

Rainbow and Rose

A Storyette

In the middle of June many centuries ago the sun was at its height. On the higher land all the trees and flowers were scorched and dried up from the long drought, and his burning rays pierced their way even to the cool and stately garden which lay in the shelter of the valley many feet below, but they only touched lightly the myriad of beautiful flowers that raised their heads so gladly to meet his soft, caressing touch, which fell in slanting shadows amid the thick green foliage.

Everything seemed to thrive in this old-fashioned garden, from the proud white lily to the humble blue forget-me-not growing in bunches in the soft moss, but the most beautiful of all were the masses of roses—red, yellow and pink, and the faintly tinted tea rose—and in their midst, seeming to stand alone and apart from all the rest, a beautiful pink La France, her bright green leaves forming a halo around her. The other roses in the garden looked up to her as their queen, the birds would come and sing their best songs before her, and the proud peacocks would carry their tails higher and strut more vainly as they passed before her.

The flowers had it all their own way in this beautiful, half forgotten acre of God. No rough gardener came to cut away their thorns, snip off their dead buds and gather them to put into vases, where they would droop and die in a few short hours. Only a little child would come sometimes and touch them softly, almost reverently, with his thin white fingers and whisper childish things to them, and the flowers would answer back, and the boy seemed to understand them and know their language, for his wistful eyes would brighten and a smile play round his small mouth.

And he was always tired now, and in the great heat of the day he could seldom drag his weary little body as far as the roses, only when the sun began to set and the cool of the evening came. Then, if he were well enough, he would come.

But one day the shadows grew longer and longer, the weary flowers raised their drooping heads in vain, the tiny white robed figure came no more, and over the garden was a great hush, and the petals of the roses dropped silently to the ground in their grief, the birds' songs were hushed, and the bright hued peacocks swept their drooping feathers dejectedly behind them.

The stately queen of roses bowed her proud head, and a black silence crept closer and closer, for in the garden was the shadow of death.

And the roses mourned among themselves long and sorrowfully, but none mourned so deeply as the stately queen. She missed the soft, caressing fingers of the child. She missed the golden curls which had rested so often and so lovingly near her heart.

Must she always grow alone, without anything to love and call her own? Why could she not have a little child to take the place of the one who was gone?

The days passed on, and she held herself more apart from the other flowers, and the mantle of her sadness descended over them and over all the garden. The birds ceased their songs, the sparkling streams of water no longer rippled over the smooth, white pebbles, but were almost dried up, with only a faint thread trickling half heartedly along. The roses were withered and dying, until one morning there came a soft, refreshing shower of rain, and the flowers began to revive.

All day long the rain increased in volume, then toward evening suddenly died away, and on the clear blue of the sky above appeared the many colored hues of a rainbow, and as the roses looked toward their queen they raised their drooping heads in amazement.

For the rainbow had descended from the sky above and enveloped her in his climbing folds, hiding her from the eyes that would see and making her his own.

Summer once more in the garden that lies in the shelter of the valley—summer, but not the noonday heat; evening and the silver moon arrayed in all her best.

Birds are singing on every bough as if their little throats would burst, so eager are they to do homage to the occasion. All the flowers are arrayed in their brightest and bravest colors, and the streams make merry music as they bubble over the smooth, white pebbles.

And by the queen of roses nestles a small pink rosebud. So small, so tender, is he that her leaves almost enfold him. For the stately La France's wish has been granted her, and tonight the garden is on fete for the christening of the offspring of the many hued rainbow and the proud rose.

The insects come one by one to bring their offerings and lay them at the rose's feet, and each flower wags one of her petals, which contains a wish for the sleeping child. The stars, too, drop from heaven and rest lightly over him, and then, when all have come and gone, the moon's silver rays center themselves on the rose and her child, lighting them up and leaving all the rest in gloom, and in the silence and hush of that glorious summer night the moon speaks:

"I give to this child a name that shall live forever and ever, that shall work more good than evil, that shall bring happiness to many and misery to few—a name without which no one can live, for the name which I give to your child is—Love."—Lady's Realm.

