WIFE AND BABE ASLEEP.

Wife and babe are sleeping;
Do they dream that I
Happy watch am keeping
Where my darlings lie?
Gazing on my treasures,
Grateful grows my mood—
Source of all my pleasures,
Cause of all my good.

Mother's face is bending,
As if guard to keep,
To her babe attending
Even in her sleep.
How the little charmer
Nestles to her breast,
Life can ne'er give warmer,
Purer home of rest.

Picture this the dearest
On which love e'er smiled;
Which to me is nearest,
Mother, or her child?
H art of mine, true mother—
Love's tie, baby sweet;
Each without the other
Must be incomplete.

Baby now is moving
Mother's slumber breaks;
With a look of loving
From her sleep she wakes;
Sees me there in waiting,
And a pleased surprise,
With a joy elating,
Surges from her eyes.

In my arms I fold them.
Both my child and wife;
Can I help but hold them
Dearer far than life?
Can I help but love them
Next to God and Heaven?
Make me worthy of them,
Thou, God, who hast given!

WHY QUIMBY SWORE OFF.

Jack Quimby awoke with a bad headache. This was no new sensation to Mr. Quimby. It was as old as the eternal hills, for Jack was a bibulous soul, and his head was not proportionate to his inclination for strong waters. He loved drink, not for its sake, but for the mad merriment the bowl provoked, the song, the jest, and the anecdote, the maudlin fraternal embrace, and the pledges of everlasting friendship. He occupied a responsible position in a Front street office—for despite his deep and insatiable thirst Quimby was an excellent man of business.

"I look," said Mr. Quimby, as he ruefully surveyed his crimson countenance in a handglass, "I look like a biled owl; or the last run of shad; or the breaking up of a hard winter; this won't do; I'll have to swear off, or the cold and silent grave will soon claim this manly form for its own," and Jack's eyes suffused with tears, for the fumes of the last round of nightcaps were by no means dissipated."

"There never was a better Christian ruined by dissipation than the undersigned," he continued, and then, as his eyes lit on a bottle on the bureau, he said, with a deep sigh of gratitude, "Thank heaven, there is a snifter to brace up on."

Mr. Quimby's toilet was slow and painful this morning. He looked at the cold water with a shudder, but finally worked himself up to washing point. He was a long time getting his collar unbuttoned, he dared not shave, though he usually performed that office every day, and he marked with a groan that a new pimple had taken it place on his forehead.

"Clearly," said Quimby. "I must swear off. There are only five days left of December. Then the new year and piety," and much consoled by the self-promised reform, he left his room to make a feeble apology for a breakfast. A few hours later and Mr. Quimby was himself again. It had taken much artificial aid to bring his restoration about, but Mr. Quimby played the Good Samaritan to himself with the most liberal cheerfulness. "A hair of the dog" was one of his most cherished maxims. The trouble was that he began with the hair and usually concluded with the whole hide. Two young and pretty girls sat in a handsome mansion on California street. It was not Nob hill, but near enough to breath the aristocratic atmosphere of that locality. One, a blonde, was making a mouchoir cast for a New Year's present, and on the lid her fair fingers were embroidering the initials J. Q.

"I can not imagine how you endure that fellow, Alice," said the other. "He never comes near me without reminding me of a spice factory. Why, he must exist on cloves and cinnamon and that sort of thing. I am sure he drinks. I have heard him talk so strangely, and one night he began a song and burst out crying in the middle of it. Bob had to take him into the hall. He could hardly walk. Bob said it was his emotions, but I am sure it was whisky or some horrid drink."

"Nonsense," said Alice Benton. "Jack is so finely strung that the least thing affects him. Jack is a dear fellow, is Jack. So good-hearted and clever. They dote on him at the club."

"Perhaps so," rejoined her friend, "but it must take a fortune to keep him in cloves. By-by. I must get down town to match that lace." And with one of those natty little love-you-for your-mother kisses the girls exchange, Bessie Morris skipped away.

