

FIRESIDE MISCELLANY.
PAYMAIL SUFFRAGE.
BY DENNIS O'RAFFERTY.
Och, he is a baste who opposes the right
Of a faymale to vote whenever she pleases,
For meself I look forth to the day wil delight,
When the polls will appear like a meadow of daisies.
I said to me Kathleen, when from the conviction
She came wid a beautiful smile on her face,
Ye'll soon be a lady, and ivery attention
Be shown yee's by those who have power and place.
Mrs. Gungybags thin on yeerself will be dotin;
And agin yee's up to her house, never fear;
And thin in her carriage, when faymales are votin,
Ye'll sit by her side, Och! Kathleen, me dear.
It is said that this life, after all, is a bubble,
But not so to me, a throu son of the sod;
For the years have been joyous, and free from all trouble,
While mixin the mortar and carryin me hod.
And I am not jealous, oh no, not at all,
But welcome from Erin each strong-minded daughter,
To climb up the ladders and walk on the wall,
And shar' all the joys of the brick and the mortar.
SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.
Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone—
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.
By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits.
Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gaisaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made.
Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.
And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.
MY HUSBAND'S SECOND WIFE.
My husband came tenderly to my side.
"Are you going out this evening,
love?"
"Of course I am."
I looked down complacently at my
dress of pink crape, dew dropped over
with crystal, and the trails of pink azal-
ias that caught up its folds here and
there. A diamond bracelet encircled
one round, white arm, and a little cross
blazed fitfully at my throat. I had
never look'd better and I felt a sort of
girlish pride as my eye met the fairy
reflection in the mirror.
"Come Gerald, make haste! Why
you haven't begun to dress yet!"
Where were my wifely instincts, that
I did not see the haggard, downcast
look in his features—the fevered light
in his eye.
"I can't go to night, Madeline; I
am not well enough."
"You are never well enough" Gerald,
to oblige me. I am tired of being put
off with such excuses."
He made no answer, but dropped his
head in his hands on the table before
him.
"Oh, come, Gerald," I urged, petu-
lantly; "it is so awkward for me to go
alone always."
He shook his head listlessly.
"I thought perhaps you would be
willing to remain at home with me,
Madeline."
"Men are selfish," I said plaintively;
"and I am all dress-d. Claudia took
half an hour for my hair. I dare say
you will be a great deal quieter without
me—that is if you are determined not
to go."
No answer again.
"Well, if you choose to be sullen, I
can't help it," I said lightly, as I turned
and went out of the room, adjusting my
boquet holder, the tube roses and
heliotropes seeming to distil incense at
every motion.
Was I heartless and cruel? Had I
ceased to love my husband? From the
bottom of my heart I believe that I
loved him as tenderly as ever wife loved
a husband; but I had been so petted
and spoiled all my brief, self-h life, that
the better instincts were, so to speak,
entombed alive.
I went to the party and had my fill
of adulation and homage, as usual.
The hours seemed to glide away, shod
with roses, and winged with music and
perfume; and it was not until, wearied
with the dancing, I sought a momen-
tary refuge in the half-lighted tea-room,
that I heard words awakening me, as it
were from a dream.
"Gerald Glen!"
I could not will be mistaken in the
name; it was scarcely commonplace
enough for that. They were talking,
two or three business like looking gen-
tlemen, in the hall without; and I could
catch now and then a fugitive word.
"Fine, enterprising young fellow!"
"Gigget pity!" "Totally ruined—so
Bee & McMorken say!" "Reckless ex-
travagance of his wife!"
All these vague fragments I heard;
and then one asked: "And what is he
going to do?"
"What can he do, poor fellow? I'm
sorry; but he should have counted his

income and his expenses better."
"Or his wife should. Oh, these wo-
men; they are at the bottom of all a
man's troubles."
And they laughed. Oh, how could
they? I had yet to learn how easy it
is, in this world, to bear other people's
troubles.
I rose hurriedly, my heart beating
tumultuously beneath the pink azalias,
and went back to the lighted saloon.
Mr. Albany Moor was waiting to claim
my hand for the next dance.
"Are you ill, Mrs. Glen? How pale
you look!"
