CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

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MONEY.

Miriam Leslie was listening to a "word of advice" from her step-father, Mr. Palmer. She was a very beautiful woman of about twenty-two, with a face that was a rare combination of sweetness and strength. Just now the resolute mouth and expression of the large, brown eyes showed that firmness in her character predominated, though no look of temper marred the amiability.

'I have no power over your movements, Miriam,' said the old gentleman, kindly. 'You are of age, and the wealth you inherited from your father is entirely under your own control; but I am afraid you are committing a grave error if you accept Wilton Seymour's offer. I am afraid he is a man to marry money.'

'Why? I pass over the implied slight to my powers of attraction; but tell me why you think Mr. Seymour marries me for my money alone?'

'I don't know that I mean that exactly. I know you are young, beautiful and talented; but I think, if you had also been poor, you would not have had this offer.'

'Again I ask, why do you think so?'

'Wilton Seymour is one of that unfortunate class—a young man who has lived upon expectations. He has been educated and supported by an eccentric uncle, who was supposed to be enormously wealthy. Wilton has lived in complete idleness, passing through college with average credit; and since that, moving in society, received everywhere as the heir to his uncle's money. Six months ago his uncle died, leaving his money—much less than was supposed—to a hospital. Wilton accepted the situation gracefully enough, applied for a position as clerk in the wholesale house of Myers & Co., and courted an heiress.'

'You are bitter. I believe Wilton Seymour to be an honorable, upright man, who loves me, who is trying to earn a support for himself, and who does not look upon my money either as a stimulus to his affection for me or impediment in the way of it.'

'I see you are determined to marry him. Well, I will see that your money is settled upon yourself.'

'I love my future husband too well to offer him an insult. My money will purchase him a junior partnership with Myers & Co.'

'He has told you that?'

'No. Mr. Myers informed me that he could be admitted into the firm if he had a capital of ten thousand pounds—only a small portion of my money. The remainder may still remain where it is, subject to Wilton's check and control.'

'That is sheer insanity! I never heard of such folly!

Miriam's face grew very sweet as a look came into her soft brown eyes, of devotion and trust.

'If I am willing to trust myself, my whole future happiness in Wilton's hands, my money is of little consequence. If he can win my confidence sufficiently to control my fortune, do you think he can win my love—myself?'

Mr. Palmer moved uneasily in his chair.

'I wish you would listen to reason,' he said; 'I am truly speaking for your own good.'

'I know that. After nine years of such love as my own father would have given me had he lived; after seeing your severe grief for my mother's death, your affection for my little step-sisters—your own children—never surpassing that you showed me, do you think that I do not appreciate your motives? I thank you from my heart for your advice; but my whole future happiness is involved in this decision, and I believe I am deciding to secure it.'

'I sincerely hope so. If, in the future, you find I was right, remember I claim a father's right to comfort you, and this is a father's home to receive you.'

Too much moved by the old man's solemn tone to reply in words, Miriam pressed her lips upon the kind face that looked into her own.

'There, my dear,' he said, gently, 'I have spoken as I felt it my duty to speak. Now, we will write to Mr. Seymour, who will become my son when he becomes your husband. Get your finery ready, and we will have a happy wedding. God bless you, Miriam!'

Two hours ago, Wilton Seymour came to put the engagement ring on Miriam's finger, to thank her for his promised happiness. Looking at this man, as he held the hand so soon to be his own, no one could doubt his love for the fair woman who stood before him.

They had spoken of many subjects, when he said, suddenly, "Mr. Palmer has told me of your generous wishes, Miriam, with regard to money. I cannot consent to this. In time, I may prove how entirely I disregarded wealth when my offer was made to you. It is true, we must have waited longer before I could offer you a home, but I will win my way to fortune yet.'

He lifted his young, noble head as he spoke, tossing the dark curls from such a frank, manly face, so full of brave, bright resolution, that Miriam wondered in her heart how any one could look into his eyes and suspect him of one mercenary thought or desire.