Alice put another stitch in the curl of the J, and examined it critically. Then she sighed, put her work aside, and fell into a fit of dejected musing. "Jack does drink so horribly," she said, "I wish I was not so fond of him. I am running a fearful risk; they tell me, in marrying him. But what can I do? I can not give him up. I would if I could. And Alice, in true feminine fashion, began to cry.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what ye mean," cried a merry voice in her ear, and a tall, manly young man caught away her hands and laughed heartily at her look of distress. "How now, coz," he said, soothingly, "what has gone wrong? Are there to be no calls this year? Does the stern parent legislate that the basket shall be hung on the outer wall, and no beau allowed to taste our cake and wine? Out with it. Tell me all, and by yonder droway policeman on the corner I swear to right your wrongs."

"Oh, Charley," said his cousin, "it is all about Jack. You know his irregular habits—that's what you men call it, I believe. I must make him stop drinking. Charley, dear, you are a man; do give me some advice."

Charley grew grave in a moment. "You are right, Alice," he said. "We must put our heads together to save Jack Quimby, and if for your sake alone, dear girl, I shall sit awake all night thinking how it can be done."

"If it can be done, Charley will do it," said Alice cheerfully. "Oh, Jack, Jack, if you could but understand how much trouble you are giving us."

Jack Quimby saw the old year out and the new year in according to the usual fashion of such ceremonies. And he awoke with the same old head, only intensified by more deeper and more varied potations. While he was deliberating whether it was worth while getting up at all or not, a knock came at his door, immediately followed by a couple of young fellows, faultlessly dressed in the regulation visiting costume.

"Come, come, Jack? You're a nice fellow for a calling chum. Over forty visits to make to-day and not up yet," and they dragged the unfortunate roysterer from his bed, and watched his hurried efforts at dressing with uproarious mirth.

It was quite late in the evening before the Quimby carriage halted before Judge Benton's door. Alice had been anxiously expecting him all day, but when a gush of cloves preceded his entrance her heart sank within her. Jack felt the importance of presenting a sober appearance, and his bow was cold, almost stern, and full of preternatural gravity.

"I wish you, Miss Benton, the compliments of the season," he said, in slow and deliberate accents. There was not a solitary "r" in this sentence, for Mr. Quimby knew from past experience the dangers surrounding that consonant at this stage of the proceedings. "Judge, I am delighted to see you looking so well," and this time the bow was directed to a stiff, high-backed chair, an heirloom in the Benton family.

"Sit down Jack, and don't be silly," whispered Alice, after greeting his friends. "Oh, you wicked boy! what's the matter with your eyes? And your necktie has slipped up under your ear. How your gloves are stained with claret?"

Half an hour latter Mr. Quimby was supported to the carriage, and Alice registered a solemn vow that unless her cousin's plan was conclusively and permanently effective she would never be Mrs. Quimby, if she had to live and die an old maid. On the evening of Mr. Quimby's call half a dozen young fellows sat together in the private rooms of a well-known restaurant. Alice Benton's cousin was chairman.

"Boys," he said, "we must all of us make a raid upon Quimby to morrow. You, Jack, will be the deeply insulted husband, and you, Tom, the honest viticulturist whose money Quimby borrowed and squandered. Dick, I want you to play the undertaker from whom the coffin was engaged, and Bill, you can appear as the man assaulted by Quimby—the angry man who had determined to appeal to the law of his country for redress in the shape of heavy damages. The office group will now rehearse."

When Jack Quimby awoke on the second day of the year he had a vague idea, that he was on the threshold of spontaneous combustion. "Never," he groaned, "were my coppers so infernally hot before. If I do not join some temperance legion era the day is over I am a lost man." Despite these reflections Mr. Quimby dressed and after a good round of stiff cocktails, walked to his office and fell into the regular business groove.

"Quimby," said the senior partner of the firm, "I want that invoice made out by ten o'clock."

"All right, sir; am at work on it now."

"Somebody for you, Mr. Quimby," cried the messenger boy, bursting into the private office.

"Show him in," said Quimby. A tall, gaunt individual followed the boy, and, fixing a stony glance at Jack, took a vacant chair.

"Of course you know who I am, Quimby."

"I'm blessed if I do," replied Jack, after a close scrutiny; "never saw you before in my life that I can remember."

"My name," said the visitor, "is Eutropius Brown, and I have brought you the coffin you ordered last evening. If you will show me to the deceased, Mr. Quimby, I will arrange everything without further delay. I believe you remarked the corpse had been already two days on ice."