"—I am not well. I wish you would
have my carriage called for me, Mr.
Moor." "For I now felt that home was
the proper place for me."
Hurried by some unaccountable im-
pulse, I sprang out the moment the
carriage-wheels struck the curbstone,
and rushed up to my husband's room.
The door was locked, but I could see
a light shining faintly under the thresh-
hold. I knocked wildly and persist-
ently.
"Gerald, dear Gerald! for heaven's
sake let me in!"
Something fell on the marble hearth,
and my husband opened the door a little
way. I had never seen him look so pale
before, or so rigid, yet so determined.
"Who are you?" he demanded wildly.
"Why cannot you leave me in peace?"
"It is I, Gerald—your Madeline—
your own little wife."
And I caught from his hand the
pistol he was trying to conceal in his
breast—its mate lay on the hearth un-
der the mantle—and flung it out of the
window.
"Gerald, would you have left me?"
"I would have escaped!" he cried,
still half delirious, to all appearances.
"Debt, disgrace, misery—her reproach-
es! I would have escaped them all!"
His head fell, like that of a weary
child, on my shoulder. I drew him
gently to a sofa, and soothed him with
a thousand murmured words—a thou-
sand mute caresses; for had it not been
all my fault?
And through all the long weeks of
fever that followed, I nursed him with
unwavering care and devotion. I had
but one thought—one desire—to redeem
myself in his estimation—to prove to
him that I was something more and
higher than the mere butterfly of fash-
ion I had hitherto shown myself.
Well, the March winds had howled
themselves away into the mountain
fastnesses; the brilliant April raindrops
were dried on bough and spray; and
now the apple blossoms were tossing
their fragrant billows of pink bloom
in the deep blue air of latter May.
Where are we now?
It was a picturesque little villa, not
far out of Pittsburg, furnished very
much like a magnificent baby house.
Gerald sat in a cushioned easy-chair in
the garden, just where he could glance
through the open window at me, work-
ing busily with my needle.
"What an industrious fairy it is,"
he said smiling sadly.
"Well, you see I like it. It is a
great deal better than those sonatas on
the piano."
"Who would have thought that you
would make so noble a housekeeper?"
I laughed gleefully; I had a child's
delight in being praised.
"Are you going to Mrs. Delaney's
croquet party?" he asked.
"No; what do I care for croquet par-
ties? I am going to finish your shirts,
and you'll read aloud to me."
"Madeline, I want you to answer me
one question."
"What is it?"
"What have you done with your dia-
monds?"
"I sold them, long ago. They paid
several heavy bills, besides setting half
a year's rent here."
"But, Madeline, you were so proud
of your diamonds."
"I was once; but now, they would
be the bitterest reproach my eyes could
meet. Oh, Gerald, had I been less vain,
and thoughtless, and extravagant!"
I checked myself, and, a robin, sing-
ing in the perfumed blossoms of an
apple tree, took up the dropped current
of sound.
"That's right, little redbreast," said
my husband half-jokingly; "talk her
down. She has forgotten that our past
is dead and gone, and that we have
turned over a new page in the book of
existence. Madeline, do you know how
I feel, sometimes, when I look at you?"
"No."
"Well, I feel like a widower who has
married again."
My heart gave one little superstitious
jump.
"Like a widower who has married
again, Gerald?"
"Yes; I can remember my first wife
—a brilliant, thoughtless child, without
any idea beyond the gratification of
present whims—a spoiled plaything.
Well, that little Madeline has vanished
away into the past, somewhere; she has
gone away to return to me no more, and
in her stead, I behold my present wife
—a thoughtful, tender woman, whose
watchful love surrounds me like an at-
mosphere and whose character grows
more noble, and develops itself into new
depths and beauty every day."
I was kneeling at his side, now, with
my cheek upon his arm, and my eyes
looking into his.

"And which do you love best, Gerald
—the first or second wife?"
"I think the trials and vicissitudes
through which we have passed are wel-
come, indeed, since they have brought
me as their harvest-fruit, the priceless
treasure of my second wife."
That was what Gerald answered me
—the sweetest words that ever fell upon
my ear.
