SOCIAL WORK FOR SINGLE MEN.

The Fad That the Bachelor Masters of Ceremony Pay in Japan.

Whenever a fine of some to pass the arrangements fell into the hands of a special class of the community called wakashi. These were in fact the bachelors of the community. They formed a sort of society or guild, and no one could be admitted without proper indorsement and a vote of an expulsion. They were rather a wild set; they would not be called indecorous and the wineshop was the favorite rendezvous of these pleasure loving youths.

A merchant who had an eye to his son's future would seldom come to his joining the band, and it was thus more numerous where artisans, whose sons had greater liberty, were more plentiful. But Japan is a sneering country; very few men, and still fewer women, continue long unmated, and so the wakashi more than fifteen or twenty wakashi. There were two or three classes; one class was well off, and was expected to spend money handsomely; the others possessed less and were called on for less. It was into the hands of this gay company that the arrangements for merry making were always placed. The occupation was a congenial one, and this disposition of it came about naturally enough.

There was one part of the duties, however, which was not very pleasant—was, in fact, according to Japanese ideas, even a little debasing. This was the soliciting of contributions for festival entertainments. The wakashi played the disagreeable part in old Japan that the book agent and campaign fund collector play with us. As a natural approached the wakashi went to the officium and the house owners, and received general directions about the mode of solicitation. Then a number went the rounds, and collect subscriptions. Everybody knew how much his neighbor was worth, and each was asked to give a certain sum, according to his means.—J. H. Wigmore in Scribner's.

Soldiers' Turns.

It was in one of the soldiers' homes scattered over the country, and those familiar with the spirit there prevailing know that of all spots where questions of military merit are tenaciously discussed there are the most remarkable. Leaving out the earnestly fought arguments relative to the abilities of particular generals, the claims of special corps or regiments, the interest with which many individuals hold upon their personality having been moreover lost of a great upon which the fate of a battle if not the whole war turned, must be seen to be appreciated.

In this instance, that it was just after Decoration Day, when campaign memories are especially active and access to the outer world with its mellowing influences is scarce, may have had something to do with it. But it goes upon record that never were three veterans—all belonging to different regiments—more strenuously self assertive regarding the parts they had played in the whole unpleasantness.

It had gone from simple facts to the farthest kind of long bow shooting all the way home. "Do you know," finally cried the one with the crutch, breaking down all vocal opposition, "at the first Bull Run I remember shooting thirteen of 'em at a stretch!"—Philadelphia Times.

Boot Polishing Machine.

A machine has been patented for use in the office or the home which will enable the instructed "shine" to be achieved under new conditions of ease and economy. The machine is so constructed that the operator can sent himself in front of it, place his feet on the rests each side of a rotary roller, brush the inner sides at the same time, and by alternating the feet from one rest to the other enable the whole surface of the shoe to be effectively polished.

Underneath the brush is a depressible iron plate set on springs to afford easy position for finishing the top of the shoe. A belt from a driving wheel engages with a V-grooved wheel on the shaft of the brush and drives it at a multiplied speed. The laces are cleaned of dust or dried mud very quickly, and the blacking is applied in the usual manner by a dabbing brush, after which the polishing process is quickly completed.—New York Telegram.

Cost to Being Married That Way.

A wedding ceremony occurred some years ago of a then United States senator, who, a widower twice over, had for the third time succumbed to Cupid's wiles. At his first and second marriages the ceremony had been performed by an Episcopal clergyman, and hence the senator was quite familiar with the Episcopal marriage form.

But the beautiful woman who had captured his affections the third time was a fervent Presbyterian, and naturally wished the essential knot to be tied by a minister of her own church, and accordingly to its simple service. To this the statesman never knew an objection. The character of the service was of small account to him so long as it served to unite him to the object of his affection, and the thought that he might blunder in the course of it never disturbed for a moment the serenity of his mind.

