

A LADY'S LAMENT.

O, shall we ne'er again behold
The belle who's languorous and
Lazy?

The girl's who's always on the go—
Who can't be quiet—sets me crazy!
In summer, when I faint would loaf,
I'm maddened by the lass athletic,
Who—theo! it's ninety in the shade—
Regulates the tilt I'm energetic.

O, her activity, I vow,
Is little less than diabolic!
And 'tis so business-like—no mere
Gay madcap's giddy, girlish frolic?
With some new exercise each hour
This damsel just aches to tussle—
Some nice new manly sport or game
That shows her ankles and her mus-
cle.

She may be pretty; but it plays
The dickens with the old Adam!
Ideal of what's what, you know,
When Beauty waxes so dynamic!
She may be "fetching," yet methinks—
As day by day her spirits diminish—
I see the "terram womanly"
And muscle fighting to a finish.

With golf stick, tennis racket, car
Or Alpenstock, she still bewitches.
Ay, Beauty's sovereign o'er us still,
E'en tho' she boldly "bikes" in
D—s!
To better things she may but blaze
The path, the fadful, "fresh" new-
comer.
Who's got no end of "dash" and "go"—
But O, she makes me tired in sum-
mer.

MANDANY'S FOOL.

A Provincial Love Story.

"Ye ain't got hungry for tomatoes,
be ye?"
Some one had knocked at the screen
door, and, as there was no response,
a man's strident, good humored voice
put the above question concerning to-
matatoes.

But somebody had heard.
A woman had been sitting in the
kitchen with a pan of Seek-no-further
apples in her lap. She was paring
and quartering these, and then stam-
pling the quarters through and string-
ing them on yards of white twine, pre-
paratory to festooning them on the
clothes horse which stood in the yard.
This horse was already decorated pro-
fusely in this way. A cloud of wasps
had flown from the drying fruit as
the man walked up the path. He
swung off his hat and waved the in-
sects away.

"I say, have ye got hungry agin for
tomatoes?" he repeated.
Then he rattled the screen, but it
was hooked in the inside.
He turned and surveyed the three
windows that were visible in the bit
of house.

"They wouldn't both be gone, 'n'
left them apples out," he said to him-
self. "I'm 'bout sure Ann's to home,
'n' she's the one I want to see."
A woman in the bedroom which
opened from the kitchen was hurriedly
smoothing her hair, and peering into
the glass. She was speaking with
the air of one who constantly talks to
herself.

"Just as sure as I don't comb my
hair the first thing somebody comes."
She gave the last pat and went to
the door. There was a faint smirch on
her lips and a flush on her face.
Her tall figure was swayed by a
slight, eager tremor as she saw who
was standing there. She exclaimed:
"Goodness me! 'Taint you, Mr. Baker,
is it? Won't ye walk right in?
But I don't want no tomatoes; they
always go agin' me. Aunt Mandany
ain't to home."

"Oh, ain't she?" was the brisk re-
sponse. "Then I guess I will come
in."
The speaker pushed open the now
unfastened door and entered. He set
his basket of tomatoes with a thump
on the rung, and wiped his broad, red
face.

"Fact is," he said with a grin, "I
knew she was gone. I seen her goin'
cros' pastur'. That's why I come now.
I ain't got no longin' to see Aunt Man-
dany—no s'ree, not a grain of longin'
to see her. But I thought 't would be
agreeable to me to clap my eyes on
you."

The woman simpered, made an inartic-
ulate sound, and hurriedly resumed
her seat and her apple-paring.
"Won't you sit down, Mr. Baker?"
she asked.

Her fingers trembled as she took the
darning needle and jabbed it through
an apple quarter. The needle went
into her flesh, also. She gave a little
cry and thrust her finger into her
mouth. Her large, pale eyes turned
wistfully toward her companion. The
faded, already elderly mouth quivered.
"I'm jest as scart' as I c'n be if I see
blood," she whispered.

Mr. Baker's heavy underlip twitched;
her face softened. But he spoke
roughly.
"You needn't mind that bit of blood,"
he said; "that won't hurt nothin'. I
don't care if I do set down; I ain't
drove any this mornin'. I c'n jest as
well as not take hold 'n' help ye. I
s'pose Mandany left a thunderin' lot
for ye to do while she's gone?"

