he posseses - the very attentions that

were once a pleasure, would now be wearisome to him."

"Lucy," replied her friend in an earnest tone, "I speak confidently, for my words are the result of experience. I

you now do, and only for what appear-

ed a chance event, but in which I now see the hand of a merciful God, I should

have wrecked my earthly happiness.

With me, the change had proceeded so far, that I had ceased to hope for any

alteration, when one evening, in com-pany with my husband, I attended a

duties of the wife to chill, or to conceal

the love of the bride.' I thought little

of it at the moment, but the words came

to me again, as I was busy in my own

home; I found myself wondering why

he should have spoken these words, and

heart such a revelation of my own de-

band !'- but reason, duty, and more

than all, my own yearning heart, soft-ened by the new light which had dawn-ed upon it, said, 'Yes.' I resolved, and in the resolve of that hour the gray

skies already began to brighten, and

felt sure that the sunlight would come

You, who have been within my home

know how completely I have succeeded."

Lucy, in astonishment; "I had supposed

that yours was a home upon which no shadow had ever fallen! O, how I have

"You can make it so; only be what

love and tenderness that will astonish

Here the conversation was interrupt

d, nor was it resumed until the follow

ing day, when Mrs. Brown, having com-

oleted her visit to her friend, left for her

own happy home. Then a single al-

usion to the conversation of the previ-

ous day was all she ventured, but as she

pressed a parting kiss upon the brow of

ber friend, she whispered—"Try it, Lucy, you will, I know, but do not stop half-way!"

A year had elapsed ere the next visit

of Mrs. Brown to the Selwyns was made.

It was evening when the carriage that

conveyed her drove up to the door

Glad hearts and cheerful voices wel-

comed her. A merry group of child-

ren was gathered around the centre-

table, which was strewn with games and

paintings. Mr. Selwyn held in his hand

volume which he had just been read-

her cushioned chair, showed how her fingers had been engaged; and over all, especially upon the faces of the parents,

here was an expression of such cheer-

ulness, that Mrs. Brown felt assured

Lucy, dearest, are the skies still gray?"

een tried, and not without success.

wished that mine resembled it."

"Can this, indeed, be so!" exclaimed

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh—

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sliting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so high and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head, And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs! They bring us such sad thoughts to-night, We'll put them forever out of sight, In the small, dark room up stairs!"

But she answered: "Father, no, not yet, For I look at them, and I forget That the children are away;
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on, of checkered bine,
And sit here every day.

Johnny comes back from the billows deep, Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep, To say good night to me; Mary's a wite and mother no more, But a tired child whose playtime is o'er, And comes to rest at my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now, And every time when alone we bow At the Father's throne to pray, We'll ask to meet the children above In our Saviour's home of rest and love, Where no child goeth away."

> GRAY SKIES : And How to Brighten Them.

Seated together in a pleasant parlor, in the appointments of which everything betokened comfort, not unmingled with elegance, were two ladies. The younger, who had not reached the meridian of life, bore in her rounded form, and classically regular features, evidences of great youthful beauty, hallowed, rather than dimmed, by the ten years that had passed since she was a bride. But upon those fair features there rested a shadow, indefinable, yet plainly there; the bright eye had a tinge of melancholy mingling with its most cheerful glance, and the finely-chiseled mouth, beautiful in its repose, looked as if it had forgotten how to smile. Yet very fair appeared Lucy Selwyn to the eye of her more advanced companion, as they sat in that pleasant parlor on the bright May morning!

Mrs. Brown was possibly twenty years older than her friend, but with one of those bright, cheery faces, that the hand of age never robs of the light of a youth-ful spirit. Wrinkles there were, if you should search for them—crows feet about the eyes, and deeper lines grooved in the broad forehead, but the cheerful light that danced upon the whole countenance so veiled them in beauty, that few ever noted the footprints which the

years had left in passing.