Quimby looked at the window. Sure enough, there stood a black wagon outside the door.

"My dear sir," he said, "there is nobody dead in this house. This is a business house, and you are quite mistaken about the address. I never ordered a coffin from you. I've got no one to bury, and it strikes me," added Jack growing desperate, "that you are altogether in error, in fact that you are not quite right in your mind."

"Is not your name John Quimby?"

"It is; I'm Quimby; but, great heavens, I have no use for an undertaker."

"Then why," said Brown in an excited voice, "did you come to my establishment and ring the night bell? Why did you tell me to bring along, the first thing in the morning, the nobbiest casket in the shop? Do you think that is a fair treatment for a decent undertaker, Mr. Quimby? Do you think—"

"For the Lord's sake be quiet," gasped Jack. "Here are five dollars for a New Year's present. Say no more about it. Take your casket back and I will call on you this afternoon and square up the balance. Don't you see that I was not myself when I spoke to you about that interment? Now, go away, like a good fellow," and Jack pushed Mr. Brown out and sat down again to his invoices with a heavy heart.

"How full I must have been!" he muttered. "To order a coffin; why, that's the worst I ever did. I wish I could remember something about what happened after I left Benton's. But I can't; 'tis no use."

"Gentleman wants to see Mr. Quimby," shrieked the messenger.

"Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Quimby," cried a short, stout man with a bull neck, Just 10:30. Come to give you your lessons as per contract," and swinging a sack from his back he took out a set of boxing gloves and smiled complacently at the astonished Quimby.

"What the devil are you doing here?" ejaculated that individual, as soon as he recovered his breath.

"Your boxing lesson, Mr. Quimby. Contract drawn up, sir, last night. Signed in the presence of Mr. Elmore. Hours from ten to twelve every day, at this office. See for yourself." And the pugilist handed Jack a paper on which his own signature appeared.

"Here's $5," said Quimby; "take it for your trouble, Mr. Slogan, and come the latter part of next week." And as the pugilist put his gloves away and walked off, Jack clasped his hands about his head and fell into a train of serious thought.

"I've been off," he said, "but never so off as I was yesterday. A coffin and boxing lessons—where the deuce could I have been, anyhow?"

"Let me in! I must see him! D—n bim! I'll kill him, the cowardly scoundrel! He insulted my wife! I say let me in; I'll have his life!"

The voice and scuffle were outside Mr. Quimby's door.

"Impossible, sir, impossible. Mr. Quimby is a gentleman, and never intentionally insulted any one."

This was quite enough for Jack. He felt a cold chill all over, and seized his hat and coat and shot down a side entrance.

"Whre are you going, Mr. Quimby?" asked a porter.

"To h—ll," shouted Jack. "The whole world is coming with coffins, boxing-gloves and insulted wives. I'm crazy, plum crazy. Out of my way or I'll kill you." And the wretched man darted into the street, sprang into a hack, and fell back in a condition of complete exhaustion.

On the third day of January, Miss Alice Benton was informed that Mr. John Quimby craved audience of her.

"Why Jack, how pale you are, and how miserable you look!" she exclaimed as Mr. Quimby made her a very humble bow, and cast a glance of most imploring penitence on her.

"Alice," he said," do you remember New Year's day?"

"Of course, I do."

"I called on you, Alice."

"Certainly you did, Jack; and sang a song, too; don't you remember?"

"Remember? yes, quite well—at least I think I do. But after that, Alice; after that—"

"Come, Jack, don't look so horror-stricken. What occurred after that?"

Heaven alone knows. I only know about half, and there must be about a hundred precincts yet to hear from. I went to an undertaker and ordered a coffin; I invited a bruiser to call at my office during business hours and spar with me; I insulted somebody's wife; I borrowed money from every one in town, and there were thirty-two creditors waiting to see me in the hall yesterday; I have seven pairs of boots making for me in various parts of the town; I have bought land, ships, copartnerships, grain, clothes, guns, in fact, Alice, I find that, begging your pardon, the devil has got such a mortgage on me that he took possession of this poor carcass on New Year's night, and I have come back to swear off, once and forever."