"Two bushels," was the answer.
"The old cat! That's too much. But
't won't be for both of us will it, Ann?"
The woman said "No."
She looked for an instant intensely
at the man, who had drawn his chair
directly opposite her. He was already
paring an apple.

"I'd know what to make of it," she
said, still in a whisper.
"To make of what?" briskly.
"Why, when folks are so good to me
's you be."
"Oh, sho', now! Everybody ain't like
your Aunt Mandany."
"Sho'! Don't speak so loud! Mebbe
she'll be comin' back."
"No, she won't. No matter if she is."
The loud confident tone rang cheer-
ily in the room.

During the silence that followed, Mr.
Baker watched Ann's deft fingers.
"Everybody says you're real capa-
ble," he remarked.
A joyous red covered Ann's face.
"I jest about do all the work here,"
she said.
She looked at the man again.

There was something curiously sweet
in the simple face. The patient line
at each side of the close, pale mouth
had a strange effect upon Mr. Baker.
He had been known to say violently
in conversation at the store that he
"never seen Ann Tracy 'bout wantin'
to thrash her Aunt Mandany."

"What in time be you dryin' Seek-no-
further for?" he now exclaimed with
some fierceness. "They're the fattest
kind of apples I know of."
"That's what Aunt says," was the
reply. "She says they're most as fat's
I be, 'n' that's flat 'nough."

These words were pronounced as
though the speaker were merely stat-
ing a well-known fact.
"Then what she do 'um for?" per-
sisted Mr. Baker.
"She says they're good 'nough to
swop for groceries in the spring."

Mr. Baker made a deep gasp in an
apple and held his tongue.
Ann continued her work, but she
took a good deal of Seek-no-further
with the skin in a way that would
have shocked Aunt Mandany.
Suddenly she raised her eyes to the
sturdy face opposite her and said:
"I guess your wife had a real good
time, didn't she, Mr. Baker, when she
was livin'?"

Mr. Baker dropped his knife. He
glanced up and met the wistful gaze
upon him.
Something he had thought long dead
stirred in his conscience.
"I hope so," he said gently. "I do
declare I tried to make her have a
good time."
"How long's she be'n dead?"
"Most 10 years. We was livin' down
to Norris Corners then."

The man picked up his knife and
absently tried the edge of it on the
ball of his thumb.
"I s'pose," said Ann, "that folks are
sorry when their wives die?"
Mr. Baker gave a short laugh.
"Wall, that depends."
"Oh, does it? I thought folks had to
love their wives 'n' be sorry when they
died."

Mr. Baker laughed again. He made
no other answer for several minutes.
At last he said:
"I was sorry enough when my wife
died."
A great pile of quartered apples was
heaped up in the wooden bowl before
either spoke again.

Then Ann exclaimed with a piteous
intensity:
"Oh, I'm awful tired of bein' Aunt
Mandany's fool!"
Mr. Baker stamped his foot involun-
tarily.
"How few know they call you that?"
he cried in a great voice.

"I heard Jane Littlefield tell Miss
Monk she hoped nobody'd ask Man-
dany's fool to the sociable. And Mr.
Fletcher's boy told me that's what
folks called me."
"Confound Jane Littlefield! Confound
that Imp of a boy!"
These dreadful words burst out fur-
iously.

Perhaps Ann did not look so shocked
as she ought.
"Tain't no use denyin' it," she said;
"I ain't just like other folks, 'n' that's
a fact. Things all run together, some
how. 'N' the back er my head's odd's
it can be."

"Pooh, what of it? There can't be
any of us think stiddy; 'n' if we could
what would it amount to, I should like
to know? It wouldn't amount to a row
of pins."

Ann dropped her work and clasped
her hands. Mr. Baker saw that her
hands were hard, and stained almost
black on fingers and thumbs by much
cutting of apples.
"Ye see," she said in a tremulous
voice, "sometimes I think if mother
had lived she'd treated me so! I could
think stiddy. I s'pose mother'd loved
me. They say mothers do. But Aunt
Mandany told me mother died the year
II got my fall from the cherry tree,
I was 8 then. I don't remember noth-
in' 'bout it, nor 'bout anythin' more."
Mr. Baker do you remember your
mother?"

Mr. Baker said "Yes," abruptly.
Something made it impossible for him
to say more.
"I'd know how 'tis; went on the
thin minor voice: "but it always did
seem to me's though if I could remem-
ber my mother I could think stiddy."
Do you think I could?"

