

"Now she will be on her guard," he thought; "but still what a nuisance it is! I know nothing of this Anthony, except that he was sent out into the world to seek his fortune; and since he was never likely to find it, the fortune, like Mahomet's mountain, comes to him. A precious mess he will make of a fine property, if he is the fellow I take him to be. And Cecil to talk about his *beauté du diable*!"

He thought he could have stood all the rest; but that *beauté du diable* rang in his ears, and filled his soul with disgust and apprehension.

Suspense, however, was not added to his woes. On the following Tuesday, the day before they were expected, the brothers made their appearance, without summoning either himself or his dogcart, and with the simple apology that, as they had found they could come, they had. He came upon them accidentally in the hall as he was passing through; they were hanging their hats on the stand; and instead of the block of luggage which had been an ugly vision before his mind's eye from the first—instead of the straps and wraps, sticks and umbrellas, and vast iron-bound, sea-going chests, which had been a perpetual anticipation and irritation,—he beheld two medium-sized portmanteaus, and two equally moderate and modest-looking gun-cases.

Even as he shook hands he was betrayed into an involuntary "Is that all?"

"All? Well, yes," said Anthony, looking about him. "Noll had a rug, but we lost it. Holloa! How are the infants?"

That introduction over, they strolled away for a smoke in the garden, and the whole affair of the meeting was over.

Where was Cecil? Gone in quest of her husband, and he was left standing in the hall to collect himself, having muttered some excuse for so doing. He must be alone for a single minute to review the ground he stood on.

So this was Anthony—the Anthony than whom nothing and no one else had been talked about for the last month,—whose likings and dislikings, whims, fancies, and boyish frolics, had been recounted over and over,—whose prospects and future life had been expatiated on,—till he was inclined to curse his very name. This was the hero for whom nothing, in his dotting sister's opinion, was good enough; and who, he had foreseen all along, would begin at once to make himself at home and disagreeable.

At home he certainly did appear to be; but he had not so far been offensive. As for the *beauté du diable*, as soon as he recollected it, Cecil was hunted all over the house to hear that her brother was only a coarse-looking backwoodsman.

She had been dreaming, or hoaxing him, about Anthony's appearance. Oliver, to be sure, was well enough; he supposed some people would call him good-looking; but the other was not even passable. The most that could be said of him,—and that was something, considering the life he had led,—was that he did look like a gentleman, albeit a plain and uncouth one.

(To be continued.)

FAMILIAR PHRASES—CURIOUS AND AMUSING ORIGIN OF MANY OF THEM.

The origin of phrases is curious and interesting, and speculations in regard to their origin are very common. The common phrase, "catching a Tartar," has its origin variously stated. Grose, the antiquarian, says it came out of a story of an Irish soldier in the Imperial service, who, in a battle against the Turks, called out to his comrade that he had caught a Tartar. "Bring him along, then," was the reply. "He won't come," answered Paddy. "Then come yourself, said his comrade. To which the Hibernian responded: "Ah, but he won't let me."

"You cannot say boo to a goose." How often have persons relieved their feelings of irritation at the weakness of others by hurling this phrase at them! Had the latter only known its origin they could have been paid back in their own coin. The origin is this: When Ben Jonson, the dramatist, was introduced to a nobleman, the peer was so struck with his homely appearance that he exclaimed: "What! are you Ben Jonson? Why, you look as if you could not say boo to a goose." "Boo!" exclaimed the witty dramatist, turning to the peer and making his bow.

The phrase "Putting the cart before the horse" can boast of great antiquity, having first been quoted by Lucian, the great Greek writer, nearly seventeen hundred years ago. Francis Rabelais, the French satirist and wit, whose "Gargantua" was published in the year 1533, has the phrase "He placed the carriage before the steed." No derivation of it can be given, but the meaning is very obvious and refers to those who begin to do a thing at the wrong end. "I have a bone to pick with you" is a phrase that is uncomplimentary to the ladies at starting. It means, as is well known, having an unpleasant matter to settle with you, and this is the origin of the phrase: At the marriage banquets of the Sicilian peer, the bride's father, after the meal, used to hand the bridegroom a bone, saying, "Pick this bone for you have taken in hand a harder task."

