

MARRIED IN QUEER PLACES.

An Ingenious Elopement and a Wedding in Jail.

Marriage is usually considered to be a step to which a vast amount of consideration should be given; yet there are many instances of men and women who have taken the plunge without more than a few moments' thought. These individual cases have generally been the outcome of peculiar circumstances, or perhaps, occasionally, of love at first sight. "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure" is a well-known, but not infallible proverb, many of the examples which have come under the notice of the writer having resulted in life-long happiness for both parties—as witness the following.

During one of the recent disturbances in Burmah, a young lieutenant, while leading his men in a skirmish, was attracted by the sight of a charming girl, who, attired as a Sister, was relieving the needs of the wounded on the field of battle. Struck by the courage of the girl—who, notwithstanding the fact that death, in the shape of a bullet, might come any moment, yet performed her duties as steadily as though she were in a hospital—the young officer, when the enemy had been repulsed, sought her out and asked her to be his wife. To his surprise she accepted him, and they were married. He never repented his choice.

In America, not long ago, a disputed will case was settled by a wedding, the judge himself suggested that, as both the parties were young and good-looking, that would be the best way out of the difficulty. They agreed, and the necessary proceedings were at once gone through in court, which the two deputies—who had entered it in enmity—left as husband and wife.

It is quite a common occurrence for a lady to jilt her lover, but for a man to be jilted by a girl he has never seen, as in the following instance, is somewhat unique. Early in the year, an English gentleman, who had emigrated to Australia and made a moderate fortune, was desirous of entering into wedded state with one of his countrywomen. With this end in view, he advertised in England for a wife, and in due course received a reply. Photographs were exchanged, and all being satisfactory, it was arranged that the lady should come out to him by the next steamer.

One passenger on board the same ship was Master Dan Cupid, and seeing a chance for mischief, he so contrived that the lady should fall in love with a gentleman, whose acquaintance she formed in the early part of the voyage. Her affection was reciprocated, and he asked her to become his partner for life. She then explained her position, and together they recommended them to be married on board ship; this they resolved to do. The ceremony was performed next day by a clergyman who was on board, the bride being given away by the captain himself. What the disappointed advertiser thought, when he received a letter from the lady explaining matters, is not recorded.

Eloping in the present day of railways and telegraph wires, are rather difficult to manage; but the following ingenious plan was successfully carried out by an enterprising young couple who recently found it necessary to defy a stern parent. At an appointed time the prospective bridegroom, with a special licence in his pocket, waited outside the lady's residence with a carriage. She joined him, accompanied by a friend who had consented to act as an accomplice, and together the three drove rapidly to the nearest railway station, where they were met by a friend of the bridegroom, a clergyman. They had just time to jump into the carriage, already specially engaged for them, when the train started, and as it steamed out of the station the undaunted daughter beheld her irate parent dash on to the platform.

Being too late to stop the train, he wired to the next station to catch the runaways. Long before the first stopping-place was reached, however, the happy couple were man and wife, the ceremony being performed en route.

It is not often that one hears of a wedding taking place in jail, but instances have occurred. A peculiar case of this sort was told to the writer by a prison chaplain.

A young man who was shortly about to be married was arrested for the murder of his employer. In spite of the evidence being strongly against him, the young lady to whom he was engaged insisted on marrying him at once, so strong was her belief in his innocence, and his wedding took place in the prison chapel. After events fully justified the courageous action of the bride, as further evidence was unobtainable which entirely exculpated her husband.

Another remarkable case was that of a couple who were bound for the Cape, where they were to be married. The ship, however, caught fire and foundered, the only survivors being themselves, a sailor, and a missionary. The castaways contrived to reach an uninhabited island, where they lived for some weeks. Despairing of ever reaching the mainland again, the devoted pair persuaded the missionary to marry them, which he did, repeating the service from memory. The sailor gave the bride away, and fulfilled the duties of best man as well. Shortly after, they were picked up by a passing vessel.

Many people have been married in queer places, and under peculiar conditions, purely out of eccentricity. For example, a country gentleman was so madly fond of hunting, that he insisted on being married on horseback. His future wife, also, a great lover of the noble sport, consented, and so the affair came off. All the wedding party were mounted, the ladies attired in riding habits and the gentlemen in red coats and tops. After the ceremony they adjourned to a regular hunt breakfast.

To be married by the bedside of a dying relative must be a trying position, yet sometimes the whim of an old person makes it necessary; they cannot die content unless they see a favorite son or daughter safely married to the right partner. There are also recorded cases of girls who have actually married dying men; but these are few indeed.