A Smart Girl.

My love in her attire doth show her wit.

And in her conversation shows her taste.

And so no pin I fear about her waist.

And in the candy store know what to get.

—Puck.

Wise Girl.

She said she loved a man of deeds,

But let her soldier lover skate.

And took a mollycoddle's name,

His deeds were deeds to real estate.

INDIANA INDIAN NAMES.

Miami Name For Indianapolis Was "Makes a Noise Place."

Indiana is the center of literature, and Indianapolis is known throughout the world as the Omphalos of Poetry. Whatever relates to that center and that Omphalos interests every reasoning man and woman. May we borrow from Mr. Jacob Platt Dunn, Secretary of the Indiana Historical Society, a little of the light he has just irradiated on Indiana philology in his "Glossary of Indian Names," which is part of his "True Indian Stories," lately reviewed and praised in the Sun?

The good reverend, yet deplore, the name "Indianapolis." It is pretentious, mouth filling, a guess at Greek, unworthy of what the city commemorates that has grown up in spite of it. How much more euphonious was the Miami name for it: "Chankuncong," an admirable prophecy of the present capital, for it means "Makes a Noise Place." Is it too late to go back to this happy appellation?

Winona, the name of a town which used to be famous in Minnesota as the home of William Windom, is now used in Indiana only of Winona Lake; but Mr. Dunn gives us a little lesson in baby nomenclature among the Sioux:

"Winonah" is a Sioux female proper name, signifying a first born child. If the first born is a boy the name given is "Chaskay," and in that case there can be no "Winonah" in the family. When sex is not desired to be indicated the Sioux word for the first born is "tokahpah," which is the numeral "first."

In a Rooseveltian world these distinctions and delicacies are not without value. No Sioux, as far as we know, commits the barbarity of saddling his child with a statesman's name.

"Winnipeg" means, we say with regret and all apology to northern neighbors, "stinking water." "Wabash," we know not what others may think, but to us "Gabash" has something, has much of the inexplicable and immemorial magic of "Tiber," "Nile," "Tigris," "Ganges," "Arno." We have to see loyal Indians pointing from the train at that sacred stream, "Wabash" as a vocable flows from the Miami name "Wahwahshikiki," usually pronounced "Wahwahshikiki" (accent on the penult) and is an infection of the Miami adjective "white." The name "refers to the limestone bed of the upper part of the stream;" and there is nothing in the somewhat common theory that Wabash means "a cloud driven by the equinoctial wind." Mr. Riley's lines surge into the mind:

"Bright waters that swirl and that frazzle, Wabash!
By the cliffs they have bitten to frazzle, Wabash!"

How many Manhattan cockneys know how to pronounce the Lone Star Waco, famous among cities? Some of the untraveled are apt to make the syllable broad "ah," thinking they show themselves correct and Spanish thereby. There is "Waco" (wayco) in Indiana, imported from Texas, sometimes written as Spanish, "Hueco," and said to mean "heron" among the Wichita. "Tippecanoe," a mighty word is a corruption of "Ketapekonong," the Indian town below the mouth of the Tippecanoe River, "Canoe," Mr. Dunn tells us "is not a word of the North American Indians," "Tecumseh," properly "Tecumtha," is a "going across," or "crossing over," "Mohawk" is probably "cannibal." Ohio is certainly "beautiful," "Manhattan" (there is one in Indiana) Mr. Dunn grimly holds after mentioning many other etymologies, including "beautiful view," to be as Hecke-welder said, "the place where we all got drunk." There is a final finality about their guesses, "Kokomo," for example, "has been translated 'Black Walnut,' 'Bear Chief' and 'Young Grandmother,'" and "may be translated 'The Diver.'"

