

ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES

A Romantic Wedding—Girls with Bangs—Chit-Chat.

A Rosy Romance.

Probably the most romantic marriage that ever took place in this city, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, took place recently at the residence of Mrs. Louisa Kunnecke, No. 1,202 West Walnut street. The contracting parties were W. De Garmo, a wealthy Spaniard, and Mrs. Lisetta H. Beason, daughter of the lady at whose house the ceremony was performed. The story of the marriage is a remarkable one, and shows the strange course through which fate sometimes runs. Five years ago Miss Lisetta Kusnecke, a charming young lady of 22 summers, became acquainted with Mr. George Beason, manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Company for the State of Kentucky. A mutual attachment was the result of their acquaintance, and after a courtship extending over a period of twelve months the young couple were united in marriage. Soon after they moved to Elizabethtown, Ky., where they purchased a handsome home and lived in happiness for nearly two years, when the first great blow of her life fell upon her. Her husband was suddenly taken ill with typhoid pneumonia, and in spite of all efforts, died in a week afterward. He had insurance policies on his life amounting to \$10,000, which was paid over to his young widow. Soon afterward she moved to this city and invested her money in real estate. Her life was for a time a very lonely one, and in order to keep her mind occupied she accepted a position with the company of which her husband had been a trusted employe. She applied herself closely to her business, and never left the city until the grand musical festival took place at Cincinnati in 1882. At the earnest invitation of some of her friends she consented to attend it, and they accordingly departed for that city. That night they repaired to the grand hall, and in company with several friends, she took her seat near the center of the parquet, and under one of the large chandeliers, which threw its light down upon her handsome face and figure. She was still dressed in mourning, and the heavy, dark hat which hung closely around her face only served to make the picture more attractive. During the intermission between the acts she partially turned round in her seat, to make a remark to one of her friends, and naturally cast her eyes over the vast row of faces which surrounded her. Sitting just across from her she noticed a finely dressed man of about the medium size, but with a very dark face, betokening his nationality, looking intently at her with a pair of large black eyes. The intensity of his stare made her look at him more closely than she would otherwise have done, and after a momentary meeting of the eyes, she turned her head and settled back in her seat. Several times during the performance she felt an irresistible desire to look, and whenever she turned her head, she saw the eyes of the stranger fixed closely upon her. When the curtain fell on the last act and the thousands of people were about to depart, she noticed him following his way toward her, but a sudden change of the crowd in the aisle swept him from view, and she saw him no more. She talked the matter over with her friends after her arrival at the hotel, but thought no more of it. The next morning she chanced to pick up one of the daily papers, and, with a true womanly instinct, turned to the personal column. To her astonishment she saw one which brought up before her the occurrence at the theatre the night before. The advertisement had been inserted by the swarthy-looking stranger, and requested her to send her name and address to "W. De G., El Paso, Tex." After thinking the matter over she determined to write as requested, just to have a little amusement. She accordingly dropped a note to the address given, and two weeks afterward received a lengthy reply. The correspondence was kept up for several months, the letters growing more and more affectionate, until one came containing a proposal of marriage. The answer was a favorable one, and last Tuesday was set as the day for the performance of the ceremony. A little over a week ago the unknown bridegroom, so to speak, arrived in the city, and for the first time they met face to face. Neither seemed to have cause to regret the turn affairs had taken, and a little party of friends assembled at the house on the day named to see the romance of two lives sealed. They only remained in the city until yesterday afternoon, when they departed for his home in Texas. De Garmo proved to be very wealthy, and while here sold fourteen hundred acres of fine land to Mr. J. Wash Beason. The story of the courtship was kept quiet by the family, but being too good to keep locked out, and it has been talked of much extensively by friends and acquaintances of the lady who played such an important part.

Effect of Bangs on a Girl.

