

POPULAR SAYINGS.

Their Authors and Time of Origin.

Almost every one has on hand a store of trite apposite sentences, using them daily, but having no knowledge of their authorship; and as men are apt to be curious concerning the habits and laws they follow or are governed by, tracing their origin back into the dimness of long-slumbering centuries, so they are often possessed with a desire to know who first formed these words into sentences so familiar to them. The following have been strung together by one whose nature leads him to ramble among books for his soul's best amusement.

It was Thos. A. Kempis who, in the fifteenth century, gave us "Man proposes, but God disposes," and the equally well known saying "Of two evils the less is to be chosen," the original of "Of two evils choose the least." Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gave, "Better late than never," and the key for four other common phrases in "For Christmas comes but one a year," "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss," "Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go." It was Francis Rabelais, a French wit of the same century, who said that by "Robbing Peter he paid Paul," and told that when

"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be; The devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

Francis Bacon, the "wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," and "Knowledge is power," and Beaumont and Fletcher pronounced that "What's one man's poison, signor, is another's meat or drink." Milton tells of a "Moping melancholy and a moonstruck madness" and also of "All hell broke loose," and "The paradise of fools."

Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras," dubbed a religious creed thus: "Twas Presbyterian true blue." Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair," and "Sweet is pleasure after pain." He also warns thus: "Beware the fury of a patient man," "All delays are dangerous in war," and thinks that "Men are but children of a larger growth." The Earl of Roscommon has it that one must "Chose an author as you chose a friend," and says that "The multitude are always in the wrong." John Bunyan wisely reminds us that "He that is down needs fear no fall," and Thomas Southerne, "That pity's akin to love." It was crazy Nathaniel Lee who averred that "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war."

Matthew Prior thought "The end must justify the means," and Dean Swift said "Bread is the staff of life." George Farquhar called "Necessity the mother of invention," Edward Young, a very sombre fellow, said "Death loves a shining mark," he also thought that "Man wants but little nor that little long," and that "A fool at forty is a fool indeed," he also told of "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," Pope says "To err is human, to forgive divine," and Thompson tells of "Cruel as death hungry as the grave." It was John who said, "While there is life there's" and sang of "Over the hills and

far away," Lawrence Sterne thought "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and Benjamin Franklin that "God helps them who help themselves," Cowper said that "Variety's the very spice of life," Thomas Campbell, that "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," he also said, "And coming events cast their shadows before," Daniel Webster told of a "Sea of upturned faces," and Washington Irving thought our idol was "The almighty dollar." Byron says that war presents "Battle's magnificent stern array," and Keats that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and last, it was Bishop Berkley, an English prelate, who, in the seventeenth century, said: "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

It was also in the sixteenth century that Sir Edward Coke, a celebrated English lawyer, said "For a man's house is his castle," and Lord Brooke sung "And out of mind as soon of sight." It was Christopher Marlowe, the forerunner of Shakspeare, and father of the grand old English drama, who sang to the ladies, "Love me little, love me long," and of "Infinite riches in a little room."

We owe to the public genius of Shakspeare, "This is the short and long of it," "The world's mine oyster," "Comparison are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "It's a wise father that knows his own child," "And thereby hangs a tale," "He needs must go that the devil drives," "Why this is very midsummer madness," "The smallest worm will turn when trodden on," "Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep," "So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long," "We have seen better days," "This was the most unkindest out of all," "Stand not upon the order of your going," "A deed without a name," "F frailty, thy name is woman," "I am a man more sinned against than sinning," "They laugh that win," and a thousand more as good though not as well known.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful—
Free and easy, but not bold—
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old,
Half inviting, half repelling,
Now advancing, and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all the arts,
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of all hearts,
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh! a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become,
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb,
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver sounding will ring out,
She can lure, and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Yet old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of twenty,
With your love-locks in your eyes,
You may practice all your lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow,
Who could win and fool you all.

WHY BIDDY AND PAT MARRIED.

"Oh, why did you marry him, Biddy?
Why did you take Pat for your spouse?
Sure he's neither purty nor witty,
And his hair is as red as a cow's!
You might had your pick had you waited;
You done a dale better with Tim;
And Phelim O'toole was expectin'—
You couldn't do better nor him.
You talk of us young people courtin'—
Pray tell how your courtin' began,
When you were a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

"Tim and Pat, miss, ye see, was acquainted
Before they came over the sea,
When Pat was a-courtin' Norah,
And Tim was a-courtin' me.
She did not know much, the poor Norah,
Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat;
He had not the instinct of some one,
But no one had then told him that;
But he soon found it out for himself,
For life at best's but a span—
When I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

"I helped him to take care of Norah,
And when he compared her with me,
He saw, as he whispered one evening,
What a woman one woman could be.
She went out like the snuff of a candle;
Then the sickness seized upon Tim,
And we watched by his bedside together—
It was such a comfort to him.
I was not alone in my weeping,
Our tears in the same channel ran—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

"We had both had our troubles, mavourneen,
Though neither, perhaps, was to blame;
And we both knew by this what we wanted,
And were willing to pay for the same.
We knew what it was to be married,
And before the long twelvemonth had flown
We had made up our minds it was better
Not to live any longer alone:
We wasted no time shilly-shally,
Like you, miss, and Master Dan—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

Cards and Croquet.

One day this summer we rode fifty miles in a railway car, seated behind four men, who were playing with those awful playthings of the devil—cards. They played euchre until they were tired of it. They played a little seven up, pedro, and occasionally a trifle of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally at some unexpected play repeatedly drew our eyes from our book. They never quarreled, and never called names once. When we got out at our station we sat at our window and watched a party of young men and maidens play croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw two persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times.— We heard four distinct, bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies, and a meek-looking young man three, and finally we saw the young girl throw her mallet against the fence so hard it frightened a horse; the other young girl pounded her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the buds off an apple tree. They both banged into the house at different doors, and the two young men looked sheepish, and went off after a drink. Now, why is this?— Isn't croquet a good, moral game?—[Burlington Hawkeye.