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An Interesting Bird that was A Living Feather Duster.

"Speaking of feather dusters," said Col. Calliper, "reminds me of a turkey I knew once that acted as one—a sort of living feather duster. It was owned by the wife of my friend Stephen Gawleby, who had long been accustomed, like many other housewives, to use a turkey wing to brush off the stove with and to dust up around."

"On day a big turkey walked in at the kitchen door and strolled through the kitchen, passing near the stove and brushing the front of it with one of its wings as it passed. This was an idea to Mrs. Gawleby, who forthwith set about training the turkey to dust off the stove and things about the kitchen. When you take into account the great amount of time that was required to train the turkey, there was really no saving in having it to do the dusting. As a matter of fact, I suppose Mrs. Gawleby could have dusted the things herself in much less time than it took to teach the turkey; but I imagine it was more less of a relief to her to train the turkey—it was a break in the monotony of her life—and then it was sort of company to have the turkey around the kitchen, too, and it wasn't very long, either, before people came to know about the trained turkey, and folks used to come in and see it dust, and that made more life and animation around the house."

"Well, for quite a spell the trained turkey was a great comfort to Mrs. Gawleby. Then suddenly it passed out of the kitchen and never came back. Growing in zeal it stepped one day on top of the stove to dust the stove top, something it had never done before. It was not aware of the fact that often the top of the stove is very hot. The first thing it knew its feet were badly burned. It ran out into the yard, and it could never be persuaded to come back."

"For a time people continued to come to the Gawleby's to see the trained turkey, but all Mrs. Gawleby could do was to point at it from the kitchen door, as it walked about the yard, now and then looking apprehensively toward the kitchen. There was some interest in the bird at first, even though it had stopped dusting; some indeed because of it; but all this soon ceased and people stopped coming, and then Mrs. Gawleby's life settled down once more into its customary quiet monotony."

The Hag-fish is a Cannibal.

A fish recently discovered, named Rhizorhynchus Carolinensis, which is akin to the genus *Fierasier*, seeks its food inside various marine animals. It dwells in the digestive tube of its companion, and, without any regard to the hospitality that it receives, helps itself first to its part of everything that enters. Nothing is more ingenious than the way in which it introduces itself into its host. Profiting by the instant at which a holothurian or sea cucumber dilates its mouth, it quickly introduces its tail as far as possible. The surprised holothurian, upon feeling the unknown body penetrating it, contracts its open mouth, and the fish is caught by the tail. Thus held, it takes care not to stir. Soon, however, regaining its confidence, the holothurian opens its mouth again, and the fish profits by it to penetrate a little further in. The hag-fish, or Myxine, has a custom of getting inside the cod and similar fishes, and entirely consuming the interior, leaving only the skin and the skeleton remaining.

Jealous of a Stage Lover.

Too much zeal in the discharge of his stage duties has led a jeune premier at a Paris preparatory theatre into a disagreeable, not to say painful, adventure. The young actor was acting with a lady of his own age in a new piece, and had to make a declaration of love. He held the mirror up to nature so well in the matter that the young lady's intended husband, who was looking on from the stalls, flew into a towering passion and threatened blood. When the performance was over the man possessed of the green-eyed monster waited at the stage door for the jeune premier and whacked vigorously at the actor's face with his cane. The player—bruised, bleeding and tearful—did not make any effort to return blow for blow, but, holding up a manuscript which contained his part in the play, remarked to his aggressor that he had done no more than follow the instructions of the author or the little love comedy in which he had acted with the beautiful young lady. The affair ended there.

He was No Pedant.

Sir Andrew Agnew, the last of the hereditary sheriffs of Galloway, had a strong prejudice against the French, and plumed himself on his ignorance of their language. Once, while journeying to Edinburgh, Sir Andrew halted over Sunday at his daughter's house, and attended the parish church. The minister, having given out his text from the Old Testament, disputed the correctness of the authorized translation. In enforcing his opinion he quoted the text in the Hebrew original, and the words sounded to Sir Andrew's ear as the French salutation, "Comment vous portez-vous?" The sheriff writhed in his seat, and it was with the greatest difficulty that his daughter kept him from speaking out his feelings. But as soon as the benediction had been pronounced, his wrath exploded, and he roared out—"The second day I might ha' forgiven him had he not used the only French words I ever knew."

No Wonder She was Indignant.