Mr. Baker started at his feet.
"I'll be blamed if I c'n stan' it," he
shouted. "No, nor I won't stan' it,
nuther!"
He walked noisily across the room.
He came back and stood in front of
Ann, who had patiently resumed work.
"Come," he said, "I think a lot
of ye. Let's git married."
Ann looked up. She straightened
herself.

"Then I should live with you?" she
asked.
"Of course."
She laughed.
There was so much of confident hap-
piness in that laugh that the man's
heart glowed youthfully.
"I shall be real glad to marry you,
Mr. Baker," she said.
Then with pride, " 'N' I can cook,
'n' I know first-rate how to do house-
work."
She rose to her feet and flung up her
head.

Mr. Baker put his arm about her.
"I c'n't go right along now," he said,
more quickly than he had yet spoken.
"We'll call to the minister's 'n' engage
him. You c'n stop there. We'll be
married to-day."
"Can't you wait till I c'n put on my
bunnet 'n' shawl?" Ann asked.
She left the room. In a few mo-
ments she returned for going. She
had a sheet of note-paper, a bottle of
ink and a pen in her hands.

"I c'n write," she said confidently,
"but I call it fairer to leave word for
Aunt Mandany."
"All right," was the response; "go
ahead."
Mr. Baker said afterward that he
never got much more nervous in his
life than while Ann was writing that
note. What if Mandany should ap-
pear? He wasn't going to back out,
but he didn't want to see that wom-
an.

The ink was thick, the pen was like
a pin, and Ann was a good while mak-
ing each letter, but the task was at
last accomplished.
She held out the sheet to her com-
panion.
"Ain't that right?" she asked.
Mr. Baker drew his face down so-
lemnly as he read:
"Dere Ant Madanie: I'm so dretful
Tired of being your fool that ime

going to be Mr. Baker's. He sakt
me, ANN."
"That's jest the thing," he said, ex-
plicitly. "Now come on."
As they walked along in the hot
sunshine Mr. Baker said earnestly:
"I'm certain sure we'll be ever so
much happier."
"So'm I," An replied, with cheerful
confidence.

They were on a lonely road, and
they walked hand in hand.
"I'm goin' to be good to ye," said
the man with still more earnestness.
Then, in a challenging tone, as if ad-
dressing the world at large: "I guess
't ain't nobody's business but our'n."
Ann looked at him and smiled trust-
fully.

After awhile he began to laugh.
"I'm thinkin' of your Aunt Man-
dany when she reads that letter," he
explained.—The Chap Book.

WHALE AND THRASHER.
The enormous fins of the latter
Too much for the big fish.
The steamer Northern Light, which
arrived this morning from Shields,
brings to port the latest fish story.
Capt. Parton of the Northern Light
is a bold and fearless mariner, who
has sailed the Western ocean for
many a year. The Northern Light
plies between this port and Rotterdam.
She sailed from that port on June 21,
calling at Shields to replenish the col-
lunkers and resumed her voyage on the
27th. The ship made a northern
passage, passing through the Pen-
tland Firth, which separates the main-
land from the Orkney Isles. Nothing
unusual occurred to break the mono-
tony of a dull voyage across the North
Atlantic until July 1, about 6 p. m.,
when about 250 miles west of Rock
Hall. The weather at the time was
fine and clear, with a smooth sea. The
officers had just returned to the deck
from below, having finished their
evening meal, when an officer on the
watch suddenly drew the attention of
Capt. Parton to a great disturbance on
the sea, about nine miles ahead, on
the weather bow. A general rush was
made for the binoculars to investigate
the cause of the commotion, when a
large whale was sighted, apparently
in deadly conflict with some marine
monster, which appeared to be cov-
erling over the whale's back. Within
a short time the Northern Light was
in beam of the marine contest, which
was plainly visible to the naked eye.
It proved to be a fight to the death
between the whale and an enormous
fish called the thrasher.

