

FOR THE LADIES.

He Divorced Thirty-Five Wives.

A native Japanese paper mentions a case of a man aged 40 this year, living in the province of Bizen, who has married and divorced thirty-five wives, and is now married to the thirty-sixth. He was first married at 18, and the reason assigned for this extraordinary example of inconstancy is that he has a younger sister of extremely jealous and rancorous disposition, who, from the moment that a bride enters the house, institutes a system of persecution, which soon drives the unhappy woman to ask her husband for a divorce. The husband is helpless to restrain the vagaries of his sister, and cannot turn her out, so the wretched business goes on year after year. The native chronicler adds, a circumstance which is improbable, even in the East. He says that in two cases the brides arriving at the door of their future home changed color, and declaring that they recognized the house as one where they had already passed some months of most miserable wedlock, fled without further parley.

Commenting upon the story, the *Japan Mail* says that, whether accurate in all respects or not, it illustrates the difference between Japanese and English fashions in respect of marriage. Among the lower orders in Japan sentiment is seldom allowed to play any influential part in the arrangements preliminary to matrimony. In many cases the man and woman have never seen each other until they are formally brought together with the object of securing their consent to become man and wife, and it rarely happens that either is so unpolite as to conceive or admit any disagreeable impression after this interview. The higher the social scale the more attention is paid to the fancies of the man, and of late those of the women also are beginning to be regarded. But the principal underlying the whole marital relation in Japan seems to be that the affection which really survives the passage of years and makes married life happy is not the love which precedes union, but the respect, esteem, and sense of mutual helpfulness that grow up after it.

In short, marriage in Japan is a preliminary experiment, whereas in the West it is a final contract. At the same time, to be divorced by her husband is a disgrace to a Japanese wife, and to divorce his wife without reasonable cause is a disgrace to a husband. Public opinion and traditional custom provide for the marriage state safeguards of very tolerable efficacy even among the lower classes, and of great potency among the upper. It may be briefly stated that freedom of divorce is in the inverse ratio of the social prominence of the parties concerned. The more important the position occupied by a man the less fickleness and caprice is he expected to show in such matters; whence it follows that the spirit of Japanese civilization makes for the permanency of the marriage tie.

Voices.

I knew it must be her child, for she had her mother's voice.

We speak of eyes as the "seat of the soul," of the lips as the "door of the heart." We say that "beauty's enigma is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks;" we praise the graceful figure.

For of the soul the bodie form doth take. For soul is form, and doth the bodie make. But we do not give so much heed to the human voice, the "music of humanity," yet it is an all-important member. How a beautiful voice redeems a coarse, harsh-featured face. "What plea so tainted and corrupt but, being seasoned with a gracious voice, obscures the show of evil?" How a harsh or a discordant voice mars the perfection of a lovely face, as much, if not more, than an evil expression or a want of expression obscures the best features and degrades them into a mere well-chiseled mask.

Voices are often hereditary, and they often run in families. Daughters will sometimes speak so like their mothers that it is difficult to distinguish between them, or a set of sisters will have so exactly the same quality, quantity, and tone of voice that it is much the same as if one spoke for all.

Sometimes, though very rarely, a whole family are endowed with a clear, musical voice, the very sound of which in ordinary conversation is sweetly pleasant to the ear. Even when raised in eager argument or enthusiastic debate it never grows shrill, hard, or discordant.

Other voices, on the contrary, and, unfortunately, they are also, and far oftener, propagated by whole family likenesses, are just the opposite of pleasing. They are always pitched so high as to give one an unhappy feeling that a very little more strain would snap their vocal chord; the quality of their voice is thin and shrill and untuneful, causing an unpleasant tickling sensation in the throat of those who listen to them. They may be justly called the peacocks of the human race, and their voice is as unmusical and as ear-piercing as that of those beautiful birds and ugly singers.

A beautiful, hearty, natural laugh is twin-brother to a beautiful voice, yet even rarer. And, as it is impossible to create a beautiful voice, so it is impossible to create a natural beautiful laugh. It must come by nature or it will not come at all. There are many artificial imitations, but the true ring of the beautiful laugh is different to them all, and incapable of imitation. We have heard it burst forth spontaneously at the age of seventy, fresh and vigorous, in a roomful of people, and carry them all away by the sheer force of its own irresistible merriment.

