

us immediately, but wanted to be sure that everything was right first."

"Did you expose me?" I enquired anxiously.

"No sir, I did not, for I never enter into a deception, or anything else, by halves."

I was so elated that I could not withstand the temptation of embracing her. This did not make her angry, for she nestled her head cozily on my shoulder and smiled serenely.

"What answer did you make him?" I then asked.

She hesitated for a moment, and then said: "I promised to produce the marriage certificate."

"But we haven't got any," I then remarked.

She indulged in a quiet little laugh to herself, but said nothing.

Mrs. Kingsley—nay, my dear, madam—no, I will call you darling—we are both in a scrape, and there is but one way for us to get out of it. We must go and get married immediately. Will you be my wife?"

"I shall be delighted," she answered frankly, and seizing both my hands, said that she was ready for a frolic of any kind.

We lost no time, I assure you. I don't think Mrs. Kingsley ever got into her Sunday clothes in such a hurry in her life before, while I spoiled two pair of suspenders in my frantic endeavors to be on time. We quite astonished the parson by our haste, and at the conclusion of the ceremony I would have forgotten to give him the usual "fee," if he had not reminded me of it.

We had secured the coveted marriage certificate, signed and sealed, and were not safely out of our difficulties, as we thought. We had omitted one precaution, as we presented the certificate to uncle. It was all right with exception of the modern date.

"Why, how is this?" said my uncle gazing at the document through his specs; "I thought you were married over a year ago."

"So we were, uncle," I answered very solemnly.

"How comes it, then, that the certificate is dated to-day?" he asked in a voice of thunder.

We were struck speechless, both my wife and I.

"Come," said my uncle, "I see there has been some trickery here. Own up to it, or I will never forgive you."

I did own up to it, and told him the whole story. I expected it would make him angry, but it did not; for he laughed heartily, and said I was a clever rascal, and he was proud of me.

"But how about the gold goblet and pappoon? You haven't been drawing the wool over my eyes about them, too, have you—eh?"

I told the truth about the goblet and pappoon.

"Why you are a regular trickster," said my uncle. "I believe you would deceive Satan himself. But I won't get angry with you, for I used to play the same games myself when I was young."

In a word, we became reconciled, and my uncle settled on me a sufficient income to enable me to quit my irksome duty as a clerk. He has gone back to Vermont, and I can but say in conclusion, that when he pays us another visit, I can show several "little people" that I call my own, and without telling a falsehood.

A TASTE FOR READING.

We cannot linger in the beautiful creations of inventive genius, or pursue the splendid discoveries of modern science, without a new sense of the capacities and dignity of human nature, which naturally leads to a sterner self-respect, to manlier resolves and higher aspirations. We cannot read the ways of God to man as resolved in the history of nations, of sublime virtues as exemplified in the lives of great and good men, without falling into that mood of thoughtful admiration, which, though it be but a transient glow, is a purifying and elevating influence while it lasts. The study of history is especially valuable as an antidote to self-exaggeration. It teaches lessons of humility, patience and submission. When we read of realms smitten with the scourge of famine or pestilence, or strewn with the bloody ashes of war; of grass growing in the streets of the great cities; of ships rotting at the wharves; of fathers burying their sons; of strong men begging their bread; of fields untilled, and silent workshops, and despairing countenances—we hear a voice of rebuke to our clamorous sorrows and peevish complaints. We learn that pain and suffering and disappointment are a part of God's providence, and that no contract was ever yet made with man by which virtue should secure to him temporal happiness.

In books, be it remembered, we have the best products of the best minds. We should any of us esteem it a great privilege to pass an evening with Shakespeare or Bacon, were such a thing possible. But were we admitted to the presence of one of these illustrious men, we might find him touched with infirmity, or oppressed with weariness, or darkened with the shadow of a recent trouble, or absorbed by intrusive and tyrannous thoughts. To us the oracle might be dumb, and the light eclipsed. But, when we take down one of their volumes, we run no such risk. Here we have their best thoughts, embalmed in their best words; immortal flowers of poetry, wet with Castalian dews, and the golden fire of wisdom that had long ripened on the bough before it was gather-

ed. Here we find the growth of the choicest seasons of the mind, when mortal cares were forgotten, and mortal weaknesses were subdued; and the soul, stripped of its vanities and its passions, lay bare to the finest effluences of truth and beauty. We may be sure that Shakespeare never out-talked his Hamlet, nor Bacon his Essays. Great writers are indeed best known through their books. How little, for instance, do we know of the life of Shakespeare; but how much do we know of him!