Bangs on a girl in western paper says never her unruled look, like a cow with a bang over her face. You take the gentlest girl in the world and put a board over her face and turn her out in a pasture, and she gets the name of being unruly; and you would swear that she would jump fences and raise merry hades, and you wouldn't give so much for her by \$10 only for beef. It is so with the girl. If she wears her hair high on her forehead, or brushed back, or even has frizzes, and has a good look, you will go your bottom dollar on her, and feel that she is good as gold, and that when she tells her young man that she loves him there is no discount on it, and no giggling back; but take the same girl, with her front hair banged, and when she looks at you you feel just as though she would hook, and you can't trust her. She has a fence-jumping look that makes a young man feel as though he wouldn't feel safe unless she was tied hand and foot, so she couldn't get out of the pasture. A girl with bangs may try to be good and true, but it's a awful hard work. When she looks at herself in the glass and sees the quarter of forehead, she says to herself: "I am dangerous; they want to look out for me." She thinks she is all right, but she is constantly doing that which a girl who wears hair brushed back would not think of doing. The bang girl may belong to the church, and may try to put on

pious look while the hymn is being read. But she will look out from behind those bangs sideways at some nice and lovely young Christian who is trying to get his mind fixed on the hymn, and he will get his mind fixed on her, and it will break him all up, and he won't know whether he is singing "A Charge to Keep I Have," or "She's a Dairy." The bang girl may place her bangs down on the back of the pew ahead of her during the morning prayer, and try to be good, but her corset will be too tight, and as she hitches around to ease the pain one eye will rise like the morning sun over the back of the pew, and that eye will catch the eye of a young man two seats to the right, who is trying to cover his face with one hand, while he tries to keep the flies off the pomade on his hair with the other, and his interest in the prayer is knocked into a cocked hat. The banging of a girl's hair changes the whole nature of the little wretch, and she becomes as a gun that is loaded. You take a picture of "Evangeline" and bang her hair, and she would look as though she would "run at" people. How would Mrs. Van Cott, the alleged female preacher, look with her hair banged? It is just the same with boys. You take a nice pious, Sunday-school boy, who can repeat three hundred verses of the New Testament, and cut his hair with a clipper and he looks like Tug Wilson.

Material for a Romance.

The Russellville (Ky.) Herald-Enterprise says: The departure of a certain gentleman from Muhlenberg county for Arizona last week was an incident in a story about which could be built an interesting romance. Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, when the gentleman was a baby, his father left home to better his fortunes, and went, it was thought, to California. His wife heard nothing from him or of him until he had been gone for three or more years, when she received a cheque for \$500 and requesting her to come to him. She kept the money, as was proper, but declined to make the journey, and he became silent again. Years went by, and the lady, after proper preliminaries, married again. The gentleman had also dropped from the minds of his old neighbors, many believing him dead, until a few weeks ago, when he gave another sign of life by sending another cheque for \$500. This time the money was sent to his son, whom he remembered only as "the baby," but who is the father of a family himself now. In his letter he said if his son would come to him in Arizona he would give him a good farm. The young man accepted the offer. The meeting of the old father and "the baby" will doubtless be an interesting one. The gentleman is said to be quite rich now.

CHIT-CHAT.

"My Husband's Secret" was written by a lady. It isn't the first instance on record of a lady giving her husband's secrets away to the public.

A paper heads a column of personals "Men and Things"—which certainly is not a very gallant or gentlemanly way of referring to the other sex.

The reason why women cannot succeed as well as men in the walks of life is because when she is on the walks one hand is usually employed in holding up her dress.

Venus rises two and a half hours before the sun. It naturally takes the old girl some time to kindle a fire and get the tangles out of her hair before breakfast time. The sun gets up earlier when the weather gets warmer.

Mrs. Marrowfat had just finished reading an account of a Michigan girl who had dropped dead upon receiving an offer of marriage from a young man, when Miltiades quietly asked: "Mother, don't you suppose he knew it would kill her?"

"She wears Louis XV. shoes, does she?" exclaimed Mrs. Recentwealth. "Well, she's got mighty big feet if that's her size, that's all I've got to say." And the old lady contemplates her own canal-boat shoes with evident satisfaction.

"You say that your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew that she was in the habit of getting mad why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."

Mrs. McCoble, an Austin lady, rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words: "When I hired you you said you didn't have any male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time." "Lor bress your soul, he ain't no male friend of mine." "Who is he, then?" "He am only my husband."

North and South—Mrs. Smith (from Bayswater): "I suppose you are going to lots of dances?" Miss Smythe (from Belgrave): "I am going to Mrs. Mowbray Masham's, of course, on the 8th. I've not heard there's any other." Miss Smith who has cards for a dozen dances at least but has never even heard of Mrs. Mowbray Masham's, feels rather out about it.

Royal Maniacs.