At the feet of Mrs. Selwyn was a paper; she had been reading aloud from it with their glimpses of domestic life, like golden lessons to the heart. The piece was headed "The Rift in the Cloud," and as she finished it, she had allowed the paper to drop carelessly from her hands, exclaiming, "Never were written

truer words than are those!"

There was a tinge of bitterness in the expression of these words that caused Mrs. Brown to look up from the work on which she was engaged, when, in reher look of inquiry, Mrs. Sel-

nge to you to listen

fade

and are robe move beneath then heart the sunlight is sh

"Open your heart to me, cy," said Mrs. Brown, in a to deepest affection-"I am an old wo now, and have, in my day, experien many changing skies-the sunbright, the stormy, yes, and the cold, dull gray, as well—and my experience may be able to suggest a way of scattering the mists that hide the sunbeams from your heart."

"Well," replied Lucy, taking up the paper which had fallen at her feet, his little sketch portrays just what I have felt—the unappreciated wife-my husband never rd I am made to feel deficient in almost n commendation of ot se of them cuts to my h covet it for myself, but cov

I no longer expect hi "Lucy," said her tal voice, "excuse me if I tell you that fault is your own. If you can bear as of old? She began to be perplexed be truly dealt with, I will show you and alarmed! Then her thoughts remain the same of the same in Mr. Salwyn; he to disperse them too."
"The fault is mine!--and this from

you, Mrs. Brown! But go on; I will listen dutifully."

"No, Lucy, I had better be silent than have you listen in such a spirit; you have long proved my love, and should know that I would not be unkind, and yet the only way to help you is one that may give you pain."

"Forgive my pettishness, my dear friend. I do know that your heart is kindness itself, but I am so wearied with blame that my spirit rises against it,

however kindly meant."
"I have noticed it, Lucy; you love your husband so well that you wish him to be blind to every defect; you cannot husband," retorted Lucy, with spirit.

bear the expression of dissatisfaction, but would delight in the approbation of one so dear to you. This I know, but your husband does not, for your conduct to him is the reverse of what you expect

" No, Mrs. Brown, you do me wrong!" "Do you ever praise your husband?"
"Praise him! No; he does not want

"Do you never censure him?"

"I do find fault, sometimes, but how of such feelings, but they are exhibited can I help it, when he is so unreasonable in the manner; it is not long ere the

"You, then, withhold praise, and be stow censure upon your husband; these things of which you complain in him make, you say, your home-skies gray—have you never thought that the effect might be the same on him?"

Receiving no reply, Mrs. Brown con-

tinued : "During the month I have now been under your roof, I have seldom seen you hasten to meet your husband on his return, as if his coming brought a pleasure with it; I have noticed that ometimes the first words he has heard from the lips of his wife, after a whole day of absence, have been fretful com-plainings. The children have been unruly, or the servants have been impudent—your spirit has been chafed by these irritations, and he has been greeted by a recital of your perplexities, on reaching the home to which he had

"You are severe, Mrs. Brown "You may deem me so, but I have not yet done. Sometimes, when Selwyn entered the house with a smile on his face, and evident cheerfulness in his the inconsistency natural to man, Mr. heart, I have seen his manner, in a few Selwyn has ceased to value that which minutes, undergo a complete transformation; from the sunlight he has passed into the gray shadow. I can only sur-mise the reason yet I think my supposition is correct.'

"Will you favor me with it?" was the had not been many years a wife before I passed into the shadow that is now enveloping your home; I have felt all that you describe, and reasoned just as somewhat cold reply of Mrs. Selwyn, as

her friend hesitatingly paused.
"I will—but, Lucy, I do it only in the hope of removing its cause, and of restoring to you the light which you say has fled from your home; do not think me unkind, for only my love for you could induce me to assume so unwelcome a task. Now hear me. When Mr. Selwyn enters his home, only to find upon your face the expression of a sober seriousness, amounting almost to sadness; when his cheerful words are answered in a tone that speaks a dissatisfied heart, his own feelings, however buoyant and hopeful, sink under the in-fluence of that mental gloom. As sensitive as yourself, he feels the absence of sympathy, and your manner, more than your words, leads to the fear that you are too much engrossed by considerations a little apart from the company, I found of a selfish nature, to be able to sympathize with him."

