

### When I Mean to Marry.

When do I mean to marry?—Well,  
"Tis idle to dispute with fate;  
But if you choose to hear me tell,  
Pray listen while I fix the date.

When daughters haste with eager feet,  
A mother's daily toll to share,  
Can make the puddings which they eat,  
And mend the stockings which they wear.

When maidens look upon a man  
As in himself what they would marry,  
And not as army soldiers scan  
A sutler or a commissary;

When gentle ladies, who have got  
The offer of a lover's hand,  
Consent to share his earthly lot  
And do not mean his lot of land;

When young mechanics are allowed  
To find and wed the farmers' girls  
Who don't expect to be endowed  
With rubies, diamonds and pearls;

When wives, in short, shall fully give  
Their hearts and hands to aid their spouses  
And live as they were wont to live  
Within their sires' one-story houses,  
Then, maiden—if I'm not too old—  
Rejoice to quit this lonely life,  
I'll brush my beaver, cease to scold,  
And look about me for a wife!

### ARTHUR.

Several years ago I lived in a narrow street near the Champs Elysees, known as the Passage des Douze Maisons. Picture to yourself this silent and deserted corner of the faubourg, overshadowed by the grandeur of a more aristocratic neighborhood, and its stillness only interrupted by the occasional noise of a rolling carriage.

Year after year, whether from aversion or indifference, the owner of the property left it unimproved, in strange contrast to its beautiful surroundings. The low houses, with no brighter outlook than their tiny and neglected gardens, were most awkwardly built, the steps running up on the outside, with here and there wooden platforms used for the two-fold purpose of drying clothes and for affording refuge to half-starved cats, pet ravens and tame rabbits. These tenements were the homes of mechanics, of people forced to practice the direst economy, of artists (the latter attracted by the trees), and near by were some lodging houses of so mean an aspect that the fact of their having sheltered misers from time immemorial seemed loudly proclaimed.

Yet in this immediate vicinity lay the Champs Elysees in all its noisy brilliancy. There one heard a steady roll of wheels, a constant clanking of harness chains, quick footsteps upon the pavements, or the heavy shutting of gates after some emblazoned carriage had rattled through them. At times the muffled sound of a piano, or of the violins in the Mabilles, fell upon the ear, and, forming a background to all, were of imposing dwellings, gracefully standing out against the sky; their windows, half shaded by soft, silken draperies, reflected from their glittering panes the gilt of the candelabra and the varied hues of rare and many colored flowers within.

This gloomy Passage des Douze Maisons, lighted by a single street lamp, seemed like a side scene of the more brilliant neighborhood. All that for the moment was superfluous to the splendor there, courted idleness here; liveried servants, clowns in costume, a colony of English grooms, hostlers from the circus, the two little hippodrome riders on their famous ponies, and one might even see tiny goat wagons and pretty toy theatres, suggestive of children's amusement. In the midst of this, however, a dreary procession of blind men, who cleverly converted their misfortune into capital, and evening after evening they would wander back to the alley, carrying their camp stools, accordions and wooden bowls.

During my residence in the street one of these poor creatures married, and his wedding was the occasion of a night's merry-making, a fantastic concert, to which clarinets, hautboys, organs and accordions all contributed, giving forth those sounds so familiar to each and every bridge of Paris. Quiet usually reigned supreme in this quarter, for these street vagrants seldom returned before dusk, and then indeed with very weary limbs. It was only on Saturday night, after Arthur had received his wages, that there was any disturbance.

Arthur was my neighbor. A thin wall, lengthened by a trellis, was all that separated my humble lodging from the room which he and his wife occupied. Thus, in spite of myself, there was the necessary intimacy of proximity, and every Saturday I was forced to become the silent witness of a horrible drama, so often enacted in the homes of our Parisian workmen.

The opening scene was invariably the same. The woman would be preparing the dinner while the children played by her side. No matter how busy she might be, she always spoke gently to them. Seven o'clock, 8 o'clock—no body! As the hours passed her voice would change, and stifled sobs seemed to echo her anxiety. Then the little ones, growing hungry and tearful, would begin to fret. Their father did not come; they must eat without him. By and by these tired children would drop off to sleep, one after the other, and as the mother stepped out on the narrow wooden balcony I could hear her crying bitterly and murmuring, "Oh! the wretch! the wretch!"

