

## DON'T MARRY A DRUNKARD.

DEAR GIRLS—I want to tell you a true story:  
"Susie," said a dear friend to her niece, "I wish you wouldn't encourage Harry Brown. I fear his principles are not such as would make a pleasant husband."

"But, auntie, there is nothing very bad about him, and he is more entertaining than any young man I know."  
"He smokes, you know, Susie, and takes an occasional glass; and your uncle says that away from the presence of ladies his language is very impure."

"But you know I quite enjoy a good cigar, and Harry's are always the best, and he only drinks when treated, and has half promised to give that up; and I'll risk his so far forgetting himself as to annoy ladies with bad language."

Despite frequent warnings, Susie became engaged to Harry Brown a few months later, and when they were married nothing dimmed the brightness of their future save the one cloud, the occasional glass. We need not trace the downward course; but look at them now! A friend told me that while calling a few months ago at Mr. Brown's, the father of Harry, there appeared a procession comical, though pitiful, to the last degree. First came Harry in a battered hat and torn suit, his face scratched in a drunken broil, and a black clay pipe between his teeth, pouring forth a stream of vile curses against the landlord who had just ejected him because unable to pay the rent. Next came his wife, carrying a tiny babe, and behind her seven small children, some of them bareheaded, all barefooted, and clothed in dirt and tatters. Having no place of shelter, Harry had brought his family home to his father's.

During this entire winter they had lived in a large old house where even the sash had been taken from nearly all the windows, and hardly a pane of glass is left; where few doors remain on their hinges, and the stairs are rotted away and the floors decayed and sunken. There in a recent illness the miserable wife—whom no one would recognize as the pretty Susie of a dozen years ago—would have perished from cold and hunger if the neighbours had not been kinder than the man who promised to protect her.

Is this not a wretched picture? Yet hundreds of maidens are preparing for themselves a future as bad. There can be placed no dependence on the manliness of the man who drinks, or on his kindness or good nature. Remember the old axiom, "when wine is in, wit is out." If there is anything on earth that will make a man lower than the beasts, it is drunkenness. Just think of it, girls. Any young man who takes an occasional glass is liable to become as low as the most degraded drunkard you know; decide whether you shall become his wife.

Don't say he promises to give it up after marriage, or your influence over him is so great that he will give up drinking if you require it. Some may succeed, but there are a score of failures for one success, and the chances are too strongly against it for you to be sanguine.

The safe way is to keep aloof from all who have not firm abstinence principles; but if, under any circumstances, your affections are given to one who drinks, uproot them at once, and suffer a life-long heartache rather than life-long trouble and disgrace. If the young man begs to be reinstated in your favour, and makes fair promises, marry him only after years of probation have tested the sincerity of his vows. It is not safe to do otherwise. In one instance a man signed with his own blood a pledge to abstain from all intoxicants, and his affianced married him at once, thinking he would not break a pledge so sacred; but before the honeymoon was over he staggered home half drunk, and met her with curses instead of the expected tenderness.

Give your influence against vice and drunkenness in all its phases, and as much as in you lies help the erring back to virtue; but be sure you do not marry a man to reform him. If you do, your fate will probably be like that of a spinster of excellent morals, who in this way undertook the reformation of a friend. She failed, as so many do fail, and after a few years he looked at her tearful face and said with maudlin tenderness: "Why, Sally, you know I drank before you married me!" She saw he spoke the truth, and remembered it was against her friend's wishes she became his wife, and realized that only her own stubborn will was to be blamed for the misery she endured. —*Aunt Olivia, in Country Gentleman.*

