked "Down brakes!" in a breath.

Stood to his post, without flinching, clear-headed, open-eyed,

Till the train stood still with a shudder, and he went down with the slide.

Saved? Yes, saved! Ninety people snatched from an awful grave,

One life under the sand, there. All that he had he gave,

Man, to the last inch! Hero? Noblest of heroes, yea!

Worthy the shaft and the tablet, worthy the song and the bay!

Give the Rich Girls a Chance.

My cousin Anthony had been in to tell me of the betrothal of his son Ajax to a young woman of exceptionally voluminous financial prospects. My cousin is not himself a man of large means, and his children's fortunes are still to be made; nevertheless it was not without an air of deprecation and symptoms of uneasiness that he told me what Ajax had done. But, I said, seeing Anthony growing solemn, somebody must marry the rich girls. There might be enough rich young men to pair off with them if all the rich bachelors were available; but as long as a large percentage of the rich bachelors insist on marrying poor girls there is no choice but for some rich girls to marry poor men or none. And, after all, if a girl is truly a nice girl, it would be a shame to avoid her because of her fortune. When I was young, I told him, if I had really loved a girl, and she loved me, and had been of age or an orphan, I would have married her if she had owned all New York between Canal street and Central Park. Dreadful as it would have been to be burdened with such a load I would have felt that a true affection might make it tolerable.

I think I was a comfort to cousin Anthony. He went away looking a good deal less dejected than when he came in. What a happiness it is, to be sure, when one gets a chance to benefit a fellow-creature's spirits by changing his point of view!—[From "The Point of View," in the March Scribner.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. a

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Its Horrors are Those of a Living Death—The Victim Helpless, His Torture Intense—Loses Control of Bowels and Bladder and is a Source of Constant Worry to Family and Friends—A Remedy for the Disease Discovered.

Mr. James McLean, a resident of LeRoy, Simcoe county, Ont., is known to every man, woman and child for miles around the vicinity of his home, and all know of the long years during which his condition has been that of a living death. Mr. McLean tells of his injury, his years of torture, and his subsequent release from the agonies of locomotor ataxia in the following vivid language: "In the year 1880 I was thrown from a scaffold, falling on my back on a stone curb, and broke my back, and my subsequent life was a living hell. I was badly hurt, and narrowly escaped death. Plasters and liniments were applied, and I seemed to get somewhat better. But the apparent improvement was short lived. My feet began to get unusually cold, and my hands that could be done so easily, and I could not get my arms to move. My legs and arms were then spread to my legs, and from the waist down I was attacked with shooting pains flying along the nerves in thousands, and causing the most terrible torture for days and nights for a time. I could get no relief from the injections of morphia. Six physicians treated me at different times, but appeared only faintly to understand my trouble. Some of the doctors declared my trouble was rheumatism, but two of them said it was a disease of the spinal cord, that the trouble would get worse, and that sooner or later my arms would become affected. This prediction proved true. My left hand dropped at the wrist joint, and hung dead and cold, and I had no more control of it than if the hand were not on me. My blisters and electricity were resorted to without avail. My stomach was next attacked with a burning,aching, nauseating pain, causing the most distressing vomiting, and I often thought I would not see morning. I have vomited almost continually for 36 hours, and nothing but morphia or chloroform would deaden the anguish I suffered. But worse trouble was in store for me. I lost control of my bowels and water, and my condition became most horrible, necessitating constantly the greatest necessities from the top of my head to the point of my toes. I saw double, and had to keep my eyes fixed steadily on the ground to make a step at all, and the moment I raised my eyes I would stagger and fall if I were not grasping something. I could not take a single step in the dark. For nine long years I suffered all the horrors of a living death. In 1889 I was admitted to the Toronto General Hospital, where I was treated for four months. I was told by my medical attendants that my trouble was locomotor ataxia, and incurable. After returning home I had further medical treatment, but with no better results than before. Finally I was given the following certificate of incurability:

CHURCHILL, July 27, 1893.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that James McLean has a disease of the spinal cord (incurable) that renders him unfit to obtain a living.

A. T. LITTLE, M.D.

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JAMES McLEAN.

Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a gripe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness.

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