In handing a painting, just finished to an old lady the other day the artist noticed that he had omitted to sign it. Taking up a brush, he said that he would put his name to it. "What!" she exclaimed, "put your name to my picture? No, indeed! If any name goes upon that picture it will be my name."

He—"I wonder why it is required of every man to be born again?" She (out of fairness to him)—"It gives him a chance of being born a girl next time."

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HE KILLED THE GATOR.

An Unexpected Use for a Florida Negro's Razor and Revolver.

It is impossible to know just what feeling the alligator entertains towards the negro, but the feeling of the negro toward the alligator is not akin to love. When a colored man sees an alligator his blood boils and the alligator must look out for himself. At certain seasons, when the alligators are mating, the males go across country from one body of water to another, and it is not uncommon to come across them during such migrations. When alligators are near water and are surprised by the approach of a man they will run for the water, and run fast, too; but when surprised inland they simply play possum, and many are killed at such times.

A colored man takes particular delight when he has a chance to make away with an alligator, and will leave his work or stop on his way to a camp meeting for the purpose. In the recent cold snap, when the water in the pond was covered with about an inch of ice, an alligator was unfortunate enough to be caught at an unusual disadvantage. It was a very large alligator with moss on its chin for whiskers, and he had been lying in the deep part of a wide shallow stream just where a road crossed. Persons travelling the road with horses forled the stream, and for those aloof trees had been felled and made into a kind of foot bridge. The alligator was not less than twelve feet long. When the cold came, and with it the ice, the alligator became benumbed. He was in full view when a colored man walked across the tattered trees.

The man was dressed up in his best. He had on a white shirt, a high collar, shiny shoes and everything to match, and was in a hurry to get to a neighbor's where there was to be a dance. He had taken the precaution of bringing along a pistol and a razor.

It was about 2 o'clock p. m. when he saw the alligator lying under the ice just a few yards from the crossing place. The party was for the time forgotten. He knew the alligator would be benumbed and at a disadvantage. With a stick he broke the ice over the alligator's head and fired a couple of shots, both of which were effective. The big alligator warmed up and made a move toward the darkey; who by this time was wading in the shallow water, shiny shoes and all. The revolver was emptied, every shot taking effect, and with five 32-calibre bullets in his head the alligator did not cut much of a figure in the fight, and became quiet as it dying.

The man had his fighting blood up and he knew that it was hard to kill an alligator. He threw off his coat and began pounding the alligator's head with a big club. After pounding like a wild man for a few minutes the man took a rest. The alligator showing no signs of fighting, or, in fact, of life, the colored man dragged him out of the water and by means of the razor almost severed the head from the body. He then jammed a big stick into the alligator's mouth. Then the darkey, with wet feet, his natty appearance ruined by dirt and water, gathered up his coat and hat and continued his journey to the party. The writer witnessed the whole performance, and never saw a man work harder and with more determination. The darkey had met an enemy, it seemed, and he certainly got away with him.

What did She say?

Mr. Story, sculptor, who began life as a lawyer, tells a good anecdote which illustrates the fact that the emphasis which punctuates has as much to do with determining the sense of a sentence as the meaning of the words. Once, when he was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, he adduced as one of the proofs of her innocence the fact of her having attended him on his death-bed, and saying to him, when he was dying, "Good-bye, George!" The counsel for the prosecution declared that ought rather to be taken as a proof of her guilt, and that the words she had used were, "Good, by George!"

The Egyptian Pigments.

The pigments used by the ancient Egyptians, which astonish us by their vivid freshness, were chiefly mineral. The color most used, a red brown, was a mixture of oxide of iron with very fine clay, which was subjected to prolonged trituration under water. For yellow, they used gold leaf, oxide of iron mixed with chalk, and other earthy substances. Blue was composed of salts of oxide of copper dissolved in melted glass. White was plaster, which, colored by an organic substance, became pink.

An Urgent Landlady.

An aged lady complained to a London magistrate that, because she was a little behind in her rent, her landlady followed her to church and asked for it there. The landlady came into the pew alongside her, and when she joined in the responses, was constantly whispering to her about the rent. When it came to the response, "incline our hearts," the landlady would add: "to pay our rent." The magistrate said it was very annoying, but there was nothing illegal in it.

He Died, However.

A St. Petersburg millionaire has just died suddenly in spite of a curious precaution which he had taken to prolong his life. Ten years ago he built a magnificent bathing establishment near St. Petersburg, which he never opened, because a gipsy had told him that he would die at the opening ceremony. The story of Nero and his soothsayer, which is also told of Louis XI. and his astrologer, has found a parallel even in these sceptical days.

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