CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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Green Fields Just in Sight.

At the portals of the morning,
Stood a child with dainty feet,
All about him golden sunshine,
Pearly dew and blossoms sweet;
And with tender, dimpled fingers,
Plucked the flowers fresh and fair,
And the overhanging branches
Showed the dew drops in his hair.

Looking forward o'er life's pathway,
Saw him broader fields of green,
Skies with snowy clouds so fleecy,
Here and there blue shreds between
And with swiftly flying footsteps,
Started he for fields more bright;
But in vain he hurried onward,
They were always just in sight.

Warmer, brighter, grew the sunshine,
Broader, rougher, grew the way;
But with green fields just before him,
Nothing could his footsteps stray,
So he wandered on till manhood
Took the place of childhood fair,
Then he threw away his flowers,
Wiped the dewdrops from his hair.

Onward, onward, toiling, striving,
Helping others with his might,
Desired he the blooming fields
That are always just in sight,
Lay within the dark, cold river,
Here we only wish and wait,
Till the Master calls us over,
And unbars the pearly gate.

UNDINE.

"Undine," said the voice of the stage manager.

A little rustle of dresses in the darkened parlor accompanied the rising of the curtain to reveal the final tableau of the evening.

There was but one figure, that of the young girl, not more than seventeen, who stood apparently under a fall of water, artfully contrived of spun glass, with a slight motion. Her face was very fair and beautiful, with the rare combination of golden hair and large black eyes, shaded by long dark eyelashes and finely penciled dark eyebrows. The features were delicate and regular, the mouth especially, being sensitive and winsome as a baby's.

The slight, graceful figure was covered with a robe of sea-green silk, over which fell folds of rich white lace, looped with clusters of sea-weed, tiny shells, pearls and corals. A light wreath of sea-grasses and coral caught the hair from the tiny ears, and fell, with its wavy, golden profusion, far below the slender waist. The round white arms reaching up, as if toying with the water, were of great symmetry and beauty, and the tiny hands were soft and white as an insant's.

The curtain fell—rose and fell three times in answer to the applause. The picture was too fair to lose.

"Who is she?" was whispered, as a sudden blaze of light revealed the pleased audience.

"Who is she?" Raymond Christie asked, bending his stately head to a level with Blanche Byrn'a.

"She is a school-girl yet," Blanche answered; "so you will see her no more after this evening, until she comes out, in two or three years. She is visiting my cousin Belle; they are attending the same seminary, and will probably remain at Mayville during the summer vacation."

"Then we shall meet her again."

"No. She and belle were allowed to take part in the tableaux as a special favor, but Aunt Margaret entirely disapproves of children in society. Now!" And Blanche laughed lightly; "don't dare to say you want to paint her, as she appeared to-night."

Raymond echoed the laugh, and colored a little at the implied sarcasm. He was an amateur artist of no mean merit, and rather disposed to bore his friends a little on the subject. Had his father been thoughtful enough to spend his magnificent fortune as well as to make it, doubtless Raymond Christie would have been an artist of fame. But wealthy, popular, and not energetic, he was content to amuse himself with art, instead of giving it the undivided worship proficiency demands. He had studied in Italy, however, and the boudoirs of his lady friends were decorated with exquisite little cabinet pictures in dainty frames, proofs of his spasms of industry, and exhibiting much power and genius that only required study and necessity to give the world a truly great artist.

"Come, Blanche," he said, coaxingly, "be good natured, and ask Mrs. Byrne to allow the children to finish their evening with us. I want one more look at that exquisite face."

"Am I not always good natured?" answered his betrothed. "You shall see Undine again, Ray. But be a good boy first. Ask somebody to dance while I find Aunt Margaret."

The tableaux having proved a success, and the party promising to be a grand affair, Mrs. Byrne was in a gracious mood, and Blanche only named her request to have it granted.

So at the conclusion of his duty dance, Mr. Raymond Christie was presented to Miss Jessie Malvers, who still wore her quaint and graceful dress.

The artist eye paid homage to the almost faultless beauty, and the heart of the

"Then you will reclaim it."

"Yes, with the owner and all her belongings."

