The Two Burdens.

Over the deep sea Love came flying;
Over the salt sea Love flew sighing.
Alas, O Love, for thy journeying wings!
Through tortoil, light and sound of thunder,
When one wave lifts and one falls under,
Love flies as a bird flies straight for warm quarters.

Love reached the Northland, and found his own;
Withbeading rheum, and roses blown,
And grateful tales, let eyes their strength.
His voice was sweet as a tune that wells,
Gathers and thunders, and throbs and swells,
And falls and lapses in rapturous breath.

His hands divided the tangled boughs.
They met and loved in a moist green house,
With the dead leaves laid down between to keep the ones;
One kiss of mind to soak least light feet;
O Love, three days they were sweet but brief—
Sweeter the rose is, and fleet as the dew!

Over the deep sea Death came flying;
Over the salt sea Death flew sighing.
Love heard from afar the rush of his wings,
Felt the blast of chaos over the sea,
And turned his face where the shadows be,
And went for a token of childhood things.

Death reached the Northland, and claimed his own;
With pale sweet flowers by wet winds blown
He wore for the forehead of one a wreath.
His voice was sad as the wind that sighs
Through cypress-trees under rainy skies,
When the dead leaves drift on the paths beneath.

His hands divided the tangled boughs.
One Love he bore to a dark deep house,
Where never a bridegroom may grasp his bride—
A place of dust, and dust, and dust.
What shall there befall the loved one there?
Or what of the meeting the lifted bride?

Reminiscences of Morse.

Some Anecdotes of the Great Inventor.

It is worth while to pick up now, while it is still possible, some few anecdotes of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and to record them. Such incidents, trifling though they may be, allow us to form some slight estimate of this remarkable man. Perhaps the most salient trait that Morse had, with the possible exception in the necessity of his invention. There was no half-heartedness about him. Such men as Bernard De Palissy, are, it is true, rare in this world. The French potter was willing to burn his baby's cradle, providing it would furnish fuel for heating his kiln. Putting aside at much as we may differences of age and time, Palissy seeking to perfect his dish, or Morse to develope his telegraph, the divergence between the two is wide. The former was groping for perfection in a physical thing. Men had eaten from earthenware, had slaked their thirst from pottery, ever since the world was known. It behoved Palissy, perhaps, to invent new glazes, new forms, new ornaments. But with Morse it was to convince a world of a new method of imparting information, to project something which was in a certain measure ahead of them. It was a novel mental process, which was to be driven through people's heads. If taking 10 as the sum total of the difficulties in the way of the introduction of the telegraph, the Morse instrument, the system of wires, these can hardly be said to have represented more than a quarter of the trouble. Of course, all this has been written and rewritten, but this element of forgetfulness must place Morse on a higher plane than that accorded to mere inventors. It was some time in 1843, while the first work was being prosecuted, that some laborers near Baltimore were digging a trench, in which the lead pipe was to be placed which incased the wires. A heavy thunder-storm came up. Prof. Morse was watching the workmen. It rained so hard that Morse and a son of his sought refuge in a neighbouring shed. "The time will come," said Morse, "when we will have to hang these wires on poles." Nowadays wires in the air have accumulated so fast that we are devising methods of burying them again. It has been declared that Morse felt elated after Congress had granted him the desired pecuniary aid, some $30,000. As far as can be learned, for Prof. Morse was a God-fearing man, the sentiment of gratitude only was prominent, but as to that wild exultation, which would carry away weaker men, the great electrician felt none of it. At that very time he was so poor that on his return from Washington, where he had gone so as to understand more thoroughly some of the clauses governing the money appropriation, having been met by a young lad, one of his family, the boy said joosely to his father, "Now, father, you ought to treat on that." "So I would, my son," was the grave reply, "but this is all the money I have in the world," and a silver quarter of a dollar was produced. It was much earlier than this that Morse, when with a friend in Wall-street, some time before 1840, when in addition to the news brought by steamer, bulletin boards had posted on them the prices of stocks, that the Professor said to an astonished friend, "You see those prices of stocks quoted. Well, before many years you will have the prices of telegraph stock put on that board." Of course, as was perfectly natural, the Professor's friend looked at him with amazement. The dawning of his telegraphic machinery so fully absorbed his mind that the neighborhood in which he lived, good, straightforward people, could hardly understand him. It was said that the fact that he was playing as a child in a public square, excited considerable friend of the family, looking at him, said: "Poor child, it would be a hundred times better if your father would pay more attention to you, instead of working over this old rusty wires, which never can come to anything." When Morse was taking daguerreotypes on top of the building at the corner of Nassau and Beekman street, Samuel Colt, the inventor of the revolver, was a friend of the electrician. Colt had invented some torpedo for the defence of the coast, which was to be exploded by an electric circuit. As Morse had the wires and battery, the inventor dropped in found his necessary machinery ready to hand. On one occasion, when Morse was absent, an experiment was to be tried on the roof of the house, with a slight charge of powder which was to be confined under a drum of tin. The gentleman who tells this story was then a mere lad, light of weight, and was exactly the convenient receiving medium which Colt wanted. It was agreed that the boy should stand on the box while the powder was fired. Just as all preparations were completed, and the lid stood on the box, Prof. Morse appeared, who took in the situation at a glance. "Stop," he cried. "Colt, I bid that boy get down. If you want to try the experiment, jump up in his place. There is not the eighth of a pound of powder there," said Colt, "but I am armed. I will get up in the boy's place. Professor, go you touch the key." Touch the key did Morse. An explosion followed, and it was all Colt could do, though a man of large build, to prevent himself being hurled prostrate into the street below. If the boy had stood there it would have been certainly lifted into the air. It was evident that then Prof. Morse knew that explosions were intensified in accordance with the means employed to fire peculiar substances, and must have had an inkling of the effects of what is now called the vibratory principle of detonating substances. "Once," says an informant, "in Prof. Morse's later life, he wanted a package of papers, which, he told me, were on his table. I secured a voluminous bundle of documents, and having brought them down, presented them to his Professor. 'You have made a mistake; these are not the papers I wanted.' Still, though they are of no moment now, at one time they caused me a certain amount of disturbance. They represent the vouchers called for me for lawyers, costs, and expenses in defending my telegraph. I once took the trouble to add up the figures. I can't give it exactly now, but the aggregate ought to sum up something very close on to $500,000. Prof. Morse's charities were endless. All the impecunious of the United States made him their milch cow. He gave, if not wisely, at least well, and must have, during the last twenty years of his life, dispensed a fortune in small sums.