"On what will you swear, Jack? Now, mind you, this is a serious matter. You never acknowledged before that such necessity existed. Shall I get the Bible?"

"I'll swear on your lips, sweetheart," said Mr. Quimby, gallantly, and right lustily did he take the oath.

"It's high time, darling," he continued, "when a man mistakes an undertaker's shop for a saloon—it's high time to turn over a new leaf."

And Charley Elmore was Quimby's best man at the wedding, but from that day to this Jack never suspected that he had been the victim of a reformatory conspiracy.

A Deceased Wife's Sister.

The passage at last by the house of lords of the famous bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister marks the end of the most remarkable parliamentary struggle on record. The bill has merely passed the house of lords on second reading, but that process involves the adoption of the principles involved in the measure, and the further progress of the bill is for the purpose of perfecting it. Although the majority is only seven, "It will serve," as Mercutio remarked, and there is very slight chance of the majority being reversed when it comes up on third reading.

The origin of the legislation which gave rise to the agitation which is now on the point of successful termination was curious. Before the act of 1835, marriages in England with a deceased wife's sister were not void, but only voidable; voidable, that is, by the sentence of the ecclesiastical courts, if pronounced during the lifetime of the parties, but otherwise legal and entailing no illegitimacy on the children. Before this date marriages of the kind were uncommon, but in that year it seems to have been felt that great inconvenience was occasioned by leaving them on this doubtful footing. A man, for instance, at the age of thirty might marry his deceased wife's sister, and the children of that marriage might not know for forty years or more—not, in fact, till the death of one of their parents—whether they were legitimate or not. This is the reason given in the preamble of the act, and this was the argument relied upon by the promoters of the measure in parliament. It was not, however, denied that there was an alternative method of overcoming the difficulty.

The object of the act was to do away with the uncertainty attaching to such marriages. But this might have been asserted by declaring them absolutely valid, as well as by declaring them absolutely void; and as the former course was not to be thought of, in consequence of the strong religious feeling which prevailed in the country, the legislature was compelled to fall back upon the latter, if an acknowledged and crying evil was to be remedied at all.

The immediate occasion of the legislation of 1825 was the question raised as to the legitimacy of the late Duke of Beaufort, who was a son of one of these voidable marriages. An act was introduced by Lord Lyndhurst into the House of Lords that year to remove all doubt as to his position, and the clause was inserted in it making marriages hitherto effected legal, but all after marriages illegal. The new House of Commons protected and refused to pass the bill, but very late in the session it was pushed through. It was accepted by the House of Commons on the plea that it was needful to settte at once questions which affected the heirship to a title and great estates; and that the whole question of the law of marriages of affinity should be reopened and reconsidered. The pledge thus given was not kept, and the law which makes these marriages illegal still remains on the statute book.

As early as 1842 agitation against "Lord Lyndhurst's act" had attained to very respectable proportions, for, on the 16th of March of that year the House of Commons refused leave to Lord Francis Edgerton to introduce a bill to legalize the marriages of widowers with their sisters-in-law. But five years later—May 13, 1847—Mr. Stuart Wortley obtained a commission to inquire into the operation of the existing law, which, it may be added, came before the public still more conspicuously in November, when the Chadwick case was heard in the court of the queen's bench. John Chakwick's wife, Hannah Fisher, dying, he married her sister, Ann, whom he deserted to marry one Eliza Bostock. He was thereupon indicted for bigamy, but pleaded that his second marriage was null, and his third consequently nonbigamous. This plea was supported by the courts, and consequently the rascal got off.

The agitation was kept up actively, and by the 6th of March, 1850, the commons had become convinced of the necessity of some reform, and passed the bill to a second reading by 182 to 130. In his speech on that occasion Mr. Beresford-Hope declared that if the measure was passed it would be necessary for the legislatnre to recognize old marriages contracted in violation of the law, and then went on to give some curious statistics to disprove the common assertion that such marriages were only common among the humbler classes. Though the bill passed the commons, it was opposed so strenuously in the house of lords that the earl of St. Germains had to withdraw it July 25th, and on the 25th of February, 1851, when it was first brought to a vote in the house of lords, only sixteen votes were recorded in its favor, while fifty were cast against it. The sixteen affirmative votes represented the full strength of the party, advocating its passage, which has been growing so steadily that last year it lacked but three votes of an actual majority of a rather full house.

