Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines

Select Poetry.

THE MAY TIME.

BY ALEX. CLARK. 'Tis beautiful May morning, My life is glad and free, And many playful voices, Are calling unto me, To wander 'mid the blossoms, And breathe the honey'd air-To roam across the meadows

Among the lilies fair.

To some secluded valley, Adorned by flowers of May, Or far to forest wild-wood, Oh let me haste away! Where bright the streamlet bubbles O'er beds of moss and sand. And where the warbling song birds, Sing of the fairy-land.

Beside the sparkling river, Whose faithful mirror-breast Reflects a thousand beauties-Shall be my noon-day rest. My soul is here delighted With the loveliness I sce, And I bless my gracious Father For his tenderness to me. And when the twilight lingers

Along the river shore, I'll think of life's calm evening, When all our toils are o'er; I'll think of coming day-dawn, In the heavenly land above, When we'll share the blissful sunlight, Of a Savior's ceaseless love!

A Select Story.

ADELAIDE FAIRFAX;

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"Oh, mother! mother!" said Adelaide Fairfax; and such a wailing, woeful moan would have penetrated any heart but a heart of stone; but it made no impression upon the one it was intended to melt.

"Adelaide, you disgust me, you make me ashamed of you," said her mother. "What more do you want? He is rich."

"Yes," said Adelaide; "but--" "He is a favorite," interrupted her mother. "He is courted by the first families in the neighborhood. He could marry the richest girl in our circle——"

"Oh, if he only would!" said Adelaide—
"it he only would!"

"Silence girl!" exclaimed the mother .--"There is neither shame nor spirit in your pretended aversion to one of the noblest men ever created. Oh, you may shudder! Neither your tears nor prayers will move me in the think I do not know the very secret reason why you so oppose my dearest wish? Do you think your stolen visits to the old stone have not been traced? Shameless house have not been traced? Shameless girl! It is my duty to see you well settled in though mine, is pure as ever woman wonlife before you are quite lost to honor and decency.'

"No, no, mother you cannot say that," returned Adelaide; "or if you can, you shall not! I am your child-your only child .-Up to this time, have I ever failed in duty to you? Have I not given you all the rever-ence, all the obedience, all the affection a child could bestow upon a parent? I tell | plied. you, mother, this is a case of life and death for sin is death—death to the heart, that, reckles and tortured, leaps blindly into the chasm of crime."

"Have you done?" said her mother. "Let me speak while the spell is on me,' replied Adelaide. "You know I love William Becket; you knew it years ago. You encouraged it, you gave it your sanction, you used all your woman's arts to aid in its progress-and why? Then he was rolling in wealth, was courted, feted, petted as Grantly Thornby is now. His father speculated wildly, failed, and in his ruin involved the ruin of his only son. Still you played your cards cautiously and well. You pitied him, you pitied me; you trusted matters were not so desperate, after all; but you took good care to remove me far away from his influene, thinking that in separating us personally, you could separate our hearts. It was not possible-they had grown into one. Parted they might be, but not divided in thought, act or

"You romantic simpleton," exclaimed her mother. "Don't dare deliver any more of this ridiculous twaddle in my presence! So surely as the sun rises, so surely shall you be the wife of Grantly Thornby!"

"Then on your head be the sin, if sin should come. On your head be the storm, and strife It is useless, it wrings my heart and yours; and darkness which I see looming in the far oh, pray let it cease !" distant future! On your head, then, be the crime of a broken heart, a hopeless life!-I warn you-oh, I warn you, mother! If I have not your hardness of heart, I have a portion of your determination; and never | You will be my wife, no earthly power can shall Grantly Thornby mould me to his detestible liking. I will be his wife because I cannot help myself; but the hand that think it degrading to be loved by me, I canblights my life shall not blight my love; so not help it—I would not help it if I could. I tell my husband that is to be."

Pale and exhausted, Adelaide Fairfax my life has been too busy, my thoughts too sank down on the sofa, from which but a much absorbed in the pursuit of happiness; moment before she had risen in her indignant scorn.

