

The Four Calls.

The Spirit came in childhood, and pleaded, "Let me in!"

Again he came, and pleaded, in youth's bright, happy hour.

Again he came in mercy, in manhood's vigorous prime;

Once more he called and waited; the man was old and ill;

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

A Brilliant Scene.

(From the New York Herald.)

The following description of the Royal marriage on Thursday last, is from the pen of George Augustus Sala, and was telegraphed to Friday's Herald immediately after the event:

THE SCENE IN THE QUADRANGLE.

Noon. St. George's Chapel presents a truly magnificent spectacle. The great Quadrangle of the Castle Yard is lined by a guard of honor, composed of a detachment of the Foot Guards and of a contingent of Berkshire volunteers, while strong bodies of police keep the ground.

WITHIN THE CHAPEL.

The ladies are converted into tribunes rising amphitheatrically in grades, furnishing standing room for privileged spectators, who are principally ladies.

THE WATCHMAN AT THE DOOR.

The great west door is guarded by a single Yeoman, who keeps his hand upon the lock. He is flanked by a detachment of Gentlemen-at-Arms, wearing steel helmets and wearing ead-pieces.

GATHERING OF THE GUESTS.

A special train, leaving Paddington at twenty minutes past ten, conveyed to Windsor all those invited to be present. After the ladies, who have been taken to the Castle by royal carriages, which entered by the north portal, they are ushered to seats prepared in the choir of the chapel.

MY LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The Earl of Beaconsfield wears the ministerial uniform of blue and gold, and looks a little less haggard than usual. He arrived early, and, after shaking hands cordially with some of his intimates, slips quietly into his seat, almost without the assistance of Lord Chamberlain, and takes his assignation north of the altar.

ENTRANCE OF THE FIRST PROCESSION.

Ten minutes past twelve, and upon a signal given by the Lord Chamberlain six

royal trumpeters, clad in coats of cloth of gold, and standing three on each side of the west door, sound a prolonged fanfare. The Yeoman of the Guard on duty at the door relaxes his hold of the lock and the portals open with dramatic effect, revealing the long covered way, through which advance the long and glittering procession of royal guests.

SOVEREIGNS EXPECTANT.

Immense interest is taken in the appearance of the Crown Princess of Germany and Fruscia, the Princess Royal of England, who is arrayed in a magnificent costume of deep blue velvet, lined with ermine, and wearing a number of foreign orders, a splendid crimson ribbon and badge crossing the breast.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

The cautious Yeoman resumes his hold upon the lock, and at a gentle wave from the Lord Chamberlain the silver clarion of the trumpeters ring out. Once more the portals are flung open, and the royal procession appears in sight.

HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN.

Stately, serene, but scarcely so sorrowful as of yore, arrayed in raven black, and with lengthened train borne by two youthful pages of honor in scarlet and white, wearing the broad blue ribbon of the Garter sash, the diamond cross of St. George and a number of other decorations on her breast, with a long veil of white gauze and a coronal flashing with diamonds on her head, comes Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S PROCESSION.

Scarcely five minutes elapse between the arrival of the Queen's procession and the repetition of the ceremonial at the west door announcing the advent of the cortege of the bridegroom. This is comparatively short. Two controllers of the household of Prince Leopold (who is unfortunately unable to be present, having been taken ill at Darmstadt) enter, followed by the Duke of Connaught in full colonel's uniform.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE BRIDE.

Once more the clangor of silver trumpets is heard, and wide yawn the doors. The ubiquitous Lord Chamberlain bows low to welcome the procession of the bride. Two masters of ceremonies, apparently impressed with the solemnity of the situation, follow the heralds; then comes the members of the German Embassy, in diplomatic uniforms covered with stars and ribbons, and then the German Ambassador, Count Munster, beaming and supremely happy. Vice-Chamberlain Viscount Barrington, cleverly

emulating the dexterous half-turn perambulations of his chief, immediately precedes the bride.

Princess Margaret, the bride approaching, is pretty, graceful and trembling. Her simple, girlish lineaments remind the spectators strongly of Storey's charming picture of "Little Swansdown," as she advances, arrayed in bridal white, with a veil of the richest Honiton lace and a wreath of orange blossoms.

THE BRIDESMAIDS.

The bridesmaids, chosen for their beauty, as well as their exalted positions, are worthy of being recorded. They are eight in number including two daughters of Dukes, two daughters of Marquises and four daughters of Earls.

THE CEREMONY.

The bride is supported by her father, Prince Frederick Charles, the stern captor of Metz, familiarly known as the "Red Prince." As the procession passes up Handel's "Occasional Overture" is played.