Mrs. Byrne, always willing to please her niece, appointed a room to Ray's use, and an impromptu studio was arranged, where Jessie stood for Undine.

Can a heart give all its purest, best devotion, unknowing its own offering, unguessed by the object?

She was only a school-girl, this graceful lovely Undine; a recluse, until she entered a seminary at fourteen; a dreamer; a poet without the gift of words; a child-woman, who kept aloof from all but her one chosen friend—Belle Byrne. She had talent, but no capacity for study that did not interest her. She would toil herself half sick over dry rules and phrases that Belle repeated with fluency and ease, and bound over difficulties in such study as pleased her with a rapidity that amazed her masters. She played the piano with such finish and perfection of style that it could scarcely be credited that she could never learn the notes, but relied entirely upon her ear. She sang. Raymond Christie said he never imagined how music sounded in Paradise till he heard her voice in sacred song.

He, never imagining that the child could feel as a woman, gave her all the caressing tenderness her gentle beauty awakened. In the long hours when she stood patiently as his model, he talked to her of his travels, of music he had heard abroad, of paintings he had seen and dreamed of; he quoted whole pages of his favorite poets for her, and while he noted the kindling eyes, the lovely rose-tinting of the fair cheeks, the parted tremulous lips as she listened, he never dreamed he was rousing in the child the woman's loving, suffering heart, killing her young girlhood, and carrying her into a dreamland of happiness that could never be realized.

And the child, as she listened, worshipped, as she might bow before a demigod, never thinking, in her sweet humility, that she was no more than any other model to the artist. He was painting her Undine dress and face, just as he painted the trees and brooks of Mayville. He was to marry Belle's cousin Blanche, whose beauty, and talents, Jessie sat far above her own.

Blanche, always gracious, winning, and anxious to please, would visit the studio as the painting progressed, arranged the soft drapery, looping the wreath in the waving, golden hair, and often bending to caress the fair face of the graceful little model. No thought of jealousy ever stirred her heart, which was essentially trusting and noble.

Raymond was hers. She never doubted his love and loyalty, even when the sad end of Jessie's dream broke upon them.

The summer was fading, and the trees arraying themselves in their gorgeous autumn apparel, before the Undine was finished. Belle had returned to school, but Jessie was still at Mayville, as Blanche's guest, and half-invalid. A cold contracted at a pic nic had resulted in an obstinate cough, and the doctor had advised a prolonged holiday, which her guardian allowed her to spend with Blanche.

She was seemingly very happy, assisting in the dainty sewing of the trousseau, sharing the walks and rides of the lovers, and spending hours at the piano. But she was fading, growing paler, slighter, more spiritually lovely every day.

The day came when Blanche learned the secret of the pure young heart, and grieved with sisterly love the bitter regret at the cruel harm she had so innocently aided.

It was a soft, warm day in September, and Jessie was languid and ill. She had been lying asleep upon a lounge in the sitting-room, and Blanche, with some delicate embroidery, sat near her. Upon the stillness of the room Raymond's voice broke, as he came strolling across the lawn from the hotel in the village. He was singing one of Jessie's own songs, and his clear tenor voice floated in at the open window, and awakened the sleeper.

Over her cheeks crept a faint flush; her lips parted in a rapturous smile; the large dark eyes opened with a glad light, and the whole face for a moment seemed transfigured. In a flash the truth burst upon Blanche, and she left the room, fearful that her face would betray her.

"What have we done," she thought, as she stood alone, trying to calm herself. "She loves Raymond and does not know it. Will she die? Is this killing her? Oh! what have we done."

She came to the room again, to find Jessie still lying quietly, half asleep, a happy smile upon her lips. Raymond had passed to the other side of the house, thinking to find his betrothed in her favorite room, the library.

It required all Blanche's self-control to meet Raymond without any sign of agitation. She never blamed him. The harm had been wrought without purpose or intention, of that she was sure, but it was to conceal her knowledge of it, or decide what course to pursue. If it were cruelty to part the girl from the object of her heart's devotion, surely it was a mistaken kindnes to allow the infatuation to go further. Blanche felt her heart torn as she tried to think over the situation.