She said nothing in answer to his impetuous speech, only smiled, and nestled her hand into his. She was not a caressing woman—rather coy in her sweet maiden dignity; but where she gave love and confidence, she gave them fully and freely.

The days of their betrothal sped rapidly. During the day Wilton stood at his desk, fingering over massive ledgers, and dreaming of future happiness, and Miriam selected her house, furnished it, and kept dressmakers, seamstresses and milliners busy. She had no objection to her step-father's wish to have the house and furniture settled upon herself, but was resolute about the remainder of her large fortune being left subject to the control of her future husband.

Busy days were followed by happy evenings. The young people were favorites in society, and friends would insist upon the social festivities to celebrate the betrothal. The quiet home evenings were pleasant beyond these, when two loving hearts learned to read each other, while Wilton loved more deeply every day, Miriam was giving such respect to his worth and manliness as made her future look brighter every day.

But the days of betrothal were short. A gay wedding, a happy tour, and the young people came home to settle down in the handsome new house as quiet married folks.

Two years of happiness followed. Wilton was rapidly rising in the esteem of business men—having purchased his position of junior partner in the firm of Myers & Co., at Miriam's earnest request. But, although attentive to his business, he was no mere drudge seeking money as the only end and aim of life.

Miriam found him ever a willing escort to party, ball, or the opera, and the home evenings were given to music, or reading, or such bright intellectual intercourse as had its power of mutual attraction before their marriage.

There were sage people who shook their heads over the young wife's extravagance, but Wilton seemed most happy when she was gratifying some new whim or desire; and she had never known the need for economy. Money had always been at her command, and there was no new restraint upon her expenditure. For fine dress she cared but little, though she was tasteful, and her costumes were always rich and appropriate but she was generous and charitable, loved to collect exquisite trifles of art around her, patronized rising artists, and found no difficulty in exhausting her liberal income each year.

It was during the third year of her married life Miriam began to find a cloud upon the former bright happiness of her life. Wilton was changed. In these three words the loving heart of the young wife summed up all her forebodings. He had been the sunlight of her life, loving, tender, and thoughtful; but it became evident to her that some absorbing interest was gradually winning him more and more from her side.

Evening after evening he left her on one pretext or another, oftentimes staying away from her till long after midnight. His sleep became restless and broken, and some absorbing care kept his face pale, his eyes clouded, his manner grave. There was no unkindness to complain of. Miriam met ever a tender caress, a loving word; but she went alone if she sought society; she missed the pleasant home intercourse; and a strange, dull fear crept into her heart. Wilton was becoming miserly!

He denied her nothing, but would sometimes sigh heavily if she challenged his admiration of some new dress or ornament, and it was evident he was curtailing his personal expenses to the merest necessities. Too proud to complain, Miriam suffered silently, praying that she might not learn to despise her husband as a mere money-making machine. At first, she endeavored to win his confidence, but he kindly evaded her inquiries, and she made no further efforts.

But her home grew distasteful, missing companionship that had made the hours there fly so swiftly. She had never felt household cares, trusting everything to an experienced house-keeper. She had no children to awaken mother love and care, so she plunged into fashionable follies, and tried to forget her loneliness. Never had her toilets been chosen with more faultless taste; never had her beauty been more marked than it now become; and she sought for excitement as she had never done in the first happy years of her marriage.

And while Mrs. Seymour was thus seeking for happiness abroad that could not be found at home, her husband's face grew daily paler and thinner, and he became more and more absorbed by business cares. One year more passed, and the hearts that had been so firmly bound together seemed to be drifting entirely apart.

Miriam was sitting sadly in her drawing room, one evening, waiting for the carriage that was to convey her to a large social gathering at a fashionable friend's. She was dressed in costly lace, over rich silks, and every detail of her costume was faultless in finish, and of choicest quality. Her face was pale, and her eyes very sad.

