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ANOTHER COMING MARRIAGE.

Reference was made, last week, to the marriage of the divorced husband of Mrs. OLIVER BELMONT to the divorced wife of W. K. VANDERBILT. It was what was properly called a quiet wedding, as it was merely the scanty civil ceremony necessary to make the union legal in the contemplation of the laws of New York...

The groom in the new event that is to be is BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana, the late President of the United States, and the lady in the case is Mrs. DIMMICK of New York, niece of the late Mrs. HARRISON. The lover is a widower of sixty-two, and the loved one is a widow whose age the papers gallantly refrain from stating, but who is many years younger than her suitor.

General HARRISON's first marriage was forty-one years ago and his late wife was an excellent woman, with whom he lived very happily until death claimed her four years ago, when they were residing at the White House. Mrs. DIMMICK was her favorite niece, and was practically adopted by the HARRISONs when she was a little girl, and lived with them until her marriage. When her husband died she was urged to make her home with them again, and did so.

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The marriage ought to be a happy one. Some widowers at the age of sixty-two have an idea that if they marry they should choose partners who are young and giddy. This is usually a mistake, and the right kind of a widow, neither too young nor too old, will be found a better investment.

General HARRISON has the great advantage of getting a widow with whose character and disposition he has had the best of opportunities to get acquainted. He knows all about her husband, too, and she will not have a chance to parade the virtues of the dear departed DIMMICK, for HARRISON has heard all there was to be said about him, and has known him into the bargain.

On the other hand, Mrs. DIMMICK knows all about her future husband, and as much or more about his former wife. She knows just what kind of a cook and housekeeper the latter was, and thus the General will have nothing to remind her of that score. She knows, too, all about the General's temper, what he says when his laundry does not come home Saturday night, and how he dances round when he finds his writing table cleared up and the papers mislaid, as well as the language he is wont to use when he is in a hurry to catch a car and can't find a collar button.

One great fact on which she is to be congratulated is that he is a man of steady habits and will provide her with a good home. He is not rich, it is true, though he has an income which would put him high up in society in this part of the world, whatever his antecedents had been. He is believed to be worth \$500,000, makes about \$12,000 a year out of his law practice in Indianapolis, and could make four times as much if he were to come to New York. Besides this, he has a revenue from well placed investments, so that he is quite comfortable, though far from being wealthy as wealth is estimated among the Vanderbilts and that set.

From all that can be learned both the prospective bride and groom are to be congratulated on having made a sensible choice of each other. The General's son and daughter both being married and living in New York, he undoubtedly feels the need of loving in a domestic hearth of his own. A man at sixty, unless he be a widower with a family, is a lonely enough creature without a wife, and for the matter of that so is a man anywhere between thirty and sixty. The best thing he can do is to get married, if he is lucky enough to find the right kind of a woman to be his wife.

If Moncton had not a record as a somewhat ambitious city, one would suppose it to be a place where primitive simplicity reigned supreme. A few days ago the city treasurer was found to be a defaulter to the extent of at least \$9,100 in the past year's accounts. The discovery was not made by the auditors, but by an outsider, and for all that is now known the default may extend back into previous years. The auditors seem to have taken their office as a sinecure, for they failed to notice anything wrong in making their examinations, nor does it seem to have occurred to them that the fact of the auditor being engaged in stock gambling and local note shaving for a long time past was a matter to excite suspicion. Further than this, though the defaulting official had a guarantee policy for the benefit of the city, it seems to have been nobody's business to see it was renewed by the payment of the premium, and there was for a time a belief that the policy was worthless. The unfortunate defaulter is reported to be physically and mentally prostrated, but the fact that he is a defaulter to such a large amount seems due less to any dishonest intention in the first place than to the lax system, or the want of system, which permitted him to yield so easily to the temptation to get rich by the use of money which did not belong to him. It is a sad case as regards the offender, and it has an obvious moral for those who have to deal with the accounts of officials in other cities.

A sublime instance of faith comes from the Pawnee Indians of untutored mind in Oklahoma. They have lately gone to ghost dancing and making "medicines" which they believe to have charms against this, that and the other evils of existence. One of them, with the somewhat appropriate name of CRAZY HORSE, made medicine which he declared rendered anybody bullet proof. He did not experiment on himself, however, but got his brother to take the medicine and stand up in the presence of the council of chiefs while he did the firing. The brother, confident that CRAZY HORSE was a very wise man, stood up smilingly, the bullet went straight to his heart and he fell dead. No doubt CRAZY HORSE had some good theory to account for the failure of the experiment, but the chiefs voted him a humbug and confiscated all his

horses and ponies, while the United States officials will probably indict him on the charge of murder. Thus is genius sorely required when an inventor happens to make a mistake.

While the destination of England's flying squadron is unknown, some smart fellow in London has informed the newspaper correspondents that the commanding officers have been supplied with charts of the North American waters, the West Indies and the Mediterranean, and the newspapers on this side of the water solemnly publish this as an important piece of news. They evidently have an idea that the rule is to supply a British warship with only the charts of the waters for which she sails when put in commission, and that when she is ordered from one station to another she has to get new charts each time. It would be a rather remarkable thing if a cruiser went to sea without the charts above specified and many others in addition to them.

