

## HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

Marion Harland's Talk to Men on the Choice of Wives.

WOMEN OFTEN CHOOSE HUSBANDS THAN MEN WIVES—HOW MEN ARE WON—TYPES OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE NO RIGHT TO MARRY—WOMEN WITH NOTHING BUT FIXED AIR AND FROTH IN THEIR HEADS—HOW SOME MEN CHOOSE WIVES—DO GOOD DAUGHTERS ALWAYS MAKE GOOD WIVES?—SOME THINGS TO BE BORNE IN MIND BY MEN CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE.

Editor Deseret News:

Mrs. Hannah More tells us in a dreary, three-volume tale now Cælebs—stuffed with pen-and-ink pigs—chose a wife.

Who in modern and real life imitates his example?

Fortune-hunters seek "with smiles and with soap," the probable possessors of plectronic purses; the returned missionary, on a brief furlough, consults the brethren, and presumably, the Lord, in the selection of a fellow-armorbearer, with devout inclinations and a stout constitution; quadruply-bereaved widowers, wider-awake than bachelors to a sense of the uncertainty of time and earthly things, make haste to be wise (or foolish) and set forth marriage feasts with funeral meats still lukewarm.

These are economic and prudent contracts, legal enough, but wanting in all else that makes the joining together in wedlock of man and woman honorable marriage in the sight of Heaven.

Love that sanctifies, faith that elevates, the hope that is a well-spring of joy and comfort in heart and home, are an omnipotent three that bring down to earth the Kingdom of Heaven. But it cometh not with observation.

Women oftener choose husbands than men wives, paradoxical though the statement may sound. The overtures of courtship, however impetuous, give them the advantage of perspective in judging of suitors' merits. Once in a generation Juliet meets Romeo fully half-way perhaps a little over—but the full tide runs in the direction of man's approach and woman's waiting. Women are noticed, argued, led by cunningly-devised staves into love. Men "fall" in, how easily and fatally. Addison narrates in his immortal list of "killed and wounded." "T. S. wounded by Zeldora's scarlet stocking as she was stepping out of a coach. 'I'm Tattle killed by the tap of a fan.' Sir Simon softly murdered at the play-house in Drury Lane by a frown. W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off 'pon the side of the front-box."

Dick Taste-well slain by a bluish Musidorne slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Flavia's left cheek," etc.

Shakespeare shows us his lover inditing sonnets to his mistress's eye-brows, from which bow, we may surmise, sped the shaft that brought him down.

Verily, in view of the exceedingly "promiscuous" character of the accidents that guide Cælebs's choice, he has reason to cling, as for life, to the belief that matches are made in heaven. Otherwise he has little "show" in the mighty lottery.

The only hope that the few hints friends can throw out for his guidance may be heeded, is in the theory that—reversing the order of the miracle done upon the blind man—there is a moment in which the eyes, erst clear and critical, see through the first folds of cupid's bandage, women as trees walking. When the silken tissue is once firmly adjusted, obscurity is complete. After that, no experience save his own, and that dearly-bought, can enlighten him. To vary the figure—the love-fit is ennable only in the incipient stages. This opportunity lost, it must run its course.

It is a pity! We know so well what goes to make up the ideal wife that we lose patience with him who blindly seizes upon the opposite type of woman, or upon one who is no type at all. It is therefore with the feelings of one who beareth the air that I sit me down to the preparation of this paper.

I once knew a man who bore the burden for ten years of a hopelessly-invalid wife. He was heroically patient under the cross, and mourned sincerely when the racked and wasted body was laid out of his arms upon the one bed to which pain never comes. Meeting him two years afterward, I congratulated him upon his second betrothal, saying I had heard that he was singularly fortunate in his choice.

"Thank you," said the bonest fellow, simply. "I believe she is perfectly healthy."

Begin we where he left off. Health of body, freedom from so much as a proclivity to organic disease, is a consideration so important to one who anticipates marriage that the wonder grows in thoughtful minds at the habitual disregard of the question. It may be chivalric to undertake the charge of an ailing woman, and benevolent to smooth her pathway to the tomb, but the callidous widower who has dwelt for the best years of his life in the valley of the shadow of death, or the frantic father who sees the development in his offspring of the dread malady that cursed their mother's existence, may well deplore the early madners that has borne such fruit. A man has but one life. That spoiled, there is no redress. Without full acquiescence in Darwin's dogma that legislation should step in here to protect the race, we can hardly state

too forcibly the fundamental fact that no diseased man or woman has a moral right to marry.