Her mother, a coarse-looking woman, dressed in the extreme of vulgar, costly taste, and loaded with jewelry, sat opposite her, her eyes fairly blazing with wrath and scorn. To be defied by her own child, who, until that, had been all meekness, all obedience! A bomb-shell entering her apartment and exploding at her feet could not have started her more. However, she had gained one triumph-Adelaide had consented to become the wife of Grantly Thornby. Wild as Adelaide "had spoken, she had no fear of the future. She knew the innate purity of her daughter's heart, and even had she doubted that, the will and strength of Grantly Thornby were sufficient to protect his own and wife's honor.



WILLIAM LEWIS --- PERSEVERE.- Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

his life, had he failed in accomplishing any

the prize to be obtained was only a simple, stubborn girl? Not he. It was not so much

for the affection he bore her, yet even there

he had conceived a passion which he found

ence of her unfeeling mother, dependent upon

attentions women so yearn for and need, and

he defied fate itself to thwart him in his tri-

umph. And yet if he could only succeed

winning her now. A loveless and much

upon the fair face of her he desired to win.

Adelaide, lost in sorrowful thought, did

not hear the opening of the door, nor was she

aware of his presence until a hand was laid

lightly on her shoulder. She looked up be-

wildered, and for a moment a shrick was

nearly bursting from her lips; but she was

almost as vivid and burning, until he found

voice to speak, ; strangely agitated was that

strong, determined, fearless man of the world.

"You have consented?" he at length asked.

"Consented—yes! Be your wife—yes!" Hard and cold indeed, was the voice which

"And you will try to love me?" he asked.

"I cannot—oh, I cannot," she replied;
'you know it is impossible. Oh, why do

you insist upon this dreadful union? What

can I ever be to you, I who love another?"

He bit his lips, but he did not interrupt her.

"Could any power bind my thoughts?— Would they not follow him forever in his

a love I never knew I possessed until your

a reckless man-well, perhaps a bad man-

into something worthy of your woman's

"And yet I cannot love you," she re-

"There is no personal sacrifice I would

not make for your sake," said he. "There

is no deed of daring I would not accomplish,

lover. I would love you as never before was

woman loved; I would cherish you as never

before was woman cherished. Ah, Adelaide,

think what it is to cast away such a strength

Grantly Thornby's face was of an ashy

paleness; great drops of agony stood upon his brow; and his lips trembled with the in-

tensity of his emotion.
"Is there no hope?" he asked at length, finding Adelaide disinclined to continue the

"Will nothing move you, no kindness no

"Nothing," she replied; "do not hope

"Nor affection, fresh as the bloom of a

"Nothing, nothing," she persisted. "Oh,

Thornby passed his hand over his brow

once or twice, as if trying to control some wild thought. "Enough, enough," said he.

"No kindness will win, no devotion move you.

prevent that. You will hear no more of a

love which has been met with scorn. If you

have told you I never loved woman before:

but it is past; be at ease, for it is the last

time I shall ever intrude my unwelcome, my

He wrung her hand, and would have left

the room, but Adelaide detained him. "You

say truly," said she, "no earthly power can

another's image, my life will be pure and sa-

He pressed her hands and turned quickly

away. Adelaide caught one glance of his

face as he left the room, and saw what she

tears in eyes not used to melting softness.-

mad passion of love upon your notice."

will remember this?"

summer rose, for it never existed till you called it into life?"

do not prolong this miserable contest of words.

gentleness, no consideration for those you

"None, alas, none!" she replied.

of affection as I offer you!"

conversation.

love best?"

for it."

utttered these few sententious words.

hand in his own.

hand,"

"You will be my wife?"

HUNTINGDON, PA., MAY 25, 1859.