For the knowledge that comes from books, I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being on the other. "The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life." I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with gross vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible weaknesses; and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is overstatement to say that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations—if for no other reason—because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armour of the soul; and the train of idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem, in which the Devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the tastes and temperaments of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook. To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime, for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him; and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man, thus circumstanced, within the sound of my voice, let me say to him, that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times.—George S. Hillard.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

A correspondent of the London Telegraph in an account of the Liverpool races, gives the following description of a swindling game practised there:—"As far as I could see, card sharpening was not extensively practised in Aintree, but the nimble young fellows who worked the purse trick were doing a roaring business literally. In one case—as it was my good fortune to witness—there was a rawboned lad who had the appearance of a boilermaker, and who was an attentive listener to the persuasive discourse of the gentleman on the stool. 'It's all right this time, and no gammon about it,' said the latter; 'there's half a crown in the purse. I tell you I am obliged to chuck in a sweetener sometimes, and a poor lad like you may as well have it as them that don't want it.' The rawboned lad was tempted, evidently. 'I ain't got on'y tenpence,' said he, wistfully. The gentleman on the stool was not a hard dealing person, however. 'Aye, I thought you was some poor devil down on his back,' said he, pityingly. 'Well, never mind; I'll lose twopenny by you. Give me the tenpence.' 'But what'll I do if I'm took in like the rest?' 'Do what you like,' said the gentleman on the stool. 'I shan't grumble.' 'Then I think I shall have a go at un,' remarked the young ironworker, at the same time landing up his only tenpence and receiving the purse. He opened it and there were three halfpence in it. The young ironworker didn't swear; he whipped off his jacket as calmly as though he was about to begin an ordinary job of riveting. His next movement was to kick the stool from beneath the first swindler's feet, so as to bring him something nearer his own level. 'Now,' said he, 'look out, and recollect what you said about not grumbling,' and before the dodger could recover from his amazement, a row of knuckles, hard as buckhorn, smote him between the eyes, and he measured his length on the turf. He must have been an awfully plucky young fellow. Two of the pursenian's confederates made a hasty step forward to the rescue of their comrade, but the formidable fist came full tilt against their visages, and there they were all three sprawling among the spilled money and the scattered purses. 'There's twopenny'orth for you,' said the young ironworker; 'fourpenny'orth for him, and threepenny'orth for each of you,' and, so saying, he put on his jacket and strolled away, striking a match for his pipe against a cart-wheel by way of conclusion."

Christian graces, like the stars, shine brightest in the darkest hour.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

For thousands of years, the hearts of animals had been beating before it was discovered that the purpose of the continuous action of that organ was to bring the supplies required for international repair to the remotest members of the animal body, and at the same time to carry off the waste which had been replaced by fresh material. For thousands of years, human hearts had been beating, and, misled by superficial observation, the heart was supposed to be the seat of thought and passion, the centre of good and evil, devotion and love; and it was even compared by poets to an altar on which flames were burning, etc.

But modern biologists have changed all this. The human heart is no longer the seat of the noble feelings of generosity, charity, and of love; all these functions have been transferred to the brain, while the heart has been degraded to a simple hydraulic apparatus, in fact, to a machine to all intents and purposes equivalent to a pump.

If, after having fully realized the stupendous change in our estimate of this noble organ, we make it our task to investigate its operation, our admiration and delight concerning its exquisite construction compensates us fully for the disappointment which at first we may have felt when poetry had to make room for reality. During the life of a man, this little pumping machine performs some 104,000 pulsations every twenty-four hours, 37,000,000 per year, and, in a life of 80 years, nearly 3,000,000,000 of pulsations without ever stopping, as a stoppage would be at once fatal to the individual. Every pulsation projects six ounces of blood with a force which has, by experiment, been determined to be equivalent to a power of three foot pounds for every pulsation, and 72 x 3 or 216 foot pounds per minute; estimating the power of a strong man at 4,320 foot pound per minute, it is seen that the little muscle which we call the heart exerts at every contraction a power equal to one twentieth part of the power which his whole body is capable of exerting; but then this power works night and day without his will, even without his knowledge, while man can only work one third of the time. The whole amount of blood propelled by the heart is 27 lbs. per minute, 1,620 lbs. per hour, 38,000 lbs. per day, 14,000,000 lbs. per year, 1,000,000,000 lbs. in a life time. Are we not then justified in asserting that there is nothing lost to the eye of the intellect, by the transfer of the heart from the domain of imagination and speculation to that of positive science?

