

DIVORCES EASILY HAD.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF DISSOLVING THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY.

Simple Processes that Are Even More Expeditious than the Western Methods—Divorce Granted While You Wait in Some Parts of the World.

Among most savage races, where the position of women is simply that of a beast of burden or an article of property, there is really no marriage, and accordingly divorce is a mere matter of dismissal of the wife, the power belonging to the man alone, though in some few cases, the status of woman is higher, and she is treated with more consideration, and may even divorce her husband.

Often among uncivilized people the process of divorce consists merely in the performance of some ceremonial act.

In Madagascar, for example, the dissatisfied husband has only to give his wife a piece of money, and to say at the same time—"Madam, I thank you," in order to be divorced.

In Cochinchina the parties desiring divorce break a pair of chopsticks in the presence of witnesses, and the thing is done.

Some tribes of North-American Indians; break the pieces of stick given to the witnesses of the marriage as a sign of divorce.

If a wife of a Turcoman asks his permission to go out, and he says "Go," without adding, "Come back again," they are divorced.

In Siberia a man dissatisfied with the most trifling act of his wife has only to tare a cap or veil from her face and she is divorced.

In the Arctic regions a man who desires a divorce leaves home in anger, and does not return for several days. The wife takes the hint and departs.

Among the Moors of Algeria the condition of women is very bad, and divorce is terribly common, and can only be obtained by the man. The paper of divorcement costs only twopence halfpenny, and a man has been known to divorce his wife because his dinner was not to his liking.

A Chinese settler in Victoria wanted his freedom, and put in his pleas that his wife "too muchy talkee with neighbours, too muchy paint face and eyebrows, too muchy drink Yulepean brandy, too muchy fight, too muchy snore in sleep, too muchy boss, too muchy dream, too muchy say 'killum husband,' and too muchy no good." This list of faults, comprehensive as it is, would not as yet be held to be sufficient grounds for divorce in this country, though the laws of some European countries allow married couples to be separated for reasons which appear to be as frivolous.

A Vienna nobleman, who wedded an ex-prima-donna, instituted proceedings for a divorce, on the ground that at the time of marriage she had declared her age to be fifteen years less than it was, and in Austria wilful misrepresentation of age entails annulment of marriage.

But with regard to ease of divorce, the United States appears to be fast approaching a state of matters very nearly akin to the freedom of barbarians. In fact, in some states it seems that divorce may be obtained by the mere appearance of the parties in court to claim it, and then paying the necessary fees.

The stories of towns where lawyers' touts meet through-trains, and offer to have couples divorced during the halt for refreshments are, no doubt, exaggerations, but they are not without plausible foundations.

In Dakota a divorce may be obtained with little other trouble and formality than a stay of ninety days in the state before lodging the claim. The result is an influx of divorce business, by which the inhabitants was rich and prosper. Hotels have been specially erected for the convenience of persons doing their ninety days, and lawyers send out circulars to "the best society in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia."

A candid lawyer of South Dakota recently said—"The divorce laws advertise us abroad and bring thousands of dollars here, not only to pay expenses of divorce, but for investment as well. Some of the people who come here for divorce have been so attracted by our resources as to make valuable investments." So the divorce industry may be said to flourish there.

In Massachusetts a wife sued for separation from her husband because the co-respondent, a "fashionable-looking" young woman, was accused of "riding, driving, playing croquet and washing dishes with the fair plaintiff's husband." Separation was granted.

William Trusdale, of Beatrice, Nebraska, sued his wife for a divorce, alleging that she was an incorrigible gossip and tale-teller; that in three years as his wife she had told him 10,000 distinct and separate lies. "She cannot tell the truth," said William; and among other examples of her every-day prevarications he said she had told him his mother had been found dead in bed; that she had inherited a fortune and had to send her lawyer a fifty-dollar retainer; but she bought a new dress with the fifty dollars; and that their son had fallen into the well and broken his leg. He had borne up bravely under the affliction until she told him that the minister had eloped with a servant girl. This story he had unthinkingly repeated to her thereby involving in a libel suit which cost him seven hundred dollars and expenses. This and the humiliation proved too much for William, who sought relief from the court. He got it in the shape of an absolute divorce.