But we mustn't wear out our welcome. We take our leave, happy in Mr. Dunn's confirmation of "Place of Wild Onions" as the interpretation of "Chicago." The old, mephitic calumny is slowly being dispelled.—New York Sun.

Harry Rump, a chauffeur of Guilford, England, is in hard luck. On a recent occasion he was fined \$35 and costs for exceeding the speed-limit. His excuse to the magistrate was: "I was driving a Yankee, and he kept saying, 'For Heaven's sake, let's get on!' He is saying up to get married; but whenever he drives Americans they urge him to go faster, and he parts with all his savings in fines."

When a recently enriched merchant in Russia is bent on organizing a really brilliant entertainment, he spends thousands of rubles on the supper, the music and the decorations; and then, to give an air of true distinction to his fete, bargains for the attendance of a retired general, who understands it to be a part of his bargain that he shall appear in full uniform, with all his crosses and decorations.

The highest restaurant in the world has been opened at the Elmsner station of the Jungfrau railway in Switzerland. It is 10,000 feet above sea-level, close to the summit of the mountain. The food is not cooked by means of ordinary fuel, but by electricity generated by the Lutschine waterfall, deep down in the valley below. The dining room is a large hall hewn out of the solid rock, and heated by electricity.

Heard in the Country Store.

Silas—Hello, Cy. What's new down Frog Creek way?

Cyrus—Haven't you heard? Gee! Zeke Weatherby is the proud pa of a youngster that weighs twenty pounds.

Silas—Do tell! That's odd. Anything else?

Cyrus—Yep! Hank Rytap is the proud pa of twins. Reckon you'll say that's odd, too?

Silas—No, by heck; that's even.—Chicago News.

And Then Did She?

Customer—What is the price of the duck?

Little Girl—Please, mum, it's 3 shillings, but mother says if you grumble it's 2s. 6d.—Punch.

WORLD'S GREATEST DANDY

Title Still Held by King Ed. in Spirit of His 70 Years

King Edward of England, notwithstanding the fact that he is now approaching his seventieth year and has come to be regarded as one of the most astute diplomats and statesmen in the world, is still recognized as the first gentleman of Europe in matters of fashion, and in accordance with his reputation as the acknowledged leader of men's modes, all those male inhabitants of European countries who desire to be regarded as smart and up to date in regard to their personal attire model their clothes as nearly as possible after those worn by England's monarch.

The leading tailors of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg, Budapest and the smaller European capitals come to Marienbad every year to carry out a systematic observation of the King during the three weeks in which he drinks the health-giving waters of the springs and lives the simple life, to cure himself of the results of rich and luxurious living in England. When the King arrives, toward the end of August, a swarm of tailors and outfitters from all the capitals are waiting to pursue their studies of the way in which the first gentleman clothes and decorates his august body. Hatters, hosiers, shirt-makers, shoemakers, venders of underwear, collar makers and cuff manufacturers, glove-makers and jewelers are there to carry out the necessary observations in their respective spheres of activity. During the King's visit to Marienbad they exploit to the full so excellent an opportunity of watching Edward's taste in all departments of clothing and outfitting.

Every morning before 7 o'clock the King appears on the public promenade to drink the waters from the springs, together with hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world assembled at Marienbad, and at this early hour he invariably wears a lounge sack suit, with other articles of clothing to match, but whatever the color of the suit may be, he always wears a colored shirt and brown shoes. It is noticeable that the King has an especial liking for red in dressing himself, for nine days out of ten he wears a red tie and almost every day red stockings can be seen peeking forth between his turned-up trousers and low shoes.

The King takes with him to Marienbad more than 100 large trunks for a stay of three weeks, so that he has a liberal choice of clothes from which to choose every morning. It is noticeable that he dons a different suit on each morning and that he varies the color of the shirts and hats in the same way, the red socks being the only point in which he prefers sameness from day to day. If he appears in a gray suit one morning he wears a brown suit next day, a blue suit on the third day, another shade of gray on the fourth, a different blue or brown on the fifth, green clothes on the sixth, and so on, till he has exhausted the stock of suits which he has brought with him, and begins again at the beginning. The color of the soft felt hat always corresponds to the color of the suit, so that a gray hat accompanies a gray coat, and a green hat a green suit.