Should she tell Raymond and put him on his guard against offering the child any further attentions. Blanche, once awakened, wondered how they had all been so blind. Looking back, she could recall a thousand instances of the power Raymond held over the young girl's heart. The childlike intelligence that had quickened, warmed, and expanded under the interest excited by the artist's conversation; the hours spent pouring over some poet Raymond had quoted; the wonderful impromptu music evoked by his suggestion of a theme.

"Oh, Undine! Undine!" Blanche thought, "Has love, indeed, given you your soul! Are you a woman now, poor child, only to love, and suffer through your love?"

Raymond thought Blanche was very silent, as they took a long lover's stroll through the shady lanes and groves around Mayville; but he was planning in his mind a wonderful boudoir for his bride's new home, and willing to let her dream, if she allowed him the same privilege.

I have not described Mayville, but it becomes necessary now to give the place a few words. The late Mr. Byrne had acquired a large fortune when advanced in years, by the death of a relative, who left him sole heir to the wealth accumulated by a lifetime of miserly saving. Mr. Byrne owned a large farm and a substantial farm house, and declined to leave either the one or the other when he became a rich man, but made no opposition to Mrs. Byrne's suggestion to turn the house into a fashionable country residence.—While the modernizing process was at its height, Mr. Byrne shuffled off this mortal coil, and was carried to his grave by the back door, the front one being covered by a huge scaffold.

It was clearly impossible to leave the house as it was; so Mrs. Byrne, inheriting her husband's fortune, had the building finished to suit her own ideas, and, as years passed on, Mayville became a most popular resort for a large circle of friends. But there was not wanting wise heads to shake dubiously over the house itself, and assert that present grandeur injured its former solidity. A few warnings had been given in the fall of some of the modern ornaments in plaster, and a gradual settling of one corner of the house.—Mrs. Byrne had declared her intention of leaving Mayville when Blanche married, and taking a house in the city, but the wedding was to take place in the old homestead.

As Blanche and Raymond strolled slowly across the wide lawn after their walk, Jessie nodded to them from an upper window.

"Blanche, dear," Raymond said, "that child is very pale. Do you think Dr. Lee understands her case.

"He says it is constitutional weakness" said Blanche, averting her eyes.

"I wonder," Raymond said, "if she is what is popularly described as too good to live. She does seem too frail, too gentle and pure for this rough world, does she not?"

"You admire her very much," Blanche said desperately.

"I can scarcely call it admiration," he answered, drawing Blanche down to a seat on the edge of the porch, where it was nearly level with a grassy bank. "I love her, Blanche."

Blanche looked up quickly, to meet the honest, dark eyes of her lover fixed upon her face.

"Not as I love you darling," he said smiling; "not as my promised wife is loved—with the entire devotion of my heart—but as I would love a winsome, beautiful child. She is so innocent, so frank, and so childlike that it wakens all my instinct of protection and kindness—the desire to gather her up and shield her from all sorrow and suffering. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly. Poor Jessie."

"With her sensitive nature, I am afraid there is sorrow in the future Blanche. Should she love unworthily or unhappily, I believe it would kill her."

There was no reply. Blanche could scarcely keep back the tears, thinking of the love already awakened in the young heart. After a moment of silence, Jessie came down to the porch and seated herself upon the door-step, not far from the corner where Blanche and Raymond was still sitting. She had no work in her little white hands, but crossed them idly upon her lap, as she gazed forward, drinking in the beauty of the autumn scenery and letting Raymond's voice make glad music in her heart. He had given her a nod and a word of welcome, and after a moment, said:

"Sing for us, Undine."

There was a weird German ballad, a special favorite of Raymond's full of quaint transpositions—now merry, now dismally mournful in minor changes—which suited Jessie's voice perfectly. She was fond of giving the startling, abrupt passages with all their force, and could wail like a lost spirit in the sad words of the song, or ring out its jubilant, merry notes with gladsome power. So, when Raymond made his request, she began the song in her best German. But as she sang she lifted her eyes dilated in horror. A moment she sat, stunned; then, with a piercing shriek, she sprang forward and pushed Blanche from her seat.