But, standing beside his bride to be, since fright, as it might be called, seized him. In the ceremony he began to worry himself, as it were, by the Episcopal service, repeating glibly: "I, ——, take thee, ——, to be my wedded wife," and he would probably have gone on to the end of the admonitory Presbyterian manner, who thus clearly appreciated the situation, had not interposed, and, interrupting the bridegroom, performed the ceremony with the brevity of the Presbyterian form.

At the point where the perverted groom seemed bent on doing the business for himself a distinguished brother senator pound door near to a lady, another guest, a close friend of his own and of the bridal pair, and whispered in a jarring tone:

"Dear ——. Her used to bring married by the other service."—Washington Post.

GRIDER'S RIDE FOR LIFE.

Pursued by a Pack of Wolves, the Wisconsin Man Makes a Desperate Leap.

In one of the wildest portions of Wisconsin where it was a wild frontier state had settled the noted pioneer Hank Grider, a man whose wonderful exhibitions of luck is in a measure illustrated by this sketch.

One dark and rainy night of the year 1858 the brave pioneer, whose reckless nature had won for him the title of Wild Grider, and by which he was known far and wide, found himself some fifteen miles from home and with the Kakanook river, swollen and turbulent, between the present man between him well and his destination.

Wolves howled upon every hand, but he paid no particular attention to them, pressing steadily on in the drenching rain.

At length, however, he noticed that the grim scavengers of the forest were beginning to congregate in large numbers behind the sled, and though the pioneer was remarkably cool of fact he had to put forth every effort to keep out of their way, and there in the darkness of the Wisconsin wilderness ensued a desperate race for life and death.

The ground was fairly smooth, and this aided the desperate man somewhat, but he was compelled to use the whip unmercifully to escape those clashing jaws.

Like the very wind he sped along, his only hope lying in reaching the river to advantage of his fleet pursuers, he sure across the turbulent current to would be safe.

But fully five miles far between him and the river, and it would indeed be a miracle to reach it, but wildly endeavored the wolves follow upon on his track closed firmly and his eye gleaming with all the fire of his wild, untamable nature.

Mile after mile was sped behind, and daylight was beginning to steal over the land when the swift and swollen Kakanook brove in sight.

The ground sloped toward it, and down this descent flew pursued and pursuer, with scarce six feet separating them.

For over five miles had that desperate race continued, and now, whenever as he was by his superhuman speed, Grider performed a feat that was simply marvelous and almost impossible.

The banks of the stream were high and precipitous, and scarcely eighty rods below the river fell over a mass of jagged rocks that no one would hope to pass over alive, while it would be impossible to effect a landing when once in the turbulent current.

With that hordes of raging beasts close behind him, and the dangerous river below, and fully twenty-five feet between the banks, the brave pioneer was truly in a most desperate situation. But, scarcely realizing his danger, in his desperation and frenzy, he galloped down the slope, and, putting every effort of his horse's last failing strength to one mighty leap, landed squarely upon the other bank of the river.

The wolves were unable to check their headlong speed, and many of their number went over the bank and were swept away, while the exhausted steed sank trembling upon the ground.

Three hours later, however, he reached his cabin in safety, and in a few days had fully recovered from the effects of that terrible ride for life—about the most extraordinary one to the entire record of the west.

Grider's life was one of remarkable adventures, and now, a man of superior endurance, although nearly sixty years of age, he resides at Moose lake, Minn., where his life is still a stirring and eventful one.—Yankee Blade.

Wasting His Breath.

Out at the ball grounds a small boy who occupied a post in the bleachers said a funny thing. One of the Albany players was at the bat, and after a couple of balls and a strike had been called on him he hit a long foul to right field. The players started for first base, and with head down plodded along in the same way that a steer is supposed to run through the corn. The small boy over in the bleachers watched him for a minute and then yelled out at the top of a very shrill and squeaky voice: "Say, colly, come back. You're wasting your time."—Rochester Democrat.

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