Many of the King's colored shirts are made with the collars affixed to them, and the collar is made of the same material and is the same color as the shirt itself. Sometimes the King wears a white collar on a colored shirt, but the cuffs are always of the same color as the material of the shirt. The King's handkerchief also corresponds to the color of the suit which he is wearing. If the weather be cold the King reveals the possession of an amazing variety of overcoats and ulsters of all colors, lengths and styles, and altogether his early-morning promenades yield a world of observations in regard to the kind of clothing to be worn on unceremonious occasions.

If the King goes out to lunch or to afternoon tea, as is often the case during his Marienbad visit, he wears, by preference, gray frock coats or gray cutaway coats with tails, surmounted by a gray top hat, a style of dressing which is sometimes varied by a blue frock coat or blue cutaway, also surmounted by a gray top hat. In the evening the King either goes to the local theater or attends a small and comparatively informal dinner party given by some English, French or Austrian aristocrat in his honor, and on these occasions he wears a dining jacket with a black tie. Once or twice during his summer vacation there may be a more formal dinner to attend, and then the King always goes out in full evening dress and white tie. Every Sunday morning he religiously attends the little English church and then he dons the traditional tall black silk hat typical of the English Sunday, together with a black frock coat, colored waistcoat and gray trousers.

The Queerest Salad.

A gourmet, as he mixed a salad of chicory, said: "The world's queerest salad, and possibly its most delicious one, is eaten by the Inuits of north-west Greenland. It is a salad of undigested moss from the stomach of a freshly killed reindeer, a bitter, sharp, stimulating salad, as good for the digestion as an electrical massage. The Inuits live almost exclusively on fish; hence salads are a favorite dish with them. But no salad, in their minds, compares with that which they wrest from the slaughtered reindeer. They say this salad is crispier, tenderer and more appetizing than any other, and they say it wards off indigestion. They fight for it, they spend their last penny on it, quite as the Indians do with firewater."—Exchange.

A Murderous Maid.

First Admirer—She looked daggers at me.

Second Ditto—She cut me dead.

Third Ditto—Well, I must say, when she came out in that stunning rig she paralyzed me.

Fourth Ditto—I think she's just killing.—Baltimore American.

A WORD FROM THE LANDLADY.

Be Careful, Girls, She Says, We Can Tell More than a Secret.

"No," said the landlady, "you can't tell anything from a boarder's trunk. The time has been when a yellow-leather trunk with a Planter's House label pasted on it could get my front single parlor and no questions asked, but not of late years. The stung landlady dreads the hotel label. Some of the swiftest-looking trunks that ever went up my front stairs turned out to be made of paper with the brass hinges only painted on," runs a story in the Kansas City Times.

"Landladies are only human, and I am free to confess that I have been deceived by these appearances in the past, but if I had to size up a boarder to-day by this means, other things being equal, I would pin my faith to the little battered tin trunk with a barn-door padlock and an odor of moth-balls.

"The truth is landladies are often to blame for their own misfortunes, and their vanity has put many a good-paying boarding house on the rocks. When the new boarder comes to the door in a cab with his trunk strapped on behind and his hat box on the seat beside the driver it is a strong-minded landlady who can keep the fact clearly before her that she runs a boarding house, and not an apartment hotel.

"I don't know why it is that a landlady should allow herself to be taken in by such shallow articles when she knows better all the time, but it is true nevertheless that she is too often a willing victim. Her experience has taught her well enough that the boarder who puts on the most style, who makes the biggest kick about the odor of cabbage in the front hall, and who calls you down before the whole table because you left the wrong laundry bundle at his door, is sure to be the man who is shy on his board bill Saturday night. Yet such a boarder is almost certain to get more consideration and attention than the man who pays in advance, never kicks at anything and always turns the gas down when he goes out.