The well-known saying that the shoemaker should stick to his last, originated with Apelles, the celebrated Greek painter, who set a picture he had finished in a public place and concealed himself behind it, in order to hear the criticisms of passers-by. A shoemaker observed a defect in the shoe, and the painter

forthwith corrected it. The cobbler came the next day, and encouraged by the success of his first remark, began to extend his censure to the leg of the figure, when the angry painter thrust out his head from behind the picture and told the shoemaker to keep to his trade.

"There's a good time coming boys; a good time coming," was written thirty years ago by Dr. Charles Mackey, and sung with very great popularity by Henry Russell in his concerts throughout the British Islands.

"Going the whole hog." This phrase originated in Ireland, where a British shilling has been called "a hog" time out of mind. In Ireland, if a fellow happened to have a shilling when he met his friends, he would announce that he would stand treat, even if the expense reached the whole amount—in plain words, that he would "go the whole hog" to gratify them.

"Nine tailors make a man," is an old phrase. It is the first to be found in a book called "Democritus in London," published in 1682, in a note which runs thus: "Let the following be recorded in honour of the tailors:

"There is a proverb which has been of old, And many men have likewise been so bold, To the discredit of their tailor's trade, Nine tailors' go to make up a man, they said, But for their credit I'll unriddle it to you: A draper once fell into poverty: Nine tailors joined their purses together then To him up and make him a man again."

Another and later account of the origin of the phrase runs thus: In 1742 an orphan boy applied for alms in a fashionable shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the gentlemen of the cloth, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital the lad purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Time passed on, and wealth and honour smiled on the young tradesman, so that, in due course of time, when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the herald's college for armorial signs, he simply painted the following motto on the panel: "Nine tailors make a man."

There is a mode of declaring by the words "he has kicked the bucket" that a person is dead. There is a tradition that one Balsover, having hung himself to a beam while standing on the bottom of a pail or bucket, kicked the vessel away in order to pry into futurity, and it was up with him from that moment. There is a story of a dairymaid, who, having upset a pail of milk, was assailed by her rural beau with, "There! you've kicked the bucket!" To which her ready and clever reply was: "No, I've only turned a little pail (pale)."

"Better late than never" originated in 1557 (in the reign of Phillip and Mary) with Thomas Trussen, who put it into his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," but became among the household sayings when put by John Bunyan, the half-inspired tinker, into his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." From Bunyan, too, comes the homely, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom."

"No great shakes" is a contemptuous expression when applied to any one. It has been supposed that this phrase might be traced to the custom of shaking hands, the shake being estimated according to the value set upon the person giving it, and hence offered to the person. Lord Byron, writing to his publisher in September, 1820, said: "I had my hands full and my head, too, just then—" when he wrote "Marino Faliero"—"so it can be no great shakes."

A curious piece of history is wrapped up in the word "poltroon," supposing it to be, indeed, derived, as many etymologists have considered, from the Latin "police. truncus" one that is deprived, or who has deprived himself, of his thumb. We know that in olden times a self-mutilation of this kind was not infrequent on the part of some cowardly, shirking fellow, who wished to escape his share in the defence of his country; he would cut off his right thumb, and at once become incapable of drawing the bow, and thus useless for wars. It is not to be wondered at that the "police truncus"—the poltroon—first applied to a coward of this sort should afterward become a name of scorn affixed to every base and cowardly evader of the duties and dangers of life.

The common phrase, "castles in the air," was used by Robert Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" over two hundred and fifty years ago, and has since been used by Dean Swift, Henry Fielding, Philip Sydney, Colley Cibber, Charles Churchill, William Shenstone and innumerable others, until it has become a very common expression.

"Out in the cold," an expression frequently applied in the United States and England to persons who have been driven out of office, or have not obtained the appointments they had desired and solicited, is nearly a century old, and was one of the sayings of P. H. B. Wyndham, in 1784.

"Dead as a door-nail." This proverbial expression is taken from the door-nail; that is, the nail on which, in old doors, the knocker strikes. It is, therefore, used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead; one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*—i.e., with abundant death, such as reiteration or strokes on the head naturally produces.

