

A Matrimonial Entanglement.

In "Chapters From My Diplomatic Life," which Andrew D. White, the United States diplomatist, is contributing to "The Century Illustrated Magazine," there occurs an interesting reminiscence regarding the working of the German marriage laws:

"One morning a man came rushing in, exclaiming: 'Mr. Minister, I am in the worst fix that any decent man was ever in. I want you to help me out of it,' and he then went on with a bitter tirade against everybody and everything in the German Empire."

"When his wrath had effervesced somewhat he stated his case as follows:—Last year while travelling through Germany I fell in love with a young German lady, and after my return to America became engaged to her. I have now come for the wedding. The wedding is fixed for next Thursday; our steamer passages are taken a day or two later, and I find that the authorities will not allow me to marry unless I present a multitude of papers such as I never dreamed of. Some of them it will take months to get, and some I can never get. My intended bride is in distress; her family evidently distrust me; the wedding is postponed indefinitely; and my business partner is cabling me to come back to America as soon as possible. I am asked for a baptismal certificate—a Taufschein. Now, so far as I know, I was never baptised. I am required to present a certificate showing the consent of my parents to my marriage—I, a man thirty years old, and in a large business of my own! I am asked to give bonds for the payment of my debts in Germany. I owe no such debts; but I know no one who will give such a bond. I am notified that the banns must be published a certain number of times before the wedding. What kind of a country is this, anyhow?"

"We did the best we could. In an interview with the Minister of Public Worship I was able to secure a dispensation from the publishing of the banns; then a bond was drawn up, which I signed, and thus settled the question regarding possible debts in Germany. As to the baptismal certificate, I ordered an official paper, the gentleman's affidavit that in the State of Ohio where he was born no Taufschein, or baptismal certificate, was required at the time of his birth, and to this was affixed with plenty of wax the largest seal of the Legation. The form of the affidavit may be judged peculiar, but it was thought in days gone by that the authorities with the administration that the man had not been baptised at all. They could easily believe that a State like Ohio, which some of them doubtless regarded as still in the backwoods and mainly tenanted by the aborigines, might have omitted in days gone by to require a Taufschein, but that an unbaptised Christian should offer himself to be married in Germany would perhaps have so paralyzed their powers of belief that permission for the marriage might never have been secured."

"In this and various other ways we overcame the difficulties, and though the wedding did not take place upon the appointed day, and the return to America had to be deferred, the couple at last, after marriage first before the public authorities and then in church, were able to depart in peace."

The Blighting of His Fame.

"Ruined!" he cried, as he dashed a paper to the floor and trampled upon it. "Ruined, disgraced! My fair fame blasted! My honor gone!"

"Dearest, what disaster is this?" It was his fond wife who gasped the question, in tones of anguish.

"A disaster which is irretrievable; a calamity which will crush me to the earth!" He ran his white, thin fingers through his luxuriant crop of long and wavy hair, black as the raven's wing, at ten-and-a-half the bottle of black, warranted to defy detection, not a dye, not a stain, but a harmless liquid, that merely has to be combed into the hair. (Wide advt.)

"Heavens, Horatio, tell me what has befallen thee!" The fair girl turned her horror-stricken eyes upon him. Her young soul, aged thirty-eight, shared his agony.

"Fellix!" he cried, "do I look like a humorist?"

"The fates forebode!"

"Do I strike you at all as being a funny man?"

"Anything but that!" she shuddered.

"Am I not known as a serious author?"

"You are," she admitted.

"Do I not paint the serious side of life?"

"You do," she interjected.

"Am I not a novelist of grave and serious endeavor?"

"You are," she whispered.

"Does not my fame depend on my reputation as a man that abhors a jest, as a writer who reveals in the darkness of despair and the greyness of existence?"

"It doth!" she moaned.

"Then listen to this," he faltered. "These are the words that should have wound up the 'Fourpenny Monthly':—As the light flickered out, she bent her queenly head and kissed him in the dark!"