A Chicago judge has rendered a decision in an insurance case which may be important should it be held to be sound law. Suit was brought to recover the life insurance on a man who had committed suicide, and the company, one of the largest in America, resisted the claim on the ground that the application for insurance signed by the deceased contained a restriction as to death by suicide. The policy itself, however, said nothing on the subject. The court held that the application was no part of the contract, and that no matter what it contained, the company was bound by the terms of the policy, which was the real contract. That company will probably issue a new form of policy to save trouble in future cases.

If there were no party government, and if public offices were distributed by lottery, probably most of the positions would be filled by men as competent as those now appointed. The day when an office sought the man is long past, and now the man seeks the office not on any ground of fitness but because he has howled more loudly than his fellows for this party or that. Men who have failed to achieve success in the vocations which they have chosen, now ask the government to make public office a reward for incompetency when coupled with zeal in the lowest grade of party politics. And they succeed, failing only for the time when some more impudent claimant elbows his way to the front in advance of them.

One Nova Scotia concern in which the people of this province are keenly interested has just concluded a business year of splendid prosperity and added another to its many reports of successful business. The Bank of Nova Scotia differs from the Bank of New Brunswick in the respect that it covers a wide territory and comes in touch not only with the business of Halifax and Nova Scotia but with that of all Canada. Its management must be at once broad minded, judicious and energetic. With so many branches and embracing so wide a territory it speaks volumes for the executive head that controls the policy of this financial institution and for the local managers of its provincial offices.

The legislature of South Carolina has an idea that it can stop the practice of lynching by touching the pockets of the people. A bill has just passed the legislature which provides that any county in which a lynching takes place shall be liable for damages to the extent of not less than two thousand dollars for each person whose life is taken by the mob. Hanging a man in advance of his trial will thus be made on expensive luxury for the public, and when they find their taxes beginning to pile up, they may be induced to save money by letting the courts deal with the criminals.

A bill is to come before the Massachusetts legislature to fix a standard of quality for intoxicating liquors, so that the sale of the impure and adulterated article shall be illegal. There should be such a law here. It is all nonsense to say that if men will drink they must pay the penalty, and that if they want to be safe they should let intoxicants alone. The law recognizes, and in some ways encourages, the liquor traffic, and should take as much care to protect the public from the greed and dishonesty of the liquor dealer as it does to guard against fraud by the man who sells milk.

If ALFRED AUSTIN had any idea that he was fit to be poet laureate, he is probably changing his mind under the storm of ridicule and indignation which has followed the infliction of "JAMESON'S RIDE" on the British public.

New rifles are to be supplied to the Canadian militia at a cost of about \$80,000. These luxuries come high, but we must have them.

Dr. JAMESON is reported as having sailed from South Africa for England. The new laureate had better look out for himself.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Love's Taunt. When sorrow trails her darkest robes, Around our hearts and homes; Or in the silent steps of night, In sad bereavement comes.

When bitter loss and gnawing care, Rush wildly on the mind; And in the broken heart of woe, Gash wounds are hard to bind.

When life's sweet roses withered lie, And in a silent room; The sick we dearly love may die, And hope is dark with gloom.

When in the dark faith's cross is left, Sometimes in weakest hands; And perfect confidence and trust, Seem loosened from all bands.

Written on seeing the picture of a poet friend's little daughter, who was killed suddenly while playing in the street.

A hint of heaven In the first soft star That glowed afar; On eve's sapphire front hath smiled; In the flower my love hath given; From the edge of a snow-crowned river; And in the face of a child.

Sweet Alice, whence that cheerful look, The bright sky's summer blue; What spirit far from realms of bliss, Found its lost life in you?

Sweet Alice, may no night clouds hide, The peace that smiles to-day; True love be evermore your guide, Along life's sunny way.

Patience with the Living. Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor, When small shall be our need of grace From comrades or from neighbor; Passed all the strife the toil, the care, And done with all the sighing— What under truth shall we have gained, Alas! by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise Will our merits over; And eyes too swift our faults to see, Shall I no defect discover; Then hands that would not lift a stone Where stones were thick to cumber Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers Above our pillowed slumber.

Death's silence shames our clamor, Ere Love is past forgiving, Should take the earnest lesson home— Be patient with the living. To-day's repelling rebuke may save Our blinded tears to-morrow; The patience 'tween when we next edge away what a nameless sorrow!

'Tis easy to be gentle when Death's silence shames our clamor, Ere Love is past forgiving, Should take the earnest lesson home— Be patient with the living. To-day's repelling rebuke may save Our blinded tears to-morrow; The patience 'tween when we next edge away what a nameless sorrow!