The Bread Winner.

At set of sun he cometh home apace. With tired footstep and with aching frame, And yet with eagerness his eyes proclaim, The contemplation of the wife's embrace.—The joy to join his bairns in romp and chase, And with them share the glee of childish game.

Within the cheerful glow of hearthstone flame, Or out of doors in many a hiding place, This brawny man, fresh from his daily task, With marks of honest toil still on his face, As on he comes with dinner pail in hand, Enjoys a surer bliss than they who bask, Within the languid warmth of wealth or place, There is no happier soul in all the land.

Can a Woman Keep a Secret.

Who, so unreservedly, so absolutely, trusts any one as a man trusts his wife, if she be truly such? asks Junius Henri Browne, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He reveals to her his inmost thoughts, his most sacred feeling. She is not only his other self; she is often his higher and better self. He renews his life for her; outlines his hope;

anticipates his future. His soul whispers to her his most secret aim and aspiration.

All that he has been, is, and desires to be, is poured into her capacious, appreciative, confidence. Has he any question of her preserving his confidence? Can he conceive of any circumstances under which she would betray him? Could any instrument of torture extract from her a syllable of his self-revelation?

In the face of all this what a jarring discord is conveyed in the slightest suggestion of "Can women keep a secret?" Does any widow, though she may not have been in sympathy with her departed husband, ever criticize, or analyze, or rehearse his character for the benefit of the second husband? Does any woman who has had a variety of suitors, all of whom may have gone very near her, entertain, reprove or unfold to one suitor, if she be sterling or honest, what another has said or done or indicated?

Do not women generally, whatever their sentimental experience, appear to each man who professes his love as if they had heard the word for the first time?

There may be obvious reasons for this, independent of secretiveness; but is it not undeniably true, and is not the truth, whether explained one way or another, sufficient for the purpose?

Is there any such secretiveness under similar conditions in most men? Can women place any such dependence on them? Let men answer in honor if they dare. The mass of them, be sure, will try to evade the issue. They will shrink from rigid self-investigation, for they like to retain an ample share of self-esteem.

Little Things.

A clever woman once wrote an article which appeals to every one on the "natural depravity of inanimate objects," and it does seem sometimes as if things had some wicked malice of their own and could spirit themselves out of sight and reach in a manner quite incomprehensible. Nevertheless, our reason tells us we have only ourselves to blame for want of order and system. But it is rather alarming to think how little things affect our lives, and that some thoughtless negligence may begin a chain of circumstances that may work us woe or woe. Thackeray tells us that if we

Sow an act we reap a habit,
Sow a habit and we reap a character,
Sow a character and we reap a destiny.

And there is another dictation—an ancient one—which relates how

For the want of a nail a shoe was lost,
For the want of a shoe a rider was lost,
For the want of a rider a kingdom was lost.

Let us hope, however, that our little negligences may not culminate with such alarming rapidity. But that we should take heed of these same "little things" is a lesson we should all learn, and not learn merely, but practice, and so save ourselves and others a world of trouble.

Grow Old Gracefully.

The Psalmist's dictum that the days of man are three score years and ten will need to be modified in this day and generation. Across the Atlantic Von Moltke, Gladstone and Tennyson are moving, thinking, writing and speaking as they did thirty years ago; while the color and brightness of intellectual manhood have not yet left our own Holmes and Whittier, and even Bancroft, the nonagenarian, still retains some of his mental foliage. Men have been too apt to look upon old age as something to be dreaded—as a time when they are likely to be treated as trespassers upon the domain in belonging to another generation. Thackeray addressing the "pretty page with the dimpled chin" warns him: "This is the way that boys begin; wait till you come to forty year."

