

Marrying Without Money.

IS LOVE IN A COTTAGE FEASIBLE?

Theoretically, at least, most people will agree that to marry solely for worldly gain is a mean and despicable deed.

None the less, there are a few people—middle-aged and prudent persons for the most part—who do not hesitate to aver that it is almost as bad a thing to marry without money. These sage elders have been taught by experience that daily bread is an absolute necessity to life; they have learned that milk and honey, or what stands for them nowadays, are not to be had without money, and they argue that it is quite as selfish to think only of the present, and take no thought of the morrow, careless of others in either case, as it is to prefer the comfort of to-morrow to the passion of to-day. No man has the right to ask a woman to marry him unless he can fitly cherish her; no woman should marry her lover, however eager he may be, when she knows that he must struggle to keep his own head above water, without the additional burden of her support. What is enough for one is not enough for two, romancers to the contrary notwithstanding. Mathematics is the one and only exact science, and by possible process of calculation can the half equal the whole. Love in a cottage may be charming, but it cannot be maintained without the wherewithal to pay the rent.

When people marry, they assume responsibilities which they have no right to shirk or to lay upon other shoulders than their own, even in the uncommon event that others are willing to bear them. Burdens, self-imposed, generally have to be borne alone, even though body and soul faint and fall under them. Modern life is exigent and strenuous, and romantic marriages are growing rarer and rarer. The possession of worldly wisdom and common prudence is not to be regretted so long as the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker are necessary factors in life, and must be reckoned with sooner or later. A recent writer says that statistics issued by such prosaic and veracious persons as registrars of marriages show that their yearly number is largely influenced by the price of wheat. Nothing makes a young man so anxious to possess the girl of his heart as cheap food. If provisions are costly, he contrives somehow to postpone the happy day until better times. That the progress of true love should be affected by the price of bread may seem to prove that love is mercenary; on the contrary, it only goes to show that lovers are not so reckless and foolish as novel-

ists make them out. Surely he is the truest and sanest lover who, recognising the inimitable fact that his idol cannot live without food, and that he is unable to provide it for her at present, has sufficient consideration for her to wait for brighter days.

Talk as we may about sentimental sorrows, there are few miseries so real and terrible as existence without the actual necessities of life—the food, the shelter, the warmth, and the comfort which not only make it enjoyable, but even possible.

"I had not loved thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more"

is a beautiful sentiment, and one well worthy to be lived up to; but as love makes heroes of cowards, so also it sometimes makes cowards of heroes. There are things in life which are worse than death, and among these are privation and suffering for those whose good we would gladly lay down our lives. "A wife and children are poverty's teeth," says Victor Hugo, "and they bite hard."

Still, it must be remembered that poverty and wealth are purely relative terms, and that the necessities of life are fewer than many persons are prone to suppose. That which is luxury to one may be accounted as little less than absolute want by another. There are some questions which all men must, and some women may, decide for themselves; only it is well to bear in mind the great fact that at the table of life, when an order is given, the choice is final. There is no changing one's mind after the decision is made. "As ye brew, ye must drink; as ye bake, ye must eat," is among the most ancient proverbs.

A Wet Day Amusement.

Every mother knows how very difficult it is to amuse children in wet weather. Even the experienced nurse, the queen of the nursery, is sometimes at a loss to keep her charges contented and happy all through a wet and weary day. How much more to be pitied is the busy mother of three or four young people! She has, perhaps, only the parlour in which they can play, and she very naturally objects to any noisy game being carried on in that room, knowing from experience that children are not always to be trusted alone among nice little ornaments and nick-nacks.

Now, here is a plan which has been adopted by more than one mother of my acquaintance. Light a fire in one of the bedrooms of course a protecting guard is provided in case of accidents—and clear away some of the most important

breakables from both mantelpiece and dressing table.

Let your little ones amuse themselves in this room, giving them their toys, and, I need not say, giving them a surprise visit every now and then to see that they are not in mischief. Let them have as many empty cotton reels and a few sheets of crinkled paper of various colours, and then show them how to make dolls by dressing the reels with the paper. If you have no reels a few small pieces of wood will answer the purpose.

You have probably heard of the suggestion made by some one, who could not have been a mother, to amuse a young child by touching its finger tips with gum and then giving it a feather to play with. As the child becomes weary of its toy, which it cannot get rid of, it works itself into a state of vexation, excitement, and perhaps fright, which must be bad for it, and I feel sure that no right-minded parent or nurse would adopt so foolish a course.

What Dreams Have Foretold.

The dream which has led to the discovery by the Cardiff police of the body of a man who has been missing several weeks, reminds one (says the "Westminster Gazette") of the strange and uncanny part dreams occasionally play on the stage of life.

It will be remembered that when Colonel Lumsden's daughter vanished so mysteriously at Shanklin some time ago, it was the dream of a fisherman's wife which disclosed the place where

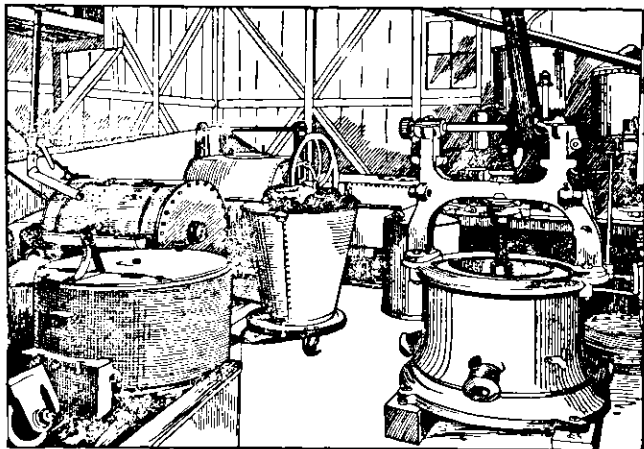
her body was lying among the rocks; whilst a constable saw in a dream a suicide in the Crystal Palace lake with such clearness that he was able to point out the exact spot where the body would be found.

Count Cibrario, at Turin, dreamt that his son Livio was lying mangled at the foot of a precipice on the Maritime Alps—so vividly that he was able to lead a body of rescuers to the very spot.

A few hours before Dr. Von Gudden was dragged to his death under the waters of the Stornberg Lake by the mad King Louis II. of Bavaria, he had witnessed the whole scene enacted in a dream; and President Lincoln, during the night preceding his assassination, dreamt that he was walking down a flight of stairs draped in black and was told that "the President had been killed at the Opera House."

Lucky Marriage Omens.

The bride who finds a spider on her wedding dress may consider herself blessed. A miniature horse-shoe carried in the pocket is supposed to bring luck. For the sun to shine through the church windows on to the head of the bride means future happiness. For the bride to dream of fairies the night before her marriage is to be thrice blessed. To pass another wedding party on the way to the church foretells good luck. Good fortune is said to be awaiting the bride who receives an unexpected present from abroad the morning of her wedding.



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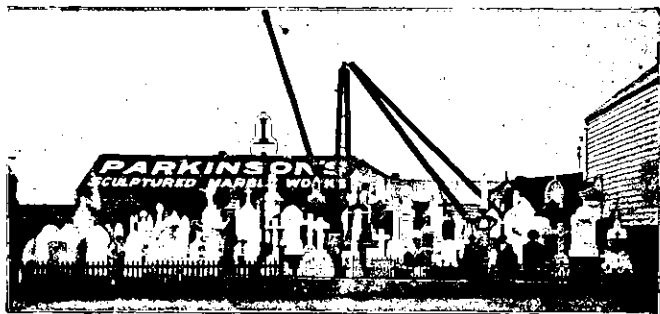
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