Blanqui was defeated on the second poll in Bordeaux for the vacant seat in the Chamber of Deputies, an event which cannot fail to have a good and reassuring effect on the public mind.

USEFUL RECIPES.

A Good Cement for Mending Broken Crockery.—Take may be made by mixing together equal quantities of melted glue, white of an egg, and white lead, and boiling them together.

Omelet.—Six eggs, beaten separately, one and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk, a little salt, and one tablespoonful of flour; pour into a heated buttered pan, set on the top of the stove till it boils, stirring constantly; then put it in a hot oven to brown.

A Cheap and Nice Pudding.—Take four eggs and six tablespoonsful of flour; beat them well together; then gradually add one quart of good milk, and rub down the mixture until quite free from knots. Now add a quarter of a pound of brown sugar and the gratings of a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Put the whole into a basin, tie it over with a cloth, and boil for three-quarters of an hour. Served with a little golden syrup.

Baked Apples.—A friend who knows about good things to eat, writes us that about the nicest morsel that ever tickled the palate is a boiled apple—not boiled like a potato, nor steamed like a pudding, but as follows: Place a layer of fair-skinned Baldwins—or any nice variety—in the stew-pan, with about a quarter of a pinch of sugar. Throw in about one-half cup of water to six good sized apples, and boil until the apples are thoroughly cooked and the syrup subtly thick enough for jelly. After one trial no one would, for any considerable, have fair-skinned apples peeled. The skin contains a large share of the jelly-making substance, and imparts a flavour impossible to obtain otherwise. He also says that a wise housekeeper, instead of throwing away the skins and cores of sound apples, would use them for jelly. A tumbler of the richest sort can thus be obtained from a dozen apples. Boil the skins a few minutes and strain. Add a little sugar to the liquid, and boil until right to turn into the tumbler.