The suddenness of the push threw Blanche forward upon the grass, and Raymond sprang up as the fearful ringing scream broke upon the air; but Jessie fell across the edge of the porch, and crashing down upon her came the iron cornice which she had seen loosening as she sprang forward to save the others.

A moment of surprise, of horror, and the household came running to see the meaning of the scream that had startled them all. Raymond and Blanche were lifting the heavy iron ornament, and their united strength was required to raise it. Jessie was lying upon her face, apparently dead.

They carried her to the house and sent for physicians and surgeons. Mrs. Byrne tried every remedy, sobbing pitifully as she realized how useless all would be; Raymond chafed the cold hands and gently wiped the still, white face; while Blanche could only kneel and pray in a distant corner, sobbing and weeping for the life given to save her own.

The surgeons came at last, and the room was cleared, only Mrs. Byrne remaining. A long hour crept away, and the grave gentlemen came out and met Raymond on the porch.

His white quivering lips refused to form the words of the question he wished to ask, but the inquiry in his eyes was answered.

"She may live an hour."

"No hope?" he faltered.

The back is broken, was the dreaded answer, "and there are other fatal injuries."

"Does she know?"

"Yes, she will probably be conscious to the end."

So they went on their way. Human help was of no avail there, and other sufferers demanded the precious time they dare not waste.

Raymond bowed his head upon the side of the fatal porch, and the tears that were no shame to his manhood, fell unchecked.

Blanche found him there when, white and trembling, she came to seek him.

"She wishes to bid you good-bye," she whispered and led him to the room.

The fair white face rested upon the pillows they had placed upon the lounge, where Jessie had slept so quietly a few hours before. The poor crushed body was hidden under snowy covers, the helpless hands lying already lifeless upon them.—But the great dark eyes sought Raymond's face.

"You are safe!"

That was the whisper that betrayed all.

"Undine!" he sobbed kneeling beside her, "my poor darling."

She could move nothing but her eyes and lips, but she looked at Blanche as she whispered again.

"He sprang up before I came. I pushed you, but I meant to save him too, Blanche. I never knew till now, Blanche, I loved him. You will forgive me! I never meant to wrong you. He loves you too well for that. You will think of me when I am gone, Raymond!"

Gasping in broken sentences, with long intervals between, the above words were spoken, as only the dying speak.

"Oh, Undine," Raymond said, "would that I could have saved you."

A smile hovered over the pale lips.

"It is sweet to die for you, Raymond.'

And as the words died away, the soft white lids closed wearily, and the damp dews of death gathered upon the fair brow.

"Go now," Mrs. Byrne said, in a low voice, "I will remain here."

There was no further word. The name of the man to whose unconscious keeping she had given her heart, was the last word upon the lips of the dying girl. No pain disfigured the placid face, no convulsion distorted the poor crushed figure. She breathed more and more faintly, till the last fluttering sigh told her watcher that all was over.

There are gems of art from abroad in the superb mansion of Raymond Christie: the library, the drawing-room, the sitting-room are adorned with choice and costly paintings, but there is one that strangers never see, one that Raymond and his wife keep in their private sitting-room, and stand arm in arm contemplating till the tears blot it out from their sight. Rare flowers are often placed before it, as devout worshippers offer them to images of patron saints. It is a lovely girl in a sea-green and white dress, gemmed with pearl, coral and sea-weeds, and the few who see it are told that it is "Undine."

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To that heavy-laden brother,
Who for weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee, with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a ponderous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Effort gives one added strength;
That which staggers him when rising
Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
Not his fault that he is feeble,
Not thy praise that thou art strong,
It is God makes life to differ,
Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Many they who need thine aid,
Many lying on the roadside,
'Neath misfortune's dreary shade;
Pass not by, like priest and Levite,
Heedless of thy fellow-man;
But, with heart and arms extended,
Be the Good Samaritan.

Constitution and By-Laws of the Cecil Farmers' Club.

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall be called the Cecil Farmers' Club, and its object shall be to increase knowledge and impart success in farming, fruit raising and gardening.