The neighbors coming home saw and pitied her. "You had better go to bed, Mme. Arthur. You know well enough

that he has no idea of returning to you on his pay day."

Then would follow advice mingled with idle gossip. "I would not act thus were I in your place. Why not complain to his master?"

But this sort of commiseration only served to make her weep the more, and still hoping, she would patiently wait. The doors opening into the silent alley being closed, fancying herself alone, and with that peculiar indifference of the lower classes, who live half of their lives in the street, she would lean on her elbows and loudly relate her tale of suffering, thought having concentrated upon the fixed idea of her misery. Sometimes it was the overdue rent, sometimes the dunning trades-people, or perhaps the baker, who refused to supply her longer with bread; one or all of these causes contributing to her worry. What would happen were he again to come home without money?

At last, growing weary of listening for his tardy footsteps, of counting the sluggish hours, she would go in, but long afterward, when I imagined her at rest, I could hear some one coughing on the other side of the partition. Poor, unfortunate woman! She was still there, tortured by anxiety, straining her eyes to penetrate the gloom, and seeing nothing save her own distress.

One o'clock, 2 o'clock, often later, a voice might be heard singing at the end of the street. Arthur was returning. Usually some comrade walked with him as far as the door: "Come on, come on," and even there he would loiter, for, knowing full well what awaited him beyond its threshold, he felt too cowardly to knock. As he mounted the stairs the stillness of the house lent an emphasis to his heavy tread, and made him experience something akin to remorse. He would talk aloud to himself, pausing on each wretched landing.

"Good evening, Mme. Weber; good evening, Mme. Matthew," and if the salutations failed to elicit any response, a storm of curses followed until every door and window opened, and his own profanity would be returned with interest.

This was precisely what he wanted. When he had been drinking, nothing pleased him better than brawls, for, thus fortified by anger, he could wear a bolder face as he knocked at his own door.

This homecoming was terrible! "Open! let me in."

Then I could hear the woman's bare feet crossing the floor, the striking of matches, and the man, even as he stumbled in trying to stammer an excuse—always the same, however; bad company, foolish impulses. Ah! the story is an old one—old as the hills, and the woman never paid attention to it.

"The money?"

"I have no more," Arthur's voice replied.

"You lie!" So he did, in fact, for in the midst of his carousing he always managed to keep a few sous, looking forward to Monday, when his thirst must again be satisfied, and it was for this small balance of his wages that his wife struggled. Arthur never yielded it easily.

"Since I tell you," he exclaimed, "that I have spent it all on drink." Without answering a word, she would angrily catch hold of him, and with her whole strength shake him, search through his clothes and empty his pockets. In the course of a few minutes I could hear money roll upon the ground, the woman seizing it with a cry of triumph.

"Oh! I was right, you see!" Then an oath, heavy blows; the drunkard was taking his revenge. After once giving vent to his passion nothing could arrest its flood. All that is evil or destructive in the vile liquor sold at low drinking shops rose to his brain, seeking an outlet for its wild frenzy. The wife screamed; the children, rudely startled from their sleep, began to cry, and the very furniture of the miserable hovel seemed to echo these dismal, heartrending sounds. The window would be thrown open in the alley, and some could be heard explaining:

"It is Arthur, only Arthur!" Occasionally the father-in-law, an old ragpicker living in the next house, would run to his daughter's assistance; but Arthur, fearing interruption, always took the precaution of locking the door. Then would ensue through the keyhole between the father and his son-in-law a revolting dialogue full of horrible details:

"Ah, robber!" the old man would cry, "were your two years in jail not enough for you?" and the drunken wretch loudly answering:

"Yes, for two years I was in prison; what of that? I at least have paid my debt to the world. Why do you not do the same?"

It was Arthur's habit to regard the matter in this light: He had stolen, he had served out his time for the theft, so he and society were once more upon an equal footing. But it was hard to convert the ragpicker to this view, so that when the latter persisted in his taunts Arthur would become more furious and rushing out, would fall upon father-in-law, mother-in-law, neighbors, beating them one and all like so many puppets.