"Short of marrying a man, I believe there is no experience to be gained in there is no evidence to be gained in any business equal to that of landladying. No man can long conceal his true character from his landlady. He may shoot off a lot of fireworks to fool the rest of the world, but his landlady generally knows what they are worth. I have often thought that if girls who are thinking of marrying would come to us first we could exert a tremendous influence for good in behalf of society. Better come to us than go to a fortune teller.

"It is a grave question in my mind whether any girl should marry a man until she has been around when he is shaving. The tone of voice in which I have been tasked by a boarder with a murderous razor in his hand if I called the water in the boiler hot would, I am sure, make any girl who heard it think twice. Young men who are known to them as creatures of the greatest good nature and affability would bear different reputations if the landlady chose to tell what she knew.

"What a shock it would be to some confiding girl if she could see her hero standing in his door shaking his shirt in my face and demanding to know what the laundry had done to the neck-band. These are some of the things we could tell if we were asked. We could also show that some of the money spent for theater tickets and bonbons should have gone to pay for the roast consumed the previous Sunday. Have you ever noticed that a young man at the theater with his girl always avoids the eye of his landlady if she happens to be in the house? She knows, and he knows she knows.

"My hope is that some day the world will realize what it owes to the landlady. Perhaps the time will come when a grateful boarder will erect a monument to her, but in the meantime I will be satisfied if I can collect what is due me on Saturday night."

The Real Trouble.

William Clyde Fitch, who doesn't use his first name, has about as little of the traditional sensitiveness to failures as it is possible for a generally successful dramatist to get along with. He talks "The Straight Road" with all the enthusiasm that he brings to a reminiscence of "Beau Brummel," and he has no objection to telling you of a mirth that has been made at his own expense.

"I always had faith in my historical play, 'Nathan Hale,' which, you may remember, we put on during the Spanish war," he said recently. "I believe in that play, but nobody else seems altogether to agree with me."

"I recall with not a little pain how I sat in the almost empty theater during one of its productions.

"Beside me at the time was one of the best-known, ablest and also frankest dramatic critics in New York, and to him I was trying to ease my mind.

"I think," I said, "that we have put this play on at the wrong time. Nobody wants to go to the theater in war time."

"My friend looked at me and shook his head, sagely.

"No, Fitch," he answered, "the trouble is not the war, but the piece."—Saturday Evening Post.

Origin of the Word "Bogus."

The word "bogus" is said by Dr. Ogilvie to be derived from Bognesse, the name of a notorious American swindler who, about the year 1835, flooded the Western and Southwestern States with counterfeit bills, sham mortgages, etc. Others connect the word with "bogy," a scarecrow or goblin, and so applied to anything fictitious or chimerical.

Lowell, in the "Bigelow Papers," says: "I more than suspect the word to be a corruption of the French 'bogasse.'" This bogasse was the sugar cane as delivered in its dry, crushed state from the mill, also called can trash and fit only for burning, being synonymous with useless rubbish.

Again, according to Brewer, there is in French argot or thieves' slang a word "bogue," which signifies the rind of a green chestnut or the case of a watch, and this also brings us to the idea of an outward seeming without any solid or reputable foundation.—Kansas City Journal.

Two Wives for Fifty Years

MORMON MARRIED GIRLS ON SAME DAY AND LIVED HAPPILY WITH THEM HALF CENTURY

Is marriage a failure? Well, not always—not if you have two wives.