ARTICLE 2. Its officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer, each of whom shall be elected by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office one year or until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE 3. The President shall preside at the meetings of the Association and perform the usual duties pertaining to the office.

ARTICLE 4. The Recording Secretary shall keep a regular record of the proceedings of each meeting, and shall note any important information that may be elicited during its deliberations.

ARTICLE 5. The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Association to elicit information on the subject of Agriculture from similar Societies, and from any other source, and lay all such correspondence before the meetings.

ARTICLE 6. The Treasurer shall keep a correct account of all moneys received and disbursed, and make an Annual Report to the Club at the last meeting in the year.

ARTICLE 7. Each member shall be required to produce an Essay on a subject selected by himself at a previous meeting to be read at the meeting held at his house.

ARTICLE 8. This Association shall meet statedly once a month at the residence of one of its members, except December, January and February, when it shall meet semi-monthly.

ARTICLE 9. The Association shall not exceed in numbers fifteen members, each of whom shall pay an admission fee of fifty cents, and a yearly fee of twenty-five cents; and until the above number is filled, any person may be admitted by a vote of all the members present.

ARTICLE 10. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any stated meeting, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present; but any proposition to that effect must be made at a previous meeting.

BY-LAWS.

SECTION 1. Any member of this Association who shall absent himself from two successive meetings shall no longer be considered a member.

SECTION 2. All conversation which is not upon the subject of Agriculture or Horticulture shall be considered out of order during the session of the Association.

SECTION 3. All members are required to keep a register of one or more crops, with the number of acres upon which they were raised, and such other information connected therewith that may appear to be interesting or useful, to be handed to the Secretary at the close of the session, for the benefit of the Association.

SECTION 4. All members are required to try experiments with various fertilizers upon different crops, and make known to the Association the result; also to introduce any rare vegetable production, either of the farm, garden or orchard.

SECTION 5. All members are required to keep an accurate record of the results of all experiments in breeding, raising and feeding the different kinds of stock—the kind of food fed thereto,—ground or unground, cooked or raw.

SECTION 6. The President shall have power to appoint the place for the next meeting.

SECTION 7. The hour of meeting shall be 2½ o'clock P. M.

SECTION 8. Each member not present at the hour of meeting shall be fined 25 cents.

SECTION 9. Absentees from each meeting shall be fined 25 cents.

SECTION 10. All resolutions offered to this Society shall be reduced to writing.

SECTION 11. Business shall be attended to in the following order:

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

First. Calling the roll, and reading the minutes of the previous meeting.
Second. Unfinished business.
Third. Statement of Experiments.
Fourth. Reading an Essay.
Fifth. Inspection of the system of culture, stock, farming implements, garden, buildings, &c.
Sixth. The President shall ask each member in turn whether he has any question to propound to the Association, and when any question is asked, each member shall be required to give an opinion, and the Secretary shall note the decision of the meeting.

A TERRIBLE JUDGE.—The Terrible Judge of the Police Court is fond of cracking a joke at the expense of the lawyers, but when they retaliate he loses his temper and fines them. Only one member of the calaboose bar can take liberties with the Judge, and he occupies the position of a "king's jest."

A frail nymph named Mollie was fined $10, and her lawyer, Mr. Charles B. Smythe, prayed the court to grant a stay of execution and "hold it over her head."

The Judge happened to be in a facetious mood, remarked, with a twitch of the northeast corner of his upper lip, that "if the girl was able to fee an attorney she was able to pay a fine."

The lawyer replied that his fair client had no money, and was neither able to pay her attorney nor a fine.

The Bench retorted: "You are the most gallant set of lawyers about this court that I ever saw, to defend clients for nothing. I shall not stay the execution."

Mr. Smythe had his French blood aroused, and said the Judge was too fond of saying smart things that had no reference to the case.

Terrible Judge—I fine you $10 for that sir!

Smythe—That is also laughable. You are in the habit of indulging in so much nonsense, and uttering so much more poetry than law, that I am disgusted.

Terrible Judge—I fine you $25 more for that, and order you to be committed.