The half-century of life seems far distant to men in the vigor of youth and early manhood; yet the line, "superfluous legs the veteran on the stage," is so mercilessly drawn into their ears that they tremble at the thought of yielding to the inevitable. Dr. Holmes regrets that we cannot all go out of flower as gracefully and as pleasantly as we came into blossom. And then he points out that women find it easier than men to grow old in a becoming manner: that they keep a great deal of their youthful feelings, and enter into the spirit of the young lives that surround them. This happy condition, no doubt, has come within the experience of many; and yet if all men would only look upon old age as the genial Autocrat has done, they would welcome the advancing years as the best inheritance of life. "Nature," says Dr. Holmes, "is wiser than we give her credit for being; never wiser than in her dealings with the old. She has no idea of mortifying them by sudden and wholly unexpected failure of the chief servants of consciousness."

For Whooping Cough.

Dr. Hugo Lowenthal, of Professor Senator's clinic in Berlin, has tried bromoform in the treatment of whooping cough, it having been recommended by Dr. Stepp, of Nurnberg, and he is disposed to agree with him in considering it a very valuable remedy. Dr. Lowenthal says that it exerts an almost specific action upon whooping cough, at all events if it is used at the commencement. A hundred children were treated with it, varying in age from eight weeks to seven years. The doses given were from three to five drops three or four times a day. The liquid was simply dropped into a tablespoonful of water, and formed a bead floating in the water. The quantity dispensed at once was about a drachm. The parents were cautioned to keep the bromoform from the light, as otherwise it is liable to be decomposed. As a rule, the good effects of the medicine began to show themselves on the second or third day, the vomiting being arrested within a week after the commencement of the bromoform. In cases where complications, such as pneumonia, occurred, they ran a favorable course, and where there were relapses, a return to the bromoform soon arrested the symptoms. In a very few cases the drug appeared to produce sleepiness and lassitude, and in one case that of a weekly child a little over a year old, where a drachm had been given in the course of three days, a semi-comatose condition was induced. Subcutaneous injections of ether revived the child, who was found to have pneumonia. This, however, ran a rapid and favorable course, and afterward the whooping cough was successfully treated by renewed doses of bromoform.

Several jewelers are already buying themselves manufacturing jewelry emblematic of the year 1891.

THE FUR SEAL INDUSTRY.

Prof. Elliott will Recommend that Fishing be Suspended for Seven Years.

It is announced from Washington that Prof. H. P. Elliott, of the Smithsonian Institute, who was appointed to investigate and report concerning the fur seal industry, will recommend to Congress that the catch of fur seals at the American rookeries be suspended for seven years. This period of inactivity he considers absolutely necessary for the preservation of the seals from utter annihilation. At the present time he estimates there are only 100,000 seals in American waters, a number hardly sufficient for breeding purposes. This estimate would have come as a real surprise had not the public been somewhat prepared for it by the report concerning the operations of the American sealing fleet during the past season. For twenty years with only two exceptions in which the number dropped to 80,000 and 70,000 respectively the catch each season has been 100,000, which might easily have been increased had not the government made this number the maximum limit. But during the past season the entire catch of the American sealers was only 21,000, or about one-fifth of the number captured in former years. This to the priviled of their seals the Pribylov islands which have long been considered incomparably the most valuable seal resorts in the world and for which the United States paid Russia so great a price, would be practically valueless. And not to the Americans only, but to the world, would be a serious matter but for the thousands of sealers, provided it could be shown that this great falling off is general throughout all these northern waters. But this is not so very clear; for while the American fleet only succeeded in taking 21,000, the British fleet whose operations were confined chiefly to the coast of British Columbia and to the waters outside of Behring Sea was more successful than ever, taking the year 39,547 as against 29,570 last year. Moreover, the catch at the Copper Islands, leased by Russia to the old Alaska Commercial Company, which was 52,700 last year, rose to 58,000 this year, thus repeating the experience of the British Columbia catch. These facts suggest the question, whether it is not possible that instead of an actual diminution the seals have only been diverted from their old breeding places on the Pribylov Islands.