SINGULAR SCENE AT WEDDING.
The New Orleans Picayune says:
Wednesday night quite a fashionable
wedding was celebrated in the Fourth
District. The bride was pretty, as all
newly married ladies are, and the groom
was the glass of fashion and the mould
of form. A number of invited guests
lent grace and beauty to the occasion,
and hearty congratulation testified the
good wishes of the many friends for
the happiness of the newly married
pair. But the hours waned rapidly and
the time for retiring came at last. The
bride was led by laughing bridesmaids
to her chamber door. But imagine their
surprise when it was opened by a
lady richly and elegantly clad in a tra-
veling suit, and evidently waiting for an
interview.
I beg pardon, madam; but you ap-
pear astonished, said the strange lady.
I must confess I did not expect to
see any one here, replied the bride.
No, madam; I came in very privately
and wished an interview subject to no
interruption.
It did not occur to the bride to inquire
by whom she had been introduced, or
by what means she had gained access
to her apartment.
It is very strange, ma'am, and I can't
imagine why you wish to speak to me!
The reason is simple. The man you
have just married has imposed upon you.
I am his wife!
Oh! impossible—you rave! and the
lady sank into a chair almost fainting.
Of course the bridesmaids screamed.
It speedily brought the family to the
door with terror-stricken faces, and with
them the bridegroom, all asking with
trembling lips—
What in the world is the matter?
Oh! Edward! cried the bride, this
person says she's your wife.
My wife! shouted the astonished
bride; why, she's insane.
The strange lady stood up calm and
unruffled.
Is it possible, sir, that having perpe-
trated this great wickedness, you will
have the hardihood to deny that I am
your lawful wedded wife? she asked,
looking the sorely troubled Edward full
in the eye.
Why, confound you, woman! I never
saw you before in my life! exclaimed
the astonished man.
The lady regarded him very much
as a minister would a person given over
to total depravity.
Oh! Edward, I'm afraid it's true!
I love you so! sobbed the young
wife, how could you have treated me
so?
I tell you that I haven't got any wife
but you—this woman is an impostor.
The strange lady uttered a low, mock-
ing laugh. The scene was getting in-
teresting to the last degree. The ladies
were all crying, and the father of the
bride looking stern and indignant. He
had for some time intently regarded the
strange lady, when suddenly his eye
lighted up, and an amusing smile played
upon his lips. He took a step forward,
and laying his hand on the shoulder of
the stranger, said:
Come, John; this is very cleverly
played, but it's time it was over; and
following the impulse of his arm the
stranger was pushed into the hall.
John—who? what! exclaimed all
at once.
It was the bride's younger brother;
a wicked chap who had played a laugh-
y prank, with the aid of his sister's
traveling suit and her cast off elignon
and curls.
It is scarcely necessary to remark that
harmony was speedily restored.
A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.—Use-
less, aimless, drifting through life—
what was I born for? For somebody's
wife, my mother says. Well, that being
true, somebody keeps himself safely
from view; and if naught but marriage
will settle my fate, I believe I shall die
in an unsettled state. For though I'm
not ugly—pray what woman is?—you
might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
and those who seek for perfection will
seek here in vain. Nay, in spite of
these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
and I should not feel grateful, for bet-
ter or worse, to take the first body
who graciously came, and offered those
treasures—his home and his name. I
think, then, my chances of marriage are
small; but why should I think of such
chances at all? My brothers are all of
them younger than I, yet they thrive
in the world, and why not let me try?
I know that in business I'm not an
ad pt, because from such business I'm
jealously kept; but this is the ques-
tion that troubles my mind—why am I
not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
why should I wait to be somebody's
wife.
A Mr. Story has just married a
Miss Travel. They will probably give
to the world several excellent stories of
modern travel.

LEARNING A TRADE.