Oat-meat.—Oat-meal is a food of great strength and nutrition, having claims to be better known and more widely used than it is at present. Of much service as a brain-food, it contains phosphorus enough to keep a man doing an ordinary amount of brain-work in good health and vigour. All medical authorities unite in the opinion that, eaten with milk, it is a perfect food, and, having all the requisites for the proper developement of the system, it is a pre-eminently useful food for growing children and the young generally. Oat-meal requires much cooking to effectually burst its starch-cell, but when it is well cooked it will thicken liquid much more than equal its weight in wheaten flour. The oats of this country are superior to those grown on the continent and the southern parts of England, but certainly inferiet to the Scotch, where considerable pains is taken to cultivate them, and it is needless to point out that the Scotch are an example of strong and thoroughly robust nature, which result is justly set down as being derived from the plentiful use of oat-meal. Dr. Guthrie has asserted that his countrymen have the largest heads of any nation in the world—not even the English have such large heads—which he attributes to the universal use of oat-meal; as universal it is, being found alike on the tables of the rich, and on the tables of the poor in the morning the porridges and in the evening the traditional cake. The principal ways of cooking oat-meal are porridge and cake, (bannock,) which I will describe, and also some other modes of cooking, in order to afford an agreeable variety of dishes. First, then, we will commence with a recipe for porridge. To three pints of boiling water add a level teaspoonful of salt and a pint of coarse meal, stirring while it is being slowly poured in; continue stirring until the meal is diffused through the water—about eight or ten minutes. Cover it closely then, and place it where it will simmer for an hour; avoid stirring during the whole of that time. Serve hot, with as little messing as possible, accompanied with milk, maple syrup, or sugar and cream. To make oat-meal cake, place in a bowl a quart of meal, add to it as much cold water as will form it into a soft, light dough, cover it with a cloth fifteen minutes to allow it to swell, then dust the paste-board with meal, turn out the dough and give it a vigorous kneading. Cover it with the cloth a few minutes, and proceed at once to roll it out to the eighth of an inch in thickness, cut it in 6-or pieces and partly cook them on a griddle, then finish them by toasting them in front of the fire.

The King of Spain.

The youthful King of Spain was so delighted, we are told, at the success of his wooing that he committed several breaches of rigid Spanish etiquette—such as calling at times when he was least expected by his future bride, and kissing his hand to the balconies of the Villa Bellegarde. All who have been lovers will readily excuse the happy monarch for those small offences, and will picture to themselves the young king in the act of committing them. A comparison of the pictures thus made would be interesting. A young man standing in the hall, with his hat in his hand, and a young woman in a red wrapper worked with white thread, and with her hair done up in papers, just taking herself out of sight through the dining-room door. A young fellow disappearing on the sidewalk, his face turned back and up, pedestrians trying to avoid the perils of meeting a man who walks in one direction and looks in another, and the lover throwing kisses to a chambermaid with a dust cloth in her hand, whom in the ardour of his passion he has mistaken for her whose image is in his mind. These pictures are not warranted true to the original scenes; but they are, doubtless, many times reproduced in the collection we have mentioned.

The Modern Society Young Man.

Scene—The billiard-room of a fashionable club house. At 9 o'clock enter Augustus, who removes his summer ulster and discloses a dress suit.

One of the Players—"Hallo! Gus is rigged out under full sail and all the candles lighted. What is it, old fellow?"

Augustus—"Oh, I have been to make my party call on Miss Banker. She wasn't at home, so I left my pasteboard and came around here."

Thirteen young men drop their cues, seize their hats, remark "that's the racket for me," and slide off to Beacon street. At 11 o'clock Miss Banker gets home, finds fourteen cards and says: "How funny that all the boys should have called this evening." At the same hour Augustus received three "smiles" and ten cigars, the grateful offerings of thirteen young men who have made their party call without the trouble of dressing or the expense of a hack.

A Royal Body-Guard.

The fear of Nihilistic intrigues seems ever to be before the eyes of the Czar of Russia. He never now goes among his people without a heavy guard. He has a secret corps of what we might call social detectives whose duty it is to watch over his person and that of the high functionaries of the State. This corps though organized on the same basis as a military body, wear all kinds of official uniforms, and civilian clothes. The strength of this corps is over one thousand men who are under the direct control of His Imperial Majesty, and its very existence is scarcely known among the higher classes even.