She looked up as the door opened, hoping to see Wilton, though it was long since he had spent an evening in her society. Instead of his tall, graceful figure, the portly form of her step-father entered the room.

Miriam sprang forward with a joyful smile.

'I am so glad to see you,' she said.

'But you were going out?'

'Only to be rid of my loneliness and myself. I shall be far happier here with you.'

'Truly, Miriam? Will you treat me as your father to-night? I have come here upon a painful and delicate errand, and I want your confidence.'

She was silent a moment, and then said, 'You shall have it.'

'You love your husband, Miriam?' Great tears answered him.

'Do you love society, dress and excitement better than you do Wilton?'

'No, no! A thousand times no.'

'Could you give these all up for his sake?'

'You have some motive for asking this.'

'I have, indeed. I love your husband also, Miriam. I have learned to respect him, to trust him, and to believe that you were right, and I was wrong, when you decided to trust your life's happiness in his hands.'

'But, father, some great change has come over Wilton. He seems absorbed in money-making.'

'One year ago your husband asked me to keep a secret from you, believing he was increasing your happiness by doing so. I consented, but I am convinced now that the deceit is wrong. He has assumed a burden that is too heavy for him to bear, and you are not happier than you were a year ago.'

'Happier!' cried Miriam, impulsively; 'I am wretched! Wretched in losing my husband's society and confidence!'

'You shall not complain of that again. I am breaking my promise, but you will soon understand my motive. A year ago, the bank in which every guinea of your private fortune was invested failed, and everything was lost. This house, and the money Wilton had paid to secure his business position, were all that was left of your father's wealth. Convinced that luxury, society, and extravagance were necessary for your happiness, Wilton implored me to keep the fact a secret from you, and braced himself for a tussle with fortune, resolved to regain by his own exertions, what was swept away by the failure, before you could discover the loss. But, Miriam, he is overtasking his strength and you are becoming a butt for severe censures on your extravagance. My secret has burdened me too long, and you must now yourself be the judge of the right course to pursue.'

Miriam was weeping, but the tears were not all bitter. She gave its full meed of gratitude to the love that would have shielded her from the knowledge of poverty and pain; and yet she could scarcely forgive the want of confidence in her own ability to bear the sacrifice that the deceit implied.

It was long before she spoke, but when she did, her eyes were bright, and her voice clear and firm.

'The house is mine?' she asked.

'Certainly. But it needs such a large income to sustain such an establishment.'

'Tell me what style of house does Wilton's income warrant. I mean the income he had two years ago.'

'A smaller house dear—no carriage; no housekeeper; two servants, but certainly no footman in livery; no conservatory ——.'

'Stop, stop! I understand you. You will see father, if I am made unhappy by your kind frankness. Wilton is in the library, absorbed in business. Will you wait here while I speak to him?'

'I will come again,' he said kindly.—'Good night, Miriam. Heaven grant I judged your heart rightly.'

But Miriam did not seek her husband at once. It seemed a mockery to go to him with diamonds flashing from her rich dress; so she sought her own room, and putting aside her evening toilette, dressed herself plainly, but carefully, and then kneeling down, prayed with earnest fervor before she left the apartment.

'Wilton!'

The harassed weary man looked up.

'Wilton, you should have trusted me! Give me your heart, your confidence, my husband!'

He bowed his head upon her outstretched hands.

'Can you bear it, Miriam?'

'I can bear anything if you are beside me—if you love, and trust me. What I cannot bear is to believe my husband loves money better than his wife!'

'No, no!'

'I understand that now. But there must be confidence between us, Wilton; I must be your true wife, bearing your sorrows and your reverses.'

'My own brave darling!'

He was standing beside her now; and for the first time in that long, weary year, the old bright look was on his handsome face, and the old clear ring in his voice. His arm was around her, and she leaned upon his breast.

'Forgive me,' he said, earnestly, 'for doubting your courage—never your love, Miriam.'