When will our young men realize the
importance of learning some kind of
a trade? The "learned professions,"
as they are called, are crowded with
those who have no practical knowledge
of the mechanic arts, many of whom
find it hard work to "make both ends
meet." Hundreds and thousands of
clerks and salesmen are out of employ-
ment much of the time for the same
reason, and those who might otherwise
become producers of wealth are mere
consumers, and who thus waste their
lives and their own or others' substance
in comparative idleness. Many a young
man has been led into evil ways for the
want of something useful to do, or rather
the lack of knowledge of how to do
anything. Thus both they and the com-
munity become sufferers, and the cal-
amity of crime is increased. Very
often the blame belongs to parents, who
fail at the proper time to encourage their
sons to learn some useful trade. Some-
times this is the result of a false pride,
but oftener of thoughtlessness and in-
difference. The idea which too often
prevails, that the life of a lawyer, or a
minister, or an artist is more independ-
ent than that of a mechanic, is simply
absurd, for there are none who are
obliged to do so much real drudgery as
a "professional" man before he can hope
to acquire either fortune or fame by his
efforts. Where one achieves success in
the professions, hundreds fail entirely,
and are scarcely heard of out of their
own immediate circle. It is true that
industry and perseverance will accom-
plish great results in any sphere of life,
but unless there is more than common
talent—an unusual amount of brain
power—the road to success either at the
bar, in the pulpit, or the studio, is a
hard one indeed to travel. To be sure,
if a young man feels within him a
yearning for any particular profession,
it may be the part of wisdom that he
should follow the bent of his mind; but
to force him into such a position for
the sake of avoiding the alternative of
obtaining a living at some mechanical
employment is simply condemning him
to a life of servitude and misery. A
trade is ready capital to any man, which
he may use or not, as he sees fit. Only
this should be borne in mind, that to
achieve success in any trade, a man must
be complete master of his business.
There are poor mechanics, as there are
poor lawyers and physicians, ministers
and painters, and such are always un-
fortunate and unsuccessful. Whatever
is worth doing at all is worth doing
well, and good work, in any department
of business, will always command a
good price. An exchange, speaking
upon this subject says truly:
"Skillful workmen find it difficult
in getting employment and good wages.
Still young men are unwilling to become
mechanics. Our farmers' sons rush
from the farm to the city, and enter
stores; the sisters soon follow. The
consequence is that while there is a
scarcity of good farmers and mechanics,
our cities are overrun with clerks. A
gentleman in Chicago, connected with
one of the great western railroads, in a
letter to a friend in Boston writes:
"Try to persuade young men to give up
this miserable life of clerkship, and
learn some trade; earn promotion there,
and then success is secured. They
might plod along for years in this office
or any other, remain in the same posi-
tion and earn just enough to keep soul
and body together. It is a great mis-
take for every well brought up man to
ignore the farm or the workshop, and
to feel that his peculiar talents adapt
him best to the counting room or an
office." These words have the right
ring. The world needs more real work-
ers. It already has too many "gentlemen."
The proposed plan of a school where
girls and women can learn how to cul-
tivate small fruits, vegetables and
like, opens to them a blessed opportunity.
One of the greatest curses to society is
that of idlers."
If parents would take this matter
more deeply to heart, and bestow that
thought upon it which they do upon
many matters of less importance, it
would be far better for them and their
children. Many a father has gone down
to the grave in sorrow because he vainly
strove to place his children in situations
where they might live with-out labor.
In this effort to evade the law of nature
and of God there is a sin which will
not go unpunished. To toil is a privi-
lege as well as duty, for there are none
so happy as those whose bodies as well
as minds find constant and active em-
ployment.
VENICE is built on 117 islands. The
Grand Canal was cut over the flats, and
makes the Corso of the city, or the
grand boulevard of Venice. It cuts
the city into two equal parts, and is
serpentine in its course. From these
start out a great number of smaller can-
als, which correspond to streets in
other cities. There are 150 small canals;
add to these the small roads or streets
of the city and the whole amount to
2,480. Religiously, Venice is divided
into 30 parishes, with 100 churches.
There are over 200 squares. The
churches and palaces are built on piles,
which number many millions. The
canals are crossed by 400 bridges.
A PLEASANT WAY TO BE WHIPPED
—With a pretty girl's eyelashes.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.
No young lady can be too well instruc-
ted in anything which will affect the
comfort of a family. Whatever position
in society she occupies, she needs a
practical knowledge of household duties.