So strong and deep is the feeling on the question, that two associations have been formed for its express consideration—the Marriage Law Reform Association, organized in 1851, conducting the agitation in favor of the bill, while the Marriage Law Defence Association was organized in 1860 to combat a measure declared to be "fraught with great danger and injury to religion, morality and family life." Lord Dalhousie and Lord Houghton have been the especial champions of the bill of late years, and three years ago they were reinforced by Dr. Bickersteth, the bishop of Ripon, and the year before had the assistance, for the first time, of the prince of Wales. Since then it has been the custom for the prince of Wales and all his brothers to go up to the house of Lords on the day when the bill is to come up and to cast their votes in its favor; but the bishop of Ripon if the only member of the Episcopal bench who has been able to cut loose from the absurd prejudice against it.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Sago prepared like custard, and then baked, with apples or other fresh or canned fruit, is a nice dish for a convalescent.

If a straw hat has been wet, and the stiffness has departed, rub a little white of egg mixed with cold water over it; put it on with a flannel cloth.

Although melted butter will not answer when making nice cake, still it may be softened by heat so that it will beat easily, and yet the flavor be unchanged.

Frozen oranges for dessert on a July day are delicious. Remove the peel and slice the oranges; to each pound of oranges add three-quarters of a pound of sugar and one-half pint of water, and freeze.

To give consistency to a pie-plant pie, allow to one coffee-cupful of pulp, one heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch; then mix with this the yolk of three eggs, and use the whites for a meringue.

A fancy for children's party cake is to make plain or sponge cake, and bake in shallow tins; cut in small oblong pieces a little larger than dominoes, and then, with a brush dipped in melted chocolate, make the marks and dots.

Stewed liver is appetizing when one is tired of fried meat and roast. Stew it in a saucepan with a little water, in which you have put a lump of butter, an onion cut in slices, and a liberal allowance of pepper and salt.

A pretty way to brighten a willow chair is to tie two bows to the back of the chair, a blue one at the top and a pink or cream-colored one below it, at about the center of the back, or have both of them of scarlet ribbon; tie them so that loops and ends are about the same length.

Peanut candy is made of two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonsul of butter, one of vinegar; while it is boiling remove the shells and the brown skins of the peanuts, lay them in buttered pans, and when the candy is done pour it over them. While it is still warm cut it in blocks.

A one-egg bread pudding is something greatly to be desired. Beat one egg with one teaspoonful of flour, three of brown sugar, one pint of milk, a little salt; place some very thin slices of bread in a pudding dish; then pour the custard already made over this, and bake for half an hour. Fruit may be added, and spices to suit the taste.

Veal cutlets are very nice if dipped in eggs, then in fine bread crumbs, with pepper, salt and and a little parsley chopped and mixed with the bread. Have some fat, very hot, in the pan before you put the cutlets in. After frying the veal pour most of the fat out of the pan and make a rich gravy. Serve with mashed potatoes, turnips and tomatoes.

A Liberal Quaker.

During Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania a confederate captain asked for a glass of milk, at a Quaker farm-house, and was charged two shillings for the same.

"I didn't suppose you Quakers cared to make money out of this wicked war," observed the officer, as he wiped his mouth.

"Thee judges harshly, my friend."

"But two bits for a glass of milk is outrageous."

"Tut! tut! friend. When thee comes to consider that some of thy comrades have stolen a cow, and others have carried off her hay, the charge for the milk must seem dictated by a spirit of liberality."

The officer hurried on to take the rest of it out in beef.

WHEN THE STARS FELL.—The oldest citizens of Greensboro, Georgia, remembers very well the phenomena of falling stars that occurred in 1833. We have heard the following anecdote upon a citizen who is still a resident of our town—quite a youth at that time: He was occupying a bed room in a store with another clerk, and was aroused from his slumbers by banging at the door calling out "Get up, Mars Charles! All the stars are falling." The youth arose with his comrades, went to the door from where he saw the meteors falling like snowflakes. Glancing up to the heavens he quietly remarked: "Let 'em fall; there appears to be plenty of them left up there!" and forthwith retired.

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