"Mrs. Brown," said her hearer, rising from her seat, "I could have borne such language from few others. If you are correct, I am childish to expect my husband's praise!" Here, overcome by the feelings which had been so unsparingly probed, Mrs. Selwyn burst into tears, and in the passionate gush of emotion, was about to leave the room, when Mrs

Brown gently, but firmly restrained her.
"Sit down, my dear Lucy, sit down, or all I have said will harm, rather than benefit you. You do indeed deserve praise, but not for the things I have named : your domestic duties are nobly performed; your house is a pattern of neatness; your diligence, your regard susband's interests, your carefor your fulness of his comfort, so far as the material appointments of his house are concerned, are worthy of all commenda-

"But, if so, why do I never hear is

ion; if the words were springing to his lips, one glance at the martyr-like expression your features sometimes wear would chill them there. The truth is, Lucy, if your husband had no heart, he would praise you; he has a heart, and therefore does not."

ere he became your husband." This was a new phase of the subject to Mrs. Selwyn; a faint light began to dawn upon her, a dim suspicion that her friend might, at least in part, be right; but how could she help it? how could she express what she did not feel This thought, flashing across her mind, startled her. Had she, indeed, ceased to love her husband? No! Why, then, did she not feel the same warm impulse verted to the change in Mr. Selwyn; he was no longer what he had been—so solicitous for her comfort, so tender of her feelings, so deferential to her wishes -and there was a flush upon her cheek

"No," replied her friend, "and were I speaking to your husband, I should re-mind him of that; and yet, to you I must say, that had you, previous to the time you won his heart, worn the aspect which is now usual with you, Mr.

"And had he been then as he now

"The fault," said Mrs. Brown, "is mutual; it has had its origin in the too common conviction that, after marriage, those attentions which are the most expressive tokens of love are unheeded; and by a fatal mistake, the qualities that

my praise."

as he often is?"

turned for a respite from anxiety."

from his lips!" "Because you discourage its express-

"You speak in enigmas, Mrs Gray!" "You treat him as if you thought that his well-kept home ought to satisfy all his wishes; he feels that he should receive more than this !"

" What more?" "Love-the love of his own wife!" "Why, Mrs. Brown, do you suppose

he doubts that ?" "What reason has he to believe that he retains it? Once he could read your affections in every act; it spoke from your eyes, and was manifested in a housand little nameless attentions which, though insignificant in themselves, win their way to the heart; he knew that you loved him then!"

" He has no right to doubt it now !" "I ask, again, what ground has he for believing it except that you are his wife? What you do for him may be the mere performance of duty; the peculiar offices of love you have long since ceased to tender, and he has ceased to expect them; it would be a surprise to him to be met by you as you used to meet him

as she replied—" The change, Mrs Brown, has not been all upon one side."