However, he was not a bad fellow at heart. Very often on Sunday, after one of these frequent exhibitions of cruelty, his thirst subdued and his pockets empty, he would pass the day at home. Mme. Weber, Mme. Matthew

and their neighbors would carry their chairs out upon the balcony, and there they would sit and gossip. On these occasions it was Arthur who was the wit and attraction of the party. You might almost have fancied him to be one of those model workmen who spend their evenings in lecture halls. He would speak in a sweet and well modulated tone, and, profiting by current ideas, would advocate the rights of labor and denounce the tyranny of capital. His wife, weak from the blows of the preceding night, would glance at him with evident admiration, nor was she alone in this. "What if dear Arthur did amuse himself?" sighed Mme. Weber.

Then the women would urge him to sing, and he, amiably consenting, would give them something of Beranger's. Oh! what a sonorous voice, full of affected pathos and vibrating with the senseless sentimentalism of his class.

Beyond the moldy, tar painted platform, tattered clothes were drying, and here and there between the lines a patch of blue sky might be seen at which these poor creatures would gaze with moistened eyes, longing in their fashion for a glimpse of the ideal.

In spite of all this, however, Arthur, on the following Saturday, would squander his wages and beat his wife. Think, then, of the young Arthurs, who, as the years advance, will in turn waste their earnings and abuse their wives.

### AS AN ENGLISHMAN.

The Efforts Young America Makes to Pose as a Briton.

There is a large number of young men in these free states whose chief object in life is to be taken for Englishmen.

The youth who wants to pass as an Englishman is obliged to put himself through a long and tedious process of preparation. He usually commences with a study of the "English" method of speech. The first task is to learn how to talk "away down in the chest," and the phrase chosen to experiment upon is, invariably, "By Jove." When he can say this with the proper accent he next ventures upon "You don't say so?" He then passes on to such sentences as "How awfully jolly. I can't believe it, you know," and so on.

If you live in the same house with him you can hear him up to a late hour of the night repeating over and over such words as "dawnee," "cawn't," "pawth," "chawnee," "rathaw," "fathaw," and "awe." Sometimes he would allow his voice to slide up while he says "demmit."

The word that you will hear him use oftentimes is "awfully." He will tell you that the flower is "awfully nice," that the policeman is "awfully kwoos," that his tear is "awfully hot," and that Belle Jones is "awfully jolly."

He would almost die for shame should he make such a vulgar blunder as to say "pants." The word he uses is "trousers," "breeches," or "bags." I will tell you confidentially, "I prefer to say bags; it's awfully English; the best fellows say it, you know."

In this way does the young citizen proceed to Anglicize himself.

But you can be English in more ways than in speech. Dress oftener proclaims the American Englishman than anything else. Any afternoon about this time of year you may see dozens of American Englishmen on Fifth Avenue or in the neighborhood of the Hoffman house, the Brunswick, or Fifth Avenue hotel. They are pretty sure to be dressed in large pattern checks, to carry enormous canes and to have their trousers turned up at the legs. A pair of trousers turned up at the legs is the most English sight that you can see.

WITH TROUSERS TURNED UP.

I know a young American Englishman who runs to the window every morning on rising to see if he will have an opportunity of turning his trousers legs up. If the day looks fine he comes from the window with a disappointed air and says, "Too bad, by Jove. It isn't going to rain after all." Once he has become a thorough Englishman, however, he will walk through Broadway the sunniest day in the year with his trousers turned up.

The walk of the American Englishman is also very distinctive. It is not, strictly speaking, a walk at all, but a stride. The feet are kept well apart and the toes are turned slightly in as if the walker wore spurs. The left arm is curved and is permitted to swing but very little. The cane is carried perpendicularly and the point is brought upon the ground almost three feet in front of the walker. It is not good form to throw the chest too prominently forward, but you will notice a graceful droop of the shoulders.