Said a young divine in asking advice in a dispassionate and Cælebsian spirit of an elder teacher of righteousness:

"The woman I love is intelligent, affectionate, and pious. Her only defect is an ungovernable temper, but I trust, with the grace of God, to be able to endure that."

The reverend father raised a warning hand, "No, my son! Let her alone! Leave her to the grace of God. That can live where you could not!"

Let those who do not dread "Kate the curst," or shrink from a Petrucchio's office neglect the admonition. The solitary bright saying (so far as I know) of a slow-witted sufferer from a virago's tongue and temper, was that which recommended a friend to "strike matches on a powder-keg all day rather than marry a vixen."

The counsel of another ghostly father introduces the next section of our theme so aptly that I cannot resist the desire to quote it. His neophyte regretted that his beloved, although good, amiable and comely, was not endowed with practical wisdom, otherwise known as common sense.

"Dismiss all thought of marrying her!" ordered the senior apostle. "Were she a heathen, she might be converted. It is not in the power of the Almighty Himself, to put common sense into a head that was made up without it!"

The recklessness with which the admirer of a pretty face and nimble tongue elects her to the position of the arbiter of his and his children's destinies, is the most monstrous obstacle in the advance of the race toward perfectibility. It can only be explained by reference to the close fit and many swathings of the bandage alluded to a while ago. A man chooses his dentist with care; he will not engage a groom who has no credentials beyond a neat figure and glib utterance; he pays for the "search" that establishes the validity of his title to his house; and, when it is bought, has in an expert to look into drainage and plumbing; he will not buy a horse or dog unless he knows something of his pedigree and points. He will, and does, fall in love with a girl's neat ankles and bewitching lisp, and await the honest "first year" of married life to find out that she has nothing but fixed air and froth in her head, and no strength of any kind anywhere except what lies in a mule-like pertinacity to her own petty purposes, that mocks at reason, and will none of argument. The most unmanageable force in nature is a fool. And, as a taper loses nothing of brightness in lighting a dozen other tapers, the foolish wife and mother, in multiplying her folly through her progeny, grows rather than diminishes in astuteness in entering upon what would be, with sensible matrons, maturity.

For—and here lies the forest rub in this great wrong, so constantly and unconsciously done before our eyes—zero can develop into nothing but zero, were our pretty feather-head's age to outrun Methuselah's. Small minds soon attain their growth. He who looks forward fondly to permeating the intellect of his pink and white simpleton with his own brains, to forming her tastes and fashioning her speech, forgets that porcelain already painted, fired and glazed, is not malleable. He might do all that he plans and more with crude ore, but he must make sure of his material before venturing upon the metamorphosis.

Mothers are reprehensible in that they are prone to leave too much of moulding and developing to the young husband. The training that has as its end our girl's happiness and usefulness in her father's house is very well in its way, but usually the way is solemnly short. Excellent, also, as far as it goes, is the principle that a good daughter must, of necessity be a good wife. Not that this does not go far enough to be a stable landmark. The purblind lover is idiotic as well if the tart rejoinder to maternal admonition, the selfish disregard of a mother's health, comfort, and peace of mind, on the part of her child, whom he would make his wife, do not shock him to his senses.

Brabantio's Parthian arrow—"She has deceived her father, and may thee!"

has a barbed point, and is feathered with truth.

The greater embraces the less. The mother who is so disinterested as to educate her girl for wifehood rather than for the comparatively brief interregnum that separates the commencement from the marriage day, builds so much better than she knows as to deserve Cælebs's undying gratitude, and earn a richer reward in the filial love and duty of her child.

At his strongest our Cælebs is but "a weakling and a flower," as Eila says of his roasting-pig, where this question is involved. At his wariest he is very like what is known to the crabfishermen as a "shedder"—flaccid, feeble, and tenderly vulnerable all over. Laid on the shallowest verge of the inlet, he only basks and palpitates until the salt wash of experience hardens his snail.

MARION HARLAND.

An accident occurred to Mrs. Margaret Troop, of Blackfoot, Idaho, last week while out on a professional call.

In riding in a sleigh and crossing a ditch the sleigh gave a sudden jerk and broke her leg near the ankle. She was brought home and cared for, and is now doing as well as can be expected. Her son, James Young, of Spring Hill, came to see her yesterday.