Selwyn would never have sought you as

SKETCHES BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

Aristocracy at a Discount. One of the prominent features of the narket are the market produce wagons that come in nightly from Long Island, Jersey, and Westchester, laden with the choicest vegetables, which, as is well have awakened and fostered affection cease to be exhibited, and the love which was born of them begins to languish; the heart feels a want that is not met; known, are grown to the greatest per-fection in those celebrated gardening regions: asparagus, radishes, cauliflower, pie plant, celery, kale, cucumbers, peas, etc., together with the finest specimens coolness or petulance of one is reflected of small fruits: currants, gooseberries, cherries, plums, pears, etc.; all for the delectation of the favored residents of in the carriage of the other; and thus step by step, a change proceeds, the results of which are fatal to all happiness. the Empire City; and it is certainly assults of which are fatal to all happiness. With you, Lucy, the change has not advanced so far, but it has progressed till the sunlight of your skies has faded into gray—let it proceed, and I can predict for you gloom that will shadow your whole lite! Stop," said she, as Mrs. Selwyn was about to interrupt her, tonishing to see the immense quantity of fruits and vegetables required daily to satisfy the rapacious maw of the insatiate monster. Although this particular tyle of farming has its fluctuations, yet in the main it is highly remunerative, most of those engaged therein for any considerable time becoming wealthy and hear me through, and then act as you please. If you really wish for the sublight which brightened your early wedded life, you may have it again! Meet your husband, as of old, with a smile; rosperous. They exhibit much taste n the style of their wagons and teams, the wagons, many of them, being built in the neatest manner; platform springs, iron axles, and the bodies, which are et him see that his presence is a pleasure to you; make his home the brightest place generally double decked, and have tremendous capacity for stowage, are got-ten up and finished in a very superior manner. Early in the evening they be-gin to arrive, rolling smoothly down the various streets, and ranging themhe finds; let those attentions, which once were so freely rendered, take the place of querulous complainings—in short, let the effluence of a loving heart fill your home with its brightness and its beauty, and you will not wait long ere the gray will brighten into golden light!" selves side by side, close together, with the back end toward the curb, the horses "It would be in vain, Mrs. Brown," said Lucy, sadly; "I believe that with being unhitched, and their heads turned toward the wagon, where they are fur-

nished with hay.

During the spring, summer, and autumn, all the streets in the vicinity of the market are thus lined on either side, leaving only an open space in the centre for travel. They occupy West, Wash-ington, and Greenwich streets from Cortland to Canal, and are found in every cross street, so that when in the morning other vehicles begin to pour in to take part in the business of the day, the streets are entirely obstructed for

A PERFECT BLOCKADE.

Drivers are sitting on their boxes, or standing on their trucks, looking at each other and swearing all the oaths known to the language, besides forcing heavy contributions from other idioms

wedding-party of two dear young friends. They had just returned from with which they are most familiar.
"Why don't you move on there?" factiously inquires the specimen New piness written in brighter characters than upon those young faces! I stood there, sad in heart, for I remembered when I was gay as that fair young bride—as full of hepe and joy; and as I stood a little apart from the company. I found the specimen in the specimen is a hotel coach, where he has been broiling for the last hour without moving an inch ahead. You glance at the speaker, and you see a representative man of his myself wondering whether she would ever feel as I then felt! The white-hair-ed clergyman who a month before had married them, was present. At a latter

exclaims contemptuously, "Donder mit blixen, what for shall I trive to? You pe von great shackass. Oh, mein Cot, mein Cot, I pe gone dead mit de heat. I

shall pe sun shtroke mit mine head." "Arrah, be jabers," shouts the irrewhat it was he meant by them; and as I pondered on them, there came to my pressible Celt on the truck ahead, "hould aisy, me lad; ye's can take no harrum with so much lager under yer jacket; it's only risin' up, it is, inter yer hat. Wait till we have Misther O'Donficiencies as startled me! All that I have said to you, and far more, I thought of myself. I saw that I had been self-ish and exacting, and that, while rendovan in the Board of Aldthermen, and then, honey, we'll have an ordinance ering the mere duties of a wife, I was passed for your own special convaexpecting, in return, the expression of

feelings which my own demeanor had chilled. I then resolved that it should "Sacre," mutters the French baker from his neat cart labelled "Hot Rolls," for which his customers are likely to be different; that I would again be to my husband all that I once had been. wait in vain for that morning's break-Pride said-' No, rather suffer on, than court the affections of your own hus-

Down the street the drivers are still more demonstrative. Several have left their teams and are having a social game of fisticuff, the indulgence in which pastime, by the by, seems necessary to the existence of your regular New York carman. The horses, meantime, are run-ning into and smashing up matters generally, in emulation of their masters' ex-