However this may be, there is no doubt but our neighbors are feeling greatly concerned over the changed condition of things. The present situation, and points out the need to prevent the offending private sealers seeing that their work of annihilation, the waters outside of the marine jurisdiction of that country or of any other. It suggests that steps be taken to secure a treaty between all the nations concerned in the sealing industry, whereby proper restrictions as to the age and sex of the seals and the season during which they may be caught, may be imposed upon all sealers. Referring to the report touching the British sealing fleet during the past season the *Sun* remarks:

"The most serious feature, accordingly, in the statistics of the year's seal fisheries is that so large a part of the catch was in waters which are absolutely out of the control even of our own Government, since it is this feature which promises to make the practical extinction of the seals in that region a mere matter of time, like the practical extinction of the buffalo in the West. Even the complete concession of the extreme American claim to jurisdiction in Behring Sea apparently would not avert that result, since the destruction would be largely accomplished by waylaying the animals on their northward track. The lesson of the year is therefore the absolute necessity that Great Britain as well as our country should place proper restrictions upon sealing even in the North Pacific as well as in the Behring Sea. This can be done most effectively by agreeing on mutual regulations which shall give the private sealing schooners of no nation an advantage over the rest. And Russia and other maritime nations would accept them and enforce them against such of their own vessels as might resort to Behring Sea."

To some such arrangement, it is safe to say, Canadians generally would agree. Indeed, one of the propositions which Sir Julian Pauncefote is said to have recently made to Secretary Blaine relating to the Behring Sea difficulty is, that Britain and the United States shall consent to a close season during which all sealing operations shall be suspended. Neither Canada nor Britain have any desire to see the seals annihilated, but quite the contrary. Nor have they continued the Behring Sea controversy with the United States in order to obtain such a privilege, but simply on account of the preposterous claim of that nation to the jurisdiction over waters which the law of nations declares to be the common property of all the world. If Mr. Blaine will consent to treat in the spirit of the *Sun's* article, the present controversy will soon be at an end, while every proper precaution will be taken to prevent the extinction of this valuable, fur-bearing animal.

The Canadian Egg.

Sixteen million dozen out of a total of five hundred and ninety million dozen is the proportion which Canada has hitherto contributed yearly to the egg consumption of the United States. The cutting off of the Canadian supply, even supposing not a single egg should find its way across the border, will not therefore appreciably enlarge the field of the American egg producers. One hen additional for every thirty seven now doing duty throughout the country will not prove wonderfully enriching. A Boston publication devoted to the poultry interest expresses the fear that through misconception of the facts the home producers will be encouraged to engage in the business to such an extent as to render the industry quite unprofitable. In answer to the question, Will the home production be stimulated? it says: "That is a question of considerable importance, because an increase in home supply will cause a decrease in price, and, consequently, lessened profits. Heretofore the steady increase in production has just about kept pace with the increase in consumption, due both to increase in population and an increased appreciation of eggs as a food supply, and, as a consequence, there has been little variation in price, taking several years together into the consideration."

Bas-relief silver ornamentation on umbrella handles is meeting with favor and bids fair to continue so.

Indian Troubles.

Whether or not there will be an Indian outbreak is just now engaging the gravest consideration of the Washington government. With great snow storms prevailing the probabilities are that there will not be, but the probable severity of the winter will only aggravate the present agitation, and tax something more than the ingenuity and wit of "Buffalo Bill," Hon. W. F. Cody, who has gone to interview the restless Sitting Bull, who is at the head of the trouble, to quell in the spring. General Miles commanding the United States forces, appears to think an outbreak certain, and, judging from the force and threatening tenor of his speech, he would not be at all sorry of the excitement, that the opportunity to hunt down and shoot a few hundred copper-skinned Indians would give him. However, if more peaceful counsels prevail than those of the fiery general there appears a probability of a more humane and rational settlement of the difficulty than by an appeal to arms. The Indians are excited over the promised coming of a new Messiah, about whom and his prophet, Mr. John S. Mayhugh, a U. S. census agent in Nevada, has written fully and interestingly to the Washington government. Mr. Mayhugh says:

"The prophet resides in Mason valley, Edmunda county, Nev. close to the Walker River reservation. His name is not Johnson Sides at Reno, but Capt. Jack Wilson known among all Indians by the Indian names of We-vo-Kar and also Co-We-Jo an intelligent, fine-looking Indian of about 35 years of age, who goes into trances or seemingly so, for twelve to fourteen hours, in the presence of large numbers of Indians upon invitation of the prophet. Upon his recovery he relates to them what he has seen. He tells them he has been to heaven, and that the Messiah is coming to the earth again and will put the Indians in possession of this country, some of which are dressed in white men's clothes. He counsels the Indians not to disturb the white folks, saying that the blanket of rabbit skin that was put over the moon by the Indians long ago will soon fall off, and then the moon, which is now a fire, will destroy the whites. The Messiah is to appear on Mount Grant, which is a very large mountain and is situated about sixteen miles south of the Walker River agency buildings, and on the west side of the lake. Here is where the first Indians appeared according to their belief."

I visited this mountain last September in performance of my duty as special census agent of Indians. This mountain is held as a sacred mountain to the Indians, and on top they allege they can see footprints of their first father, Numera. If I may be permitted to suggest, I would recommend that all the Indians be permitted to visit this mountain, as I am satisfied they will only send delegations from each tribe for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the prophecy. The Indians of Nevada expect delegations from most of the tribes north and north-east, and Sitting Bull is expected. The only fear the Nevada Indians have is that the Government will interfere with troops. I think if the Indians are let alone at the various agencies the whole thing will die away. All of the Indians here do not believe in the prophet, although Josephus, the chief at Walker Lake, thinks they may be Co-We-Jo's plot for the destruction of the whites. I went twice to consult about water, as it no rain and Walker River nearly dry up, and upon each occasion the prophet predicted rain, which really came and saved their crops; hence their belief in this prophet."

Under the Microscope.

Within 30 years a fascinating branch of geological study has been developed. Rocks and minerals as seen under the microscope present a wonderful display of colors, and in the hands here do not believe in the prophet, although Josephus, the chief at Walker Lake, thinks they may be Co-We-Jo's plot for the destruction of the whites. I went twice to consult about water, as it no rain and Walker River nearly dry up, and upon each occasion the prophet predicted rain, which really came and saved their crops; hence their belief in this prophet."

Especially striking and lovely is the appearance of many of the volcanic or igneous rocks, when reduced to thin sections, and examined under the microscope. The dull, green lava, called pitch stone, which is found in dikes on the island of Arran, on the west coast of Scotland, exhibits under the microscope whole forests of fern trees, garlands, leaves and flowers of marvelous magnificence. A granite from Cornwall containing needle-shaped crystals of tourmaline, radiating star-like from a common center.

Basalts, obsidians, porphyries and serpentines from various localities show labyrinthine of multi-colored crystals resembling rows of pillars, turreted castles and fairy caves, glowing in all the tints of the rainbow.

The sedimentary or stratified rocks, while they cannot under the microscope equal their Plutonic rivals in brilliancy of color or gorgeousness of crystalline display, make up for this deficiency by other features of interest.

Many marbles and limestones are found to be literally composed of foraminifera, the test of rhizopods, resembling tiny shells of the most delicate and beautiful forms. Thin sections of almost any piece of flint exhibit under the microscope quite a little world of curious organic remains, such as sponges, spicules, xanthidia, small fragments of coral, and the foraminifera already mentioned, indicating that flint rocks are fossil sponges which have become solid by a modification of the process which makes stalactites.

They are Welcome Back.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: "John Cuddy, a Dakota farmer now here, says that the northern counties of Dakota are peopled by Canadians who would be glad of a chance to come to Manitoba if the Dominion Government would only offer some inducement."

What particular inducement these straying children want is not stated. It is a strange request, and one, which if granted, would certainly expose the government to the charge of being divided against itself. To bestow peculiar favors upon those who forsake the parental roof is devotion and obedience. It ought to be enough for those who have gone out that on their return they be reinstated into all privileges and blessings enjoyed by those who remain. Canadians generally would not doubt welcome back their dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, who seem to have come to themselves, but they are not disposed to grant these self-made exiles any particular or exceptional inducement to return.

TIT-BITS.

A Sympathetic Boy.

Mother—What makes you cry that way?
Johnnie—Our poor teacher has been sick so long, and—and—
What! Did he die?
No—no—he is getting well—boo-hoo.