The single glass eye is nearly an absolute necessity, and the American Englishman uses it in public just as soon as he can get it into his eye without opening his mouth. Several young gentlemen of my acquaintance have seriously injured their eyes by using strong eye glasses when their sight was good. But injury to one's eye is a small penalty to pay for such a fashionable and attractive practice. "By Jove, Chawley," said one young gentleman, "I would wathaw endangaw the total sight of one eye than suwewndaw the privilege of weaving the glass. O its vewy English."

But the pillow of the young swell is

### SCIENTIFIC.

A novelty in chemical science is the turning to practical account the fact, long so well known that carbonic acid gas, under pressure of thirty-six atmospheres and at a temperature of 6° C., passes into the liquid state. The important feature of this proceeding consists in providing a vessel capable of holding the acid under the necessary pressure, and yet so that it should be available when required. This is effected by constructing a wrought iron cylinder of about ten liters capacity, representing a quantity of liquid acid which is sufficient when liberated from pressure to yield about 4500 liters of carbonic acid gas of ordinary density. At one end, and screwed into the metal of the cylinder, is an exactly finished brass screw valve-top, somewhat similar in principle to a high-pressure water tap, by which the exit of the gas can be controlled, so that it may pass into the garmeter or other vessel at any rate desired. Each cylinder will, it is stated, withstand a pressure equal to two hundred and fifty atmospheres; in fact, with a temperature of 200° C., it is claimed that the enormous pressure of twelve hundred atmospheres can in this way be made applicable.

Large quantities of adulterated olive oil have for a long time been manufactured in this country and abroad, much of it, indeed, being simply peanut oil, which, when cold pressed, is almost colorless, of agreeable odor and bland olive-like flavor. In the preparation of the latter the clean kernels are first crushed like any other oil seed, and put into bags which are introduced into cold presses, the expressed oil being refined by passing through filter bags. The residual cake is ground very fine, and pressed under three tons to the inch in the presence of steam heat, this affording a second quality of oil inferior to the cold pressed. The usual product is one gallon of oil by one bushel of nuts from the cold process, besides the extra yield by the hot pressing. In France, three expressions are adopted; the first gives about eighteen per cent. of superfine oil, fit for alimentary purposes,—the second, after moistening with cold water, affords six per cent. of a fine oil suitable for lighting and for woolen dressing,—the third yields six per cent. of good oil for soap.

A recently invented life buoy has as a novel feature a seamless brass reservoir running entirely around the inside, which is filled with oil through a hole in the top, which is then covered by a cap which screws on. On each side of the upper part of the oil tube is placed a rose—similar to those placed upon sprinkling cans—so that when the life buoy is hung upon the vessel's stern no oil can escape; but the moment it is placed horizontally the liquid begins to escape and covers the sea with a thin film of oil, spreading out rapidly on every side until a large circle is formed, within which the person who has fallen overboard may rest until rescued by the boats.

A Zanesville (O.) correspondent writes that dogs may not only be made profitable in mines by being taught to draw small carts, but it is entirely feasible to teach them to patrol mines as detectors of the presence of damp or natural gas. A dog of sixteen or twenty inches high is recommended as likely to be most serviceable in the work; but he should be trained by the watchman so as to be always ready to make rapidly the rounds or the mine before the watchman starts. The plan is to send the dog through the mines. If he returns, it will be known that the mine is safe. Failure of doggy to come back indicates danger from gas.

What is claimed to be a valuable rust protector is among the recent German inventions. It consists of ordinary oil paint mixed with ten per cent. of burned magnesia, baryta or strontia, as well as mineral oil. This neutralizes the free acid of the paint, and the alkaline reaction protects the iron from rust. As a preventive of iron rusting in the ground the metal is painted over with a mixture of a hundred parts of resin, twenty-five parts of gutta percha, fifty parts paraffine and twenty parts magnesia, besides mineral oil. A temporary paint for the movable portions of machinery, contains some twenty or thirty per cent. of magnesia or burnt dolomite, with some vaseline added to prevent drying.