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will be your wife, and so being will devote the rest of my life to your happiness." Mr. Thornby waited to hear no more, but taking her in his arms, folded her to his breast, which was ever after to be her home. Another week and they were married, and Adelaide says it may be that men have second

loves, but she is very sure women never love

The Decline of Life. "I often think each tottering form That limps along in life's decline. Once held a heart as fresh and warm, And full of bounding hopes as mine."

but once. So much for her romance.

The above perhaps is not an exact quotation, but it embodies the idea, and it will answer the purpose. The memory is a wonderful faculty and yet it is by no means infallible. And when does the decline of life begin? Who that still feels the rich glow of health kindling in his veins, his frame full of vigor, his step light and elastic, his cide? It often happens, that age and debili-ty steal on, before we have attained even what is more ordinarily regarded as the me-ridian of life. The form begins to totter, the hair to whiten, the imagination to dim, and the physical as well as the mental man to degenerate. This arises sometimes because of constitutional defects and infirmities, and in other cases in consequence of living too fast, and not paying due attention to the priceless blessing of health. There are others again, who pass on to three-score years and ten, and are still in the possession of all their intellectual faculties. They can see, and hear, and think, as well or nearly so, as in the prime of manhood. These however, are the exceptions to the rule. There is a time for all things, and with the great multitude, the season is inevitable, when life's current takes a turn, so to speak and we begin gradually to move towards that bourne from whence no traveller returns. It is a wise law of Providence, that we cannot penetrate into the future, lift the veil, and see the exact period, compelled to shuffle off this mortal coil.watch our tastes, our habits, our weaknesses, and our infirmities, we shall find no difficulty in ascertaining when we have arrived at, or attained the full vigor of life, and therefore be enabled to make enlightened calculations as to the future. The average career of man has been reduced to a demonstration. The tables of mortality and of assurance are full of admonitory hints upon this point.-Nay, if we look around among our friends and neighbors, our early companions and associates, those who were born in the same city, and who partook with us at the same

Who, as the service at the grave is uttered, ners are dismissed, and the busy world again tempts with its delusions and excitements, turns his thoughts inward, and ponders deeply and wisely as to the probabilities concerning his fate? Life even then may be on minating seeds, and a few fleeting years may be all that remain. But trade, ambition, friendship, love, avarice, or some other exciting cause engrosses and absorbs for the time, suggests, to think of the more serious matter pens that we persuade, or endeavor to pur-

to admire them, he explained to her that he suade ourselves, that the ordinary rules do ity. The scenes around us are then rose-colmany a dazzling form and the idea of sickness or of death is shunned and avoided, as at once unpleasant and repulsive. Is it not so, gentle reader? Have you not turned away from the contemplation of the future, "I confess," he continued, "there was a simply because its images and its prospects were associated with the earth-worm and the cy, almost turned my brain, when my heart grave? Do you not repel, as something ungrew dark, and I felt capable of almost any welcome and gainful, the still small voice welcome and gainful, the still small voice wickedness to secure to myself my priceless that ever and anon whispers that this world treasure—my peerless Adelaide. That time is but a temporary place of abode, and that has passed. I have seen you trying hard to all must, sooner or later, pass through the conquer that feeling against me, trying to valley of the shadow of death? But we do not desire to be too serious or too moody .--Such a policy is not the precise course of a journalist. Nevertheless, an occasional hint as to the mutable and perishing nature of all then. I loved you as never before man loved that is human, may not be regarded as illwoman; but your sweetness and patience timed and out of place, and while we gaze upon the tottering forms that limp along in courtesy, assistance, and sympathy, and at to your younger and earlier lover, and may the same time remember that sooner or later, we shall present a similar spectacle, and pass with steps equally feeble and infirm, to the silent city of the dead. Meanwhile, however, we have duties to perform and obligations to discharge, and if true to our position and our mission, the approach of death will have no terrors, for the change will be from a scene of care and anxiety, of time and trial, to one of eternal bliss and unending day.

> A Western editor once apologized to his readers somewhat after this fahion :-"We intended to have a death and a marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being taken sick himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

Try to let everybody's faults be forgotton, as you would wish yours to be.