The Channel Tunnel is being pushed rapidly to completion. Four thousand men are now engaged in the work, and fresh hands are taken on every day. The advance is at the rate of very nearly eight metres a day, and on Aug. 30th the length still to be bored was 1,156 metres, so that the tunnel will probably be finished by the end of this year or the beginning of next. The making of the Mont Cenis branch will be commenced on the 1st of October, and its completion is expected to coincide with that of the main line.

About Marrying.

Is This the Season Way Our Young Men Are Willing to Flirt but Unwilling to Marry?

(*New York Times.*)

A story was floating around New York last winter concerning the rupture of an engagement between a well known foreign gentleman and a young lady here. It was freely bruited that the suitor told the father that circumstances would not permit him to marry on his means alone, and that the father then offered an allowance. The foreigner, however, pointed out that in view of possible financial losses on the part of the father this arrangement was scarcely satisfactory, whereupon the father refused to "come down" with a settlement, and the thing was "off." Very likely the whole story was in this case a fiction, yet there is no doubt that its counterpart has not seldom occurred.

The American father, with very rare exceptions, expects his son-in-law to undertake his wife's entire maintenance, and, as a young man graphically expressed it, "the utmost the old man does is to offer you a back room at the house." When this country was young and people's ideas of what was necessary for living were on a most moderate scale, this might have done very well, but nowadays it is often passing hard on the young. It is absurd to say that a man in marrying for money because he says that he cannot marry without it. A young man with $3,000 a year makes a rash venture if he should marry a girl reared in great luxury with nothing but a trousseau; but if her father would settle $2,000 a year on her the case is materially altered. A mere allowance, revocable at will, or certain to terminate in the event of a financial catastrophe, is very small satisfaction to the young man. A principal reason why in Europe, some, however small, substantial settlement is insisted on is with a view not merely to the interests of the married pair and their children, but to those of the families on either side; for when young Brown married Miss Robinson, old Brown and old Robinson clearly recognize the certainty of young Mrs. Brown and their children coming down upon their respective families in the event of trouble, unless such contingency is duly provided against by ante-nuptial provision. In the case of persons of small means, such provision is, of course, but slender, yet, except in the case of the very poor, it is usually sufficient to give a roof-tree, with food, clothes and fire. There is not a shadow of doubt that the refusal of fathers to make a settlement on daughters prevents many women from making highly desirable marriages, and tends more than aught else to swell the rapidly augmenting ranks of mature spinsterhood.

Lottery Profits Falling off.

The *Italie* says that the profits made by the State lotteries have fallen off within the last two or three years, having declined from over £1,200,000 in 1876 to a little more than £1,000,000 last year, and this is attributed not to any abatement in the passion for gambling, but to the competition of the innumerable private lotteries, which are carried on to the detriment of the "Lotto Publico." There are a great number of these private lotteries at Rome, where they are known by the significant name of "numerette," and they are organized in such a way as to bring the facilities for gambling within reach of the poorest classes. The people who keep these offer no guarantees for solvency or fair dealing: but although their customers are always complaining that they have been defrauded, they seem to find plenty of fresh dupes. The Government and the Chamber have upon several occasions expressed their dislike of the lottery system, but every Ministry has hesitated to suppress a practice which brings so much money into the Treasury, and to impose additional taxes to make up the deficit. Unable to abolish lotteries altogether, the Minister of Finance brought in a bill for the more effectual suppression of the clandestine lotteries, and the Parliamentary committee appointed to examine the bill concluded, just before recess, a report in favour of its adoption, and anticipatory of the future abolition of the whole system.

A Dutch Sensation.

His Majesty the King of Holland, as all the world knows, married the other day the young Princess Waldeck, forty years his junior, and the Dutch are already rejoicing that the union is likely to prevent the extinction of the dynasty of Nassau. It may not be equally known here, though in Paris it is common gossip, that in the life of his late Queen, William III. formed a liaison with a French actress of secondary note, named Emilie Ambre, and created her a peeress of Luxembourg, with the title of Countess of Ambrose. He bought her a beautiful residence near Paris, the chateau of Monte Allo, not far from the ruined former villa of Prince Jerome at Meudon. The amorous King desired to marry her morganatically and make her Dutchess of Nassau. To do so it was necessary to present her to the Dutch nation, not only as an accomplished artist, but as a women of letters. Every day great people get the name of literati by using vicarious pens. It seems that Mlle. Ambre hired the pen of Mme. de Voisin, who in the world of letters was known as "Pierre Cœur" and "Reine de Camois," but having quarrelled with her royal lover, forgot to pay her. She is now sued, and Paris is looking eagerly for the sensational details.