The heart with the regular musical rhythm of the contraction of its four chambers, the never failing opening and closure of its admirably constructed valves, sends the blood, which is a most mysterious metamorphosis of the food consumed, through the arteries, which by their elasticity equalize the rhythmic impulses into a steady current, when the blood reaches the capillary vessels; here the blood is propelled further by capillary action, by the forces of endosmosis and exosmosis; the blood thus reaches every recess, either in muscle, skin, nerve, or even bone, and, replacing every organic molecule which has become obsolete, carries the latter through the veins towards the liver, kidneys, and spleen to be purified, and lastly to the lungs to undergo the main purification, the throwing off of all gaseous matter, especially carbonic acid and the absorption of the vital oxygen. Then it returns to the heart, to be again and again propelled through the body.

The absorbing power of the capillaries is proved by the fact that after death the arteries are always found empty; this deceived the ancient anatomists, who therefore considered them as air ducts, wherefore they gave them the name of arteries; when the heart stops beating, this capillary absorption goes on till the arteries are emptied. For the beating of the heart the stimulus of the oxygenized air is necessary, as proved by vivisection of animals, which shows that when, by the opening of the chest, the lungs collapse the heart at once ceases to beat; if, however, respiration is restored by an artificial periodical inflation of the lungs by air, the pulsations of the heart are at once resumed, and may thus be kept up for a considerable time.

With our present knowledge of all these positive facts, it appears surprising that it is only two hundred years ago that the circulation of the blood was first discovered by Harvey, and that it was only after opposition and discussion of many years duration that it was accepted by the doctors.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

Love, which is only an episode in the life of men, is the entire history of women.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

I hate to see a thing done by halves, if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong have it undone.

Nothing is less in our power than the heart, and far from commanding it we are forced to obey it.

Love for men is not a sentiment—it is an idea; as soon as theirs is stale, love dies.

Red Cards, Programmes, Bill-Heads, and Mammoth Posters, (illuminated or plain), executed at this office, 124 Bay St.

LABOR VS. CAPITAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

The labor question which has received new life in New York from the recent troubles of the New York Gas Company, seems likely to again be the cause of considerable agitation. So long as the strikes are unorganized and the movement not a general one little will be accomplished. When one branch of industry in a certain locality by a 'strike' announces itself as the redresser of all the wrongs from which the laboring classes suffer, there are always men enough from other regions to supply the vacant places. If, for instance, the masons in New York strike, it is only a question of twenty-four hours to obtain others from the country towns. If the brass workers in Brooklyn quit work those in Jersey city will do just so many hours of extra labor. Thus it has been in the past, with very few exceptions, and, as a consequence nearly all efforts in the way of strikes have failed. It has long been conceded that this arbitrary means of bringing capital to the feet of labor can only be successfully exercised by skilled tradesmen—men who have served apprenticeships which make them the superiors of common day laborers.

It is evident that there will eventually grow up a great labor party, and that this will result in a direct clash between capital and labor. As a basis of a most extensive movement there already exists, besides International Societies, the following

LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

NATIONAL — National Labor Union; Bricklayers, and Carpenters, and Joiners' National Unions; Grand Lodge of Plasterers; Grand Lodge of the Daughters of St. Crispin; Building League and the Workmen's Union.

TRADES UNIONS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Bakers', Boiler Makers', Bookbinders', Bricklayers', Brushmakers', Cabinet Makers', Carpenters', Ship Joiners', Cartmen's, Carvers', Cigar Makers', Coachmen's, Crispins', (six lodges) Derrickmen's Engineers', Ferry Engineers', Gas Fitters', Gasmen's, (two lodges) Gas Metre Makers', Horse Shoers', House Smiths', Iron Molders', Laborers', Machinists and Blacksmiths', Marble Cutters', Marble Polishers, Packing Box Makers and Sawyers' (three lodges), Painters' (six lodges), Fresco Painters', Paper Hangers', Piano Makers', Plasterers', Plumbers', Printers', Stone Masons', Sugar Refiners', Tailors', Tin Cornice Makers' and Slate Roofers', Upholsterers and the Workwomen's Protective Unions.

A MASS MEETING CALLED.

The national organization is not in any way openly moving at present, but is strengthening itself throughout the country. The International, on the contrary, while it claims to be conservative, does not deny that it means, if necessary, to call for the use of force as a last resort. It asserts that as one great class of reformers was forced into the extremity of accepting a great civil war to free the colored race, so the Internationals will not shrink from the responsibility of a revolution to secure the rights of white labor. They are, evidently, desperately in earnest. The following circular will be issued:

International Workingmen's Association, American Federation, N. Y., April 15, 1873.