She laughed a merry, bright laugh, and then playfully closing his desk, she drew him to a seat beside her, and sketched a burlesque picture of their future home, with Mrs. Seymour frying onions, in a crimson satin dress, while Mr. Seymour milked the cow in the garden.

It is four years since Mr. Palmer broke his promise. A happier home, a more thrifty housekeeper, or proud husband, cannot be found than in the pretty house of the Seymours, where love, confidence and happiness will not yield the first place to *Money*.

LITERARY TREASURES COMING TO THE UNITED STATES.—A correspondent writing from London to Scribner's *Book Buyer* says that, "The old book trade has diminished in numbers fully one-half within the last twenty-five years in England, and is threatened with further rapid diminution from sheer exhaustion of the commodities it deals with. The quantity of choice books of the most costly description going to the United States was never so great as it is now." As proof of the latter statement he says that in one week he has heard of the following literary acquisitions, which are to be credited to the United States:

1. A large copy of Smith's "History of Virginia" bought at public sale for £1,046 ($5,200 in gold). Of these copies there are not more than five in existence. This copy is not entirely perfect.

2. A splendid copy of the "Mazarin Bible" of Faust and Scheffer, the earliest specimen of printing whose date is exactly known has lately reached this country. The "Mazarin Bible" was printed in 1456. No copy of it has been sold since 1858, until recently one of our countrymen had the pleasure of paying 4,000 thalers (about $3,000) for one offered by a German bibliopole. It wants sixteen leaves, which have been restored by photozincography, so that only the initiated eye could discover an imperfection. It appears in the original monastic binding.

3. An American has lately bought one of the four perfect copies of John Gower's "Confessio Amantis," printed by William Caxton in 1493, of whose bookmaking it remains to this day one of the most beautiful specimens. This copy of the "Confessio Amantis" contained a note from Thomas Hearne, the celebrated antiquary, who died in 1735, certifying that it was "worthe at leaste a guinny." It sold for £720 at a sale five or six months ago in West Dean, Sussex. The American owner has probably paid $4,000 for it.

Besides these Senator Sumner, during his recent visit to London, made a "corner" in autographs, and fairly cleared the market of books with inscriptions or signatures of celebrated men. The Senator exhibited as among the most valuable of his recent acquisitions, the original MS. of Burns's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

A TOUGH STORY.—Here is about the tallest story out. It is related that two surgeons of Leipzig have succeeded in transferring the brain of a dead man to the brain pan of living subject, and the attendant phenomena must be classed as very remarkable. A soldier, so the story goes, killed his colonel in cold blood, and was condemned to undergo the punishment *peine et dure*, for which he was delivered up to the surgeons. The condemned was closely confined, ignorant of his fate, until a "good natured" beer vender was seized with inflammation of the investing membrane of the heart, and died. This event was expected; and no sooner had it transpired, than the condemned soldier was chloroformed, and laid on the operating table side by side with the dead publican. The surgeons skilfully removed the brains of both subjects, transferring that of the dead man to the empty skull of the unconscious living. Arterial and veinous circulation was established "by an ingenious contrivance, the living man's head was strapped together, and the patient put to bed for a sound sleep. This continued two weeks, during which period the wounded parts healed kindly.

The most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told. As the process of healing went on the subject began to evince muscular activity, digestion and assimilation being meantime complete. At the end of three weeks this anomalous man began to talk in a stammering way, but at last became intelligent and consecutive. At this point the marvel culminates; for it is averred that this soldier's body with a publican's brain no longer remembered his vocation, but was utterly ignorant of military tactics, or even of the faintest recollection of his late condition. On the other hand, from a taciturn, sullen and revengeful soldier, he became the frank, good-humored garrulous publican, well up in the price-list of wines and malt liquors, and manifested altogether "the cerebral activity" of the deceased publican. We are glad to be able to state, for the better confusion of carping skeptics, that these facts are vouched for by several witnesses. This singular transmigration, or metamorphosis, however, has given rise to a serious difficulty. The soldier had incurred the penalty of death. But now that the soldier no longer exists, and the publican's spirit animates his corpus, it is seriously questioned if this dual creature can be held responsible for the crimes of the non-existent criminal.

