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THERE NEVER WAS.

There never was an earthly dream Of beauty and delight That mingled not too soon with clouds, As sunrises with the night; That faded not from that fond heart Where once it loved to stay, And left that heart more desolate For having felt its way.

UNCLE PHILLO.

"From Uncle Phillo!" said Jenny Sanford, in a tone of consternation, staring at the signature of the letter she held. "By Jove!" her brother Tom ejaculated, and emitted a long whistle, expressive of deep astonishment. "What's up?" said John Barry, from the doorway. John was not one of the household, but being engaged to Jenny, he was nearly always on hand.

and his prospective brother-in-law were clerks in the same office—she felt her indignation returning. How contemptible, in the hardness of his mercenary heart, and the meanness of his motives, was this man who proposed to rob them of their home! He, with his houses and his lands, his stocks and his bonds; while her father's struggle through life had always been a hard one, and her grandfather's bequest had been unspokeably welcome to him. Was not the difference great enough now?

"You must have been hard at it to keep Dobbin quiet!" Tom ejaculated. "What were you talking about?" "Uncle Phillo," Jenny replied. "I don't know how I came to; but he seemed such a nice little man, and so sympathetic—" "Little!" cried Tom. "Dobbin little?" "Well, not tall," Jenny protested. "And then he is older than father. His hair is quite gray, and I didn't mind—" "Gray? Dobbin's hair?" said Tom. He looked at his sister in alarm, as though he suspected her of having taken leave of her senses.

ICELAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

A COUNTRY FORMED BY VOLCANIC UPRISAL. Primitive Existence of the Inhabitants—Farm Life—Fond of Reading, Speaking Many Languages. Iceland owes its existence entirely to volcanic upheaval and has ever been one of the most active volcanic regions of the globe. It is situated in the North Atlantic Ocean, just south of the arctic circle, which it touches, and geographically belongs to the Western Hemisphere, though the circumstances of its discovery and the political changes that took place during the ensuing centuries cast its lot with the Old World.

Evolution of the Cake.

In 1754 Christopher Ludwick, a native of Hesse-Darmstadt, a baker by trade, settled in Philadelphia and opened a shop on Fifth street, above Race, which was then quite suburban. Ludwick had been both a soldier and a sailor, having served in the former capacity in the Austrian army during the war against the Turks, and afterward on one of the ships of Frederick the Great. He sailed to both the East and West Indies, and learned to make pastries of all sorts. He soon acquired a reputation in Philadelphia as a baker of gingerbread, which was then considered quite a luxury, and in a few years he became the possessor of a comfortable fortune.

YOUTH.

Oh, strange inconsequence of youth, When days were lived from hand to mouth, And thought ran round an empty ring In foolish, sweet imagining. We handled love in childish fashion— The name alone and not the passion— The world and life were things so small, Our little wit encompassed all! We took our being as our faith For granted, drew our easy breath And rarely stayed to wonder why We were set here to live and die.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The cup that inebriates but don't cheer—Hiccup. A little girl described nervousness as 'just being in a hurry all over.' A woman may bring from sun to sun But a collector's work is always done.—The Rambler.