The fish is the deadly enemy of the
whale, and when these leviathans of
the deep meet a fight to the death is
the result. The thrasher usually
comes off best, and never comes out
with the whale in a mass of floating
blubber and bone. The near approach
of the steamer to witness the duel did
not in the least deter the thrasher
from delivering its two large fins or
horns with tremendous force on the
whale's neck, which, at every blow,
tried to get out of his way by diving,
and at times jumping almost out of
the water in his frantic efforts to avoid
the enemy, the whale meantime
spouting on coming to the surface, and
throwing upward such an immense
body of water that the conflict could
not be seen for several seconds at a
time. The battle raged furiously.
Meanwhile the Northern Light drifted
slowly ahead, and as time would not
permit those on board to witness the
flurry, the steamer proceeded on her
course, but for some time afterward
they could be seen a long distance
astern still fighting furiously. The
thrasher with his enormous fins,
which it could move like the arms of
a man, appeared above the sea quite
twenty feet in a vertical position, be-
fore striking a blow on the whale's
back. The estimated length of the
whale was fully 120 feet, while that
of the thrasher was about eighty feet.

The chief engineer of the Northern
Light made a pen and ink sketch of
the battle on the spot, and fully ver-
ifies the truth of the captain's story.
He concluded his yarn by saying that
if the whale in which Jonah spent
three days and three nights was as
large as this one, above had good ac-
commodations.—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Lacked the First One.
"Bridget, I want a pound of steak,
a bag of salt, two ounces of pepper,
a loaf of bread and a pound of butter.
Do you think you can remember them
all, or shall I write them down?"
"Sure, mam, I kin remember one by
the other. When I hev bread, I know
I want butter, and when I have steak
I want pepper and salt."
"All right. Go, and don't be long."

Bridget was not long. She was back
in a very short time, but with an
empty basket.
"Why, where is the dinner, Bridget?"
"I couldn't remember wan of them,
mam."
"Why, I thought you could remem-
ber each article by the one before it."
"Faith, mam, I had nothin' to re-
member the first one by."—Harper's
Bazar.

Old Houses in New England.
It sometimes seems strange, even to
an "old settler" in Connecticut, living
in the midst of all the new movement
of modern life, with its railroads, tele-
graphs, telephones, electric lights, bi-
cycles and all the other thousand-and-
one features of the modern world, to
reflect that even in this new country,
with no plebeian quality, there are
old houses in Hartford and in Farn-
ington, that were built only about
thirty years after "the plague" and
"the great fire" in London—and in one
Connecticut town (Gulford) a stone
house, built nearly ten years before
the beheading of King Charles I., and
which looks to-day as if it would last
for another century or two. It was
built in 1639, as much for a defense
against the Indians as for a person-
age, and it was used for both purposes.
—Hartford Times.

The Reason.
Miles—Why do you stay at home
while your wife goes to the moun-
tains? You might both go to the sea
shore near by.
Hills—Impossible. I have to stay
home here to feed the cats, while only
the mountain air agrees with Fido in
summer.

Courtship after Marriage.

We wish to say a few words, in all
gravity, to young farmers and their
wives, who have entered into the near-
est, sweetest, most sacred relation it
is possible for individuals to assume
towards one another, in this world.
You have formed a life union to es-
tablish a family; to obtain a com-
petency for your support and for the
support and education of those human
beings who may be the result of your
union; to build up a rural home that
shall be a pleasant, beautiful dwell-
ing-place for you while you live, and
for your children so long as they
shall live with you, and a place that
shall live in their memories, when
they shall have gone forth from the
parental home to establish, for them-
selves, homes in the world.

For some time previous to mar-
riage, possibly for years, you passed
courtship, in common parlance, in
which essayed to win the favor, the
affections of the other. During that
time each sought to be agreeable to
the other, in dress, in language and in
actions. The young man, when about
to visit the young lady, undoubtedly
tried to make herself as presentable
as possible. He probably washed
himself clean, so that he might not
carry any of the dirt and filth of the
farm and the domestic animals into
the presence of the lady, he was woo-
ing. He probably put on clean linen,
brushed and donned his best apparel,
blacked his boots, and presented
himself to his lady at his very best.
And the young lady, does any one
doubt that she selected her most be-
coming dress, her most bewitching
ribbons and collar, and that her hair
was arranged in the most attractive
style, when she expected a visit from
her suitor?

Each had succeeded in winning the
love of the other, and both are satis-
fied that their nuptial happiness will
be greatly enhanced by uniting their
lives, traveling life's mysterious path-
way together. Doubtless, they individu-
ally create an ideal of their future
married life, in which each shall find
his or her highest enjoyment and hap-
piness in ministering to the happiness
of the other. This is all well; it is
wisely ordained that the young shall
indulge in bright, lovely visions of the
future and that the most intense, most
powerful passions and sentiments of
human nature shall conspire to bring
about the conjugal union.