A Large Hotel.

Four million three hundred thousand dollars is a good deal to pay for a tavern, yet that sum was paid the other day for the Grand Hotel in Paris. This includes, of course, the shops and everything appertaining to the vast building (the hotel itself contains some seventy handsome salons, some six hundred chambers, with private dining-rooms, etc.,) which is one of the most valuable lots of property in that city. The hotel was built by a company, and has had a large patronage from the start, mainly from Americans, who are, as Europeans know, very apt to be liberal patrons. Nevertheless, the house, or, rather the company, have not made money, much money as has been taken in. Up to two or three years ago it was currently reported that not a single dividend had been declared, and, as may be inferred, the stockholders have not liked it. During the exhibition year of 1867, and for some years after, the hotel got so wide a name for exorbitant prices as to deter many people from going there. The new proprietor will continue the establishment as an hotel, but if it pays him no better than it did its former owners he will regret his purchase.

Educating Her Husband.

The most unexpected (and we might state romantic) marriage that has ever occurred in Taylor County, took place at the residence of Mr. Bartlett last Friday night, by the Rev. J. G. Mdrsy, Mr. John Childrews, 23 years of age, to Mrs. Bartlett, 59 years of age, wife of the late James Bartlett, whose death occurred about three months ago. Mr. Childrews is a poor but worthy young man, who has for several years past been an employe of Mr. Bartlett. Mrs. Bartlett, being a lady of considerable wealth, has agreed to thoroughly educate her husband, and he is now in attendance at Butler Female College and Male Institute.

Frog Farming.

A Mr. Soule, of Elgin, Ill., is in his third year of frog-farming, and his first crop is now being marketed. He has an acre and a quarter devoted to the frog industry. The kind grown is the "Goslin frog," much larger than the common sort. Mr. S. will, next season, furnish St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati with frogs, and is confident of success in the business.

STRAY SHOT.

"Pity is akin to love,"
So they say;
What's to hinder! There are hearts,
Every day,
Achin' sadly to be loved,
In love and shy.
If pitie is akin' to love,
More's the pity!

The widow's might—Her beauty.

Charity begins at home, and generally stays there.

Jonis calls his wife misery, because she likes company to well.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do—the day after.

A young clerk in Toronto spent six hours in a refrigerator the other day, having been imprisoned by mistake. He felt, on coming out, as though he had just been entertained at a fashionable church sociable.

We are going out with the tied," said a young man to a friend, as he filed down the church aisle after a wedding.—"In that case," said a lady in front, "you can afford to get on my train."—And he did.

An exasperated politician who had been called upon to define his position once more than patience could endure, exclaimed: "Define my position! Never! If I define it, the next thing I'll be called upon to do will be to spend it."

A woman who was having her first introduction to the telephone was told by the operator to place the instrument to her ear and listen to the words the wire would speak to her. "And now," she said in all innocence, "shall I talk with the other ear!"

There will be five Sundays in next February. Think of so much Sunday night bliss in the shortest month. But then this won't happen again in forty years. Let the old gentleman remember this and be hopeful when he lays in the winter coal supply.

"In the fourth place," said the preacher to his drowsy audience, "those of you who are awake will notice"—etc. There was a pause, sudden straightening up of almost everybody in the congregation and a general appearance on nearly every face as if to say, "why don't you fellows keep awake better!"

In Heligoland, which is only a mile long, and a few hundred yards broad, there is neither horse nor wheeled carriage, barrows excepted. Society, concerts, the theatre, and bathing attract at this season crowds from Berlin, Hamburg, &c. Gambling was abolished in 1871. Steamers run thrice a week from Hamburg.

A London journalist of rather ripe imagination says that at a recent dinner given in New York the peaches developed an altogether new and unexpected feature. They bore the monogram of their owner traced distinctly in the velvety bloom. The process he described thus: Letters cut from paper are pasted on the peaches while growing. When the fruit is ripe, on removing the paper the letters are found picked out in the most delicate green, the rest of the fruit being rosy hued.