In these divorce-ridden days a man is counted lucky if he lives out a long lifetime happily with one woman, but Absalom Woolf—it is part of the story that he lives in Utah—has spent more than fifty years as the husband of two women, with never a cloud on the domestic horizon. He married them both on the same day. In fact, he had what you might call a double wedding, and the happy brides had only one thought—to make their beloved bridegroom happy. Mr. Woolf declares that they succeeded in the superlative degree, and last year, when the trio celebrated their golden wedding, each of the aged wives declared that she never had felt a single pang of jealousy during the half century of nuptial bliss.

The Woolfs live at Hyde Park, Utah, and up to the time of their golden wedding the world had not discovered their unparalleled romance. Even in the Mormon Church, to which they belong, it is said no occasion ever has occurred before, and the happy trio received congratulations with something of wonderment. They are not society folks and are not used to the notice of the world.

"If we had known that our matrimonial career was going to arouse such a commotion I don't believe we'd have had any golden wedding," said Mr. Woolf. "We're just common folks, and don't want people making a fuss over us just because we've lived together fifty years. If we hadn't intended to be happy we wouldn't have married, would we? I can't see that we've done any more than our duty, for it's the duty of married folks to get along in peace and harmony."

True enough, Mr. Woolf. And they all mean to do their duty and to live happily ever after—when they're married. But they do not all possess your secret.

The marriage of Mr. Woolf, which occurred April 19, 1837, in the Mormon Endowment house in Salt Lake City, was the result of an unusual romance of the pioneer days. The young women were Lucy Ann Hamblenton and Harriet Wood, and each maiden had just passed her sixteenth year. Miss Hamblenton was an Indiana girl, while Miss Wood came from the prairies of Illinois. They were both beauties and still retain the charm that comes to those who grow old happily.

Absalom Woolf, called "Appy" by his wives and friends, was born in Pelham, Westchester county, N. Y., in 1832. He was one of the original converts to Mormonism and was with that sturdy band of pioneers who made the plunge into the desert in 1847, two years before the gold-seekers fared across the continent to California. The two young girls who afterward became his brides were in the same party.

It was the custom in those days for people to marry early, and Mr. Woolf began "keeping company" with Miss Wood before she was fifteen. They lived at Nephi, 100 miles south of Salt Lake City. Even at that early day Salt Lake City was the Mecca of the Mormons, who made semi-annual pilgrimages there to attend the conference of the church. Upon one such pilgrimage Miss Wood remained in the central city with friends, and thus the two lovers were separated.

There were no mails in Utah at that day, but gossip seems to have traveled with as much speed as at the present day. While Woolf did not hear from his sweetheart directly, he heard in a round-about way that she was being wooed with much fervor by a young man of the city. Later he heard from what seemed to be a reliable source that Miss Wood was married.

Although he was much grieved by the news, Mr. Woolf determined to show the young woman that there was just as good fish in the sea as the one he had failed to land. He found that Miss Hamblenton was ready to comfort him, and before he knew it he found out that pity was akin to love. They became engaged, and he thought he had put the faithless girl out of his heart altogether.

Just before the date set for the wedding Miss Wood returned from Salt Lake City, and Mr. Woolf found out when it appeared to be too late that Dame Rumor was a prevaricator. Miss Wood had not married. Not only that, but she had not even a lover in Salt Lake City, and her heart still clung with fond tenderness to the young man in Nephi, who, as she believed, was waiting faithfully for her return.

This was an embarrassing position for the young man as well as for the girls. But at that time polygamy was an open tenet of the Mormon Church, and it offered a way out. It was not even then the custom to have "double weddings," however, the faithful followers of Brigham Young making it a practice to take their honeymoon on the installment plan.

Mr. Woolf waited a while to see if the dilemma would not settle itself. But time showed that the two girls really loved him, and he could not

make up his mind that he could be happy with either "were t'other dear charmer away." He sought his bishop for advice.

"Marry 'em both, my boy; marry 'em both," was the counsel of the shepherd of the flock to which young Woolf belonged.

He took the matter before the young women in the frank way that was the fashion in those days.

"I love you both, my dears, and both of you love me. Shall we get married?"