The marriage is consummated; the
young couple move into their rural
home; does courtship continue? "But,"
says the reader, "they have won each
other's love, therefore the necessity of
further courtship." Perhaps some
of the means used to win love, may be
necessary to retain it. Let us consid-
er.

In courtship they seek to win love
by making themselves agreeable, by
seeking to please; can they retain love,
if disagreeable, if regardless of pleasing?
There are numerous ways in which
those holding the relation of husband
and wife may render themselves agree-
able or disagreeable to each other. In
courtship we see how careful the man
is to make himself as presentable as
possible, when about to appear in the
presence of her, he is wooing. Can he
entirely neglect his personal appear-
ance after marriage without injuring
the feelings of his wife? Can he go into
the presence of his wife, morning, noon
and night, with soiled hands and face,
with his garments plastered with the
earth he cultivates and odorous with
the scent of domestic animals and his
boots smeared with their offal, with-
out provoking in her the thought that
he is a little lacking in that tender re-
spect which he always showed her in
his anti-nuptial courtship?

"But how is he going to help it?
You would not expect a farmer to
change his clothes every time he goes
into the house, would you?"
No, that would hardly be practica-
ble. But it is practicable for a farmer
to so arrange his dress for labor and
for the house that, with a very little
delay, he can make himself quite pre-
sentable, when he comes into his meals
or to spend the evening at his fireside.
Every farm-house should have a back
lobby or entrance, as well as a front
hall, and therein a farmer can hang
his work clothes, or overalls. There
should always be a foot-scraper and
mat at the back-door. The farmer,
when he comes in to his meals, can
scrape and clean his boots, slip
off his overalls and on his clean
clothes, and appear at the table
tolerably clean and free from offensive
odors. If his boots are too filthy to
properly clean, without consuming
too much time, he can have a pair of
slippers and boot-jack convenient, re-
move his boots and put on his slip-
pers in a very short time. That is
probably the better way when he goes
into the sitting room in the evening,
and a soft dressing gown is neat and
comfortable, as an evening garment.

The man feels more self-respect, com-
placency, in clean garments in the
house, and the woman is flattered by
such an exhibition of regard to her
feelings. Instead of saying, by action,
"I have secured you, you are mine and
I shall now consult my ease, without
regard to your feelings," he says, "I
am just as anxious to please myself
agreeable to you, to please you,
as I was before I was assured that
I had secured your affections."
On the other hand, the wife, who in
the old courtship, had been so care-
ful never to appear in the presence of
her suitor until she had made herself
as attractive and winsome as possi-
ble, often becomes quite careless of
her personal appearance at home,
with no one present but her husband,
although she may still be very partic-
ular when she goes into society. Ah!
young wife, it will pay you to strive
to preserve the vision of loveliness
that won your husband's love as
long as possible. See that he is not
too rudely awakened from his en-
chantment, or you may never be able
again to weave the spell around him.

Not only in dress and personal ap-
pearance should husband and wife
seek to continue their courtship after
marriage, but also in language and
conduct. They were accustomed be-
fore marriage, to address each other
in respectful, tender language, to say
nothing that would wound the feelings
or make the other unhappy; let them
be equally as careful, in these respects,
after marriage. And, as the husband,
before marriage, was solicitous to re-
lieve her, who is now his wife, of every
burden, and avert every avoidable in-
felicity, let him be equally solicitous
now, that she has placed her life's
happiness in his keeping. On the
other hand, if the wife truly loves
her husband and desires his well-
fare and happiness, she will not
be unnecessarily exacting of serv-
ices, will not convert the power she
possesses over his affections into a
petty tyranny. It depends largely
upon this second courtship, whether
the affections elicited in the first
courtship shall be enlarged, strength-
ened, made enduring, or gradually ex-
tinguished. Were there more of this
post-nuptial courtship there would be
much less employment for divorce
courts.

Husband and wife living together as
we have faintly indicated, will do
more towards evolving beautiful,
attractive, happy rural homes, than
unbounded wealth, supplemented by
artistic tastes and capacities, can
possibly create by means of landscape
ornamentation, architectural con-
struction of interior decoration, for
the loves and virtues, must preside
over true homes.