A discussion of what is called telepathy is opened. The word means feeling at a distance the impulse of another mind through channels yet unrecognized. There are two forms which elephant phenomena are held to assume. One is that of simple thought transference, or mind reading, under the control of scientific experiment. In a mesmeric or pyrokinetic condition, and, indeed, without it, experiments are held to have shown that impressions or ideas can easily be transferred from one mind to another by an act of will. The second form is that of a sudden, unexpected impression passing from one mind to another, as a sort of presentiment or apparition. The writers treat not at all of apparitions of the dead, but only of the living.

A correspondent in Florida speaking of the defacement of paint by the inadvertent or heedless scratching of matches, says that he has observed that when one mark has been made others follow rapidly. To effectually prevent this, rub the spot with flannel saturated with any liquid vaseline. "After that people may try to strike their matches there as much as they like, they will neither get a light nor injure the paint." And most singular the petroleum causes the existing mark to soon disappear, at least when it occurs on dark paint.

Although the new technical college at South Kensington, England, has not yet been opened, complaints are already made about the inconvenience of its arrangements. The erection of this central school is a waste of money—the funds spent on it would have done far more good if used to supplement the technical instruction at University College and King's College.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Bear ye one another's burdens.  
No man is a hero to his fellow hero.  
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.  
The art of reading is to skip judiciously.

Anger fatigues itself and courts defeat.  
The basis of good manners is self-reliance.  
The man who loves his duty never slight it.  
Personal sacrifice is lauded, not emulated.  
A good conscience can bear very much.  
We become charitable by knowing men.  
Castles in the air do not bring any rent.  
Yielding tempers pacify resentments.  
A man is a man first and a lover afterward.  
What Heaven wills can never withstand.  
Good tools never made a mechanic skillful.  
Common sense is a hard thing to have too much of.  
When rumor is afloat gossip finds smooth sailing.  
Women are more susceptible to pain than to pleasure.  
The busier a man is the less the devil can trouble him.  
In the laughter of folly wisdom bears half its appauce.  
Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed.  
Those who are not self-possessed obstruct and pain us.  
The only question is, Whom will we serve?  
Love can see beauty where the world sees only deformity.  
A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.  
A man, like a watch, is to be valued for his manner in going.  
Know something of everything and everything of something.  
If your life is not a blessing to others it is not a blessing to you.  
The rich need Christian charity, but the poor need the other sort.  
A woman forgets when she forgives; a man forgives when he forgets.  
The man who is slowest in promising is fastest in keeping his word.  
There will be no theatre hats nor plug hats in Heaven.  
Don't shrink from contact with anything but bad morals.  
College education never made a man brilliant and talented.  
The great art of keeping friends is to keep them in expectancy.  
The greatest puzzle to a man is how a woman can love him.  
Admit the right though you are obliged to say "I was mistaken."  
The great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change.  
Don't argue with a fool, or the listeners will say there is a pair of you.  
Variety is the spice of life, but steady plodding is its beef and bread.  
An unsocial man is as devoid of influence as an ice-peak is of verdure.  
We learn to love those whom we have despised by rubbing against them.  
A woman never really learns how to pray until she has a man to pray for.  
A man never gets too old for his mother to stop calling him "her boy."  
Put a lazy man on a hot griddle and he would want time to turn himself.  
I had rather posterity should ask why I had not a statue than why I had.  
No man tastes pleasures truly who does not earn them by previous business.  
Those who are good when they are young are prettiest when they are old.  
The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.  
The pulpit is mightier than the stump.  
The fact that you do not understand a man is quite as likely to be fault as his.  
The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.  
It is the street-car conductor who remembers Lot's wife. He never looks back.  
Keep your heart open for everybody, and be sure that you shall have your reward.  
The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.  
The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brows of those who pluck them.  
According to authority, we never thoroughly know people until we hear them laugh.  
How good a man is to his wife the first day after she had caught him doing something wrong.  
A woman's face always reflects the hidden tragedy of her life, if there is one.  
For every industrious man there is an idle one wanting to borrow money of him.  
The person who can least spare it is often most willing to give others piece of his mind.  
As "the joy of the Lord is our strength," so the sorrow of our spirits is weakness.  
We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.  
You do not always get returns from your wisdom, but you always get big returns from your folly.  
We may all believe in liberty, equality, fraternity; but we want to be even with the folks who are on top.