The oddest story of marriage and divorce that even America, prolific as it is in this line, has yet produced is the case of Mrs. Crandall, the wife of a Michigan clergyman, who, is suing for divorce described her husband as a "marriage maniac." They were married eight years, and during that time she was compelled to act the part of a bride nine times, each time according to the forms of a different denomination, and still the husband had

not succeeded in finding a church or creed whose marriage rites he considered sufficiently binding. Each ceremony being followed by its own honeymoon, this sorely-tried lady's married life had been one long and harrowing honeymoon, of which she at last got tired, and left her overscrupulous spouse. She now seeks divorce, and though he asks fervently for one more chance, and promises that if now married in the congregational church it will be for "positively the last time," she steadfastly resists his blandishments. [—Cassell's Journal.

ANIMALS THAT HAVE PRIDE.

The Pains Some of Them Take in Regard to Personal Appearance.

If it is correct that "cleanliness is next to godliness," then some of these low animals certainly provide a good example to the human race says an English paper.

The most common instance in our civilized cities is, of course, the cat. When Master Thomas returns home after a night's outing, he sometimes looks in a deplorable condition, and—possibly as a result of dodging boot-jacks and other handy missiles—his coat is decidedly rough in appearance. No matter how tired, however, puss never retires to rest until he has had a good "clean up." A thorough wash he makes of it too (no "lick and a promise," but a good overhauling), so that when his toilet is completed he looks as smooth and glossy as a thorough-bred racer after a curry-combing and "brush up."

Dogs, though they have a decided objection to being washed by their owners, will if left alone always cleanse themselves thoroughly. A friend of the writer once possessed a short-legged white dog—a mongrel undoubtedly, and only given house-room because of its devotion to the children. On a rainy day, after his favourite recreation of running about the most muddy thoroughfares, he would come home in a filthy state, mud from eyebrows to tail.

Being well aware that he would not be allowed in the house in that state, as soon as he arrived in the hall he would set to work cleaning himself. To get over the roughest part of the work he utilized the door mat and the brush placed on the steps for wiping mud off boots. This done he would finish himself *a la cat*, with paw and tongue, and at once present himself for admission.

Dogs used to swimming, on coming out of the water and enjoying a good shake, will invariably roll themselves on any grass which may be handy, using the turf much after the same manner, or rather for the same purpose, as we should use a towel.

This performance is also gone through by horses as a means of cleaning themselves. Especially is this the case at early morning with horses which have been turned out to grass, kicking their heels in the air for half-an-hour at a time when the dew is on the grass.

Mice complete their toilet in much the same manner as their inveterate enemy the cat, and a hare at a little distance might well be mistaken for some stray specimen of the feline race, if seen while going through the operations of a "wash and brush up."

Birds, are, however, most particular in the matter of toilet. The canary always enjoys a good bath, if water is placed in the cage for the purpose, and will shake itself free of the drops like a dog; afterwards scraping each individual plume with its beak. Sparrows instead of using water, revel in a dust bath. It is an interesting sight to watch a dozen or so in the summer when the roads are liberally covered with dust: kicking, struggling and fluttering, they raise a cloud from which they emerge "quite another color." Then they adjourn to some secluded spot to finish their toilets at leisure. Larks, too, employ sand, and probably acquaint their feathered friends of its efficacy.

A fowl-run covered with cinder dust is very highly appreciated by the occupants, the dust being used as a cleanser as well as supplying shells for prospective eggs. Partridges also employ dust, but are very particular as to the kind they use, nice cool earth which they scratch from under the turf in a meadow being their favorite material.

The swallow is just as particular as to the water it uses for bathing purposes, giving decided preference to newly-fallen rain water that may have collected in "puddles."

Water-fowl of every description are actually vain in regard to their appearance, and in addition to a water bath smear themselves all over by the aid of the beak with an oily material they carry in a handy receptacle. Ducks, though spending the greater part of their time in the water, appear to enjoy a shower bath in preference to any other, and when a storm is approaching will go on shore, and with all their feathers opened will stand in the rain until they are thoroughly soaked.

The Revival of Lace.