"Beautiful!" she ejaculated, enraptured.

"Yes, but listen to what the printer has made of it—'She bent her queenly head and kissed him on the cheek!'"

"Oh, Horatio!" she murmured, and swooned.

"The horror of it!" he wildly cried.

"The public will take me for a new humorist!"—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

A Unique Luncheon.

The Paris correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" recently attended a luncheon given by M. Dessing-Whitmore, which was distinctly original. The table, he says, took the form of a boat, and the waiters were dressed as sailors. There was a distinctly nautical flavor about the whole thing, and during the hours d'ouverts and dessert a sailor's chorus was sung. Not being a particularly good sailor, the perpetual motion of the table—which, it appears, took some time to get in working order—was not for me the most enjoyable sensation of the occasion. I was able, however, to appreciate the dexterity with which it had been planned, as not an article ever rolled—or even attempted to roll—off the table. To make the scene more realistic a canvas was hung on the walls, on which was painted a somewhat rough sea. The guests numbered twenty-four, and each was presented with a small compass.

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A Deserved Snub.

A United States newspaper tells the following somewhat improbable story:—While in Canada, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former Governors-General and their wives. It is related that at a garrison ball at Halifax the Colonel of the regiment that was giving the dance came up to Lady Lansdowne and said: "Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me." Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the Colonel was unfit to associate with any decent people, colonial or otherwise, and concluded: "If this is the way you treat your guests I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once." Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

Worth an Admission Fee.

A new band at golf lately had an experience which the New York "Sun" describes. The man tried to get to the links early, when no one was there to witness his lack of skill. A caddy followed him to the tee and offered to go round with him for fifty cents. "Never mind, son. I'll get along." With that he made a magnificent swing at the ball and missed it by a foot. "Say, mister," said the caddy, "I'll go round with you for a quarter."

The player declined, and tried to look self-possessed. He made another swing at the ball, and missed it again.

"Say, mister," said the boy, "I'll go with you for fifteen cents."

By that time the man was "rattled," and struck at the ball three times. The boy, who had retreated some distance, called, "Won't you take me for nothing? I'll go round for the fun of it."

The man who waits for something to turn up generally finds that it's his toes.



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Chatnam.

Joaquin Miller on "Race Suicide."

President Roosevelt in swaddling clothes, suspended by ribbons from the bill of a stork, furnishes the illustration for the cover of a new poem, in ten cantos by Joaquin Miller, entitled "As It Was in the Beginning." In the "prefatory postscript" the poet writes:—

"When, like a sentinel on his watchtower, the President, with his divine audacity and San Juan valor, voiced the real heart of the Americans against 'race suicide,' I hastened to do my part in my own way, ill or well, in holding up his hands on the flying line. . . . I venture this new book with confidence, not only because it is right, proper, clean, courageous, but now seems opportune. 'Let the galled jade wince!' I give no quarter to great haste. I cry aloud from my mountain top, as a seer, and say: 'The cherry-blossom bird of Nippon must be more with us, else another century and prolific Canada, like another Germany from the North, may descend upon us and take back train loads of tribute. We are coming to be too entirely Frenchish.'"

That the poem is truly Rooseveltian in its strenuousness may be gleaned from these stirring stanzas of canto IX:—

God's pity for the breasts that bear
A little babe, then banish it
To strangle hands, to alien care,
To live or die, as seemeth fit.
Poor, helpless hands reached out to me,
And gave them to reach and push,
With only helplessness in each:
Poor little hands, pushed here, pushed there,
And all night long for mother's breast.
Poor, restless hands that will not rest,
To mother's strength to reach out strong
To mother in the rosy dawn for scorn
And hate for hate the lorn night long—
Poor little hands, pushed here, pushed there,
In blackness, as a thing cast out!

God's pity for the thing of lust
That bears a frail babe to be thrust
From her arms to alien thrall,
As shutting out the light of day,
As shutting out God's very breath!
But thrice God's pity, let us pray,
For her who bears a babe at all,
But gayly leads up Paradise to hell,
And grinning leads the dance of death,
The sexless Jew, the Jew's child,
Is like to some assassin's coil,
A whited sepulchre of stone,
A mart where motherhood is sold,
A house of murders manifold!