Falstaff: What! Is the old King dead?
Pistol: As nail in door.—Shakespeare.

"As dead as a herring" has a simple origin. That fish, which when fat is called a "bloater,"

dies immediately upon its removal from the sea. It wants air, and can live only in salt water; whereas an eel lives a long time after leaving its native element. Swimming so near the surface as it does, the herring requires much air, and the gills when dry cannot perform their function—that of breathing.

The familiar phrase, "The schoolmaster is abroad," was first uttered by Lord Broughton, about fifty years ago. In a speech in the House of Lords, in reply to the Duke of Wellington, he said: "Let the soldier be abroad if he will, He can do nothing in this age. There is another person abroad—a person less imposing—in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. 'The schoolmaster is abroad,' and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF MARRIED LIFE.

The sacred art and mystery of living together as husband and wife! It touches the deepest springs of human happiness and success.

When the novel reaches its last chapter; when the wedding-day crowns the happy story of love and courtship, then begins for man and woman the real test of what they are; then is thrown upon their own hands the question of what the future is to be. In a true marriage the sweet season of romance that precedes the bridal day is but the harbinger of better things to come. But the secret is easily missed. It is missed oftenest probably through the man's fault. The first and great lesson of marriage is that the thought of another is to come before the thought of self. The revelation which true love makes is this: One sees in another soul such beauty and attractiveness that its service is preferred to the service of self. No emotion which lacks this high element deserves to be called love. The desire of possession, the longing for intimate and habitual companionship, these come in too, and make a part. But higher than these there is that complete and joyful self-surrender in which a woman appears so lovely to a man that to make her happy becomes his strongest desire; and a woman sees in a man such nobility that she can gladly devote her life to him. That is the loftiness and the rapture of true love.

The problem of married life is to maintain the nobility and elevation of this early sentiment. The chief requirement is simple enough. It is only, put your wife or husband before yourself in your thoughts and choices. To the wife this lesson is generally emphatically spoken by the circumstances into which marriage brings her. It gives her as her chief business the making of a home for her husband and afterwards for her children. The event of her day is his return from work. Her work is to make him comfortable and happy. His satisfaction and approbation are the standard of her success or failure. So she is put at once into an outward relation of service. Often there is a mingling of hardship in that. Before the wedding-day she was a queen; her will and wish were law. Her lover made it his first thought to please her. Now it must be her first thought to please him. His main occupation lies no longer with her, but with his daily work. He may be ever so devoted and tender, but most of his time and much of his thoughts must now go elsewhere. Her great business is his comfort and happiness; his great business is something apart from her. And he will never begin to know all she does for him. His manish eyes miss half the little details of work that go to carrying on a household in comfort. He will be a somewhat rare man if he ever fully comprehends the broad fact that her individual life is merged in service to him. It is the woman's lot to do more than she gets credit for. The heart's wages for work is appreciation, and few wives get full pay. It is when some sense of these things breaks upon the woman in the early months of her married life that she stands face to face—as probably never before—with her destiny. And what destiny offers her is service. A hard gift to look upon at first! Declined or grudgingly taken it will wound and bruise a life-time through. Bravely accepted it will temper the whole life to celestial sweetness. It is just here that the wife has the advantage over the husband that outward circumstances set straight before her the lesson of self-denunciation and service in the household, as they do not set it before him. His face must turn toward his daily work. There his best energy is spent and vitality drained. When he comes home he wants rest. He feels himself, in a measure, off duty. And here he gets the full comfort of a good wife, and the home that the good wife makes. He is taken in and rested and shielded from annoyance, and encompassed by a hundred gentle ministries. Here he can forget the toils of his day, or review them in a serener light; finding here gladness for his success, and comfort for his failures, and appreciation where others have misjudged him. Here body and soul find refreshment, and he is sent out a new man for the morrow's struggle. And if his wife is not allowed to give him this she is cheated as much as he is. This is her happiness and reward; this is what crowns her work. Yet this resting time has its danger. Who has not known men who were spoiled by the goodness of their wives? men who allowed themselves to receive until they utterly forgot to give? The more generously and gladly a wife gives, the more watchful should the husband be that he makes due return.

