

male adult may take from one to one-and-a-half fluid ounces of alcohol daily without any resultant injury to health. * * * Hence we may decide that a man desiring strictly to avoid excess may drink in the twenty-four hours—

Of brandy.....	2½ ounces.
Of sherry or port.....	5 "
Of claret or hock.....	10 "
Of beer.....	20 "

* * * In addition to alcohol, wines and beer contain a small quantity of certain nutritive and tonic principles, which have an invigorating effect on the constitution. For general consumption or for invalids they possess, therefore, an important advantage over the various kinds of spirits."

I might continue this article to almost any length by rehearsing the arguments for and against the use of alcoholic stimulants which have been before the public ever since the total-abstinence scheme was first promulgated. But that was not my intention, nor is it at all necessary: my readers can find them succinctly stated in any encyclopædia. I have placed before you some opinions that carry weight almost the world over, and which have convinced me that repressive legislation is not necessary, and that Scott Acts and Dunkin Bills, and such like enactments are opposed to the principles of any country claiming to be free.

I leave to everyone's judgment the decision of the question, whether it is *right* that the sale and manufacture of the stimulants I have herein referred to should be stopped on account of the injury which some would say they invariably cause to man, and to the country; and I leave the task of rebutting Dr. Bucke's metaphysical theories to some one who can comprehend them better than I can.

Observer.

PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

There are certain subjects about which both men and women seem to think themselves privileged to be untruthful, and they are not slow to exercise the privilege. One of the subjects, with men, is business, and what belongs to it, such as capital, credit, profits. The topic that women are most prone to exercise their fancy on, irrespective of any basis of fact, is proposals of marriage, which they may regard as their business, since, unhappily, most women, when young, have no other business worthy the name. Their highest intelligence, their greatest energy, their best thought, are devoted to wedlock. They are taught to believe that wedlock is their destiny, and it must be conceded that, as a rule, they take no pains to counteract it. Naturally, they want to make the best match they can. They hope to love their husbands; but they wish, very reasonably, to have something besides their heart to support love.

Marriage is to them an ideal state, a husband is an ideal creature, until they have been attained. They think that they can secure the most desirable husbands by making themselves appear in active demand, which, connubially not less than commercially, enhances the price of the thing in the market. Every time that they have an offer, and the offer is made known, their chances for a marital prize are bettered, and every woman, whatever her lack of endowment, has at least a latent hope of winning a prize. If they do not have as many offers as they believe they ought to have, why should they not imagine or invent some? This is the suggestion of their vanity—the most dangerous tempter to a woman—and the suggestion once made cannot be forgotten. It is likely that the suggestion may not come in so definite a shape. The wish to be sought as a wife being so strong in the feminine breast, may it not become the father of the belief? May not women deceive themselves into thinking that men have proposed who have never dreamed of proposing? May they not see what they want to see? May they not hear what they want to hear?

This is true of some women, probably, but the mass of them undoubtedly stretch their conscience and the truth when they speak of their offers. The fact that any woman will or can make such a revelation, except under most extraordinary circumstances, is sufficient ground to discredit her. She who has the largest number of offers is apt to be she who is absolutely silent on that point. Men, however foolish in matters matrimonial—and they are as foolish as their worst enemy could ask—show a degree of discretion in committing themselves to women manifestly without reserve. Still, it is surprising and painful to think how many women of the better sort, women ordinarily possessed of delicacy, refinement, and trustworthiness, will deliberately falsify concerning the conduct of men they are or have been on terms with. Apart from gratification to their vanity, they may have a feeling of anger toward men who, in their judgment, should have proposed, and have not. They may avenge themselves on the stupid or perverse fellows for their failure to do the proper thing by misrepresenting them. If they would have accepted an offer, had it been made, they may be, from a law of their sex, inappeasably inimical toward the non-makers.

Be the cause or motive what it may, the fact remains that no man can have any kind of associations with the other sex without figuring sometime as a defeated candidate for matrimony. Indeed, there is no way of escape for him. He will be put in the position of a refused lover in almost any circumstances. Men are often declared to have been rejected by women with whom they have never been alone for half a minute. Probably there has never been an anchorite whom rumour has not some time jilted. The feminine world is

unwilling to believe, it cannot be persuaded, that any masculine being averse to marriage on principle ever has existed or ever will exist. And to sustain their favourite theory, as well as to magnify their connubial value, women have recourse to invented proposals. Those inventions are very apt to be accepted as truth, for there is no improbability in any man wanting to marry any woman; and then the woman would not, it is commonly held, tell such a falsehood on any account. The mere circumstance of her telling it gives it weight, for it is so unmaidenly, so indelicate a thing to do, that she would not and could not do it were it not a positive fact.

