most, that you were a little sloven, instead of such a tidy bit of a lady.

I don't wonder, George. Its enough to make a man hate the very word neatness when his wife is forever scolding about it so. But do you know what I am going to do. I'm going to hire a girl to cook, wash, iron, and scrub, and I'm going to meet you at the door every time you come in, and put away all your things for you, so that we'll both be suited.—The house'll be in order, and you won't be bothered helping about it.

The deuce you will, Susie! Pardon, pet, I did'nt mean to say it. Have the girl I always wanted you to; but hang me if I'm going to have such a doll of a wife to put away my things, and me a great six-footer. No, no. You may meet me and kiss me, but—why just see how nice I can do it when I've a mind to, and releasing her from his folded arms, he deliberately took off hat and overcoat and hung them up by plummet and line, and then kicking off rubbers be set them squarely under the rack.

Only, Susie, if I once in a while forget?

I won't scold, George; no, I won't if I have to bite my lips till they bleed, to keep the ugly words in.

And when I see you biting your lips, Susie, I'll know what's up, and hurry and put things in their places, and then wipe the hurt off just so, and he pressed his bearded chin close to hers so smooth, and soft, and sweet, and took a dozen or so warm kisses.

And now put your things away wifey, and let's have some dinner, for I'm as hungry as a church rat.

Im afraid it's all dried up by this time, but I'll hurry and make you a nice cup of coffee.

You know what the good book says, Susie; better is a dry morsel.

I know, I know, George, and turning back again she took his right hand and laying it tenderly on her heart, said tearfully, help me to be good.

We will help each other, wife, and Heaven shall help us both.

And so ended the first quarrel. God grant it may be the last.

ALWAYS TURN OUT FOR A HOG.

Thirty-five years ago, or more, a young man, then a pastor of a rural church in the State of New York, was driving through the parish village in his buggy, having at his side the senior deacon—a very portable, heavy, good old gentleman, known *par excellence* as "the Squire" He was a very prudent man, rather timid and careful of his life and limbs, all of which were of signal benefit to "the Church and to the society." Having ascended a slight elevation in the road the deacon observed about a hundred yards ahead, stretched on his broadside, right across the narrow wagon track, basking in a mud puddle, a huge, fat, lazy hog, weighing probably more than three hundred pounds.

Look there, elder, said the deacon, nervously, see that old hog across the road. Turn out.

I see, sir, said the elder. I can't turn out.

But you must, or we shall be turned over.

Can't do it, sir, I have the right to the road. The hog must give way.

Pony trotted on. They drew nigh the hog.

I tell you, said the deacon, now nervously excited, turn out or we are gone.

Never fear, sir, the hog must clear out. By this time they were nearly to a standstill, the elder presuming that, could he arouse the attention of the sleepy beast, he would at once rise and clear the track.

But no, his hogship just raised his head, gave a slight glance at the little buggy, and with a short grunt laid down in the mud.

The end was, the elder had to make a short turn out, and take a circuit round, while the hog remained "master of the situation," the elder having regained the track, and the squire his composure (the driver rather crest fallen.) Elder, said the deacon, when I am on the road (and he drove much) I never stop to contend with a hog. I think it is better to turn out.

The deacon ended, and the elder sat for some minutes, silently revolving in his mind the deacon's rule about hogs, and his obvious moral. And the rule never to stand in the road to contend with a hog has been one of the useful rules of his life.—*National Baptist.*

THE ARMY versus POPULATION IN FRANCE.

Said the Emperor a few months ago, "a nation's power depends on the number of men it can bring under arms." "Very good," replies Doctor Leon Le Fort, in a striking paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "but to have soldiers you must first of all have men. Your standing army must not be so organized as to exhaust the race; and it would be an act of national suicide for a State to decree the present increase of her army in such a way as to bring about a future decrease in the number of her citizens."

In working out this principle M. Le Fort makes some striking statements. The French population is almost stationary compared with that of the rest of Europe, except Austria, Wurtemburg, and Central Italy. Denmark and Sweden double their population in 63 years, Spain and Norway in 57, Russia 66, Greece in 44, England in 52, Prussia in 54, France in 198.

How is this? There is very little emigration in France. The death-rate is by no means high. France is not like Austria, where the percentage of births is highest ,except Saxony, while the excessive mortality so keeps down the population as actually to give 250 years as the number required for doubling the the population. France, on the other hand, stands third among the European nations in the scale of mortality. England loses yearly 220 per 10,000; in Belgium the number of deaths is 221; in France, 238. Moreover, in France "the mean age" is highest of any—31 years; while in Belgium it is 29, in England and Austria 26; in Prussia only 25. A sad privilege this, says M. Le Fort; for since some 175 per 1,000 die in their first year, and only 16 per 1,000 in the next 20 years, a rise in the average of life almost surely means a falling off in the number of births. This is the great mischief in France (a very serious peril, says our author.) She only has 268 births yearly for every 10,000 inhabitants, while England has 347, Prussia 374, Austria 409, and Saxony 410. And the falling off has been rapid; for just before the revolution of July the proportion of births was quite 307 per 10,000. M. Broca, the Emperor's Registrar-General, so to speak, has lately been congratulating France on the small proportion of "useless mouths" (children) compared with the full-grown population. Let M. Broca wait 20 years (says our author) and see what will happen, unless we mend our ways.