Presently, however, a movement is apparent down the street, the surging mass gives way, the blockade is raised, the impatient drivers urge their horses to the right hand side of the street, and soon two living streams are flowing, one on either side, one on their way up town, the other down. We look for the you once was—the same to your hus-band as before you called him yours— and you will find in his heart a depth of magician who has so soon and with such comparative ease brought order out of chaos, and we readily recognize the neat blue uniform, brass buttons and badge of office belonging to a member of th Metropolitan police force, who, grim and mud bespattered, passes hastily through the crowd, ordering each team into position by a mere wave of the hand, and in a few moments after he appears upon the scene, everything moves along with as much regularity as is consistent with human life in general, and

city life in particular. But I am digressing again. The farmers do not drive in over night with any expectation of selling their load before morning as a general thing. They soon retire to the various lodging houses in the vicinity, leaving their property in care of a set of special watchmen, who, for a nightly fee, guarantee its safety until morning. One Nichols, from Northport, Long Island, had charge of a

section in our immediate neighborhood ing aloud to the little party. The work-basket of Mrs. Selwyn, at the side of A bluff- old fisherman was this same Nichols, who had resided in such close proximity to the Nutmeg State that he had adopted all the peculiar pronunciation and nasal twang that characterizes the universal Yankee nation. When he first came among us his style was so "outre," and his drawling, sententious ner prescription of the year before had speeches so provocative of laughter, that As Mrs. Selwyn was assisting to dis-obe her friend of her outer garments, he was unmercifully quizzed, all of which he took with the greatest good nature; but he proved to have such a Mrs. Brown ventured a single question: vein of humor, and withal such a kindly heart, added to a great fund of anec "O, no! it is all sunlight now!" And those white arms were wound around dote, which he dispensed in his inimita-the form of her friend, and a shower of ble manner, that he was soon unanikisses poured upon the lips which had mously voted a "brick," and received taught her the secret of transforming into the brotherhood as a valuable ac-

As I neared Nichols's post one night I saw him dodging about under the wagons in a high state of excitement. "What's up, Nichols?" said I. "Hush!" said he; "come and look at

this tarnal critter a stealin' of old Schneider's hoss."

I crept carefully to his side, and true enough, there was a man stripping off to take our man to the station, where he the harness, which he took great pains proved to Captain Halpin's satisfaction

to lay up on the wagon.

Said Nichols quietly, changing his quid to the other cheek, "There's suthin curious about that 'ere team. He can't coax one of them ar hosses to leave t'other."

And so it came to pass that as we looked we saw the matter clearly de-monstrated. And surely that was a comical horse thief. Atter laying off the harness, which occupied about half an hour, he began to examine the fine points of the animal. He looked in his mouth, rubbed down his legs, lifted up his feet to examine his shoes; then stepping back a few paces, he apparently wished to take in all the good points at

Said Nichols in a whisper, "I reckon he'll find considerable many good points about that 'ere hoss, 'specially 'bout the

It was perhaps as worthless an animal as could be found in the street. At last, apparently satisfied as to its intrinsic value, our hero essayed to mount; he made desperate efforts to get astride the beast by grasping the mane, and throwing himself in various attitudes, but all in vain; finally clambering upon a wagon he gave a heavy lurch, and with one tremendous effort he was on, and over, and there he lay sprawling, muttering curses not loud but deep. Soon, however, his attention was attracted by a loud guffaw from Nichols, who could contain himself no

"I say, stranger, you're the darnedest critter to overreach I've met with since I've been in York. I'll bet high there's nothing in Welch's circus ken tech a andle to your performance." Meantime we were walking up to our

man, who sat on the ground where he had fallen. He was a very gentlemanly appearing fellow, young and handsome; and I thought I saw beneath his overcoat a glimpse of an undress navy uni-form. As to his nationality we were not long in doubt, as he addressed Nichols : "'Ow are you, governor?' hand 'ow's the missus, hand the little kids hat

"No triflin'," said Nichols; "when I ties knew eac's other in all their peculiget really riled, I haint the pleasantest arities. But in Chicago all was changchap to deal with. What on airth was you tryin' for to do with this hoss?" "Hi don't call that hanimal an 'orse, but han hass. Blast my buttons, but their hands; both intended to cheat, he's halmost broke my harm, and smashed my figure-'ead. Hi don't want

to go aloft again in that crazy 'ulk."