An old love which is once again to come to the fore is real lace. All the Parisian authorities are buying and ordering real lace largely; Doucet, Felix, Worth and Pingat, after having exhausted every possible form of trimming—beads, feathers and embroideries, have come back to their first passion—the productions of the needle and the pillow.

Real lace is worn in berthe form to a large extent, but it is to be worn as flouncings. Point gaze, Brussels applique, point Duchesse, Honiton, and old point of all kinds are to be the fashion, but it must be real. No woman can be really happy unless she has real lace in some form or other; shams and imitations of all sorts, are, so rumor says, to be buried with the tailor-made girl.

Real lace is delightful, eminently decorative, and, besides, does it not possess a market value which time cannot alter nor circumstances change, excepting to improve. We have, it is true, degenerated into accepting the imitations, and the modern manufacturers have done their best to induce us to regard these with favour, and their patterns and their designs are so excellent that one would have thought the taste for the real would never have come back to us, but it has.

The lowest Brussels applique is made upon a deep cream-tinted net, which gives it the hang and beauty of Brussels of a hundred years ago.

A Fashionable Drink.

Menier Chocolate is a fashionable drink. Did you ever try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal.

WARNED BY A SPIRIT.

A Dead Mother Saves Her Son From Desraction.

The following strange but none the less true story is told by C. W. Moses. Mr. Moses is a well-known citizen of Garrett, Ind., a member of the Methodist Church, the son of a Methodist minister, and in no sense a Spiritualist.

"Once, while I was running from Garrett to Chicago on the night run, and pulling the 'Limited,' I left Garrett at 1 A. M. for Chicago. We were in good condition, but a few minutes later, and I endeavored to make up lost time on what is known as 'Suman's grade,' which is 20 miles long and terminates at Salt Creek. The last three miles are perfectly straight to the Salt Creek bridge.

"When my train reached this straight track I noticed a white pillar, or cloud, occupying the place of the bridge, and reaching quite high. I took it to be a fog, but neither above nor below the bridge was the same visible. I asked my fireman if he saw it, and he said 'Yes, but thought it was fog.' About this time I felt as if some one was in the seat behind me, but on turning round no one was visible. I then felt a hand upon my left shoulder, and heard my mother say, 'Charlie, that bridge is burned.' I felt the fingers very plainly upon my shoulder, and I knew my mother's voice.

"At once I applied the brakes, or at least as soon as I recovered from my astonishment. The train came to a standstill about twenty feet from the bridge. I told my fireman that I would take my torch and walk across the bridge, and that he should not move the train until I signaled. I walked about 15 feet, when I came to the end of the bridge, and found that 37 feet had been burned and fallen into the water.

"What I saw made me so weak that I had no strength to move, and sat down on the end of the remnant of the bridge. The conductor soon came to where I was and I related to him the warning that I had received."

Mr. Moses' mother had been dead several years when this incident occurred.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

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ROBERT MCCUEN, St. John, N. B., writes: This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of SEGGE'S OINTMENT. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was.

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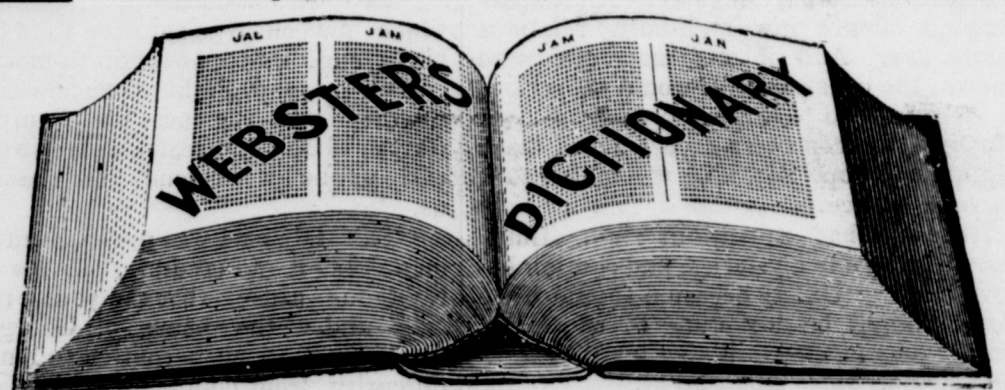
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