Women have certain rights which are inalienable. Every women has a right to be of any age she pleases; if she were to tell her real age, no one would believe her. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better puddings than any other woman in the world. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest baby in the world;" and it would be folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her. And finally, every woman has a right to gossip a little when she pleases.

A suit has just terminated in Paris between two French gentlemen, in which probably the first decision has been given in reference to the libels that may be uttered through postal cards. The Marquis de Bois Hebert was prosecuted in the Eighth Correctional Chambers at the suit of M. Ballereau, who said he was libelled and insulted by the sending of numerous postal cards. The Marquis declared in defence that he won 32,000 francs at the American Club from M. Ballereau, but could not get payment from the plaintiff, and that he only claimed a just debt of honour by sending this demand on three postal cards. The damages claimed were 100,000 francs. The Court condemned the Marquis de Bois Hebert to a fine of 25 francs.

That life in a French country-house is no longer rounded out and perfected with domestic graces is the complaint of a French writer in the *Constitutionnel*. In the villas of Paris financiers the baby mania plays a great role. There is a pair of scales in each nursery. The mothers spend their time in weighing their offspring. Baby-weighing is all the rage, and fond parents lay heavy bets on the chances of their babies making other people's babies kick the beam. Nor are the horses forgotten. The ladies have their village cart, which they drive themselves. Others have two grooms on horseback following their pony-chaise. Those financiers do not know how to do sufficient honour to their bank-notes. Their valets bloom in breeches, they eat off silver plates, and the dinner consists of several services, exactly as in Paris. The rusticity of the country, the free-and-easy life it invites one to, are severely banished. The ladies like to talk the latest slang of the boulevard, and the repertory of the cafes concerts is very much in vogue among them.

A Calabrian assassin was lately liberated from the galleys, where he had been for nineteen years undergoing punishment for various murders. His first visit was to his native village, Santomenna, the inhabitants of which were far from desiring the pleasure of his company. His first meeting in the village was with an old friend, whom he clubbed to death at a single blow; a little further on he fell in with two other compatriots, presenting them each with a mortal stab, and still another compatriot in an adjoining thoroughfare was met by him, and killed. He then went home in search of his unfaithful wife, but, not finding her, he vented his spite by killing a baby that she had given birth to during the last three months of his imprisonment, besides slaughtering a good many sheep in the back-yard. After this he went into the country, stole a fourteen-year-old boy, imposed a ransom on his head, and, on being attacked by the police, killed the boy in order to make a freer fight with his assailants, two of whom he wounded, and was himself then captured.

Fat-Initza.

The London *Telegraph* tells this story: "Sydney Smith once remarked of an inordinately stout lady whose dimensions were being somewhat humorously commented upon in his presence, that 'were she to rise in revolt against the constituted authorities, it would be necessary to read the Riot Act and disperse her!' We wonder to what extravaganoes of comical speculation the witty canon would have been stimulated had he lived to take cognizance of a young person of Russian birth, who is about to visit central and western Europe for the purpose of turning her extraordinary corpulence to profitable account, and whose fatty fame has gone before her, preparing the public mind for a surprise upon a scale of unprecedented magnitude. At present this adipose phenomenon resides at the lowly village of Bolschin-Grodni, in the government of Tula. She is but ten years old, and turns the scale at 418 pounds. A damsel who, within a decade, has attained a weight of nearly thirty stone, is indeed a marvel hitherto unrecorded in the annals of physiology. When she shall set forth upon her travels, which she is about to do under the guardianship of an eminent showman, she will be compelled to take her place in the luggage-van, for no entrance to any railway-carriage at present in existence is wide enough to admit of her passage through it. A subtle prevision of her ponderous peculiarities would seem to have inspired her godfathers and godmothers at her baptism, when they gave her the singularly apt name under which she will make her appearance before admiring throngs. She was christened Fatinitza!"

The Two Honeymoons.