The foe of married happiness is inattention. The real wrong to the wife, the real failure of

the husband is when he becomes unconscious of what she is doing for him, and what she is in herself. A man should every day see in his wife the woman she is. Whatever purity, sweetness, womanliness he once saw in her, and thrilled at the sight of, whatever fuller and richer growth the years have brought, these things he should see in her continually. Not a mere part of the domestic machine should she be to him; not even a mere comfort and convenience and pleasure to himself—her soul, in its full stature should come home to his constant thought. Whatever charm of face or manner, whatever womanly grace, whatever quickness of thought or delicate sympathy would strike a stranger's notice, ought far better to be seen and prized by him, her husband. It is little to say that her face ought to be as beautiful each day to his eyes as if they looked upon it for the first time, it should be far more beautiful because he has learned to see through its windows the soul within. And in the same way the wife should look upon her husband. It is this true yet tender regard which makes the right atmosphere for the soul to ripen in. Few things touch us so deeply as to be understood. But to be understood and loved; to have the best that is in us made full account of; to know that our faults, too, are open to that sweet and gentle gaze; to long to be worthy of a love so pure and high that only our highest ideal self can deserve it—what other influence can so strongly draw us toward all noblest possibilities? This is the work of true marriage; to reveal two souls to each other in their ideal beauty, and then to bring that ideal to realization.

GLEANER.

THE Queen of Italy has ascended Mount Vesuvius.

THE hours of labour are much longer in France than in England.

THERE are nearly 20,000 Roman Catholics in Japan.

GREAT BRITAIN has nearly five thousand miles of inland boat navigation.

IN a return just published it is stated that the total number of emigrants who left Ireland during the quarter ended March 31st, was 15,551.

THE Prince of Wales used at Truro recently the mallet with which Charles II. laid the foundation stone of St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE Book of Common Prayer has been translated into more than sixty languages, and a million copies of it are printed every year.

THE Duke of Westminster has presented Robert Peck with £1,000 as the trainer of Bend Or, and given Archer, who rode the colt to victory in the Derby, half that sum.

HERBERT REEVES, son of Sims Reeves, the noted tenor, was lately received at St. James Hall, London, with storms of applause. He is said to sing marvellously like his father.

AN Institute at Milan, amongst its prizes for 1882, offers one at £240 for a determination by experiment whether the virulent principle of hydrophobia is an organized germ or not.

THE appropriations for the French theatres the coming year are as follows:—L'Opera, \$160,000; Le Theatre Francais, \$48,000; L'Opera Comique, \$60,000; L'Odeon, \$20,000.

ON the coast of Sicily, twelve miles south of Sciacca, an exceedingly rich bank of corals has been discovered, and many of the coral fishing boats of Torro del Greco have left to explore it.

THE Act of Charles II. for the better observance of the Sabbath has been enforced at Sittingbourne by the closing of tobacconists and confectioners' shops which have hitherto opened on Sundays.

IT is now calculated that the Afghan war, when all is over, assuming that the troops retire next October or November, will be found to have cost not less than £18,000,000, probably more.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's house at Peekskill, N.Y., which he has been building and fitting up for several years, will be, when finished, the finest country home belonging to any American clergyman.

THE new iron bridge across Golden Horn is 1,660 feet long, and its width is 48 feet. It has a central opening for shipping of 170 feet. The bridge has been tested by the imposition of 400 kilogrammes per square yard.

IT has been calculated that at least £10,000 clear profit will be made by some one before the Passion Play performances are over, and that nearly £30,000 of money will pour into Ober-Ammergau before the end of the season, as payment for play, lodgings, and carriages.

MR. GLADSTONE's study at Hawarden is a handsome room, crammed with books, busts, pictures, and other bric-a-brac, and having ivy-hung windows commanding a beautiful prospect. His tables are always covered with manuscripts, and his chairs heaped with newspapers.

THE managers of the Chicago hotels have been giving the figures showing their receipts during the week of the Republican Convention. The Palmer House took \$105,000, the Grand Pacific about \$100,000, the Tremont \$30,000, the Sherman \$27,000. The total sum left in the city by strangers during convention week is thought to have exceeded \$400,000.