The percentage of infant mortality is much the same (M. Le Fort proves) in France and in England. The difference is that in the former country the absolute number of births is so lamentably small. And why so? Our author says not a word about moral reasons. He only just mentions the fact that nearly a quarter of a million of people of both sexes are kept by holy vows out of the reproductive class. The grand evil (he thinks) is "late marriages fostered to a great extent by the military law." In this way 80,000 young men are taken off every year, for the seven best years of their lives. And, when the soldier's term is over, he has very often got entirely out of domestic habits. If he marries, it is not till he has provided a home and secured a fixed income, so that the term of his celibacy fully averages ten instead of seven years.

The marrying age in France is just over 30 for men, jnst over 26 for women; in England it is 25 for men, 24 for women. At 27, you find in France 582 bachelors and 418 husbands out of 10,000; In England the proportion is nearly reversed. Further, these 80,000 men drawn from service in the army, are the pick of the whole population; and of these fully one-third is returned tainted with contagious diseases. As to the fallacy (M. Broca's again) that the French pass more recruits per cent. now than they used to pass, "that is just because (says M. Le Fort) we want more soldiers, and are therefore less particular. In the Crimean war we actually passed 69 and 70 per cent., instead of the usual 60: the hospitals and graveyards out in the East knew with what result."

Another point which our author by no means views with satisfaction is the growth of the towns and the rapid decay of the country population. Since 1846 the towns have increased by nearly a million and a half, while the country population has decreased by 75,000. M. Le Fort is not at all like E. About, who (in *Le Progress*) laughing at *la petit culture*, says the best thing the country folks can do is to sell off their little patches of ground to some agricultural society, and so getting rid of all trouble about crops and seasons and mortgages, to come into town and live on their income, unless they like to add to it by taking work in some manufactury. M. Le Fort feels that though cast-iron peasants going by steam might do very well for farm work, the art of war has not yet been brought to such perfection that commanders-in-chief can do without flesh and blood; and for a due supply of this he knows the country and not the town must be looked to.

But M. Le Fort's grand cry is "Marry early." "Let everybody have to serve in the army; but don't let the service last more than three, or at most four years—unless you expect the average age of your population to go on increasing just beeause the number of your births is steadily diminishing." M. Le Fort speaks as an army doctor. General Changarnier spoke not long ago as an old officer. The latter said, "it's no use entering men for a short term;" but then he wanted to keep down the French army very much below its present limits. It stands to reason that if the vast force provided for by the new law is to be kept on foot, France must either be rapidly depopulated, or the term of service must be considerably shortened. M. Le Fort is no alarmist; he writes thoroughly and sensibly: and the neat way in which at every turn he lays bare M. Broca's sophistries is most amusing.—London *Globe*.

WHAT NEXT?—A truly "brilliant" idea has been started by a French chemist in a Lyons paper. His theory is that all dead bodies of human beings are at present wasted, when they might as well utilised for illuminating purposes. He remarks: "Coal is being exhausted, and since the human carcase is capable of supplying a gas of good illuminating power, why should it not be employed to this end? By a process of cumbustion in retorts a corps of common dimensions may be made to yield 25 cubic metres of illuminating gas, which, at a cost of 25 centimes per cubic metre, would give a value of about 8 fr. for a body of ordinary size." Upon this the *Telegraph*, (London,) comments: "We have never despaired of obtaining a perpetual supply of fuel, but we must confess that we had looked to a different source for the street lamps of the future. However, it is 'an idea like another,' and not so new after all, since in Bombay a proposal was seriously made some time ago that the bodies of the dead Hindoos should each day be cast into a properly constructed furnace, and that the city should be lighted with the gaseous result. The device would be profitable, simple, and salubrious; and although the conception of sending one's rich uncle, say, to the gasworks, just as the Sunday 'joint and potatoes' are now sent to the baker's oven, is somewhat *bizârre*, there would be a charm, nevertheless, for well-disposed people in the prospect of being useful after their dissolution. Even the dull might take great comfort in the certainty that their gas, at least, would be as brilliant as that of the wittiest. Moore would have discerned a highly poetical fancy in the plan of lighting up a ball-room with the body which had erst danced there while 'all alive' —in our being 'turned on' when death turned us off. Had the bard survived to read the above theory, without doubt he would have written:

"When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh, take my corpse to the gas-works dear!"

BETTING.—Lorenzo Dow, the itinerant preacher, so famous in his time for eccentricity, commenced his sermon on one occasion by reading from St. Paul, "I can do all things." The preacher paused, took off his spectacles, laid them on the open Bible and said, "No, Paul you're mistaken for once; I'll bet you five dollars you can't, and stake the money; at the same time, putting his hand in his pocket, he took out a five dollar bill, took up his spectacles again, and read, "through Jesus Christ, our Lord." "Ah, Paul," exclaimed the preacher snatching up the five dollar bill and returning it to his pocket, "that's a different matter; the bet's withdrawn."