

suitors. Here is a case in point. When Sheridan first met his second wife, who was then a Miss Ogle, years of dissipation had sadly disfigured his once handsome features, and only his brilliant eyes were left to redeem a nose and cheeks too purple in hue for beauty. "What a fright!" exclaimed Miss Ogle, loud enough for him to hear. Instead of being annoyed by the remark, Sheridan at once engaged her in conversation, put forth all his powers of fascination, and resolved to make her not only reverse her opinion, but actually fall in love with him. At their second meeting, she thought him ugly, but certainly fascinating. A week or two afterwards, he had so far succeeded in his design that she declared she could not live without him. Her father refused his consent unless Sheridan could settle fifteen thousand pounds upon her; and, in his usual miraculous way, he found the money.

Those who have read George Eliot's "Felix Holt" will remember how Felix, though himself a rough unpolished workingman, gained the love of a refined and delicately reared young lady, not by flattering, or even attempting to please and gratify her, but by chiding, depreciating, and almost despising her because she read Byron, and knew nothing of the heavy mental pabulum on which he himself was wont to feed. She at first was dreadfully vexed and offended; but by and by she came to believe that Felix had a grand moral ideal, beside which her own was frivolous and insignificant; and striving to emulate his exalted motives and views of life, she made him her beau ideal, with, of course, the usual result. In theory, or in a novel, this is no doubt all very fine; but in every-day life the mode of procedure adopted by Felix Holt would be, to say the least, decidedly risky, and would very probably end disastrously. It is always safer to risk a little flattery.

Happy is the wooing
That is not long a-doing,

says the old couplet; but a modern counsellor thinks it necessary to qualify the adage by the advice: "Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days, and at a picnic." In this, as in other matters, it is always desirable to hit the happy medium. Marrying in haste is certainly worse than a too protracted courtship; though the latter has its dangers, too, for something may occur at any time to break off the affair altogether, and prevent what might have been a happy union. It may always be concluded there is a screw loose somewhere if Matilda is overheard to say to her Theodore, as they steam up the river with the excursion: "Don't sit so far from me, dear, and turn your back on me so; people will think we're married."

A friend of Robert Hall, the famous English preacher, once asked him regarding a lady of their acquaintance, "Will she make a good wife for me?" "Well, replied Mr. Hall, "I can hardly say—I never lived with her!" Here Mr. Hall touched the real test of happiness in married life. It is one thing to see ladies on "dress" occasions and when every effort is being made to please them; it is quite another thing to see them amidst the varied and often conflicting circumstances of household life.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Social Science.—"We're going to have a mild winter, Mrs. Varley; everybody says so," remarked Mrs. Seaton. Mrs. Varley merely acknowledged the information with an "Ah!" but when Mrs. Seaton had gone she turned to her companion and said: "You know what that remark means, don't you? Her husband's too stingy to buy her a new set of furs."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Two for assent—The groom and bride.

First love is a sacred childhood thrown across our days of sorrow and toil.

The dog has queer taste in the matter of dress. He wears his pants in his mouth.

A weak man will say more than he does, a strong man will do more than he says.

It is about time for the turkey to wonder how it happens that he is getting so much to eat.

Believers and unbelievers speak two different languages and can never understand each other.

Keep good company or none. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, cultivate your mind.

A Kalamazoo, Michigan, mule struck quicksand in a cellar, and sank out of sight before the workmen could prevent it. He was pulled out.

Lord Chesterfield, noticing a very grave and awkward couple dancing, a minute, said they looked as if they were doing it for money, and were doubtful about getting paid.

If the oldest inhabitant could be bound in calf and kept on a shelf until wanted, he might be useful; but he can never be found when his facts are required, and so he goes for nothing.—*Norristown Herald*.]

Wife—The flour's out. Husband—So is my money. Wife—The coal is gone. Husband—So is my credit. Wife—Well, we can't starve. Husband—Can't we? That's good. I was afraid we would.—*Puck*.

The New York hangman is charged with drugging his prisoners so that the gallows has no terrors for them. A man should know when he is hanged or it won't do him much good.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Where our storms come from," read Mr. Brougne, in a scientific paper. "Well, I know where a good many of them come from," he mentally ejaculated, looking up and glancing at his wife.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

There is an old proverb which says: "You cannot get more out of a bottle than was put in it." This is a mistake. A man can get all that was put into the bottle and in addition to this can get ten dollars or thirty days.

There is a man here whose conscience is annoying him on account of his possession of money stolen from the government. He would give it up, but he fears that would hurt him worse than his conscience does.—*Exchange*.

"So you are married?" remarked Mrs. Smith; "when do you receive?" "Oh!" replied the newly wedded one, that will depend on our friends. We shall be ready to receive as fast as the presents are sent in.—*Boston Transcript*.

In ancient times Diogenes wandered around with a lantern looking for an honest man, but didn't find one; and in these degenerate days the gasman wanders around with a lantern looking for an honest gas meter with pretty much the same success.—*Merchant Traveller*.

"I don't take much stock in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance, look at the oft-quoted one, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow. Give me the friend that is not in need."