This, like many popular opinions, has no basis. The very reverse is true. The woman who is inclined to talk of her offers may safely be distrusted. Her violation of what should be a sacred confidence proves her too deficient in moral sense to stop at what plain people would call downright lying. How she would regard a man who should say that this or that woman wanted him to marry her, it is easy to see. She would regard him as a contemptible coxcomb, an impertinent puppy, a sorry cur, even if she should believe him; and if she should disbelieve him, as she would surely have abundant reason for doing, she could hardly find words to convey her scorn and detestation.

Where is the wide difference between the offence, whether committed by one sex or the other? She would probably answer, "It would be shameful for a man to tell such a thing, even if it were true. But if a woman were to tell it, and it were untrue, its untruth would do no harm. If it were true, she would keep it to herself." This is a fair specimen of the average woman's logic and of her eccentric ethics. She would be pretty nearly right, though, in the last part of her utterance. As to a false report of a man's proposal doing him no harm, there may be diversity of opinion, and he would be likely to take the affirmative. A man of character, self-understanding, and judgment is not apt to offer marriage to a woman without excellent cause to believe that he will be accepted. His instinct ought to inform him so fully as to render an individual avowal superfluous. Men who are neither fops nor dullards are seldom refused. It is a reflection on their intelligence that they can be refused, and they have good reason for indignation when they hear that they have been discarded by women whom they could never esteem, much less love and seek as wives. Men bear this gross misrepresentation stoically, because, perhaps, they consider it inevitable, and if they are manly men they are silent, when a word might blast. Many women take a mean advantage of such men by confiding in their honour while devoid of honour themselves.—*N.Y. Times.*

A STORY WITHOUT A TAIL.

BY MORGAN O'DOHERTY.

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CHAPTER I.—HOW WE WENT TO DINE AT JACK GINGER'S.

So it was finally agreed upon that we should dine at Jack Ginger's chambers in the Temple, seated in a lofty story in Essex Court. There was, besides our host, Tom Meggot, Joe Magillicuddy, Humpy Harlow, Bob Burke, Antony Harrison, and myself. As Jack Ginger had little coin and no credit, we contributed each our share to the dinner. He himself provided room, fire, candles, tables, chairs, tablecloth, napkins—no, not napkins; on second thoughts we did not bother ourselves with napkins—plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, (which he borrowed from the wig-maker), tumblers, lemons, sugars, water, glasses, decanters—by the by, I am not sure that there were decanters—salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard, bread, butter, (plain and melted,) cheese, radishes, potatoes, and cookery. Tom Meggot was a cod's head and shoulders, and oysters to match—Joe Magillicuddy, a boiled leg of pork, with peas-pudding—Humpy Harlow, a sirloin of beef roast, with horse-radish—Bob Burke, a gallon of half-and-half, and four bottles of whiskey, of prime quality ("Potteen," wrote the whiskeyman, I say by Jupiter, but of which *many*—facture *He* alone knows")—Antony Harrison, half-a-dozen of Port, he having tick to that extent at some unfortunate wine-merchant's—and I supplied cigars à *discretion*, and a bottle of rum, which I borrowed from a West Indian friend of mine as I passed. So that on the whole, we were in no danger of suffering from any of the extremes of hunger and thirst for the course of that evening.

We met at five o'clock—sharp—and very sharp. Not a man was missing when the clock of the Inner Temple struck the last stroke. Jack Ginger had done every thing to admiration. Nothing could be more splendid than his turn-out. He had superintended the cooking himself of every individual dish with his own eyes—or rather eye—he having lost one, the other having been lost in a skirmish when he was a midshipman on board a pirate in the Brazilian service. "Ah!" said Jack, often and often, "these were my honest days—Gad—did I ever think when I was a pirate that I was at the end to turn rogue, and study the law."—All was accurate to the utmost degree. The table-cloth, to be sure, was not exactly white, but it had been washed last week, and the collection of the plates was miscellaneous, exhibiting several of the choicest patterns of Delf. We were not of the silver-fork school of poetry, but steel is not to be despised. If the table was somewhat rickety, the inequality in the