## HOW SPONGES ARE CAUGHT.

A correspondent of an exchange tells how they fish for sponges in the Bahamas. When a vessel arrives at the fishing-ground, it is anchored; and the men, in small boats, proceed to look for sponges in the water below. The water is a beautiful light blue colour, and so clear that a sixpence can easily be seen on the white sandy bottom in thirty-five to forty feet of water. Of course, when there is no wind, and the surface of the water is still, the sponges are easily seen; but when a gentle breeze is blowing, a "sea-glass" is used. A sea-glass consists of a square pine box about twenty inches in length, a pane of glass about ten by twelve inches placed in one end, water-tight. To use it, the glass end is thrust into the water, and the face of the operator is placed close to the other. By this means the wave-motion of the water is overcome, and the bottom readily seen. Sponges when seen on the bottom attached to rocks, look like a big black bunch. They are pulled off their natural beds by forked hooks, which are run down under the sponge, which is formed like the head of a cabbage, and the roots pulled from the rocks. When brought to the surface it is a mass of soft glutinous stuff, which to the touch feels like soap or thick jelly. When a small boat-load is obtained, they are taken to the shore, where a crawl is built in which they are placed to die, so that the jelly substance will easily separate from the firm fibre of the sponge. These crawls are built by sticking pieces of brush into the sand, out of the water, large enough to contain the catch. It takes from five to six days for the insect to die, when the sponges are beaten with small sticks, and the black, glutinous substance falls off, leaving the sponge, after a thorough washing, ready for market. To the fishermen generally, the occupation is not a lucrative one. I am told the wages will hardly

average three dollars per week, besides board. There is but little diving for sponges, except for a particularly fine bunch which cannot be secured by the hook.

## SUNSET WITH CLOUDS.

The earth grows dark about me,  
But heaven shines clear above,  
As daylight slowly melts away  
With the crimson light I love;  
And clouds, like floating shadows  
Of every form and hue,  
Hover around his dying couch,  
And blush a bright adieu.

Like fiery forms of angels,  
They throng around the sun—  
Courtiers that on their monarch wait,  
Until his course is run;  
From him they take their glory;  
His honour they uphold;  
And trail their flowing garments forth,  
Of purple, green, and gold.

O bliss to gaze upon them,  
From this commanding hill,  
And drink the spirit of the hour,  
While all around is still;  
While distant skies are opening  
And stretching far away,  
A shadowy landscape dip'd in gold,  
Where happier spirits stray.

I feel myself immortal,  
As in yon robe of light  
The glorious hills and vales of heaven  
Are dawning on the sight;  
I seem to hear the murmur  
Of some celestial stream,  
And catch the glimmer of its course  
Beneath the sacred beam.

And such, methinks, with rapture,  
Is my eternal home—  
More lovely than this passing glimpse—  
To which my footsteps roam;  
There's something yet more glorious  
Succeeds this life of pain;  
And, strengthened with a mightier hope,  
I face the world again.

—*Temple Bar.*

## THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,  
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,  
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp  
The promised treasure of our coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed,  
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,  
Refuse the lesser good we yet may win,  
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,  
And leave them one by one, and never stay;  
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was  
In each, until the closing of the door  
Has sounded through the house, and died away,  
And in our hearts we sigh, "For ever more."

—*Chamber's Journal.*

## ANCIENT CHINESE COFFINS.

A recent number of the "Celestial Empire," referring to a discovery of some ancient graves near Shanghai, gives, says "Nature," an interesting account of Chinese burial in former times. A man of means purchased his coffin when he reached the age of forty. He would then have it painted three times every year with a species of varnish, mixed with pulverized porcelain—a composition which resembled a silicate paint or enamel. The process by which this varnish was made has now been lost to the Chinese. Each coating of this paint was of some thickness, and when dried had a metallic firmness resembling enamel. Frequent coats of this, if the owner lived long, caused the coffin to assume the appearance of a sarcophagus, with a foot or more in thickness of this hard, stone like shell. After death the veins and the cavities of the stomach were filled with quicksilver for the purpose of preserving the body. A piece of jade would then be placed in each nostril and ear, and in one hand, while a piece of bar silver would be placed in the other hand. The body thus prepared was placed on a layer of mercury within the coffin; the latter was sealed, and the whole then committed to its last resting place. When some of these sarcophagi were opened after the lapse of centuries, the bodies were found in a wonderful state of preservation; but they crumbled to dust on exposure to the air. The writer well observes that the employment of mercury by the Chinese of past dynasties for the purpose of preserving bodies ought to form an interesting subject for consideration and discussion in connection with the history of embalming and "mummy making."