The remarkable part of it is that the girls were satisfied with this arrangement. According to their religious convictions the matter was right and proper. The two young women were good friends, and they were not jealous of one another.

The trio made a pilgrimage to Zion's central city, and there the two girls were united to the one man they loved, and the astonishing thing in the story is that "they lived happily ever after."

There was none of the usual problems of the "eternal triangle" to vex this happy little family. The two wives had but one home and the neighbors marveled and waited for the inevitable row, but it did not come. The wives did not quarrel, but dwelt together as happily as sisters. They shared the duties of the household and the affections of their husband with equal serenity, and Cupid, who is neither Mormon nor Gentile, and cares nothing for creeds and customs, looked at the happy family and congratulated himself on the good job he had done.

Lucy Ann bore her husband twelve children, while Harriet presented him with ten. All the neighbors say there were no feuds in the family. The little half brothers and sisters played together and hardly knew that they had only one father and different mothers. If one mother was sick the other nursed her and looked after the little ones, caring for the one brood as tenderly as the other.

Seventeen of the children are alive now, and it is said that there is not a black sheep in the flock. They are scattered all over the Western country.

Most of the children and about sixty grandchildren attended the golden wedding last year to congratulate their father and their respective mothers.

On Thanksgiving day of this year it is expected that there will be a large delegation of the children and grandchildren present at the old home. If the whole number could be present the family table would have to be the largest on record, and it would take time to figure how many turkeys would be needed. There are 110 grandchildren and twenty-six great-grandchildren.

Mr. Woolf has prospered as husband, father, farmer and stock raiser. His parents became converts to the Mormon faith in 1843, and in the following year they moved from New York to Nauvoo, Ill., then the headquarters of the followers of Joseph Smith. They reached Nauvoo just before Joseph Smith met his death, and joined in the exodus to the unknown West. Although Absalom Woolf was only 15 at the time, he drove three yoke of oxen from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City.

It was while crossing the plains that he formed the acquaintance of the two girls who after ward became his wives, though at that time none of the three dreamed they would become entangled in the most peculiar little three-cornered romance that ever was.

Mr. Woolf was one of the most famous Indian fighters in the West during his early manhood. He was a scout and a courier and took part in the bloodiest battles that were fought with the redskins during the years of the settlement and pacification of Utah. In the southern part of the Territory the Indians were especially troublesome, and Mr. Woolf, having been elected a peace officer, was constantly on the warpath.

But after the Indian wars were over, and when the combined family of the two mothers became too numerous to be contained in a single home, Mr. Woolf built another dwelling near the first family home. The two families separated then, more as a matter of domestic convenience than because they could not live together in unity.

Mr. Woolf now makes his home with his wife Lucy Ann. When the Mormon Church issued the Woodruff manifesto commanding its followers to abandon the practice of polygamy Mr. Woolf rebelled, for he had married his wives in good faith and resented the idea of putting aside one of them, but finally he gave heed to the advice of his ecclesiastical superiors and, by agreement with his wives, the home of Lucy was selected as his future place of abode. Unlike many others in his condition, he has religiously observed his promise to live in monogamy. Nevertheless, the two women visit with each other, attend each other in illness, and no two sisters could display more consideration for one another.

battle ship, and he had a most enjoyable dinner. The captain was shocked that the President had no napkin to wipe his mouth on, and proposed to send for one, but I assured him that I would not permit one on the table. This custom of mine, like some other of my performances, would have turned the captain of fifty years ago white-headed. However that may be, it convinced the men, and also the commissary officer, that I intended to see that those under my command should be properly fed, and the first effect was to stop a vast amount of growling and discontent in the fleet.—Admiral Evans, in Broadway Magazine.

Looks Wild.

Yeast—They say there is no record of the existence of the camel in a wild state.

Crimsonbeak—Well, the fellow who tries to ride one seems to have a monopoly of the wild state.—Yonkers Statesman.