## A RUINED SHRINE.

A CHINESE SANCTUARY IS BURNED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

In the light of repeated occurrences of the strangest and most startling nature which the press is called upon from day to day to record, and of which with equal frequency, the police are compelled to take cognizance, none dare predict to what lengths the Chinese will carry their factional feuds. These embroglios and vendettas lead to almost daily incidents of violence, not infrequently murder, and disturb continually the peace of Chinatown.

The latest outrage was committed at noon yesterday, in the desecration of the shrine of the Tuck Kee Wong No. 2 lodge, of the Sam Yip Society, and the destruction of almost the entire sacred property by fire. The great excitement created, and the inability of the witnesses to speak English, made it particularly difficult to reach even an approximation of the facts, but the following statement may be accepted as reasonably near the truth:

The shrine is located in a deep recess of a room on the second floor front in the three-story stone building at 35 Waverly place. In the depth of this chancel-like niche, sat the loss, or image, from which it is the idolatrous custom of the members of the society to solicit propitious influences upon their enterprises. The loss is, as usual, a squatting figure, black and hideous, and wearing conspicuously a long gray beard and fierce, piratical moustache. Over and about him hung a paper and cloth drapery of tinsel gilt and many barbaric cues. At his feet burned the sacred lamp of peanut oil, that illuminated the pitchy gloom of the chancel. Lower still, and along the altar rail on a level with the face of the kneeling devotee, there was a long box filled with sand. Into this, at various intervals, were thrust punk-like sticks of incense, which burned for regulated periods. Yesterday morning, the vestryman or attendant prepared the shrine for the customary noon-day worship. He threw out the smouldering stumps of incense and placed in the box fresh sticks, replenished the lalling lamp and retired until the priest, Woo Yuen, should come at noon and inaugurate the daily worship. This attendant completed his work about 10 o'clock and departed, leaving the shrine room unoccupied, and, as is the confiding or negligent custom of the Chinese, unlocked. It is certain that some member of the Lee Sah Bo or the Gi Sin Seer, or some other unfriendly guild, covertly gained entrance and planted a pyrotechnic bomb in the box of sand, adjusting the tapering fuse so that it stood iconically erect among the sticks of incense.

At high noon Woo Yuen, in his sacerdotal robes of green and yellow, walked into the room and after a prayer, applied incense sticks. In that devout act he ignited the bomb's treacherous fuse. There was a spluttering flash, a heaving of sand from the bed of the box, a shock and a roar, and a blinding blaze. The priest fell back, half-sightless, and endeavored to gain the door through the rolling smoke. The idol, shattered and shorn of its whiskers, toppled forward, overturning the sacred lamp and throwing the blazing oil in every direction. The canopy and hangings caught fire in an instant, and in an incredibly short time the flames were roaring briskly and advancing along the woodwork to the main room. Coolies, attracted from all parts of the neighborhood, went running to the scene, and an alarm of fire was turned in from box 25, at the corner of Dupont and Washington streets. The fire department quickly extinguished the blaze. The material damage is placed at \$75, but the spiritual loss to the Sam Yip Company is beyond estimate and irreparable. No clew is so far obtainable to the designing scoundrel who plotted the atrocity.

## THE CLAIMANT'S CASE.

ALLEGED SIR ROGER TICHBORNE GOING TO ENGLAND.

These last two or three weeks has been rather eventful for the alleged Sir Roger, or, as the English papers call him, "The Claimant." His ticket of leave expired Tuesday week last. He has been thrown out of work. He has had encouraging advices from England. There is money there to carry on the case. There is an abundance of new testimony. And a little baby has been added to his little family. One way and another, these have been the most eventful two weeks he has had since he left England.

A New York Sun reporter climbed up three flights of stairs to Sir Roger's lodgings. Sir Roger occupied three little rooms with his wife and baby. The "living room," into which the visitor was invited, was barely furnished, but scrupulously neat and clean. Mrs. Tichborne sat near the stove dandling her baby. The baby was dangling the attachment of a nursing bottle. Sir Roger sat in his shirt sleeves by the window dangling a large wooden pipe.

## THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

It was proved at the great trial that Sir Roger, before he left England in 1853, was an excessive user of tobacco. The claimant seems to keep up the practice. He might be stouter if he did not smoke so much.