A few stanzas further on the poet says:
And oh, for prophet's tongue or pen
To scourge, not only, and accuse
The childless mother, but such men
As know their wives but to abuse!
Give me the brave, child-loving Jew,
The full-sexed Jew of either sex,
Who loves, brings forth and nothing reck,
Of care or cost, as Christians do—
Duller souls who will not heed the voice
How Christ once raised his lowly head
And, as rebuking, gently said,
The while He took them tenderly,
"Let little children come to me." . . .

Hear me this prophecy and heed
Except we cleanse us kirk or creed,
Except we wash us word and deed
The Jew shall rule the Jew.
And just because the Jew is true
Is true to nature, true to truth:
The Jew shall rule the Jew.
Who bore us David, Solomon—
The Babe, that far, first Christmas dawn,
The poem is dedicated to "The Mothers of Men."

A Sad Mistake.

"My dear," said the stork, emphatically, "I never was so embarrassed in my life as I was to-day. I made a fearful blunder, fearful!"

"Indeed?" chirped the swallow, eagerly. "What was it, my dear?"

"Why, you know I am now filling my next year's engagement book," explained the stork, discomfitedly, "and in making my round of calls I chanced to drop in to one of these monstrous apartment houses, as I think they are called. They were charming rooms, and the young woman I found there was no less charming. Of course, I knew she must be a bride right off, so I explained who I was and the purpose for which I'd called. She didn't blush nor seem at all confused or bashful, as so many of my clients do at first, and I was just congratulating myself on having secured a really sensible woman for my list, when she shook her head and said she really didn't have any use for my services."

"Oh, but think, my dear," I urged, for I wasn't going to let her slip if I could help it, "how sweet and charming and lovely a dear little baby is."

"Yes, they are nice," she replied, with what I thought was almost criminal indifference, "but you must not bring one here. I positively cannot allow it."

"Oh, but you must have one at least," I insisted, hoping that all she needed after all was a little persuasion. "Don't you know how much more all your friends and relatives will think of you if you have one?"

"I hardly believe they would enjoy it as much as you think; though I understand some of them have prophesied pretty much that," she said, with a queer kind of smile.

"And your husband, too? I went on, like a fool. 'Where he loves you now he would worship and adore you then.'"

"But I haven't any," she said, and actually laughed in my face.

"What? I almost shrieked, glancing curiously around the room."

"Oh, yes," she said, dryly, "there are my rooms, but I am a bachelor maid."

"My dear," concluded the stork, patting her cheek, "I blushed so hard I must have looked like a flamingo. And I do wish these modern girls wouldn't be so independent; I'm afraid now to call at any strange place for fear of repeating the blunder."—Town Topics.

It Made a Difference.

Lady of the House—Rosa, who is that dragon you had in here yesterday?

Servant—Ah; that was my sweetheart, but I ain't have anything more to do with him, because he is always making remarks about everybody. Only yesterday he said: "Rosa, your mistress is the handsomest lady I ever saw."

What business has he to talk about you in that fashion?

Lady—Still, he seemed a very decent sort of man, and I do not know why you should jilt him.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Darwinian.

First Monkey—It seems to be a toss-up whether man is descended from us.

Second Monkey—Yes, it's heads, they win; tails, we win.—"Smart Set."

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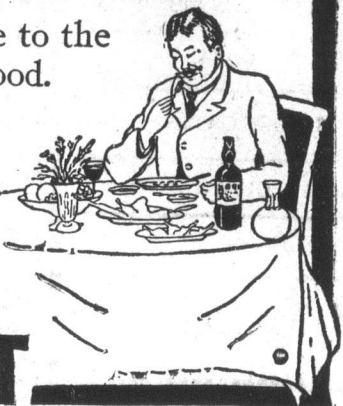
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