The pleasure of dang good is the only one that never wears or

The mother had scarcely left the room by one door, when another was opened giving admittance to a second party. It was in the person of a singularly handsome man, tall, person of a singularly handsome man, tall, person of a singularly handsome hand, the person of a singularly handsome handsome hand, the person of a singularly handsome ha stalwart in frame, with eyes large, burning passionate appeal to her feelings; hitherto and penetrating. The face was in keeping his wooingshad been in bitter, burning words, with the form, the features regular and well speaking more of a desire to triumph over defined, the forehead broad and massive, the her will than her affection. She was beginmouth—ay, there lay the reading of that strong man's nature—it seemed to say as plainly as words could have done, "my will she would long ago have admired him. His is law." And so it was. Scarcely, in all indomitable power of character, his rock-like determination, his strong unconquerable will, object that seemed to his erratic nature worth | were merits which under other circumstances of pursuit. And should he fail now, when | could not have failed in striking her woman's

Women like strength in man far more than beauty; it appeals to their dependence; and no greater contrast could be possibly made it impossible to subdue; but she had defied than existed between the person of Grantly him, laughed him to scorn. His blood was on fire to revenge the insult. She should love muscular in person, some would say almost to roughness; but that could never be. Mr. Only let him secure her to himself, only Thornby was a gentleman, and what would let her become his wife, away from the influ- have seemed heavy and unwieldly in some, sat upon him with a grace which only a well him for society, affection, and all the little bred man of the world could acquire. The other, effeminate to the last degree; pretty, soft, womanly features; soft, white, lady hand, soft, tender blue eyes, light hair, lying in little rings around a forehead which looked loved wife, it was a galling chain to forge, yet he was desperate in his wooing. If ever man won woman to his love, he would yet win Adelaide Fairfax. Thoughts such as these flickered through his brain as he stood laide was thinking of it now, and contrasting there within the shadow of the door gazing it with the sturdy form, the bold features, the piercing eyes of Grantly Thornby. She was thinking too she wished William had a little more manliness about him, at least had not spoken upon the subject since that enough to make some exertion for a livelihood. She looked very pretty sitting upon the sofa in deep thought, her fair hair falling in waves over her shoulders, her dimpled chin a brave girl, and returned his gaze with one resting in her small white palm, her eyes full of gentle, tender light, awakened there by her woman's pity for an unloved man. Sweet Adelaide! her thoughts were taking a strange-He sat down by her side, taking her resistless ly foreign shape, when the entrance of her hand in his own. nature, and sent her pleasant images flying to the four winds of heaven. "Well!" said that amiable lady, looking

steadily at Adelaide.
"You have succeeded," said Adelaide; "I have given my word, and now let me have peace. I've no more to do with it. Make whatever arrangements you please, let the sacrifice be complete, only give me peace."

The mother turned to reply, but Adelaide

had left the room. It was now in the middle of July, and it the coming October, that golden month of the | urely to the house. Adelaide was chilled by lonely pilgrimage? Are they not part and parcel of his existence? Think what it would be to live year after year, for death in fact seemed to take the smallest interest give him so kind a reception, and had even and anon Death singles out one and then does not come at one's bidding, the compan- in the progress of affairs. Mr. Thornby was taken the pains to walk half a mile for the another, and thus the process of gathering in growing graver was also growing paler; still last! The blood seemed to stagnate in her away. But who stops to pause or inquire? beauty first dazzled my senses. I have been forcing her into a marriage repugnant to her ded upon it. Mr. Thornby felt the sudden and as the narrow vault receives the coffin; a reckless man—well, perhaps a bad man—feelings. Had he been in love with any one trembling of her hand and paused in his walk who after the solemnities are over, the mourbut you can mould me to your will; you else, no hand would have been outstretched to learn the cause. Adelaide was pale and can form a nature which is not all depraved, in sympathy and condolence. As it was, she | trembling, but it was only for a moment; she pitied him, and really began to exert herself to banish something of the gloom which sur-rounded his life. "It wasn't his fault," she would think, "after all; he couldn't help it. poor fellow, and as I am to be his wife, I may