"Waal, stranger, you're the darnedest, oncommonest specimen of a horse-thief marriage. A winning face and pleasing that it's been my fortune to set eyes on form counted more with most young peo lately. Mebbe you would be kind ple than the sweetest graces of the soul, enough to tell us what you was goin' to and it often turned out that a great mis-

"Honly a bit of a lark. Hi come hover with the lads to 'ave a jolly go of it; hevery one got drunk but me, and some-where they lost me; thought l'd make a man because he was six feet one, had night of it; concluded to take a ride; deuced hextensive stud this chap has; who can hit be? Most hextraordinary cohincidence that I should 'ave met you just as I was about to ride.'

Looking towards the old market, that comed up in the darkness, he remarked "Devilish shabby 'ouse this chap has that howns so many 'orses." Nichols heard him out and then ex-

"Who in thunder are you, and what's all this yer blowin' about? Come along with me, and we'll see about this bit of a lark as you call it. Oh, come along it's no use a-drawin' back; when I once get my grapplin' irons fast suthin's got to come;" at the same time showing his badge of a special officer, without which he would have no authority to make an

With your true Briton's respect for law, our man at once altered his tone. 'My dear sir, you don't happrehend that I wanted to steal the hanimal? No, no; 'twas honly han hunfortunate hincident.

" Rayther unfortnit, I take it ; jest you come on, and yeou can see how we look on sech things." Our friend was getting pretty well so bered by this time, and evidently took

in the situation. Said he: "I belong to the Navy, second lieutenant, H. B. M. 'Macedon.' "I reckon you belong to me jest now, said Nichols, who was somewhat puzzled; "what on airth was you doin' here

anyhow?" "Oh, bless your 'eart, the governor took it in 'is 'ead that I was a-sowing too many wild hoats on the other side the Hatlantic, and sent me over for my 'ealth. I beg pardon, sir. I hexpect I hacted foolish, but I am no thief." Say-

ing which he displayed his uniform. At my suggestion, Nichols was about to dismiss him, when, in an evil moment, old Schneider made his appearance, accompanied by Mike Doole, an Irish carrier well known on the street. The Dutchman was in a high state of excitement as soon as he understood the matter. "Mein Got in himmel," said The ball entered the shoulder blade and he to the Englishman, "you shall pe prought mit de benidentiary for dis, you tundther wedder Shonny Pull."

"Och, thin, watchman dear, ye'll sure ly be afther takin' the miserable thafe o the station, an' hould him till Judge Brannan sits."

Said Nichols, "I rayther think Pillet him go, and ef I do it's my affair." Mike was disappointed; the national prejudice was strong. The Dutchman

"Och, thin, begorra," says Mike, "it's compoundin' a felony they are; if ye'll take my advice, Schneider, ye'll jist arrest the pair of 'em." Who is this fellow?" said our officer.

with some hauteur. Mike was at once full of fight. "Och, thin, be the howly poker, I'll mash the head of ye, ye bloody thavin blagguard; the like of ye'll not be tramplin on us here; hooray for ould Ireland, Erin go Bragh."

The upshot of the matter was that Mike raised such a hubbub among the Irish in the street that we were obliged proved to Captain Halpin's satisfaction that he was not only second lieutenant of H. B. M. "Macedon," but that he was son of Sir John Esthaven, consequently an aristocrat, and, like Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion." L. R. T.

Sensible Views about Marriage.