Mrs. Tichborne is only 22 years old, and doesn't look even that. She is a sprightly and good-looking young

woman—a brunette, with a slightly Jewish cast of features. As Miss Nellie Rosamond, "the charming soubrette and male impersonator," she was a success on the English variety stage.

"I am going back to England as soon as I can get money enough to take us over," said the claimant. "I expect to go within a month. I have over one hundred new witnesses of importance. For example, in the finding of the jury that convicted me the jury said:

"We find that the defendant is Arthur Orton." Now I will produce Arthur Orton in court. I will prove his identity by over twenty unimpeachable witnesses. I will prove that the jury was packed. I will prove that the chief witnesses on the other side were paid £1,000 or more each in bribes. I will convince the world that I am who I am—Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, baronet, rightful owner of the Tichborne and Doughty estates. My first step will be to appear at the bar of the House of Commons and ask the House to annul the act of Parliament known as the 'Tichborne and Doughty Estate Act of 1874.' The object of this act was to bar all further proceedings on my part.

"My next step will be to go into the Court of Probate and ask for the re-statement of my will, proved by Vincent Gosford in 1855. When I went away in 1853 I left a will, and named Gosford and Mr. Slaughter as executors. I shall ask to have my will re-stated, placed again on the books—on the ground that Sir Roger Tichborne is still alive, and that I am he. The plain issue will then be the question of my identity. This reopens the whole case. The battle will be fought in the court of probate. In case I win I simply go and take possession.

"Under favorable circumstances the case may reach a hearing by November next."

"Do you propose to prosecute anybody for bribery or perjury?"

"Yes, and that will probably be the most sensational part of it. I will begin criminal proceedings against Mr. Thomas of the Treasury Department, and inspectors Clark and Williamson of the Scotland Yard detective force. I will have them arrested for conspiracy to pack a jury."

"Is it true that a lady in England has promised you money to fight the case?"

"Yes; she has spent £10,000 already. It was through her efforts that Arthur Orton was discovered. The lady is Miss Georgina Baring, a partner in the rich banking firm of Barings Brothers. Lord Ashburton and Lord Northbrook are consorts of Miss Baring. She has promised £100,000 to carry on the case. The money is to be used purely for the case. The Magna Charta Association has £51,000 for the same purpose. The association was an outgrowth of the trial. Its full title is the Tichborne Vindication and Magna Charta Association. It has 800,000 members who pay penny subscriptions to the treasury."

"I was found guilty on two indictments for perjury—one for swearing I was Sir Roger Tichborne and another for swearing I was not Arthur Orton—and was given the maximum penalty of seven years' imprisonment for each offense, one term to begin when the other ended. The jury declared me to be Arthur Orton. Arthur Orton, since August 5, 1871, has been an inmate of a government lunatic asylum at Parramatta, New South Wales. He is held as a criminal lunatic. I spent £5,000 searching for him during the trial. Barrister Jenne, who conducted the search for me in Australia for five months at a cost of ten guineas a day and expenses, saw Orton, who is imprisoned under the name of Cresswell. Percell, the treasury agent, also saw him. They knew who he was but concealed it. Of course they were bought up by the other side. The man Orton will be produced."

"I was convicted on the testimony of three witnesses from Australia—Mrs. Mina Jury, Mrs. McAllister and Edward Hopwood. Lord Cockburn, in charging the jury said: 'If you believe these three witnesses—and I see no reason why you should not—then there is no necessity for you to pay any attention to the rest of the evidence.' And the jury spent just twenty minutes arriving at a verdict. Over 700 witnesses were examined, testimony was taken for 100 days, six weeks more were taken up with speeches on both sides, and then the jury, at Lord Cockburn's instigation, found a verdict in twenty minutes! They believed—or professed to believe—the three witnesses named, and ignored all the others. The story of those three witnesses, and how they were procured, has been partly published already. Mrs. Jury 'the highly respectable lady from Melbourne' was the keeper of a brothel, and was hired at £1000 and all expenses, by Treasury Agent Percell, to come to England and swear I was Arthur Orton. We had only three days' notice before she was produced in the witness box. There was no cable to Melbourne then, so we could tell nothing about her. She was transported to Van Dieman's Land in 1847 on a seven years' sentence for felony. She has been convicted nine times since my trial. She is a professional criminal and an occasional brothel keeper. When her record reached England I was serving my term. Hopwood was introduced by the prosecution as a wealthy Australian landholder. He was the only witness who supplied the missing link in the chain of evidence. He swore he knew me as Thomas Castro in New South Wales and as Arthur Orton in Victoria. Thomas Castro you know,

was my assumed name in Australia. Well, the colonial papers have thoroughly exposed Hopwood. He was a common laborer and a loafer, and was hired at £1000 and expenses to swear what he did."