[From the New York Observer,]

MY CANARY.

I read with much pleasure in your valuable paper of the 6th, about the intelligence of animals under the head of "Our Frank." Now I want to tell your readers what I know about the intelligence of birds. I have a canary whose name is Cherry; he was given to me several years ago by a friend who appreciated my fondness for birds and animals. Cherry's education was unquestionably of a very high order, or his natural intelligence is far beyond that of other canaries. He is a beautiful golden yellow, medium size, and now about nine years old. When presented to me he whistled the tune "My country, 'tis of thee, etc." very perfectly, and in the sweetest possible notes. He is so very tame and companionable, that he chafes and pines when confined too much to his cage, hence I allow him the freedom of the house most of the time. His persistent determination to be directly in the midst of everything taking place in the room where he is, has made me think him a "little hindering thing." Yet he gives me so much real genuine pleasure and amusement with his pretty saucy ways, I cannot but forgive him his little wickedly mischievous habit of pulling the thread from my needle, at times rumaging in my work-basket, and tangling my silk, which is his supreme delight. He will sit by the hour on my sewing machine while it is in motion, and I am at work; all the while scolding away and talking at me, with his ever busy little chit-chit-chit and chee-chee, and other peculiar sounds and notes, I have never heard in any other bird; and if no notice is taken of him, he will after a little while perch himself on my shoulder and peck my ear, until, in his jealousy or anger, he has drawn blood on several occasions. I never leave the room with my bonnet on, but he invariably sets up a peculiar call, and if in his cage, will post himself close to the wires, and continue this cry until I allow him the usual kiss before going out. He recognizes my footstep on the stairs, and in approaching the room where he may happen to be, from any other member of the family, and the first intimation they oftentimes have of my being in the house is the talking chit-chit of Cherry.

Once, after being absent two weeks, I came home quite late in the evening.—Cherry was puffed up in a little yellow ball fast asleep. Quickly he heard my voice, and with a little scream of delight and his chit-chit-chit, he came out of his cage, and flew directly on my shoulder, then in my face; singing and fluttering all the while; kissing me on face and lips with all the impatient fondness of a young lover, and could not be persuaded to leave me again for an hour or more; keeping up his chattering bird-talk all the while.

He is very fond of taking a position on my shoulder while going over the house, and will never leave it in passing from basement to attic. The sound of running water from the faucet in the wash bowl, always from some cause excites him; and frequently when on my shoulder as I have started the water running, he will set up a wild scream, fly in my face, and scratch and peck until he has left his marks for days afterwards. He is very familiar with his name, and will answer when he is called. Frequently when in sound sleep in the evening, if his name is called out, he will wake up with his chee-chee, as unmistakably as a person could answer to his name. Sometimes he will wander off to a corner, or get behind a picture, or under the sofa, where he cannot be seen; but on calling him, he never fails to answer, and come to me.

About three years ago he became sick, and for awhile I feared he would die. A skillful surgical operation proved effective and he recovered. But during the two or three weeks he was sick and in evident pain, he would lie in my hands and pant, and when I would lay him back in his little basket filled with cotton, he would call for me so piteously, I knew he enjoyed the attention I gave him as much as a neglected invalid away from home, on his return appreciates the soothing tender care of a mother's love. But he either forgot or refused to whistle any more after he recovered. And now he only sings a little canary, with some of the old strains of his former time woven in as if to remind him of his former days; but he retains all his foudness and affection for me as well as all his little cunning tricks. He has not the least idea of fear. And nothing pleases him more than to have a good romp and play when he takes possession of a small table, by chasing off any fingers from touching the same, and if scratched on the under side, he will bend his little head over and peep under as quickly as thought, and scold until it is stopped. He delights very much in playing Bo-peep. I oftentimes slip into the closet leaving the door partly open, and call him. He will quickly come flying in chattering, or if I pass into another room, so to another, and call his name, he will follow up the sound until he finds me. I amuse myself and others very often by throwing a light handkerchief over him, and allow him to crawl out, and then by lifting up one corner and attempting to catch him, to see him dodge under cover again and appear at another point, all the while keeping up his incessant bird-talk of chee-chee, and chit-chit, and other little significant and expressive sounds. I might tell you a hundred cute things and tricks of this little reasoning bird, with something new almost every day, were it not at the risk of becoming tedious. I am sure if people would study the nature and intelligence of birds and and animals more, they would discover a degree of intelligence and true friendship which would surprise and well repay them for the time spent far better a thousand times over than the perusal of some trashy novel, and cause them many doubts, even in birds, to tell where instinct ends and reason begins.