The Chicago Times thus condenses its eport of a sermon delivered in that city y Rev. Robert Collyer, on the subject of Marriage." He said :

It was wrong to call marriage a lot-tery. He would believe that of most any that a good man or woman could find a good woman or man. God would help those who help themselves. It was i lottery to those who determined it should be a speculation. God did not leave the glory and joy of lite to mere chance. Every man was sure of a good wife if he would give diligence to make his calling and election sure. Very little money was needful if they had some other things that it could never buy. He would not cry money down, and had little respect for those ministers who did so, for they took all the salary they could get, and would break tender ties for "a divine call" that they could not resist. "Love of money" was the root of all evil. An old farmer told him that it would be well to marry a woman who had money if he could love her; but that it should not be one of the considerations. It was not true that when poverty came in at the door love jumped out of the window -passion might, fancy might, but love would not, and never did. That Cupid that sprang out of the window came from Venus, the old heathen goddess The angel of God would watch over true love in the cottage and aid the man who tried to make \$10 go as far as \$20 ought to, and make a crust taste better than a

pound-cake. He wanted a frankness to exist be-

tween the parties before they came to him. There was a sort of semi-deception practiced by lovers on each other They seldom appear as they really are. Country marriages were apt to turn out better than those of the city, as the pared. He then briefly described a court-ship, showing that it was a game of cards; both were anxious not to reveal and when they got married they both found it out. The deceptions were specified and denounced, for young men and Nichols eyed him with a quizzical expression for a moment, and then broke out:

"Waal, stranger, you're the darnedest," would cost but little if shown before

women should come to a simple understanding, for it would cost something to show the temper after marriage, while it would cost but little if shown before do with this 'ere animal, ef you could hev stayed on his back?" take had been made; though beauty might often accompany great goodness. Some of the worst cases that had come under his observation were where the man had married for beauty and the woblack whiskers, etc. Marriage was religious duty, though not commanded -it was rather a divine fact; and he liked the Quakers who said, when about to be married, "We have been moved to do this by the Holy Spirit." Men and women were often brought together by something that they could not account for. He related the story of a single man who on the Pacific saw a face and woman told him that she had seen her husband at the same time, and said to herself, "That is the homeliest face I All true marriages were ever saw." made in Heaven, but there must be a and not by the mother or father, etc., on earth.

He gave it as his opinion that the greater portion of the human beings who become husband and wife find themselves rightly married. They sel-dom married the ideal, and there were often times when they could not see alike, and there would be trials of faith in each other, and sometimes a doubt, and no man had a right to get married without expecting such things. Married life had more burdens and also more happiness. The sweetest wife in this world has said things to her husband that she would not allow anybody else to say, and the best husband sometimes might say things that if anybody else had said he would leap at him like a leopard. Among the costs to pay were patience, forbearance, mutual giving and taking, no treasuring up of sharp words, and the sun should never be allowed to rise on the wrath.

To show how little lung a person may live on, Dr. Nicholson says: young man enjoying good health, and i comparatively strong, who has not more than two-thirds of a lung. He lost his left lung from the effects of a gunshot wound received at the battle of Shiloh. lodged in the top of the lung. Dr. Guild, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, an eminent surgeon, attended him two or three nonths at the outset. He finally came under my care. I had charge of several months—until he was well. He lost all his left lung, and maybe a little more than the lower lobe of the right lung. No mortal ever came near dying surely than he. From a skeleton he picked up flesh, commenced the business of a merchant, got married, and has had some children."

A widower in Terra Haute, Indiana offers to marry any young, amiable, beautiful, and accomplished girl wno will take care of his house, keep his chil-dren clean, and let him alone.

## NO. 3.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. A clarionet, cornet and flute have been ntroduced into the choir of the Congregational church at Waupun, Wisconsin. To cure sore throat, take the whites of two eggs and beat them in with two

spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water; stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription, if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate cases of hoarseness in a short time. Bees are exceedingly susceptible of at-

mospheric changes; even the passage of a heavy cloud over the sun will drive them home; and if an easterly wind prevail, however fine the weather may otherwise be, they have a sort of rheumatic abhorrence of its influences, and abide at home. The cause would seem to be the deficiency of electricity in the

At New Bedford there are now lying thirty-five vessels whose legitimate object is the pursuit and capture of whales, and which now should be preparing to set sail for adventure. Nevertheless, they are all in the most dreamy state of inanition. There is a large stock of oil on hand, the price of it is low, and therefore merchants will not fit out the vessels or hire men.