"The third witness against me, Mrs. McAllister, got £2,000 and first-class passage for her husband and herself to London and back, with hotel expenses for a month in London. In short, the three chief witnesses against me were bribed."

"I had 385 witnesses altogether. Of these 274 swore I was Roger Tichborne, the other 113 swore to my not being Arthur Orton. The witnesses who positively identified me included my mother, Lady Tichborne, nine commissioned officers and 83 non-commissioned officers and privates of the Buffs, the regiment I had a commission in for three years before going away; the family bankers, who advanced me money without question, and a host of people who knew me before I left home, including about all the gentry of Hampshire."

"Do you resemble Arthur Orton?"

"Not in the least. I knew him well in Australia, and he's a different looking man altogether—in height, complexion, color of hair and eyes, and general build."

Sir Roger went on to tell of the vast sums of money lent him in London to carry on the case. Edmund Yates, of the World, had lent him £13,000, but that was a mere trifle comparatively, and only went to show that the brightest men in London believed in him. The loans from various individuals reached in some cases as high as £1,000,000. Even the Jew money lenders of London had advanced him over £50,000. The trial cost nearly \$4,000,000.

## Turned the Joke.

It was at a well known resort which has a large patronage from people in Georgia as well as other states that the following ludicrous incident occurred several years ago.

A man had come along with a pet bear which had been trained to perform various tricks. It amused the crowd for awhile, and at length some one began discoursing about the fondness of bears for honey, to which the owner of the day's attraction answered that his bear was as fond of it as any other one. After it was agreed that the crowd would buy a bee alive from a neighboring farmer, bring it up to the grove in front of the hotel, set it on a bench, and let Mr. Bruin "try his hand at it."

Within a couple of hours two servants brought the bee gum, with a table cloth wrapped around it, the thousands of angry occupants being enclosed securely therein. They placed it upon the bench some fifty yards or more from the hotel, drew down the table cloth, and nastily ran from it, leaving the bees in possession of their new stand. At first some considerable swarming around it they settled down again, and the bear was brought forward so that the fun could begin.

His owner led him up within sight of it, and then stepped to one side. Bruin saw it and at once started for it in a rapid shambling trot. The piazza and some of the benches under the trees within thirty yards of the hive were thronged with people—men, women and children—all gathered to see the bear get the honey. He reached the hive within about a minute or two, then rearing up on his hind legs, and striking it with one of his paws, knocked it to the ground.

The enraged insects swarmed out in a perfect cloud; but as it utterly oblivious to their presence began reaching his paws into the box and pulling out the honey which he devoured eagerly, apparently with great relish. He seemed to pay no attention to the bees which settled upon his shoulders and back; but would frequently bring his paw down across his nose in a quick manner, knocking off those which were stinging him at that tender spot.

This went on for some two or three minutes. The honey in the meathut was getting decidedly scarcer and the stings decidedly thicker. Suddenly he turned to one side and gave a snort, shook his head in a manner indicating great annoyance, and started in a rapid run back toward the hotel where the crowd was gathered. The bees accompanied him in his flight, swarming about him in thousands.

There was instantly a general yell of consternation among the gentlemen, and feminine shrieks filled the air. Every one arose to get out of the way; but the flight of the bear exceeded theirs, and within less time than it takes to tell it he was in their midst. The bees darting in every direction among the fleeing people, soon gave them cause for the uproar which they had raised.

One lady who was on the front bench fell across a chair and was almost instantly in the midst of the occupants of the lately robbed hive. Unable to rise, she lay upon the ground, screaming, throwing her arms around and kicking in a manner that would have brought dismay to her sweethearts in her early days. There was a frantic scene as gentlemen, ladies and children stampeded in every direction through the grove into the hotel and across a neighboring fence.

The bear ran under the house and soon escaped his tormentors in the comparative darkness; but the stings which nearly half the crowd received gave them very practical reasons for