

wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the same circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation. The drawback of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness, and consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He is no more tired of his wife than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more bored with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, that finds home-life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so very tame, and so like flat beer, that it is impossible for him not only to feel happy, but to feel that he is less unhappy there than elsewhere. We do not mean that the domestic man, in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is that he should like home when he is there; and that liking, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong, and deeply-engaged man, and not to loungers, or even the easy-minded man. In marriage, as in every other relation of life, the competent man is the most pleasant to live with, and the safest to choose, and the one most likely to prove an unwearied friend, and who enjoys and suffers others to enjoy, when at home, the endless charm of mental repose.

A Duel on Principle.

A civil official of the little town of Rosenberg, West Prussia, unintentionally gave great offence to a Lieutenant in the army, who forthwith challenged him to a duel. The civilian answered that if fighting were absolutely necessary he could not refuse the challenge, but that he was bound to make one preliminary condition.

"I have, as you well know," he wrote, "a wife and five children, for whom I am bound to care in the event of my death at your hands. My present yearly income is 4,500 marks. I require you to pay over to a bank a capital sum the interest of which will correspond to my present income, so that it may yield a livelihood to my widow and fatherless children. For this purpose 20,000 marks will exactly suffice."

The young fire-eater replied that he had no property beyond his pay, and that he could not possibly raise so immense a sum.

"In that case," wrote his antagonist, "I fear that our duel can never take place. A man who has nothing to lose except his own life will scarcely expect me to allow him to shoot me and to beggar my widow and children without any sort of equivalent."

The correspondence closed with some fatherly and common-sense advice to the young Lieutenant, who finally was brought to acknowledge that the civilian was right.

Eloquent Tear-Shedding.

A contemporary gives the following instructions in tear-shedding: Although a woman's greatest power is her tears, few know how to shed them. Aside from adding to the mute eloquence of the eyes, tears enhance a woman's beauty and overpower the giants whom pugilists can only master with difficulty. They should be brief, not too wet, and by no means bitter. They must rush to the eyelids, linger like dew drops, and when they do fall the precipitation must be speedy. To be effective they must be premeditated. A whiff of the tearful onion, a fresh inhalation of pungent smelling salts, a few grains of pepper, or a slight irritation of the outer corners of the eyes, with a match or toothpick will suffice for a copious flow, and if the lover, husband or father can be cornered the shower will have the desired effect. But avoid a frown or scowl. Manufacture a feeling of sadness, hold the breath to get up color, pout judiciously, incline the head to one side, droop the body but not the shoulders, use a small, soft-finish cambric handkerchief with both hands, taking care to rub the eyeball down and out. The object in rubbing out is to have the tears roll over the cheek. There is too much of the deer sentiment when they course down the innocent nose in piteous chase.

A Parson's Text.

The Rev. Brooke Hereford, of Boston, doesn't like to be interrupted when he is busy writing a sermon, and so the other day, finding himself somewhat behindhand with his preparation for the coming Sunday, he retired to his study, giving implicit orders that he was not to be disturbed by visitors, no matter who might call. Pretty soon came along the autograph fiend, that is, a lady who was collecting autographs and favorite texts of Boston preachers, for a charitable object. She was so importunate that Mrs. Hereford at last went to the study door and tapped. "Brooke?" "Yes?" "There's a lady down stairs, and—" "But, my dear—" "I know, Brooke, but she only wishes your autograph and favorite text, for dear charity's sake." Hereford yielded, and dashed down his name and the reference, 1st Timothy, v., 13, on a sheet of paper. There was a grim smile on his face as he handed it to his wife. She took it down to the visitor, and she, in turn, went away rejoicing. But when, in reviewing her treasure, she looked up Mr. Hereford's text, she read: "And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not."

Little Jack Horner.

Little Jack Horner is so indelibly associated in the Anglo-Saxon mind with the popular pie of the Christmas season that it is interesting to hear that he is believed to have been a member of a family of his name last seated at Mells, near Frome, in Somersetshire. A will, dated 1540, contains bequests to "John Horner, the younger," and in the previous year, at the destruction of the great Abbey of Glastonbury, so eloquently alluded to by Froude, the Horners clawed up a considerable share of the good things going, so much so that an old distich runs:

"Horner, Popham, Wyndham, and Thynne,
When the Abbot came out then they went in."

The plum, which little Jack pulled out, is surmised to have been a handsome share of the monastic estate, satirically alluded to by a wag, who certainly never dreamt that nearly 400 years later every child on this continent would be familiar with his rhyme. The Horners are still living at Mells.

Weather Wisdom.

A prominent attorney, of Philadelphia, claims that the weather invariably repeats itself, and gives the following as the result of his observations:

- All years ending in 9, 0, or 1, are extremely dry.
- Those ending in 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, are extremely wet.
- Those ending in 7 or 8 are ordinarily well-balanced.
- Those ending in 6 have extremely cold winters.
- Those ending in 2 have an early Spring.
- Those ending in 1 have a late Spring.
- Those ending in 3 or 4 are subject to great floods.

Alcohol For Catarrah

Rev. W. H. Bergfels, Newark, N. J., thinks he has a simple and certain cure for catarrah. He was pastor of the Baptist Church at Lyons Farm, but in 1872 was compelled to give up preaching, on account of a severe catarrah. He is a member of Newark Nickle Plating Co., and one evening after using in his business a lacquer composed of alcohol, he found that his disease was not so bad. He then put alcohol, into an inhaler and breathed the vapor from it. He did this for a month, night and morning, and was greatly relieved. A few months later he was cured, and he is now again pastor of the Lyons Farms Church. His family find that the vapor from alcohol also prevents colds.

Churches and Creeds.

We extract the following from the Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist* for the benefit of readers not versed in the conflicting beliefs of the day:

Atheism—A disbelief in the existence of a God.

Deism—A belief in the existence of God, but a denial of revealed religion. A Deist is, therefore an infidel. He often declares his belief in natural religion—that is, what man may discover by reason alone.

Polytheism—A belief in the existence of many gods.