The unfortunate monomaniac, Capt. Goode, who died recently at Broadmoor, England, after confinement in a lunatic asylum for nearly fifty years for the outrage on Queen Victoria on May 24, 1837, persisted to the last, though sane on other points, that he was the son of George IV. For twenty years he was an inmate at Bedlam, where there were once at the same time three more royal maniacs—Jane Long, who called herself Queen Caroline (her madness was attributable to remorse consequent on marital unfaithfulness); Mary Stuart, religiously mad, who believed herself to be consort of George IV., and Charlotte Harding, an unmarried woman, who believed she was Queen Charlotte. Whenever their Majesties met at the same time Bedlam became the theatre of a fierce and clamorous war of words, attitudes, and grimaces, each claiming the exclusive rights of hereditary power, and disowning the others as impostors. A few years before Goode entered Bedlam Margaret Nicholson, who made an attempt on the life of George III. in 1789, died there, aged 89, and James Hatfield, who fired at the same King as he stood in the royal box, Drury Lane Theatre, in May, 1800, was an inmate when he entered

Pigeon Shooting.

The cruelty of shooting a pigeon is in itself not greater than the cruelty of shooting a pheasant or a partridge. Death is very commonly instantaneous in both cases, and if the pigeon gets away wounded the nobler bird may do the same. It is the mental attitude of the sportsman in the two cases that makes the difference. There is something cold-blooded in the notion of catching and keeping a live animal in order that you may use it to test the accuracy of your aim when a glass ball would serve the purpose equally as well. Sport, again, is traditionally associated with some endurance on the part of the sportsman, and the physical and mental vigor which he gains in this way is the best of all reasons for the continuance of this practice. A community in which young, wealthy, and idle men were cut off from this way of spending their time would certainly suffer by the other methods to which they would resort in order to get rid of their superfluous animal vigor. Pigeon-shooting cannot be defended on this ground. A man has neither to ride after the hounds nor to walk in pursuit of the birds. It is true, no doubt, that the present tendency is to reduce some other forms of shooting to the same uninteresting level, and the slaughter of pheasants sometimes comes too near in its incidents to the slaughter of barn-door fowls. But though this tendency is to be regretted, it remains only a tendency, whereas, in pigeon-shooting all pretence of endurance is laid aside, and the birds are brought to the sportsman instead of the sportsman going after the birds. It is a further and very serious objection to this bastard form of sport that it is becoming more and more associated with money. That is not in itself a point which the law can touch. A man might back himself to kill so many partridges in so many hours, just as well as to kill so many pigeons. But it is undoubtedly a mark of a lower kind of sport when it lends itself to be used habitually in this way, and as regards pigeon-shooting this is strictly true. But for this it would not have made the tour of Europe as it has now done. It ministers more than almost any other form of sport to the fashionable taste for gambling, and when it happens to be objectionable on other grounds as well, it is permissible to feel a certain satisfaction that its prohibition will have the incidental effect of checking, however slightly, a passion which cannot be too much discouraged on those rare occasions when it comes sufficiently in view to make discouragement possible.—The Spectator.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Bro. Gardner on the Future of his Race.

"I see by de papers," said Brother Gardner as he motioned to Samuel Shin to drop one of the back windows, "I see by de papers dat Prof. Gilliam predicts dat in 1983 de cull'd man will be in de ascendancy. Jist so. We'll drap two mo' winders an' discuss de subjic a little."

"In one hundred y'ars, den, 'cordin to de Professor, de Samuel Shins an' Giveadam Joneses an' Pickles Smithses of our race will be at de head of de guv'ment. Praps a pussen named Waydown Bebee will be President of de United States. Whalobone Howler will be leadin' Chief Justice of de highest court in de land. Judge Cadaver will be Gab'n'r of Michigan. Chewso Czapman an' Depravitry Johnson will be de Vanderbilt and Gould of de period. Profs. Backdown Turner an' Rise Up Bunker will flourish at Harvard an' Yale. Three-Ply Jones, Discount White, Banko Jackson an' oders will be Presidents of national banks, an' boards of trade, chambers of commerce, an' stock exchanges will be run entirely by cull'd men."

"It am a beautiful landscape to look upon, an' I really pity de poo' white m'n. He has bin lordin' it ober de world at large so long, an' has made sich progress in science an' ferlosophy dat it will seem purty tough fur him to saw our wood, clean our alleys an' bluck our butez."