To the Officers and Members of the Various Trades Organizations in the City and State of New York:

You are hereby requested to send two delegates to a convention to be held at Germania Assembly Rooms, (Bowery,) on Tuesday evening April 22, 1873, at eight o'clock, having in view the testing and enforcement of the eight hour law in this State.

First—The providing of ways and means for the prosecution to all violations of the eight hour law in this State.

Second—The framing and laying before the present Legislature a bill providing for the enforcement of the eight hour law.

Trusting that you will recognize the importance of holding said Convention by sending your delegates, clothing them with the power to co-operate both morally and materially,

We remain, yours, &c., C. OSBORNE WARD, GEO. BLAIR, W. A. CARSEY, HUGH HALBERT, JOHN HALBERT, T. K. KINGETT, J. W. MADDOX, Committee.

By order of Fed. Council.

THE SITUATION

at present is rather difficult to understand. There appears to be no reason to fear a general strike this Summer unless the employing carpenters are determined to force their men back to the ten-hour system. It is claimed that this will be the last question, and should such an action seem probable

a general uprising of labor will take place. The scenes of last Summer will be again repeated. It is claimed however that on this occasion the strikes will be so general as to affect every branch of industry throughout the country. There is the guarantee of the National Labor Union. All that the laboring men intend to do this season is to try, by legally testing several cases of the infraction of the eight hour statute, to quietly establish their rights. There is an eight hour statute in existence in the State of New York, but it amounts to nothing so far as the laboring men are concerned. Even the general law of the United States was disregarded by the contractors of the new Post Office now erected in City Hall Park, and it was not until an additional bill was passed by Congress for the special relief of these individual workmen that the government law became operative.

Should the law fail the movement will quietly go on by perfecting the union through the numerous organization of the entire labor element of the land. Then it is asserted in the Spring of 1874, there will be such a strike as was never seen in all the world before. This plan will be worked out to the bitter end and the heads of the movement seem very confident of ultimate victory.

STUPIDITIES.

Under this head, Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health* for March, 1873, humorously discourses on the tendency of the times, as follows:

It is really a great wonder that everybody is not dead and buried, and the world itself used up entirely, if the thousandth part of what is told us about microscopic and other "discoveries," so called, is true. One man will have it that the glorious Union over which the stripes and stars float so proudly will soon become depopulated, because respectable people don't have children; another has discovered myriads of bugs in the chateaines and waterfalls of the ladies, boring into their skulls and sucking out all the remaining brains of the dear delightfuls. A German *sarav* now tells us that every sip of tea we take is full of oily globules which get into the lungs direct, weaken them, set up a cough, and the person dies of consumption. Another man has found that the purest spring water, clear as crystal to all appearance, if let alone will deposit a sediment which generates typhoid fever; hence he proposes that everybody shall quit drinking water. Another says that bread has so much lime in it that it is turning us all to bone, and makes us stiff in the joints, that being the reason we have no lithe, sprightly old men now-a-days; hence we are full of limps and rheumatics long before our time, therefore we had better quit eating bread altogether, and live on rice and sago and tapioca. The water cure folks assure us that pork and beans and ham and eggs are full of abominable trichinae, an that, if one is swallowed and gets fairly nestled into the system, he, she or it will breed a million more in a short time, and that roast beef has juvenile tape worms in it. And here come Tom, Dick, and Harry, all in a row, loaded down with microscopes and spy glasses which show as plain as day that the air is swarming with living monsters and putrid poisons, which fly into the mouth and crawl up the nose and creep into the ear; hence it is death to breathe such pestilential air, and that the best way is to keep the mouth shut, plug up the nose, and ram cotton into the ears.

Ever so many learned professional gentlemen have been torturing poor figures for years to make them tell the stupendous fib that everybody is either crazy or soon will be; that the annual increase is ten per cent., consequently in eleven years everybody will be crazy, and more too.

The fact is that the people who spend their time in hatching out these tomfooleries, ought to be put to work and be made to earn an honest living. This world has been pretty well taken care of for some thousands of years, increasing in comfort and wealth and life, the average length of which last has doubled within two centuries, and the population increased perhaps three fold; and the presumption is that the Great Maker of all will so arrange all the antagonistic forces of life for the future as eventually to make "the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose," and the race be happy still.

The WHITE HART, cor. of Yonge & Elm sts., is conducted on the good old English style, by Bell Belmont, late of London, Eng., who has made the above the most popular resort of the city. The bar is most elegantly decorated, displaying both judgment and taste, and is pronounced to be the "Prince of Bars." It is under the sole control of Mrs. Emma Belmont, who is quite capable of discharging the duties entrusted to her. The spacious billiard room is managed by H. Vosper; and the utmost courtesy is displayed by every one connected with this establishment.