Uncle Sam's Naval Chaplains.
From the New York Sun.
Out of the many thousand gentle-
men who find snug shelter beneath the
government's fostering wing none en-
joy the peace, prosperity and general
happiness in equal measure with the
twenty-one who are chaplains in the
navy. They toil not, and seldom pray,
but draw their salaries with elegance
and precision. These salaries are
large, or would be for an ununiformed
wordling. For the first five years of
service each chaplain culls \$2,500 per
year and his rations, if at sea, from a
benevolent National Treasury, \$2,-
000 if on shore duty and \$1,600 if on
waiting orders, the last named being a
condition of complete inertia. Ever
after the five years mentioned the re-
muneration is \$390 more, in all stages of
service. Rations consist in the main
of hardtack and pork, with a smack
of sugar and coffee thrown in, and can
be traded off for canned chicken or
anything palatable to wardroom ap-
petites.

With the exception of giving the ship
schoolmaster an occasional lift in his
duty of driving simple educational
facts through the saline skulls, the
chaplain does nothing. He holds no
services, except now and then at a
stray funeral. The only Sunday fea-
tures of a man-of-war are extra clean
decks and officers in full dress uniforms,
including buttons. The chaplain wears
just as many buttons as any of them,
but he does no preaching. Except for
a provision in the naval regulations it
would be hard to tell why any ships
carry a chaplain. "This says they
must, and they do. 'There is no dodg-
ing naval rules with salaries attached
to them. No chaplain on shipboard
wearies himself with stirring up reli-
gious sentiment among the men, or wor-
ries about their tarry souls."
Not every ship carries a chaplain.
Only a flagships are thus adorned.
Chaplains are too expensive. The plain
leaky cruisers can not possess them.
Four flagships thus ornamented are
the Tennessee, North Atlantic squad-
ron; Pensacola, European squadron;
Trenton, Asiatic squadron, and Hart-
ford, Pacific squadron. The Nipsic,
both fleet and flagship, cruising alone
on the South Atlantic station from
Rio to Cape Horn, gets along without
a parson. Each of the three training
ships, Minnesota, New Hampshire
and Jamestown, carry a chaplain,
and one is attached to each working
navy-yard to look out for the spiritu-
al welfare of tars newly gathered in on
the receiving ships.

The rest of the twenty-one are on
special duty or waiting orders. Not
a few of the shore chaplains are pro-
bably quartered on denomina-
tional parishes, thus securing pleasing
addition to their several incomes.
Those stationed at navy yards make
the most show of professional use-
fulness. Local churches of mission usual-
ly afford services of some sort on the
receiving ships in which the chaplain
co-operates. But altogether the lot
of a chaplain is a most happy one,
and that of chaplains at sea especial-
ly so. Without irksome labor of any
sort or responsibility, he can join the
Captains of marines, another flagship
luxury, in a perennial siesta on the
ward-room sofas.

Merchant Navies of the World.
A comparative table of the strength
of the merchant navies of the world
which has just been published in France
shows that Great Britain possesses
22,500 trading vessels, with an ag-
gregate tonnage of 11,200,000 tons.
Of these vessels, 4,649 are steamers,
with a tonnage of 5,919,000 tons, or
rather more than one-half the grand
total burden. The United States
makes a very bad second, with 6,600
sail and 2,700,000 tons. Norway has
4,200 vessels, with 1,500,000 tons,
and Germany which comes immedi-
ately after her, has 3,000 vessels with
a total of 1,400,000 tons; France,
Italy and Russia bring up the rear,
each with less than 3,000 vessels. The
proportion of steamers is, however, of
greater importance than the total
number of ships engaged in the trade,
and in this regard France stands
second, although she has but 458
steamers, of 667,000 tons in all, to
England's 4,845. Germany presses
her closely with 420 steamers and
476,000 tons.

pearance should husband and wife
seek to continue their courtship after
marriage, but also in language and
conduct. They were accustomed be-
fore marriage, to address each other
in respectful, tender language, to say
nothing that would wound the feelings
or make the other unhappy; let them
be equally as careful, in these respects,
after marriage. And, as the husband,
before marriage, was solicitous to re-
lieve her, who is now his wife, of every
burden, and avert every avoidable in-
felicity, let him be equally solicitous
now, that she has placed her life's
happiness in his keeping. On the
other hand, if the wife truly loves
her husband and desires his well-
fare and happiness, she will not
be unnecessarily exacting of serv-
ices, will not convert the power she
possesses over his affections into a
petty tyranny. It depends largely
upon this second courtship, whether
the affections elicited in the first
courtship shall be enlarged, strength-
ened, made enduring, or gradually ex-
tinguished. Were there more of this
post-nuptial courtship there would be
much less employment for divorce
courts.

