

Nothing to Do.

Coming west on a dining car on the Fort Wayne and Pennsylvania Road, the other day, the passengers were putting in the time waiting for a late breakfast, conversing on all kinds of topics. Two men were in a seat talking, when one said, "Nine o'clock is a later breakfast than I am accustomed to. I always eat breakfast at seven." The other man, a splendid looking young fellow, said, after a yawn, "I never eat breakfast till ten o'clock." The man with whom he was talking said, "You must take it pretty leisurely about getting to business." And then the nice looking young fellow said, "Business! I have no business. I have nothing on earth to do, and never had a thought of doing anything, and never had a care. I have an income." Everybody that was within hearing turned and looked at the great, strapping fellow who had nothing on earth to do, and he fell away below zero in everybody's estimation. We pitied the fellow from the bottom of our heart. Nothing to do. No ambition, no nothing, but to get up an appetite for the next meal by drinking biters, no business to take his mind from his lazy life. Then we studied the fellow all day, and half of the next day. Honestly, it got so the passengers looked down on him, and sneered when he passed.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Hypocrite.

No man is born a hypocrite. If he were born with this faculty to dissemble he would not be a hypocrite. It would be his nature, and a hypocrite is one who lives what he is not. His religion is a fraud; his business is a deception; he makes love to a woman for selfish purposes, and solemnly promises to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, when, at the same time, he simply means to use her as a stepping-stone for his own social or business advancement.

Look about you, and see how many such there are.

The world is full of them.

The man who begins by wronging his wife, if he is a consummate hypocrite, always enlarges his field and practises deception upon the world. After all his fine vows to the woman who gave up all else for him, and clung to him with arms of faith, he neglects her for "the boys." For the balm of her breath he gives her the fumes of whisky, and, to sum up a long and bitter story, she sinks quickly into the grave with a broken heart. The pitiless clods that fall upon her coffin-lid are no colder than his heart had been for her.

Now that his wife has lain down in that dreamless slumber, your nice man begins to reform. He is seen at church, and wears a pious air. He takes a great interest in the cause of religion, and, being a business man, sees "money in it." He goes to church with great regularity, and every day's experience teaches him that religion is a good thing. He gives a nickel to the poor, announces in the paper that he gave a dollar, and thus lewdeth to the Lord. He is opposed to tippling, makes an occasional speech against the accursed cup, and going home, mixes a three-ply toddy for his larynx strained in the cause of temperance.

To Choose Well.

Professor Felix Adler, in a lecture on "Marriage and Divorce," began with saying that the altar of Hymen had ever being hung with roses, and that there was no theme on which such fiery, thrilling and tender poetry had been expended as on the ever fresh and dewy theme of love. Should we venture to approach so ethereal a sentiment in the spirit of sober prose? Yes, of a truth we might, for our object was to convert these dreams into facts and to subject the dreary realm of prose more and more to the dominion of poetry. A previous acquaintance with the stern laws on which the happiness of human intercourse depended was necessary to check and reform the roving imagination of youth. Very many persons were so entranced with the prospect of a union with the being they loved that they regarded marriage as a great privilege and forgot that it was also a great obligation. The Professor said he did not propose to enter into a discussion on which side, whether the bachelorhood or fatherhood, the surplus of advantage lay; he believed that the action of the majority of men was proof of the general opinion on the subject. He asserted that the entire question was rather one of duty than of advantage, and that

there was an obligation upon all men who could possibly afford it to assume the responsibilities of wedlock, from which, in the absence of exceptional circumstances, it was sheer selfishness to withdraw.

Strange as it might appear, his advice to the female sex was of an opposite nature. It was more consonant with the instincts of noble maidenhood not to keep marriage in view as an end. Yet it was imperative that young women should have better opportunities than are now afforded them for learning what their duties in wedlock are with regard to the economy of the household, to childhood and its development, and with regard to the careers of men and the interests for which the struggle of life was waged. Without departing from the true sphere of woman's work every girl should be able to render some service to society by which she could gain the means of self-support independently of the question whether her parents were wealthy or not. Marriage should be a complete union. The so-called love match might or might not prove a true marriage. As to marriages for money—the people who entered into them were well enough punished for their sin. He would rather be tied with cords to a yellow fever patient whose body was festering with the plague than to be tied to one whose soul was dead to his, whose moral nature he abhorred. There was another kind of reprehensible marriage which was entered into from motives of vanity. "My wife shall be admired," says the husband. "Behold! I am the lord of this charming creature; I am the sun and she is the moon. Judge, then, what a luminary I must be!"

It was the low motives governing marriage that were the curse. The world was full of misery, of secret heartache and despair, because of such unhallowed connections. While it was true that there were some matches made in heaven it was also true that there were some matches made in hell. A man might have led a most dissipated life, and yet how readily he was forgiven on the ground of having sown his wild oats if only he had manners and rank, and, above all, wealth, to excuse his faults. The point that should receive especial attention in the selection of husband and wife should be the compatibility of their characters. It was difficult to say in just what that consisted, but the parties themselves could tell whether their motives were harmonious. A partial remedy for the troubles relating to marriage might be found in the coeducation of the sexes. In reality the ideal of womanhood was at fault—the supposition that woman, aside from her household functions, was intended only to be the complaisant companion of man. She deserved to be regarded as the comrade and companion of man in his spiritual life in his intellectual labors, in his highest moral and religious aspirations. The object should be not to make the exit from marriage easier, but to surround the entrance to marriage with wiser and truer safeguards.

Heard are the voices,

Heard are the sages,

The world and the ages;

Choose well; your choice is

Brief and yet endless.

Waiting for a Photograph.

About twenty years ago a party left a gold locket, inclosing a photograph, with a photographer to have the picture retouched, and also an enlarged copy made from it. The work was done in due time, and awaited the call of its owner. For these twenty years both the locket and the enlarged picture were kept safely, ready for delivery, although the party might reasonably have been given up for dead. A few days ago a lady entered the gallery and asked for the locket and picture. The photographer turned to a little receptacle in which he keeps matters of that sort, and handed the lady what she wanted. She was a little older than she was twenty years ago.

The artist has a few more reminiscences of the same sort awaiting owners, though none were left so long ago as this one. Among them is a watch-seal that was left with him ten or twelve years ago. About two years afterward the owner came into the gallery, saw that the work was done, and said he would call again and get it. He has not called yet.—*San Francisco Call.*