Samantha Allen's opinion upon these familiar moons, as expressed in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, is as follows: "Thomas is as determined as a rock about one thing, that when he and Maggie are married they are going to keep house by themselves. The first year in married life is a precarious time, make the best of it; a dreadful curious, strange, precarious time; and if ever a woman wants a free room for meditation and prayer, it is then; and, likewise, the same with the man. There never was two persons so near alike but what they were different, and had their different ways and eccentricities. A woman may think she knows a man just as well as if she had been through his head a number of times with a lantern; but let her come and live with him from day to day, from week to week, in sunshine and in storm; when dinner is ready at noon and when it is late; when his bootjack is on the nail and when it is lost; when stovepipes are up and when they are being put up, and in all other trials and reverses of life. I tell you she will come across little impatient, obstinate streaks in him she never laid eyes on before; little selfish, overbearing streaks. And the same with her. He may have been firm as a rock in the belief that he was marrying an angel, but the very first time he brings unexpected company home on washing day he'll find he hasn't. They may be awful good-principled well meaning-folks, nevertheless, but there are rocks they have got to sail around, and they want strength, and they want patience and they want elbow-room."

* * * "There is another moon, what you may call the harvest moon of married life, that rises to light the married lovers on the pilgrimage. It may not be so brilliant and dazzling as the honeymoon, but its light is steady and calm, and mellow as anything, and it shines all the way down to the dark valley, and throws its pure light clear across it to the other side. * * * Then, if they want to take in a few infirm or even bedridden relations, on his side or on hers, let 'em take 'em in—it would be perfectly safe."

Chinese Proverbs.

Many of the Chinese proverbs have their counterparts in English; the difference of expression, however, being in many cases characteristic. Thus: "Throw a brick to allure a gem." "Not to cry stinking fish." is rendered in Chinese: "The melon-seller declares his melons sweet." "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," becomes, "Count cash as though they were gold,"—cash being a coin of the smallest denomination. Again, "A rolling-stone gathers no moss," is translated, "The swallow plastering its nest is labour lost"—this being a very happy allusion to the migratory habits of that bird. "Preparing is preventing," an old English expression, has its counterpart in, "Get the coffin ready, and the man won't die;" while "Too many cooks will spoil the broth" is rendered by the curious expression, "Seven hands and eight feet." "There is a black sheep in every flock" becomes, "Crows are black all the world over." And the oft-quoted saying of "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," assumes the form, "To pull down the western wall to repair the eastern." Speaking of the scarcity of good men, the Chinese say: "There are two good men: one of them is dead, the other unborn."—*Chambers's Journal.*

What Did Blucher Mean?

Forty and odd years ago, I heard more than once, from the lips of a German diplomatist who was in England with Blucher in 1814, (not "after the battle of Waterloo,") that the Prussian Marshal, struck as he rode through the streets with the show in our London shop windows, exclaimed, "My God, what a town to sack!" I did not understand the exclamation as expressing "the sentiments of a marauding savage," but wonder at the profusion of wealth displayed and apprehension of the risk we ran if invaded. * * * Blucher, on looking over London from St. Paul's, is said to have exclaimed, "Was fur Plunder!" that is what lumber, what a confused maw, (of buildings.) If the old warrior had meant plunder in the English sense of the word, he would have expressed himself differently.

A Prince's Bride.

Prince Henry XX. of Reuss' marriage with Miss Clotilde Goisnet, the popular circus-rider, is still a fertile theme of popular gossip in Berlin. The newly-wedded Princess Reuss, whose real name of Roux was relinquished by her for that of her mother on her entrance on the equestrian career, will, as is publicly asserted, soon have the satisfaction of seeing her sister Emily also adorned with a princely coronet. A Prince H——, descendant of a Rhenish family, owning large estates also in Silesia, is said to covet the honour of winning the hand and heart of the fair circus performer, who has captivated him by her daring feats. The two princes may console themselves in their *mesalliance* with the precedent given some twenty years ago by a French marquis, who married an aunt of the two Misses Goisnet, so much spoken of at present.

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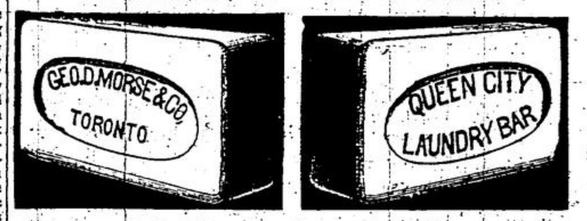

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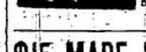

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