The City of Surcouse. They do neither plight nor wed In the city of the dead; In the city where they sleep away the hours; But they do, while yet they range, Wint' r'light and summer change, And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers, No, they neither wed nor plight, And the day is like the night, And their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh In that burg of by and by, Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long; But they rest within their bed, Leaving all their thoughts unsaid, Deeming silence better than sob or song, No, they neither sigh nor spin, 'Tough the robin be a-wing, Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace In the City of Surcouse From the fallings and the wallings 'neath the sun, And the wings of the swift years, Beat but gently o'er the hills, Making music to the sleepers every one. There is only peace and rest, Exclamation points to see, For they lie in ease and know that life is done. —Richard Burton.

Reading Helen's Face. Helen's face is like a book— Charming in all its pages, Helen's face is like a book; What's the story I forsook? When on Helen's face I look? When her smile engages.

There I read an old romance; Here I see one living. There I read an old romance, But in Helen's slightest glance For a livelier tale enchants, Wild excitement giving.

What is printer's ink to me? Comma, dots and dashes! What is printer's ink to me? With Helen I may be, Exclamation points to see, Underneath her lashes! —The Lark.

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS.

South Africa the World's Mine and America the Greatest Purchaser. South Africa, according to the figures for the year 1895 now at hand, is the world's greatest diamond mine and the United States are the best market in the universe for diamonds.

The exports of diamonds from the South African diamond fields were \$18,000,000 last year, and the world's total output was \$20,000,000, or \$2,000,000 additional. Of this total, \$20,000,000 the United States brought \$14,000,000 worth, almost entirely in cut stones. By the Wilson tariff the import duty on set diamonds was decreased from 50 to 35 per cent and on cut stones was increased from 10 to 25. It 1893 the value of diamonds and other jewels uncut imported into the United States was 1,000,000 and of cut or set stones \$15,000,000. The year following the former fell to \$560,000 and the latter to \$1,800,000. While tariff changes have affected somewhat the diamond trade in the United States, and have recently promoted the business of diamond cutting and setting here, they have been without serious effect upon the American market of purchasers, which for diamonds is the best in the world.

Intelligent and observant foreigners travelling in the United States, it has been observed, are impressed with the extraordinary popularity and almost lavish use of diamonds by Americans. Not only are there more diamonds in this country than in any other in the world, but they are in more general use. The most valuable individual diamonds of the world's supply are owned and held abroad. They are seldom worn. The largest known diamond weighs 367 carats. The value of the famous Kohinoor, which weighs 103 carats is \$500,000, but the value of diamonds is not wholly regulated by weight, color being an important element. A Cape diamond of 288 carats sold (such is the record) some years ago for \$60,000. Until a century and a half ago the world's diamond field was Indian, and for nearly a century India held this position. Then the discovery of diamond mines in Brazil brought South American diamonds into the market and in 1868, more than twenty-five years ago, the South African or Cape diamond fields were discovered and have been worked with great profit ever since and the Brazilian fields have been practically abandoned. The South African diamond region covers 15,000 square miles, and one field—the Kimberley, covering nine acres—has produced more than \$100,000,000 worth of diamonds since 1871. The present annual export of diamonds from the South African diamond fields averages 1,500 pounds, to a value, as we have stated, \$18,000,000. Two thousand white and 20,000 native miners are employed there. For some reason which is not very plain, although the products of diamond mines have been for many years in territories owned and controlled either by England, Spain, or Portugal, the business of diamond cutting has centred in and about the Netherlands, and particularly Belgium. The first guild of diamond cutters was established in the town of Bruges, in that country, more than ten hundred years ago, and since that time the business has been a very profitable one both in Antwerp and Amsterdam, though the United States is becoming if it has not already become, a rival in this field.

Insult Added to Injury. "By gad," said the Colonel, "if ever I find who did it I'll shoot him like a dog. Like a wuthless dog." "Shoot whom?" asked the mild North-ern man.

"The fellow, sah, who stole the jug of whisky out of my wagon, sah." "Would you imbrue your hands in the blood of a fellow being for a mere jug of whisky? The loss could not have been more than six or seven dollars."

"By gad, the thief was not content with purloining my whisky, but he put the jug back in the wagon filled with water, sah, and I took a snitfab, rah, just before I put up my team, and neah choked."—Indianapolis Journal.

Figured It Out. (George)—Mabel, my own dear love, I beg of you, name the day. Mabel—But, George, dear, remember you have only \$10 a week.

George (aware of her mathematical deficiencies)—Ten dollars a week, forsooth! I have not told you, darling—I have kept it as a little surprise for you—but I now get \$1,040 in two years.

Mabel—(falling into his arms)—Oh! George, how happy we shall be!—Washington Times.

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Where is the waiting time? Where are the fears? Gone with the winter's rime, The bye gone years O'er life's plain, lone and vast, Slow treads the morn. Night shades have moved and passed, Joy's day is born. —Mrs. Sophie Almon-Hemley, In "A Woman's Love Letter."

"Yes, and coffee," said Davis "I don't keer for tea, but I knows it's kin' o' fashionable," continued the mountaineer. "We tried some ort. A peddler sol' it to us. We cooked a mess of it, an' the soup war too bitter, while I'd rather hev danderline than the greens part. Saw'anthy kin' o' liked it with molasses poured in, so I planted the rest in the garding, but it wouldn't grow, so we didn't buy no mo' of the stuff."—Washington Star.

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