A BRILLIANT SCENE.

The coup d'œil, when the ceremony is at its height, almost baffles description for stateliness and magnificence. The sun's rays through the stained glass, glittering against the columns and walls and lighting up the banners, helmets and mantles over the old oak stalls, coursing on the uniforms of the men and the jewels of the ladies, make the scene one of unequalled picturesqueness and grandeur.

LORD DUFFERIN'S APPOINTMENT TO ST. PETERSBURG.

The appointment of Lord Dufferin as British Minister to St. Petersburg has aroused great hopes there, and the favorable impression was still further confirmed by the announcement of the recall of Sir Henry Layard from Constantinople.

The Scottish papers announce that Messrs. Robert and James Kennedy, sons of "The Scottish Vocalist," have left London for Milan in order to study the vocal art under the best Italian maestri.

The agents of two rival iron safe manufacturers were recently presenting the claims of their respective articles. One was a Yankee; the other was not. He that wasn't told his story. A game-cock had been shut up in one of his safes, and then it was exposed to the most intense heat.

Making a Newspaper.

It was an exceedingly cold night, and Mr. and Mrs. Bunby hugged the stove closely, he passing the time reading a paper, and she looking into the fire.

Without any preface whatever, she dropped the poker. With so much force did it strike the hearth that Mr. Bunby stopped his reading abruptly and looked over the top of his spectacles enquiringly.

Mrs. Bunby had a happy thought; quickly it was transmitted to Mr. B.

"John," said she, "you remember some time ago you promised to tell me how newspapers are made?"

"Yes, yes; but some other time, love." "No, now, please, John."

Again he tried to content her with a promise, but it was of no avail; she wanted to know, then, just "how papers are put together."

He hesitated. The longer he hesitated the more impatient she grew, and he felt it. Seeing that postponement was of no avail, he heaved a long sigh, laid aside his paper, and reluctantly began to unravel for his wife's edification the "inner life of a newspaper."

"In the first place," said he, "the copy is sent to the composing room—"

"Where does the copy come from?" she queried.

"From the editors and reporters, of course."

"Oh, I see." "Then it is given to the type-setters—"

"What do they do, sit on it?" "No—thunder, no: they are the compositors who set it up."

"Oh they compose the copy, and then set it up. But how does it sit?" "He drew another long sigh and calmly replied."

"The editors compose the copy, then send it to the composition room, and the type-setters put it in type."

"What! the copy?" "Yes—they set the types up so that they will read as the copy reads."

"Oh, I see." A pause ensued.

"John," said Mrs. Bunby, "you stopped at the compositors setting the type. What do they set the type in?"

"In a stick." "A stick! what kind of a stick?"

"O, a stick is a device that is just the width of the columns of the paper, and holds seven-teen lines of brevier."

"And what is brevier?" "A kind of type that is pleasing to the eye and easily read."

"Oh, I see." "When the printers get a stick full," he went on, "they empty—"

"Are the printers different from the compositors?" "No!" he replied, a little out of temper, "they are one and the same."

"Oh, I see." "When they get a stick full of type, as I was about to say, they empty it on a galley—"

"And in throwing it upon a galley don't it go all apart?" "No—they lift it from the stick and place it gently, very gently, on galleya—"

"And what's a galley?" "A long article made of brass, in which the matter is proved—"

"What kind of matter, and how do they prove it?" "Will you wait a moment? If so, I will try and explain—but give me time," he said, nettled a little at her cross-examination.

"All right, go on." "Type, when it is set up, is called 'matter,' and when the first impression of it is taken, they call it—"

"Impression of what?" "Oh, bother—the type! when it is first printed on the galley, that is called a proof, and they call it 'proving the matter.'"

"Oh, I see. Does the galley print it?" "No, the devil!" "Oh! John!" she cried in tones of reproach. "Why will you use such words?"

"I was not swearing. The apprentice around a printing office is known as 'the devil.'"

"Oh!" "The proof sheet which he makes, after going to the proof reader, is returned to the printers and corrections are made."

"Corrections made of what?" "The matter, my dear. It is then given to the foreman."

"What the proof?" "No, the matter."

the same time murmuring, while looking intently at the ashes. "Types, matter, galley, proofs, devils, quoins, presses, shooting sticks, chases, sidesticks, "Pi."—Albany Journal.

THE POLES AND THE BULGARIANS.

The opening of the Bulgarian Parliament has produced a deep impression on the Poles. They naturally feel that Poland, the oldest of the civilized Slavonic nations, has more claim to free institutions than the Bulgarians, who are only just emerging from barbarism; and their only consolation is that the Russians are not better off than themselves.

