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IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hour with sweetest things, If we had but a day; We should drink alone at the purest springs In our upward way; We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour, If the hours were few; We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power To be and to do. We should guide our wayward or weary wills By the clearest light; We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills, If they lay in sight; We should trample the pride and the discontent Beneath our feet; We should take whatever a good God sent, With a trust complete. We should waste no moments in weariness, regret, If the days were but one; If what we remembered and we regret Went out with the sun; We should be from our clamorous selves so free To work or to pray, And be what our Father would have us be, If we had but a day.

THE OLD TREE'S SECRET.

"We will take the house—shall we not, Charlie?" We had gone all over the roomy, old-fashioned house, my little wife and I, from the dusty, cobwebbed garret to the neglected cellar, and we now stood together at the back of the garden, critically surveying its appearance. It was a low two-story house, built in the shape of a T, with a cluster of tall chimneys in the middle and the three gables hidden in ivy. It had once stood quite out of the town, which had since gradually crept toward it, until what had been a road was now become a street of straggling cottages and villas, extending to the high wall inclosing the grounds. The lawn was shaded with old trees, and the garden choked up with thickets of lilac and snowball. The old lady, Mrs. Gage, who had for forty years resided here, leading a very secluded and invalid life, had taken no pains to keep the place in order, and she and the property had decayed together, until recently she had died, and the house was for sale.

around with a vague sense of something horrible. I hate the sight of that tree, with its distorted shape and bare skeleton arms." I rallied her upon being fanciful, but promised that the "skeleton arms" of which she complained should be cut off. She sat silent for a moment, then said, seriously: "Charlie, did it ever occur to you that certain objects in nature—trees, for instance—may have an individual life of their own? I don't mean the mere vegetable life, but a sort of mysterious spiritual existence. Now, I can't help fancying that this tree is conscious of what is going on beneath it—that it remembers things which it has witnessed in its long life, and, were it able, could tell us some horrible ghastly story of the past. You may laugh, but I assure you that I never sit under this tree, even on a sunny noontide, without feeling a chill creeping over me, and a sense of something mysterious and horrible, which makes me almost afraid."

business I gave orders respecting the tree. I wished every trace of it to be removed before her return, when perhaps she would forget all about it and its gloomy associations. Returning home in the evening, I was met by the workmen with countenance of interest and mystery. Their information startled me. While busy in cutting down the tree, they had heard something rattle and fall within; and on examination discovered within the bones of a skeleton, though whether human or not they could not tell. Communicating the fact to Mr. Warren, who was in his garden, they had by his advice desisted until my arrival. I went to the spot, and with the men and Mr. Warren examined the tree. Though the opening already made the bones were clearly to be distinguished; and I directed that the trunk should at once be felled. When this was done there was exposed a hollow stump, in which lay a mass of human bones, with remains of a woman's dress; and beneath these and the decayed wood and dust which had gathered over them gleamed the lustre of jewels and gold and silver coin. I looked at Mr. Warren, who, white as death, had staggered to a garden bench. "My God!" he exclaimed. "It is—Emily!"

MOMENTS FOR MERRIMENT. STORIES THAT WILL DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY. No Great Loss—Over the Fence—Hire a Help—Too Tough—New Cent and a Quarter Pieces. A gentleman bought a newspaper and tendered in payment a piece of forty cents. The newspaper woman—"I haven't the change; you can pay me as you pass along to-morrow." The gentleman—"But suppose I should be killed to-day?" The newspaper woman—"Oh, it wouldn't be a very great loss!"—Paris Wit.