Husband and wife living together as
we have faintly indicated, will do
more towards evolving beautiful,
attractive, happy rural homes, than
unbounded wealth, supplemented by
artistic tastes and capacities, can
possibly create by means of landscape
ornamentation, architectural con-
struction of interior decoration, for
the loves and virtues, must preside
over true homes.

Uncle Sam's Naval Chaplains.
From the New York Sun.
Out of the many thousand gentle-
men who find snug shelter beneath the
government's fostering wing none en-
joy the peace, prosperity and general
happiness in equal measure with the
twenty-one who are chaplains in the
navy. They toil not, and seldom pray,
but draw their salaries with elegance
and precision. These salaries are
large, or would be for an ununiformed
wordling. For the first five years of
service each chaplain culls \$2,500 per
year and his rations, if at sea, from a
benevolent National Treasury, \$2,-
000 if on shore duty and \$1,600 if on
waiting orders, the last named being a
condition of complete inertia. Ever
after the five years mentioned the re-
muneration is \$390 more, in all stages of
service. Rations consist in the main
of hardtack and pork, with a smack
of sugar and coffee thrown in, and can
be traded off for canned chicken or
anything palatable to wardroom ap-
petites.

With the exception of giving the ship
schoolmaster an occasional lift in his
duty of driving simple educational
facts through the saline skulls, the
chaplain does nothing. He holds no
services, except now and then at a
stray funeral. The only Sunday fea-
tures of a man-of-war are extra clean
decks and officers in full dress uniforms,
including buttons. The chaplain wears
just as many buttons as any of them,
but he does no preaching. Except for
a provision in the naval regulations it
would be hard to tell why any ships
carry a chaplain. "This says they
must, and they do. 'There is no dodg-
ing naval rules with salaries attached
to them. No chaplain on shipboard
wearies himself with stirring up reli-
gious sentiment among the men, or wor-
ries about their tarry souls."
Not every ship carries a chaplain.
Only a flagships are thus adorned.
Chaplains are too expensive. The plain
leaky cruisers can not possess them.
Four flagships thus ornamented are
the Tennessee, North Atlantic squad-
ron; Pensacola, European squadron;
Trenton, Asiatic squadron, and Hart-
ford, Pacific squadron. The Nipsic,
both fleet and flagship, cruising alone
on the South Atlantic station from
Rio to Cape Horn, gets along without
a parson. Each of the three training
ships, Minnesota, New Hampshire
and Jamestown, carry a chaplain,
and one is attached to each working
navy-yard to look out for the spiritu-
al welfare of tars newly gathered in on
the receiving ships.

The rest of the twenty-one are on
special duty or waiting orders. Not
a few of the shore chaplains are pro-
bably quartered on denomina-
tional parishes, thus securing pleasing
addition to their several incomes.
Those stationed at navy yards make
the most show of professional use-
fulness. Local churches of mission usual-
ly afford services of some sort on the
receiving ships in which the chaplain
co-operates. But altogether the lot
of a chaplain is a most happy one,
and that of chaplains at sea especial-
ly so. Without irksome labor of any
sort or responsibility, he can join the
Captains of marines, another flagship
luxury, in a perennial siesta on the
ward-room sofas.

Merchant Navies of the World.
A comparative table of the strength
of the merchant navies of the world
which has just been published in France
shows that Great Britain possesses
22,500 trading vessels, with an ag-
gregate tonnage of 11,200,000 tons.
Of these vessels, 4,649 are steamers,
with a tonnage of 5,919,000 tons, or
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and in this regard France stands
second, although she has but 458
steamers, of 667,000 tons in all, to
England's 4,845. Germany presses
her closely with 420 steamers and
476,000 tons.

A Famous Trick.
Robert Heller, the famous magician,
who died a few years ago, used to ex-
hibit with delight one trick of which he
was very proud. He would step to
the front of the platform, holding cut
at arm's-length a small bird-cage in
which hopped and chirped a live spar-