as well try to be agreeable." From that day the scene changed at the is no deed of daring I would not accompany
if such deed would give you a moment's happiness. I would toil night and day for your
piness. I would toil night and day for your
sided, and Mr. Thornby's estate joined theirs. with the eye of a fond husband and a jealous lover. I would love you as never before was fusion, and there was a large sheet of water just upon the verge of the wood, where the lazy water-lilies lay with their white leaves all the long summer. To this spot Adelaide and Mr. Thornby made a daily pilgrimage. Adelaide was astonished that she had never before discovered what an amiable companion her betrothed was; she rather liked leaning upon his arm and looking up into his brilliant eyes while he explained to her some of the wonders of nature spread before them. He spoke too of travels made in foreign lands of famous cities and monuments of the past; of the wonder of architecture, of art, of painting and statues, which she only knew from prints; but which he had seen themselves, and which in his description rose in her imagination higher than the power of the graver's art could make them. He pictured to her Venice with its silent streets and funeral like gondolars, its glorious palaces and churches, its Bridge of Sighs, its secret crimes and jealousies. He spoke too of Rome and what it was, of its walls and ruins, of its monuments and churches; of Milan and of Florence, of the golden Arno and orange groves, of the treasures of literature and art within the walls of the Pitti Palace.

It amused Adelaide to hear of scenes which she never expected to see, thought | phernalia, here the deed of an estate settled | life's decline, let us extend to them kindness, once did occur to her that perhaps when she was his wife he would take her to a foreign land, and give her an opportunity of witnessing what he had been so graphically describing. Now that he had ceased to torment her with his love, she began to think a life with such a companion would not be so disagreeable after all.

Adelaide was sensible enough when the romance which she had gathered from books was not too powerful for her. She began to compare the glowing, fascinating descriptions which he knew so well how to relate, with the silly, whining sentimentality of her forprevent my being your wife. I know my duty. You will trust to my honor, you will feel that however my mind may be filled with mer lover, and for that matter lover still. for she would have flushed with indignation had any one suggested the idea of her having cred to you as if the union of our hands had been as well a union of our hearts. You Thornby because he was so kind to her, so careful over her, so considerate for her comder from its allegiance to its first love. And never thought to have seen—the glittering she was sincere in the belief. She went in- of that childish folly which passed for love, deed, so far that once when she met William | As you love me, so I love you, with all the Her heart pained her for having caused even | Becket, she told him that had he been a man | strength, power and force of my being. I

left all, in defiance of restraint, and shared his fortunes whether for good or bad. But it would be rushing into the face of Providence to saddle a man with a wife and responsibilities of a family when he had not sufficient energy to support himself; to all of which he only whined like a child, and accused her of turning against him because he was poor. No it was not, he knew it was not that, but she had grown wiser and more thoughtful, and saw more clearly what was right and what wrong, and she was sure it

was wrong to waste life as he was wasting it. October was fast approaching. The orchards were golden with their luscious fruit; the forest trees were all tinted with autumn brown, while over all was that dreamy, hazy, delicious air which seems redolent with general joy of the season. You would scarcely have known Adelaide again, so wondrously mind clear and buoyant, will venture to dehad she changed. The gladness of her heart seemed to have come out upon her face, making it radiant with beauty and bloom. No longer did she sit passively looking on upon the progressing of bridal appointments. Her betrothed was large-hearted as he was largebrained. He insisted upon furnishing the troussau, and made a trip to town for that purpose. Be sure there was nothing forgotten that could please the eye or gratify the taste. How long to Adelaide seemed the days of his absence! She would not have believed she could have missed him so much. Did she love him? No, never; yet she was sorry to have him love her. To be sure, he fatal morning on which she was so incensed with the persecution of her mother. She almost wished he would, that she might take back some of those cruel words, and tell him how she liked him, and how different she had found him to what people described him.-She was sorry she could not love him as a wife should love a husband, but perhaps the time would come when her mind would at which, in the course of nature, we shall be change. At present she must be true to William, from whom she was parted forever, And yet, if we study ourselves closely, if we and whose woe-begone face would haunt her while she lived. Yet spite of these sentimental thoughts she was quite angry with herself that she could not feel more real sym-