At this point Reconstructed Taylor began to stamp his feet and clap his hands and seek to start an encore, but the President interrupted him with: "Bredder Taylor, drap it! Now draw yer feet out of de alley an' doan' move agin till de meetin' am out! No doubt you am tickled half to death, but let us see what tickles you. In a hundred y'ars we am to be top of de heap. We am to loose our kinks and grow straight ha'r, our feet am to be pared down, our noses am to be trimmed down, our mouths puckered on a new plan, an' we am to loose our brunette complexions. Den our heads am to be reshaped an' restuffed, our speech filed down and sandpapered, an' we am to progress faster in 100 y'ars dan de white man has in 1,000. I think I see us at de pinnacle! We look awfully purty at de top of de heap! Nobody would know us as we stan' erect on de cap-shaf an' wave de glorious banner."

"My fren's," continued the President, after a long and solemn silence, "if Prof. Gilliam am not a fool he am de nex' bes' thing—a crank. One hundred y'ars will not do what he says. We can't fetch it. We was bo'n in de wrong time of de moon, brought up on de wrong sort of eatables, an' eddicated in de wrong kind of schools. We have an' shall progress. Our chill'en will know mo' dan we de, and deir chill'en will be a peg higher, an' de day will come when we shall stan' higher in all de arts an' sciences, but we mus' not forget de present. Dar am months to feed an' bodies to clothe an' house rent to pay an' fuel to buy, an' he who loses a day's work to dream ober Prof. Gilliam's prophecy shows his lack of sense. If, arter all de present members of dis club have bin sleepin' for half a century in de grave, de white man begins to lose his grip, an' de black man begins to catch on, it will be all right! Meanwhile, doan' mis a cog. Doan' be made fools of. Doan' try to clothe de chill'en wid de raiment of a hundred y'ars hence, an' doan' expek dat de predickshun dat we shall ultimately warn out feet in de halls of Congress am gwine to satisfy present hunger. We will now tighten our belts an' take de reglar order of bizness."

A new instrument of war is in the mole torped, which can burrow in the earth or under a wall, and then either explode at once or wait a while, according to the will of its master.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the selfishness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, and "liver complaint."

Minnesoda has been accommodated with a post office money order office.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

The people of East Selkirk want the Indians removed from S. Peter's reserve.

What Physicians Say. Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—Dear Sir—I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alternative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them.

The members of the I. O. F. in Winnipeg are organizing a band in connection with their order.

Cannot be disputed, and the case is yet to be heard from in which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has failed to perform a perfect cure. This with painless and rapid action and freedom from annoyance during use. The great corn and bunion cure stands unrivalled. Sure, safe, painless.—Beware of frauds offered as substitutes for the great corn cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Poison & Co., Kingston, proprietors. Use no other.

The sufferers by floods in America received a thousand marks from the German Emperor, and three thousand from the Emperor.

The only natural hair renewer is Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, prepared without distillation or rectification with acids or alkalis, containing no mineral or other poisons, delightfully perfumed and as clear and pure as spring water.

Two special through freight trains will be despatched weekly from Montreal to Winnipeg.

Alonzo Howe, of Tweed, was cured of a fever sore of thirty-five years' duration, by a few bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. He had suffered terribly, and tried many remedies in vain. He considers Burdock Blood Bitters a marvellous medicine. (10)

Regina has been made the headquarters of the mounted police.

A hearty recommendation. Jacob A. Empey, of Cannanore, states that he has taken Burdock Blood Bitters with great benefit in a lingering complaint, and adds that he would gladly recommend it to all. (11)

According to the will of the late Marshall Jewell, fresh flowers are to be sent every Saturday to his daughter Florence, a lady married in Detroit. No testimonial could be more beautiful than such a weekly gift from a dead friend.

From Mr. Percy Perdon, the oldest Mail Clerk running on the G. W. Railway between Suspension Bridge and Detroit: About 18 months ago in conversation with you, I mentioned that my son Arthur was a great sufferer from rheumatism, being so bad that for months he had not been able to put on his boots or but they helped him none. I purchased three bottles, however, I am happy to say, effected a permanent cure, as my son has never suffered from rheumatism since, although the past winter has been a most trying one. I may add that the medicine had the effect of improving his health in every way. Make what use you like of this testimonial. I can thoroughly recommend your Rheumatism to all suffering from rheumatism complaints. I am, yours truly, PERCY PERDON, Agent Great Western Railway, J. N. SUTHERLAND, Esq., S. Catharines.