She may be placed in such circumstan-
ces that it will not be necessary for her
to perform much domestic duty, but on
this account she needs no less knowledge
than if she were obliged to preside
personally over the cooking stove and
pantry. Indeed, I have thought it was
more difficult to direct others, and re-
quire more experience than to do the
same work with our own hands.
Mothers are frequently so nice and
particular that they do not like to give
up any part of the care to their chil-
dren. This is a great mistake in their
management, for they are often burden-
ed with labor and need relief. Children
should be early taught to make them-
selves useful; to assist their parents
every way in their power, and consider
it a privilege to do so.
Young people cannot realize the im-
portance of a thorough knowledge of
housewifery; but those who have suf-
fered the inconvenience and mortifica-
tion of ignorance can well appreciate it.
Children should be early induced in
their disposition to bake, and experi-
ment in various ways. It is often but
a troublesome help that they afford;
still it is a great advantage to them.
I know a little girl, who, at nine years
of age, made a loaf of bread every week
during the winter. Her mother taught
her how much yeast, salt and flour to
use, and she became quite an expert
baker. Whenever she is disposed to
try her skill in making simple cakes or
pies, she is permitted to do so. She is
thus, while amusing herself, learning
an important lesson. Her mother calls
her "little housekeeper," and often per-
mits her to get what is necessary for
the table. She hangs the keys to her
side, and very musical is the jingling
to her ears. I think, before she is out
of her teens, which she has not yet
entered, that she will have some idea
how to cook.
Some mothers give their daughters
the care of housekeeping, each a week
by turns. It seems to me a good ar-
rangement and a most useful part
of their education. Domestic labor is by
no means incompatible with the highest
degree of refinement and mental cul-
ture. Many of the most elegant, ac-
complished women I have known have
looked well to their household duties,
and have honored themselves and their
husbands by so doing.
Economy, taste, skill in cooking, and
neatness of the kitchen, have a great
deal to do in making life happy and
prosperous. The charm of good house-
keeping is in economy, order, and taste-
displayed in attention to little things;
and these things have a wonderful in-
fluence. A dirty kitchen and bad cook-
ing have driven many a one from home
to seek comfort and happiness some-
where else. None of our excellent
girls are fit to be married until they are
thoroughly educated in the profound
mysteries of the kitchen.
PICTURES.—A room with pictures in
it, and a room without pictures, differ
nearly as much as a room with windows
and a room without windows. Nothing,
we think, is more melancholy, particu-
larly to a person who has to pass much
time in his room, than black walls and
nothing on them; for pictures are loop-
holes of escape to the soul, leading it to
other scenes and spheres. It is such
an inexpressible relief to a person en-
gaged in writing, or even reading, on
looking up, not to have his line of vision
chopped square off by an odious
white wall, but to find his soul escaping,
as it were, through the frame of an ex-
quisite picture to other beautiful, and
perhaps idyllic scenes, where the fancy
for a moment may revel refreshed and
delighted. Is it winter in your world?
perhaps it is summer in the picture;
what a charming momentary change
and contrast! And those pictures are
consolers of loneliness; they are a relief
to the jaded mind; they are windows
to the imprisoned thought; they are
books; they are histories and sermons
—which we can read without the trouble
of turning over the leaves.
Hooped skirts, says Harper's
Bazaar, are being worn smaller, but
they are not likely to disappear; on the
contrary the indications are that they
will increase in size as the season ad-
vances. In Paris they are already worn
larger. They are so comfortable and
whirl so healthful that the ladies will
not readily abandon them for the mul-
tifarious skirts of old; and they will
probably be a permanent part of the
wardrobe for all time to come, varying
in shape and size, but never entirely
abandoned.
A little boy and girl, each prob-
ably five years old, were by the roadside.
The boy became angry and struck his
playmate a blow upon the cheek, where-
upon she sat down and began to cry.
The boy stood looking on sullenly for a
minute, and then said: "I didn't mean
to hurt you, Kate; I am sorry." The
little face brightened instantly. The
boys were hushed, and she said: "Well,
if you are sorry, it don't hurt me."

Educational Notices.
Public examination of Teachers will take
place on the second Saturday of March, June,
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