J. E. B.

THE SILBER LIGHT.—We noticed a day or two ago the organization of a company at Battersea, near London, and the construction of works at that place, with a view to test practically, before going into more extensive operations, the value of a new and singularly cheap gas for illuminating and heating purposes. Almost simultaneously with the above, another company has been formed, with a capital of $600,000, for working what are called Silber's patents for improvements in lamps, and apparatus for lighting purposes. It it claimed that this invention will make an entire revolution in the present mode of lighting, and that its use will render public bodies and private citizens entirely independent of the existing gas monopoly. It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The invention of Mr. Silber consists of contrivances for burning kerosene and other mineral oils so as to produce the greatest illuminating power, with perfect freedom from smoke or noxious vapor. It applies also, with equal effect, to vegetable or animal oils, and is said to combine "the great requisites of power and purity to such an extent as to eclipse all other known means of procuring artificial light." It has passed satisfactorily the customary tests, and has been brought into practical use for nearly a year on some of the great railway lines, whose carriages are now lighted by it. The cost of this new light is said to be one-half that of gas produced from coal, or about equal to the alleged cost of the illuminating gas which is about to be manufactured at Battersea.—In addition to the adoption of the Silber lamp by some of the railway companies, the British Board of Trade pronounce it the best light extant for the masthead of ships, and a distinguished naval authority testifies to its value as a signal light at sea.

It is also about to be used on the Cunard and other lines of ocean-going steamers. But besides serving these special purposes, the light is said to be equally adapted to private families, who can use it either in single lamps, or as applied to a whole house or public building through pipes. The strong points in its favor are said to be economy of what may be called the fuel, great illuminating power, and entire absense of smoke or vapor.

Judging from what is said of the Ruck and Silber patents, respectively, in the London journals, it would seem as if we were about to enter upon an era when the existing gas monopolies will have to lower their rates, or find their business taken from them by the general adoption of these new inventions for producing artificial light of a better quality and at less cost.—*Gazette.*

☞ An old Illinois farmer, who had read in his agricultural paper that cows gave down the contents of their udders more freely if listening to music during the process of milking, thinks of discontinuing his subscription now, for not long since he persuaded his eldest daughter to sit on the barn-yard fence with her accordeon and pull plaintive melodies from the instrument while he milked. The old man seated himself, the maiden began to jerk out the more charming portions of Norma, the cow listened a brief moment, then kicked the farmer into a duck-pond, which so frightened the girl that she fell backward off the fence and broke her arm, and the noise frightened a setting hen so that she remained off her nest until the eggs became chilled, and the deceived farmer wants to know who to sue for damages.

☞ The Jonesboro', Ga., Times, recently published a vigorous poem, in which appeared this stanza:

"When spring comes with her floral gifts,
Then time will glide on wings so swift,
We'll gather flowers sick and sore,
To decorate the young, the fair."

The editor explains by saying that the third line should read: "We'll gather flowers rich and rare." But the explanation comes too late. The poet has committed suicide.

☞ The following "notis" is posted in Lincoln county, Mo.: "Ce hear. Eye don't want enniboddi that has hosses which has of the epizutick inflewenza, or any other infurnal name, to come thru this gait under penalty of havin' of their, the hosses, tales cut off closs behind their, the hosses, year. Keep shi, Mountaineer.