The Rev. Mr. Bowman of Harrison, Ind., scandalized by the offensive conduct of a young man who was calling on his daughter, captured and handcuffed him and led him off to jail.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers, look to your health! The many painful and weakening diseases from which you suffer, despairing of a cure, can be remedied by that unfailing tonic—Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your Druggist for proof. (12)

Letters of nobility from the German Emperor have been received by Professor Helmholtz. Baronettes were declined both by Tennyson and by Carlyle when offered by Premier Beaconsfield.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

The oldest portrait of Columbus in the United States was given by Mrs. Maria Farmer, a granddaughter of Jacob Farmer, Governor of New York in 1689, and hangs in the New York Senate Chamber at Albany.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

The four German officers detailed to organize the Sultan's army have, by permission from B-r-lin, entered the Turkish service, and fifteen Turkish officers are to join the German army for experience.

"A. P." 118.

Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

No person can enjoy health without the assistance of the Bowditch's Compound. It is always do harm. Bowditch's Compound is Nature's own Compound. It locks the secretions, regulates, and strengthens the system. (7)

Odunah and Minnedosa are separated as one town.

CATARHUS—A New Treatment. Permanent Cure is effected in from three applications. Particulars in pamphlet free on receipt of stamp. A. H. H. Son, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

The most universal favorite among English statesmen is the blind Postmaster General.

The worst Scrofulous disease, the most known, may be cured by the Compound of Burdock Bitters and Burdock Ointment. Ask your Druggist for the fallible remedies. (9)

Miss Sherman, daughter of General Sherman, and the Hon. Lionel Sackville and his daughter have been visiting Marquis de Lorne at Ottawa.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can command it to your friends. We have Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness, vomiting, and bowel complaints.

M. Tirard, France's New Minister, was once a working Jeweler.

When you visit or leave New York, Baggage Express and Car Service, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, 200 Broadway, Central Dep. of 450 elegant rooms, upwards per day. European plan. Restaurant supplied with the best of cars, stages and elevated railroads. Families can live better for less at the Grand Union Hotel than at any first-class hotel in the city.

The best story-teller in Nebraska is to be Senator-elect Manderson.

The secret of beauty lies in good and good health. Burdock Blood Bitters the grand key that unlocks all the ailments. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek. (8)

One of the most admired women of the Princess Brancaccio, the Italian American.

Vegetine

IN POWDER FORM
50 CTS. A PACKAGE
Full Directions in Every Package
DR. W. ROSS WRITER
Scrofula. Liver Complaint. Dropsy. Rheumatism. Weakness.

H. R. Stevens, Boston: I have been using your medicine for 25 years, and as a result for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Weakness and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I sold Vegetine for seven years, and have had one bottle returned. I would recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier. Dr. W. ROSS, Druggist, Worcester, Sept. 18, 1878.

Vegetine

One Package in Powder Form Cures Scrofula
How to Reduce Your Doctor's Bill
85 Bremen St., East Boston, Mass.
Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: My daughter Stella has been afflicted with Scrofula, suffering ever since she was born. I bought your Powder Form Vegetine, and she stepped it and gave it to the child according to the directions, and we were surprised in a fortnight's time to see how the child's flesh and strength returned. She now gains weight, and I can cheerfully recommend your medicine to be the best we have ever used. Respectfully yours, J. T. WELLS.

Vegetine

H. R. STEVENS, Toronto
Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists
SETTLERS

Going to Manitoba, the Great Northwest, California, Oregon, British Columbia, Dakota, Minnesota, or Nebraska? Can get Maps, Guides, and Descriptive Pamphlets, enclosing 2 cent stamp, and stating what country they wish to visit. Address: Department of Emigration, 37 York Street, Toronto. W. E. CALLAWAY, Manager.

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Wonderful returns promised from this district. The place to make fortune. Chapman of the School of Science, reports \$110 pure gold to the ton. Hamilton the well-known miner of the Hamilton Reduction Co., New York, reports \$124.41 gold and silver per ton of ore as the results of their assays of the ore found in the Manitoba mines. All information and full reports sent on application to

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