The lawyer seeing he was playing a losing game, and not being as well prepared to pay a fine as Col. Slayback was on a memorable occasion, sat down, pale and excited. The clerk commenced slinging his pen over a commitment, and the spectators smiled on the sly.

Remembering that Judge Primm had decided that the Police Judge has no more authority than a Justice of the Peace and has no power to commit any one to jail for contempt, the Terrible saw that he was about to put his foot on it, and visions of a damage suit, impeachment, the spring election, &c., danced before his mind. He whispered with the City Attorney, and on motion of that officer, stayed the executions, on Smythe making an explanation that he did not intend to be discorteous.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

TOO POOR TO TAKE A PAPER.—Moore of the *Rural New-Yorker*, was sitting in his office one afternoon, some years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said:

"Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but times are so hard that I cannot pay for it."

"Is that so friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear you are so poor: if you are so hard run I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then, let's see how we can fix it. You have chickens, I believe."

"Yes, a few, but they don't bring anything, hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything hardly. Now I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot of chickens one and call it mine. Take good care of her, and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we shall call it square."

"All right Mr. Moore," and the farmer chuckled at what he thought a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke himself, and he says that he has never had the face to say that he was too poor to take a paper from that day.

Saint Augustine, we are told, was once asked to define Time, but he evaded the question by saying that it was what we all felt but could none of us understand. It is pretty much the same with good talking; we all know it when we hear it, but nine-tenths of us would be very much puzzled to point out what it was that made us go away with the remark, "That man knows how to talk."

BUILD LOWLY.

There is a little straw-built nest
Upon yon leafless bough,
Once it was filled with young delight,
But 'tis forsaken now.

I saw the birdies weave that nest,
By joyous song beguiled,
And then I thought of hopes I'd wove,
And sadly, sadly smiled.

For O, too oft I've woven them,
For autumn winds to blight,
And watched, as might the birdies watch
This home of past delight.

That little nest forsaken now,
The sport of every wind,
Is like the heart forsaken by
The hopes it once entwined.

'Tis safest not to build too high;
The soaring mind must fall—
The lark, that builds upon the ground,
Sings sweetest of them all.

HAS SHE A CALL TO BE A WIFE.—Has she a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day?

Has she a call to be a wife who spends her time in reading the "latest novels," compelling her husband, with depleted purse, to hire a domestic to supply her lack of service?

Has the woman a call to be a wife who cries for a cashmere or camel's hair, shawl when her husband's notes are protested?

Has the woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea, and watery potatoes six days out of seven?

Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves the frowns for the home fireside?

Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, a soiled dressing gown, and shoes down at the heel?

Has she a call to be a wife who bores her husband when he comes into the house with the history of a broken tea-cup, or the possible whereabouts of a missing broom handle?

Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of a moment of conjugal weakness to extort money or exact a promise?

Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next door neighbor's damask curtains or velvet carpet?

Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, "and have an eye" when at home, to her servants?

Has she a call to be a wife, to whom a husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings?

Has she a call to be a wife who listens to outside slanders against her husband?

Do not think of one falsity as harmless and another as slight, and as unintended. Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental, but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be clear of them, without over-care as to which is the largest or blackest. Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit; and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold it as the cost of fortune or life, for one who could hold it at the cost of a little daily trouble.

WEDDING CELEBRATIONS.

Thirty days—Sugar.
Sixty days—Vinegar.
1st anniversary—Iron.
5th anniversary—Wooden.
10th anniversary—Tin.
15th anniversary—Crystal.
20th anniversary—China.
25th anniversary—Silver.
30th anniversary—Cotton.
35th anniversary—Linen.
40th anniversary—Woolen.
45th anniversary—Silk.
50th anniversary—Golden.
75th anniversary—Diamond.

☞ "My friend has a great reverence for the truth," said a baronet to a gentleman. "So I perceive," was the reply, "for he always keeps at a respectful distance from it."

One tells of a scarecrow made by uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that saw it but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he stole three days before.

Mr. Jones called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore old paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

ADAM'S nativity has at last been discovered. He was, according to Mr. Darwin, a germ-man.

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