the star was going to leave her lines and spring something new on the house!—"would you be willing to work and wait for me, as Rachel waited at the well, seven long years?" "Seven!" he cried, in a burst of genuine devotion. "Seven! Aye, gladly! Yes, and more! Even until seventy times seven! Let's make it seventy, anyhow, and prove my devotion." Somehow or other he was alone when he left the parlor a few minutes later, and it looks now as though he would have to wait about 700 years before he saves fuel by toasting his shins at the low-down grate in the parlor again. There are men, my son, who always overdo the thing; they want to be meeker than Moses, stronger than Sampson and ten times more particular than Job, the printer; that is, he isn't, but he used to be. —Hawkeye. Fish That Go Ashore. An old fisherman took a scientific reporter of the New York Sun to a pool on Long Island, where they found numerous little fishes (killies) resting partly out of water, with their heads high and dry upon blades of grass. The old man also spun a yarn about some large fishes that he had seen hopping along on the banks of a river in the Malay country. These fishes were recognized from the fisherman's description by the man of science, who then took his turn at telling fish stories as follows: "The fish is only one of a dozen or twenty that are more or less amphibious. When the Ceratodus is under water it breathes by the gills, but it has a habit of leaving the water and prowling around on the marshes of the Mary river. As soon as it leaves the water the gas in the air bladder is expelled with a noise that can be heard half a mile. The fish takes in air at the mouth or nostril that passes into the air bladder, to which the heart is now pumping blood to be purified, instead of sending it to the gills. "The Ceratodus, which may be called a dry land fish, is over six feet long, and looks like a great eel with two pairs of fins that compare with feet, and the most curious part of it is that previous to 1870 the fish was unknown, except as a fossil. These fossil remains were described years ago by Professor Owen as the Ceratodus. Strange stories came from the Mary river of loud noises that were heard in the swamps at night, and the crushing and rushing as of some huge animal. At last these rumors attracted the attention of a naturalist, who went to the locality, and the discovery of the fish was the result. They live on leaves and vegetable matter that they obtain partly out of water, and they are the last of a powerful race that is probably doomed to extinction. "The killies are not the only fishes that leave the water. Last year I spent some weeks near a small fishing village where there was a large eel pond, and to say that it was alive with these animals is putting it extremely mild. Some authorities say that the eel goes down to the sea only once a year, but these fellows went out to sea every night, completely filling the little channel so that in wading across you stepped on hundreds that writhed about your feet and legs. If there happened to be a dory or other boat about that blocked the way, the eels left the water and wriggled away over land, presenting a curious sight, and moving with such rapidity that it was an impossibility to catch them. I thought it might be accidental, and inquired of the fishermen how it was, and one told me that several years before the entrance to the pond became clogged by sand after a storm, and the eels, finding no way of getting out, started across the sand every night, forming passageways by which they returned. "In England, when a pike pond gets too low to suit its occupants, they, according to Couch, start overland in regular droves, and travel until they reach some place better suited to their requirements. This is true of a large number of fishes that are peculiar to the East and to South America. In the latter country the catfishes known Doras and Hussars, when left in drying pools, travel overland in droves, and are caught in great numbers by birds and various animals as well as men. Fishes of another genus, from North America, have been found far from water. Perhaps the most curious is the Protopterus, some being found in Africa as well. They also breathe by the air bladder when deprived of water, but instead of migrating overland they descend into the mud and encase themselves into a ball, the interior of which is lined with a slimy secretion, and thus closed up, as it were, they lie until the rainy season comes again, and they are soaked out. In certain parts of Africa barren wastes have suddenly become flooded, and the sudden appearance of fishes has given rise to ideas of spontaneous generation, as the enormous quantities of fishes could not be explained on any other hypothesis unless they had rained down. Daldorf, the Danish naturalist, caught an anatas, a perch-like fish climbing a palm, working its way up by its sharp fins. Hence, these fish are called climbing perch. They don't climb usually, but they are perfectly amphibious, like a frog. "As a matter of course, these fishes have been experimented upon. An English naturalist put a blenny in an aquarium, and at certain times noticed that the fish tried to jump out of water. To see what it would do, he set a stone in the water that formed a little island, and in a moment the blenny jumped upon it, high and dry out of water. The experimentalist noticed that it was then low tide on the beach, and every day at exactly low tide the fish jumped out upon the rock, and returned to the water at flood tide. It is remarkable that the fish should leave the water, but how much more so that it should in a house and tank know the turn of the tide. A chaut's acquaintance—an introduction to a pretty member of the choir.—Hartford Journal.