pathy for her broken-hearted lover. At length Mr. Thornby arrived, Adelaide meeting him at the cross roads, where she knew he would take a short cut across the farm. One single grain of encouragement from him and she would have flung herself into his arms; but he merely took her hand, was settled that they were to be married in | placed it under his arm, and proceeded leisher nature revolted against the enormity of veins; she could not move if her life depenlaughingly assured him it was customary

with her, the result of fatigue. The bridal array had arrived before them and was already spread out upon sofas, chairs its decline, disease may have planted its gerand tables, it was a splendid trousseau.-Robes of such beautiful fabric, that it seemed dangerous to touch them, lay in juxtaposition with laces which an Empress might envy. Jewels gleamed from their crimson and thus it is impossible, so the argument cases like stars, while lying upon the bridal veil, itself not more pure, was a carcanet of of exhausting years, approaching debility, pearls of the rarest quality. Ah, Mr. Thorn- and another world. On the contrary, an effort by had shown his taste as well as his liberal- is made at self-deceit, and it too often hapity! After allowing Mrs. Fairfax due time wished for a moment to speak apart with Adelaide. - ...

"My poor girl," said he, when they were "did you think I would take the adalone, vantake of circumstances to wed an unloving ored and full of fascination, pleasure assumes wife? Did you think I was monster enough to drag you to the altar and force you to take upon your pure lips an unholy vow?"

Adelaide looked up into his face bewildered. but she did not reply. time when my mad passion and your obstinalike me and amuse, and make some amends for what you knew I must be suffering. I determined you should have your reward .-It was hard to give you up, for as I told you have triumphed. There is your bridal paraupon yourself and children, now I resign you

to do." "Resign-not your wife-marry William Becket! Oh, you cannot mean it, you would not be so crue!!" exclaimed Adelaide, who had sprung up impatient of all restraint, and thrown herself at his feet.

he make you as happy as I would have tried

The eyes of Mr. Thornby burned with a triumphant fire, but he merely clasped her two hands, looking down into her frightened face.

"If you could have loved me." said he, "if it had been my fate to have met you when you were free and heart-whole, the world could not have contained another so happy turned truant to her first love. She never as myself. But it is my fate to live alone, undreamed of such an atrocity. She liked Mr. loved, uncared-for, and unblest, while you—" "I will not leave you!" she cried. "you shall not cast me off. I do love you, I never

fort, but never, no never could her heart wan- knew how much until now; I am not ashamed to own it, I am proud of it. I am ashamed What He Might Have Been.

Holland, the funny editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, has been up to Vermont, where he came from, and thus sketches what he should have been if he had not left home and become an editor:—
"Your correspondent would have grown

stalwart and strong, with horny hands and a face as black as the ace of spades. He would have taught school winters, worked on a farm summers, and gone out having fifteen days in July, and taken for pay the iron work and running-gear of a wagon. At two and twenty, or there-abouts, he would have begun to pay attentions to a girl with a father worth two thousand dollars, and a spit curl on her forehead-a girl who always went to singing school, and sat in the seats and sung without opening her mouth—a pretty girl anyway.— Well, after seeing her home from singing two or three years, taking her to a Fourth of July celebration, and getting about a hundred dol-lars together, he would marry her and settle down. Years would pass away, and that girl with the spit curl would have eleven children —just as sure as you live—seven boys and four girls. We should have had a time in bringing them up, but they would soon be able to do the milking and help their mother wash days, and I, getting independent at last and feeling a little stiff in the joints, would be elected a member of the Legislature, having been an assessor and on the school committee for years. In the evening of my days, with my pipe in my mouth, thirteen barrels of cider in the cellar, and a newspaper in my hands, I should sit and look over the markets, through a pair of gold-mounted spectacles, and wonder why such a strange silly piece as this should be published."