## LOOK TO YOUR CELLARS.

One of the most fruitful sources of disease in the household is a dirty cellar. We have had occasion, within the last few years, to record many instances in which desolating sickness has entered families through this cause, carrying off one after another, by diphtheria or some other deadly disease. The cause was not suspected until it was too late to avoid the consequences. An apparently slight exhalation from standing water or from a damp cellar, where water can-

not be found, especially if there should happen to be any decaying vegetable matter in it, may affect a whole family. There have been blocks of splendid new brown-stone houses in this city that have become uninhabitable owing to the closing of the general sewer, perhaps at the end of the block, thus preventing the free passing away of the natural dampness of the soil or the accumulation of water, and compelling it by a law of nature to pass upward through the house. The presence of this malarial atmosphere in the house is not detected until fever or some other disease breaks out. Even those who are aware of the existence of dampness and of their exposure to malarial influences do not always take immediate measures to correct the evil, but live on in security or in hope until sickness awakens them to their danger. In the country there is often as great, if not greater, indifference to the prolific causes of disease. Many a farmer occupied with spring work leaves his cellar to take care of itself, and his family to take care of themselves, when the remnants of the vegetables that were stored up in the fall begin to decay and breed a pestilence in the house. One of the first duties of the farmer in the spring is to make a thorough overhauling and cleansing of his cellar, removing everything that has a tendency to decay, and using disinfectants where there is the least danger from decaying matter. A single leaf of cabbage left until spring may infect a cellar. A few roots that have been stored up during the winter may produce an offensive odour, or, still more dangerous, because unsuspected, bane to health. Now is the time for this work to be done, and it ought to be thoroughly done.—*New York Paper.*

## KISSES ON INTEREST.

A father talking to his careless daughter said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother begins to express her surprise, go right up and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it would brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you some of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

## INSECT ANNOYANCE IN BRAZIL.

Mr. Ernest Morris, the young traveller and naturalist, who has just returned from Brazil, repeats the general observation of explorers that the exuberance of insect life is the principal obstacle to the enjoyment of a sojourn in that part of the world. Cockroaches swarm in every house despite the inroads of an army of spiders which sally forth from every chink to prey upon them; scorpions are intrusive and dangerous; a small red insect called the "mecum" is an intolerable annoyance; at certain hours of the day the air is black with flies and mosquitoes; and ants are a universal plague. To baffle these last named foes of peace, Mr. Morris was obliged to keep his entire collections on hanging shelves, the cords of which were soaked in the oil of copaiba. "The most destructive ant in Brazil," says Mr. Morris, "is the sanba. It will strip trees of their foliage in a single night, and in many places orange trees cannot be grown for this reason. The tocandeira is a very large ant, the bite of which is poisonous and makes a painful sore. I was once rendered unable to work for a week from a bite received from one of these ants. Some species travel in large bodies, marching in straight line and never turning to the right nor to the left. If a house lies in the track of one of these marching bodies, unless they are completely exterminated, they will pass through. Nothing will be injured, but every crack and cranny will be explored, and not a spider or cockroach will survive the visitation. They are therefore regarded as friends, and their advent is always welcomed. Go where you will in Brazil, you will meet ants. You live, sleep, and eat with them—and eat them, too."

THE coronation of the Czar of Russia is fixed for September 6th.

TOKIO, Japan, has a company formed for introducing the electric light.

GLASS shingles are to be manufactured by a Pittsburgh firm that has the patent.

THE Bill repressing crime in Ireland passed in the House of Commons by 353 to 45.

THE Prince of Wales' wedding present to Prince Leopold was a magnificent piano, valued at \$25,000.

THE new Eddystone lighthouse, off the Cornish coast, in the English Channel, was opened recently by the Duke of Edinburgh.