Rev. Dr. Deems, in the course of his remarks at the funeral of Alice Cary, said: "Men loved Alice Cary, and women loved her. When a man loves woman, it is of nature; when a woman loves a woman, it is of grace—of the grace that woman makes by her loveliness; and it is one of the finest things that can be said of Alice Cary, that she had such troops of friends of her own sex."

It is stated that during the siege of Paris the method of making bread out of the raw wheat was carried out with success. Under the usual system, it is averred, 100 pounds of wheat yield 80 pounds of flour, from which 112 pounds of bread are made. Under the new plan of using the unground wheat, 143 pounds of bread, it is estimated, can be made out of 100 pounds of wheat.

Some men find life unendurable if they cannot lay wagers. At Bingham-ton a favorite mode of winning "the drinks" is for a sharper to bet with a yokel that he can stand an egg on end "right out on the floor," and the yokel can't break it with a half-bushel measure. The bet is taken and the fiend in human shape puts the egg precisely in the corner, and if you wish to know how it is yourself, you would do well to try

the experiment. A young man in Oswego, who started day, attired and accourted as he supposed Satan usually is, unhappily entered the wrong house, to the consteration of the inmates. The old gentleman, father of the family, especially, was greatly alarmed, and with a wild shrick," Maria,

The new German empire, with Alsace and Lorraine, will contain 40,148,209 inhabitants, and France, without these provinces, will have 36,428,543 inhabitants. United Germany will be the second nation in Europe in point of population, Russia alone leading it. The larger part of Russia, however, is inhabited by a half-civilized people, and it may be fairly stated that Germany, numerically speaking, is at the head of civilized nations. The census of 1880 will advance the United States to that

position. The Indianapolis Sentinel tells a good story of a railroad conductor who resides in that city. In his absence his wife presented him with a fine boy. Some of his wife's friends, who are of a wagdiscovered that it was his wife, and he married her seven years afterward in Philadelphia, and there was never a happier couple in the world; and that turn. The plan was carried out, and, upon the arrival of the train in the evening, the young husband, who had heard that all was well; hurried home; made in Heaven, but there must be a after fondly kissing his wife, he asked conviction that they are made above, to see the little stranger. Imagine his surprise on beholding three babies when the coverlet was turned down. After gazing at them in profound astonishment for several minutes, he turned to his wife, and coolly asked, "Did any

> Criticism in the newspapers of the West is peculiar. An Illinois paper thus touches upon a member of the Legislature: " Mr. Acker, the eminent hornswaggler, thrilled the House on Saturday with one of his most majestic efforts. A short-horn reporter describes the scene as indescribable. Ladies on the back seats were obliged to climb up to the back of the chairs to escape the torrents of eloquence and things. The speaker was so charged with the elecricity of eloquence that his sharplypointed spike tail coat frequently stood at an angle of sixty degrees and trem-bled like an aspen. The orator most of the time resembled an irresponsible victim in galvanic slippers. He roared, and plunged, and squealed like three hundred pounds of petticoats on her first pair of skates."

Out in Chester county, N. C., lately, clock peddler was tramping along, hot, dusty, and tired, when he came to s meeting-house wherein sundry Friends were engaged in silent devotion. The peripatetic tradesman thought he would walk in and rest. He took a seat upon a bench, doffed his hat, and placed his clocks upon the floor. There was a painful stillness in the meeting-house, which was broken by one of the clocks, which was broken by one of the clocks, which commenced striking furiously. The peddler was in an agony, but he hoped every minute the clock would stop. Instead of that it struck just four hundred and thirty times by the actual count of every friend in the meeting, for the best disciplined of them couldn't help numbering the strokes. Then up rose one of the Friends, at the end of the four hundred and thirtieth stroke, and said: "Friend, as it is so very late, perhaps thee had better proceed on thy perhaps thee had better proceed on thy ourney, or thee will not reach thy destination unless thee is as as energetic as thy vehement time-piece."