Colored Courtship.

Mrs. Yerger—One thing more before hiring you. Have you an intended coming to see you?
Matilda Snowball—Dat's more den I kin tell. Sometimes I b'lieves I has, and den I b'lieves I haint. You can't rely on what dese niggahs promises yer. I don't know ef he is an interder or a pretender.

He Was Very Gifted.

"So your son won't work?" said one man to another.
"No," was the reply. "I've tried to persuade him to employ himself at something, but he won't do it."
"Maybe he is what they call 'gifted'?"
"I should say he was. I've given him everything he has, and more too."

It Wouldn't Do.

Miss Kingcross (insinuatingly)—Perhaps your friend would like to give us his advertisement for the *Church-fair Record*?
Mr. Stewart—Certainly. I'll take a couple of pages.
Miss Kingcross—How awfully good of you! What line of business are you in?
Mr. Stewart—Wholesale liquor dealer.

Defective Postal Facilities.

Friend—If you are so bad off, why don't you apply to your rich brother in Hamilton for assistance.
Poor man—I did write to him to assist me, and what do you suppose I got?
I have no idea.
He wrote to me that my letter asking for assistance had not reached him.

A Careful Husband.

Mose Schaumburg—Rebecca, you must not walk so close by de edge of dot vater.
Rebecca—I vill walk vere I please.
Mose Schaumburg—All right Rebecca, but choost hand me right away dot bucket-book mit de monies, so dat it vill be one of gase of mitigated affliction, and not so much of der heavy bereavement pishness.

Punishment By Marriage.

Miss Tablette—The wretch! and so he has been proposing to both of us? Miss Brenton—It seems so. Miss Tablette—I wish we could think of some horrible way to punish him. Miss Brenton—I have it. Miss Tablette—What is it? Miss Brenton—You marry him, dear.

Eloquence and Power.

"I was much interested in your sermon last Sunday," said the deacon to the new minister. "I'm glad of that, and I hope your interest will continue and increase."
"Yes, it struck me I'd try and count the number of the words he said, and whether you take it as a compliment or not, I counted five." "Was that all?" "Well, I don't know, for just then I must have gone over myself."

How He Gave Himself Away.

He wanted to make a good impression on the old man at the church fair. So at the ice water stand he took a cupful of the crystal fluid and remarked:
"Ah, that's the stuff, Mr. Jobson?"
"Why, did you never drink anything, Augustus?" he asked.
"Never!" he answered firmly but absently, and then saying, "Here's to you!" he thoughtlessly blew off what under other circumstances, or if he had been a drinking man, might have been the froth.

As Natural as Life.

Bridget (joyously)—An' ded yez see me young man's darlin' face in the paper this mornin'!
Missress—Is it possible? What has he been doing? Something good, I hope.
Bridget—Yis, indeed. He's ben gotten' cured uv his catar, an' he tells about it as natural as loife.

Tired Out.

Mrs. Nubbins—Josiah, are you going to get up?
Mr. Nubbins (yawning)—Well, I have one consolation; I shall have sleep enough when I'm dead.
Mrs. N.—Yes, and you'll find the fire lit when you awake, just as you do now.

Divining Her Weakness.

Henpeck—"That new doctor you introduced me to, Bowler, is a great symptomatologist—great student of human nature."
Bowler—"Suits you, does he?"
Henpeck—"To a dot. Had him in last night to treat my wife for a cold; said she didn't need any medicine, but that she must be particular, above all things, to keep her mouth shut and breath through her nose."

The Reason.

Samith—"Jehones, your paper is always the first one I read in the morning."
Jehones (editor of the morning bore)—"Glad to hear it, Samith—very glad to hear it."
"Yes. Its the only paper the borders don't fight to get hold of."

Matrimonial Item.

A.—Miss Rapid has married young Gold.
B.—Well, she will make something out of him.
Do you think so?
Yes, she will make a poor man out of him in a very short time.

Reciprocity.

They had a quarrel and she sent. His letters back next day, His ring and all his presents went To him without delay, "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedily that he Must come and get them.