Care came and laid his hand upon her shoulder, And Sorrow came, her lids with salt tears wet; And Pain, with features marred, and white and set, Pressed to her side; and then, stern-visaged, grim, Frightening her shaken soul, unpting West Stared in her face; and then, growing bolder By all these ills, Temptation, smiling, fair, Spread for her weary feet a charmed snare, With tender, cruel hand. So cold the world; All her weak soul in a strange tempest whirled, With whitened lips, and sad, imploring breath, She stretches out her helpless hand to Death. Then lo! one came, before whose radiant grace Sorrow grew dumb, and grim Care hid his face; Before whose presence as radiant as the day, Temptation, vexed and beaten, fled away; For whose dear sake she trembled at the thought Of Death, whose pallid kiss she vain had sought. With a strange rapture, holy, fearful, sweet Against her own she felt a true heart beat. Oh, life! she cried, no ill of thine can hold Me! Since Love, the mighty, in his arms doth fold me. —Charlotte Perry, in Vanity Fair. HUMOR OF THE DAY. The most courted belle—The dinner bell. The Egyptian injunction—"Mummy's the word." The hen that thinks a woman throws shoo's at her for good luck is very much mistaken.—Bradford Mail. Hospitality. "Do take some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs anyway.—Harvard Lampoon. "Another expedition to the pole," said the man, as he wended his way to his barber shop.—Cincinnati Saturday Night. "Yes," she said, "I always obey my husband, but I reckon I have something to say about what his commands shall be."—Boston Post. My love and I for kisses played And it did chance to be The darling girl won all the stakes— And gave them all to me. —Salem Sunbeam. The garden season is here, and the husband of the woman who throws stones-at-the-hens is getting himself into a position to dodge.—Bradford Sunday Mail. Lady, to small boy with a dog—Johnny, does that dog bark at night? Johnny, who is a connoisseur in dogs—No, ma'am, he barks at cats and other dogs.—Merchant-Traveler. Now is the time when the small boy in the country comes into the house with his hair all wet and tells his mother that he ran home from school so fast that he is all perspired.—Boston Post. The price of Circassian girls has lately dropped to \$600—the lowest figure ever known. All young men who have been desisting matrimony because wives are so cheap can now purchase one for about a year's salary, and be happy.—Burlington Free Press. "I don't think I'm cranky," said a dudish young fellow, "but when I get up with my dog, and hear a man whistle and I look around, and he says he was whistling at the old dog and not the puppy, I think it is time I was asserting my rights."—Merchant-Traveler. "In Siberia you can purchase a wife for eight dogs." As long as girls can be had for the asking in this country, very few of our young men will go to Siberia to procure a wife. And one who has seen a Siberian wife will wonder why they come so terribly high.—Norristown Herald. It is said that as late as the latter part of the thirteenth century, "the upper classes in Europe ate whales for dinner." It is not stated, but we should think one whale would not only make a dinner for the largest family in Europe, but there would be enough left over to warm up for next morning's breakfast.—Norristown Herald. A messenger boy recently fell off the roof of a very high building up town, but was not hurt at all. It seems when he fell he was asleep, and the slowness which characterizes him when on life and death errands didn't desert him. In fact he dropped to the ground so slowly and softly, that when he landed he was not awakened, but went right on dreaming until a policeman aroused him.—Puck. The Elevator. A person that first put an elevator into a high structure, so as to save passengers the labor of walking up many steps of stairs, little dreamed of the important results that have followed the adoption of that expedient. It has practically revolutionized the domestic and business architecture of large cities. In New York there are literally hundreds of high buildings accommodating thousands of persons, although the apartment and office buildings are a thing of yesterday. In this city there are scores of dwellings between 140 and 160 feet in height. One house is over 180 feet high. The lower part of New York has a number of enormous structures filled with offices luxuriously furnished. The occupants of the upper floors prefer them to those nearer the surface of the earth. The air, they think, is purer, and there are fewer annoyances, while the elevator is a swift and pleasant means of communication.—Demorest.