

The wife of Burns was as affectionate as he was inconstant, and readily forgave all his shortcomings.

Alfieri was happily married to a lady who had been the wife of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender.

Fausta, the wife of Constantine the Great, was so bad that the Emperor had her smothered in a hot bath.

Corregio married beauty, wealth, and happiness. Several of his Madonnas have the features of his wife.

Rubens was twice married, and left portraits of both his wives, with whom he lived in singular concord.

Swift married Stella at the remonstrance of friends whom he dared not disoblige, but never lived with her.

Ben Johnson had a shrew who used to go to the ale room after him and bring him home, scolding all the way.

Paulina, Seneca's wife, had her own veins opened when he was put to death, but was saved by the doctors.

The marriage of Isaac and Rebecca is the typically happy union, and is still cited as such in the prayer books.

Lamartine married an English lady named Burch, who, learning that he was poor, offered to share her fortune with him.

Moore got along with his wife, in spite of his constant flirtation, which, after all, may have only been word deep.

Heine had so warm a regard for his wife that he wrote, "For eight years I have had a frightful amount of happiness.

The famous John Hunter married a fashionable wife and constantly angered her by ordering her company out of the house.

The wife of Grothus shared her husband's imprisonment, and finally succeeded in smuggling him out of jail in a trunk.

George III. ablet a little henpecked, was a model husband, and his domestic life was, for a king, singularly free from contention.

Clarendon was married to one of the most noble women of history, and pays a frequent tribute in his writings to her grandeur of character.

Cato married a poor girl that she might be completely dependent on him and found her as troublesome as though she were an helless.

Mozart was as happy with his wife as a man could be whose affections were perpetually straying; but she was forgiving, and never reminded him of his numerous imperfections.

### Rules for Carving.

(By J. M. Burrie).

Rule I.—It is not good form to climb onto the table. There is no doubt a great temptation to this. When you are struggling with a duck, and he wobbles over just as you think you have him, you forget yourself. The common plan is not to leap upon the table all at once. This is the more usual process: The carver begins to carve sitting. By-and-by he is on his feet, and his brow is contracted. His face approaches the fowl, as if he wanted



CANADA SUMMONS HER CHILDREN HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.  
Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, Rich man, Poor man, Beggar man, Thief.

to inquire within about every thing except that the duck is reluctant to yield any of its portions. One of his feet climbs onto his chair, then the other. His knees are now resting against the table, and, in his excitement, he, so to speak, flings himself upon the fowl. This brings us to

Rule II.—Carving should not be made a matter of brute force. It ought from the the outset to be kept in mind that you and the duck are not pitted against each other in mortal combat. Never wrestle with any dish whatever: in other words, keep your head, and if you find yourself becoming excited, stop and count a hundred. This will calm you, when you can begin again.

Rule III.—I will not assist you to call the fowl names. This rule is most frequently broken by a gentleman carving for his own family circle. If there are other persons present, he generally manages to preserve a comparatively calm exterior, just as the felon on the scaffold does; but in privacy he breaks out in a storm of invective. If of a sarcastic turn of mind, he says that he has seen many a duck in his day, but never a duck like

this. It is double-jointed. It is so tough that it might have come over with Jacques Cartier.

Rule IV.—Don't boast when it is all over. You must not call the attention of the company to the fact that you have succeeded. Don't exclaim exultingly, "I knew I would manage it, nor demonstrate your way of doing it by pointing to the debris with the carving knife. Don't even be mock-moest, and tell everybody that carving is the simplest thing in the world. Don't wipe your face repeatedly with your napkin, as if you were in a state of perspiration, nor talk excitedly, as if your success had gone to your head. Don't ask your neighbors what they think of your carving. Your great object is to convince them that you look upon carving as the merest bagatelle, as something that you do every day and rather enjoy.

--Maud—"Going to start to college next week? That will be delightful. What do you expect to take for the first year?" Daisy—"Seven trunks and one study."—Chicago Tribune.