The Last Volume of the Census of 1871.

The fifth and last volume of the Census Returns has been issued from Ottawa. It contains the ratios, comparisons and deductions from the census of 1851-61 and 1871, the statistics of marriages, births and deaths from the early settlement of the country.

Sir Phillip Cunliffe Owen has won a fine pianoforte at the Paris lottery.

Gideon Cook, a Baptist preacher, well-known a quarter of a century ago, was a man very eccentric in his speech, even to his last earthly moments. A few hours previous to his death his brother, also a preacher, came to his bedside and enquired: "Do you think you are dying, Gideon?"

A Scotch druggist was aroused by the ringing of his night-bell.

He arose, went down stairs, and served a customer with a dose of salts. His wife grumbled. "What profit do you get out of that penny?" "A ha'penny," was the reply. "And for that ha'penny you'll be awake for a long time," rejoined the wife. "Weel," replied the placid druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer; let us thank heaven that we have the profit and not the pain of the transaction."

ORIGIN OF CLAWSON WHEAT.—A St. Lawrence county, N. Y., subscriber desires information concerning the origin of Clawson wheat, now so extensively cultivated in this country.

Gerrett B. Clawson, of David, Seneca county, N. Y., was crossing a neighbor's wheat stubble some twelve years ago, and found a head of wheat that attracted his attention. He sowed it by itself and raised a pint of wheat; sowed the pint and raised 39 pounds; sowed the 39 pounds and had eleven dozen bundles, which yielded 13 1/2 bushels; next year he had 180 dozens, yielding 150 bushels; next year 254 dozens and 300 bushels of wheat. (A dozen of sheaves in shock are usually expected to yield one bushel.) A sample of a crop of 92 1/2 bushels by measure, weighing 62 pounds per bushel, from one and four-fifth acres, was exhibited at the Seneca county fair in 1871. Since then the Clawson wheat has spread over a large extent of soil and climate, preserving all its original characteristics, and thus proving itself a distinct variety and no "sport." W. I. Chamberlain, of Ohio, reports that his yield was 46 1/2 bushels per acre on ten acres, and 60 bushels per acre on three acres, beating both the Treadwell and Fultz. It has a large, white berry that does not harden up after cutting as soon as other kinds, but cures well either in the sheaf or in flour after grinding. The Clawson lacks in gluten and is improved by being mixed with red wheat.—American Cultivator.

HOW TO PLANT PEAS.—Last spring I put in my first peas and potatoes on the 15th of March, and had splendid crops of both, but usually we cannot do much in the open soil before the first week in April.

As soon as the frost is out and the ground is dry enough, I first plant in my driest and warmest soil some Little Gem and Laxton's Alpha peas. I shall open furrows three inches deep for the Gems, and one foot apart, and in these furrows scatter compost about an inch deep, draw a pointed hoe through the furrow to mingle the manure with the soil, and then sow thickly—three peas to an inch. I will treat the Laxton's Alpha in the same way, with the exception that the rows will be two and a half feet apart. The Little Gems grow only a foot high and require no support. The Alphas require two and a half feet brush. Two weeks later I shall plant for second crop Little Gem, M'Lean's Advancer, and Champion of England. I have tried a great many kinds, and have come to the conclusion that the four kinds I have named are the richest flavored and sufficiently productive—in brief, all things considered, the best. It is a pleasant and inexpensive amusement to try fifty other kinds in a small way. Since "Let us have peas" is such a frequent and emphatic remark at our dinner table, I shall plant liberally every ten days until the 4th of July, burying the seed deeper as the season advances, and choosing shadier and moister localities. Very late plantings are usually so injured by mildew that were the vegetable not such a favorite, I would not plant it after the middle of May. Deep planting of the seed late in the season insures longer bearing. I prefer Champion of England for the main crop, as it is by general consent regarded as the flower of the pea family. The short, low-growing kinds like Little Gem will be the better for any amount of manure, but tall varieties like the Champion do not need fertilizers in this drill unless the ground is poor. When garden peas are small and brush is not convenient, it may be best to plant the dwarf kinds only. These can be sown on ground designed for tomatoes, Lima-beans, melons, squash, etc., as they do not shade the ground and soots mature. I put them in such spaces as, together, and in rows three or four feet apart, and plant the later vegetables between them. As soon as the green pods are picked I have the vines dug under, thus returning at once to the soil what was taken from it.—E. P. Roe, in Harper's Magazine for April.