Will there be Flowers in Heaven?

Brightly the sun of a clear cold December day shed its slant rays through the half closed blinds of a sick room, glowing upon the rosy curtains, and fantastic shapes upon the carpet, but brought no gladness to the sorrowing heart of the mourner there. A mother sat with bowed head and breaking heart, by the bedside of her darling firstborn son, and that dark-eyed little girl moved slowly about the room gazing thoughtfully for a while in the bright fire, then kissing the pale cheek of her brother, wondering how long he would sleep. For hours he had lain with closed eyes and white lips, and a breath so short and low that it scarcely stirred the white cover. The fever had left him, but na-

ture was exhausted, and they told us that our Charley must certainly die.

Sunlight faded, and in the gray twilight we sat watching the little one passing gently from our circle. At last the eyes slowly opened, and a soft voice spoke the sweet words :-

"Mother, how long till summer time?"

"Six months, my darling."
"Then your Charley will not see the flowers again. Don't cry mamma, I must go pretty soon; but I wish I could see the flowers once more. Will there be any in Heaven? Kiss, mamma. Cousin Anny, good night, sweet sleep"-and Charley was with the angels.

We then crossed his white hands over his still heart, and smoothed back his golden curls from his temples, and there laid our faded lilly upon the stainless snow. Our boy was too frail and fair for earth, and God has taken him to a holier clime.

Yes, there are flowers in Heaven, sweet child; such flowers as thou. Their petals cannot bear our wintry winds, so angels gather them, and they go to bloom in fade-less beauty in the garden of our Father in Heaven.

CATO'S GRACE.—A pious old negro, saying grace at the table, not only used to ask a blessing on his board, but would petition to the crop of human beings is constantly going was wrapped in that of another!"

In the progress of anims. All, Independ was taken the pains to wark hair a mine for the pleasure of seeing him a few moments soon- the crop of human beings is constantly going have a deficient dish supplied. One day it tance could have been more reserved or re- er. It was not kind in him to say the least. suspecting that he would pray for some at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the vegetables, and stole under the window near which stood the table of our colored friend. Soon Cato drew up a chair and commenced:

"Oh, massa Lord, will dow in dy provident kindness condescend to bresse ebryding before us, and be pleased to bestow upon us a few taters-and all the praised-

Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot.

"Dem's em, Lord," said Cato with surprise, "only just luff em down a leetle easier nex time.

WHY SO MUCH BEAUTY IN POLAND ?-"Because," says Bayard Taylor, "there, girls do not jump from infancy to young ladyhood.-They are not sent from the cradle to the parlor, to dress, to sit still, and to look pretty .--No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a a period of several years, they are plainly not apply to us, and that "all minkind are and loosely dressed, and allowed to run. mortal but ourselves." This is especially the case if in a condition of high worldly prospering sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Nor are they rendered delicate and dyspeptic by continual stuffing with candies and sweet cakes, as are the majority of American children. Plain, simple food. free and various exercises, and abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."—S. Branch Intelligencer.

> THE BUCKET.—It is much easier to get into a quarrel than to get out of it. In the year 1005, some soldier of the Commonwealth of of Modena ran away with a bucket from a well belonging to the State of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel which was worked up into a long and sanguinary war. Henry, the King of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was made prisoner. His father the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologua, which is ten miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain. After twenty-two years of imprisonment he pined away. His monument is now extant in the Church of the Dominicans. This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral at Modena, enclosed in an iron cage,

"Grandpa, did you know that the United States had been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging tories?" "What kind of tories?"

"Terri-tories. Now give me some peanuts, or I'll catch the measles and make you pay for them."

In Italy, a lover at a ball places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, 'You are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you." If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies, "I consent;" but if she turns her head, it is a denial.

If a man is happily married, his "rib" is worth all the other bones in his body.