EASTERN BOTTLES.

The "bottle" is a necessary article in the tent of Arabian shepards. It holds water and other liquids, and is frequently used as a pitcher. The Eastern bottle is made of a goat or kid skin, stripped off without opening the belly: the openings made by cutting off the tail and legs are sewed up, and when filled it is tied about the neck.

The Arabs and Persians never go a journey without a small leathern bottle by their side like a scrip. These skin-bottles preserve their water, milk, and other liquids in a fresher state than any other vessels they can use. The people of the East, indeed, put into them everything they mean to carry to a distance, whether dry or liquid and very rarely make use of boxes and pots, unless to keep such things as are liable to be broken. They enclose these leathern bottles in woolen sacks, because their beasts of carriage often fall down under their load, or cast it down on the sandy desert. This method of transporting the necessaries of life has another advantage; the skin-bottles not only preserve them fresh, but defend them against the ants and other insects, which cannot pierce the skin; and they also prevent the fine dust, of which immense quantities are constantly moving about in the arid regions of Asia, from reaching them. It is for these reasons that provisions of every kind are enclosed in vessels made of the skins of animals.

These bottles are liable to be rent, when old or much used, and at the same time are capable of being repaired. In the book of Joshua we are informed the Gibeonites "took wine bottles, old and rent, and bound up." This is perfectly according to the custom of the East; and the manner in which they mend their old and rent bottles is various. Sometimes they sew in a piece in the manner of a purse; sometimes they put in a round flat piece of wood, and by that means stop the hole.

The liability of skin-bottls to rent, will explain a figure used in one of our Lord's discourses.—"Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved." Being made of raw hide, they are, when new, capable of accomodating themsleves to the swelling of the liquor as it ferments. But when they have been once stretched out in this way, and have become old and shrivelled through use, they do not admit of any further enlargement, and will therefore give way if new wine is poured into them.—*Early Days.*

THE FALLING LEAVES.—The falling leaves, as well as the pathetic cries that are so often heard beside the open grave, eloquently proclaim that change and decay are the law which controls everything around us. The lovely flowers which exhaled their fragrance on every breeze and many of the beloved associates of by-gone days have drooped and died, and their beautiful forms gladden our eyes no more. The changing seasons which produce such marvelous scenes as we often gaze upon, first with delight and anon with sadness, should remind us of the changes of this mortal life. Happy at life's close shall we be if we have wisely improved our allotted time.

☞ Out in Ohio there is a hen which has subjected herself to the penalties of the civil rights bill for making "distinction on accont of race, color, or previous conditions." The other day, after hatching a brood of eight chickens, four black and four white, she deliberately went to work and picked off the heads of the darkeys, while she continues to manifest all of a mother's care and tenderness for the white ones.

☞ An Englishman going up Broadway from Castle Garden with his wife and daughter, got off the following:

Daughter—"Say, mother, 'ere's a 'en."

Mother—"No tain't, hits a howl."

Father—"No tain't nuther, hit's a heagle, the hemblem of this blarsted country."

☞ August Belmont owns one of the large boxes at the Academy of Music in New York. It is his and his heirs' as long as the building stands, and the family can always attend any performance there whatever without paying. The price paid for this box was seventeen thousand five hundred dollars.

☞ A young lady of Montgomery, New York, has committed suicide because she was too poor to live like a lady and too proud to "do housework." Well it is sad that human nature should be so weak, but the young lady did perhaps the most sensible thing possible, under the circumstances. There is no occasion for any one so afflicted to stay in this world.

☞ An East Tennessee paper notices the third marriage, on the 16th ult., of a Mr. Samuel H. Milburn. He married all these wives within a year, and number two had been dead only tmenty-nine days when he took number three.

☞ Young New York will think twice before marrying now that Judge Daly has decided that a man must support his mother-in-law.

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